

HALF · HOURS
OF
ENGLISH HISTORY

Selected and Illustrated
BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.

COMPLETE EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

"HALF-HOURS OF ENGLISH HISTORY," although forming a Companion Series to "HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS," differs in several particulars from the plan of that collection.

1. Although the articles, taken on an average, will each furnish reading for about a Half-Hour, they cannot, from the nature of the work, be so arranged as to supply continuous reading for every day and week of the year.

2. They are not selected as specimens of the excellence of style, although many articles are necessarily taken from those who may be included amongst "the best Authors"; but chiefly as affording a succession of the more graphic parts of English History, chronologically arranged.

The Editor was led to the conception of his plan, from the consideration that the portions of History upon which general readers, and the young especially, delight to dwell, are those which tell some story which is complete in itself, or which furnish some illustration which has a separate as well as a general interest.

The Volume now completed, which extends from the Roman period to the end of the reign of Henry III., is, with some few exceptions, necessarily drawn from modern sources. The early Chroniclers tell so much that is fabulous or conflicting, that they afford little assistance in forming such a series. But as we approach the period when History becomes more exact—when actual observers—such as Froissart and Clarendon,—relate the scenes they have witnessed with the spirit which always belongs to real impressions—and philosophical annalists such as Bacon and Camden draw from authentic documents or vivid traditions—we shall find ample materials in the original sources. In such as these we have to search for narratives that have charms rarely found in any historical digest. Beyond these, we have the Memoir-writers, and the Auto-biographers, in whose pages we have those pictures of manners without which History is too often a record of court intrigues and aimless wars.

The principle which has guided the introduction of Dramatic Scenes, whether original or selected, is indicated at page 93.

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September 19, 1851.

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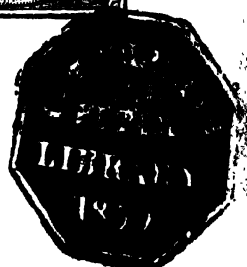
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OF
ENGLISH HISTORY.

BOOK I.
THE ROMAN PERIOD.



I.—CÆSAR'S INVASION OF BRITAIN.

DION

THE conquest and colonization of Britain by the Romans is the beginning of our real history. All before this is obscure and fabulous. Although Milton "determined to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales," he avows that, "of British affairs, from the first peopling of the island to the coming of Julius Cæsar, nothing certain, either by tradition, history, or ancient fame, hath hitherto been left us." In Dr. J. Lappenberg's "England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings," translated by Mr. Thorpe, we have the following general remarks on what may be termed our Mythic period:—

For the earliest notice of its existence among nations, Britain is indebted to that spirit of commerce, through which it was itself one day to become so great. More than a thousand years before the birth of our Saviour, Gades and Tartessus had been founded by the Phœnicians, whose fearless traders we behold, in our dim vision of those remote times when tin was brought in less abundance from the ports of Spain, after a tedious coasting voyage of four months, fetching that metal from the islands which Herodotus denominates the Cassiterides, or islands producing tin (*κασσιτερος*), and which now bear the name of the Scilly Islands. Herodotus was unable to ascertain the position of these islands, nor does he even mention the name of Britain. It is probable that the Phœnicians never sailed thither direct from their own coast, though Midacritus, the individual who is recorded as having first brought tin from the Cassiterides, seems by his name to have been a Phœnician. The earliest mention of the British islands by name is made by Aristotle, who describes them as consisting of Albion and Terps. The Carthaginian Hisinlio, who, between the years 362 and 350 a.c., had been sent by his government on a voyage of discovery, also found the tin islands, which he calls Oestrymides, near Albion, and two days sail from Terne, in Mount's Bay. His example was some years after followed by a citizen of the celebrated colony of the Phocians, the Massilian Pytheas, to the scanty fragments of whose journal, preserved by Strabo and other ancient authors, we are indebted for the oldest accounts concerning the inhabitants of these islands. The Massilians and Narbonnese traded at an early period, (by land journeys to the northern coast of Gaul), with the island Titis, (Wight, or St. Michael's Mount), and with the coasts of Britain. This early commerce was carried on both for the sake of the tin—an article of great importance to the ancients—and of lead; though these navigators extended their commerce to other productions of the country, such as slaves, skins, and a superior breed of hunting dogs, which the Celts made use of in war. British timber was employed by Archimedes for the mast of the largest ship of war which he had

caused to be built at Syracuse. Gold and silver are said to have been found there; also an inferior sort of pearl, which is still to be met with. This country and its metals soon became an object of scientific enquiry to the Greeks, as is proved by a work upon the subject by Polybius, the loss of which must be painfully felt by every one acquainted with the acuteness and sound judgment of that historian.

The Romans first became acquainted with Britain through their thirst after universal dominion. Scipio, to his enquiries concerning it among the merchants of the three most distinguished Celtic cities, Massilia, Narbo, and Corbello, had received no satisfactory answer; and Publius Crassus is named as the first Roman who visited the Cassiterides; and who observing that the metals were dug from but a little depth, and that his men at peace were voluntarily occupying themselves on the sea, pointed out this course to such as were willing to take it. This was probably the officer of that name, who, by Cæsar's command, had achieved the conquest of the Gaulish nations inhabiting along the shores of the British Channel.

Through Cæsar's conquest of the south of England, and the later sway held over it by the Roman emperors, we are first enabled to form an idea of the country. Well might the goddess of science and of war appear to the Greeks and Romans under one form, (for it was the Macedonian and Roman swords that fixed for antiquity the limits both of the earth and of historic knowledge); though their idea of Britain is, it must be confessed, a very obscure one, and stands much in need of the reflecting light of modern scientific research. To Strabo, as well as to Cæsar and Ptolemy, even the figure and relative position, of the British Islands were uncertain. According to Strabo, Ireland lies to the north of Britain; while to the last, the northern coasts of Ireland and Scotland appear on the same latitude. These errors must necessarily occasion numberless mistakes with regard to the positions of tribes and territories, when given according to the degrees of longitude and latitude. Our knowledge too with regard to the inhabitants is rendered extremely unsatisfactory by the circumstance, that in the islands and their several districts very different degrees of civilization were met with, which have by authors been too generally applied, and in the most opposite senses. The inhabitants of the Cassiterides, whose position even Strabo seeks off Galicia, are described by Pytheas in almost the same words as the Iberians are in other passages. Besides mining of a very simple description, they applied themselves to the rearing of cattle, and exchanged tin, lead, and hides with the traders; against salt, pottery, and brass ware. They appeared rambling about their tin islands with long beards like goats, clad in dark garments reaching to their heels, and leaning upon staves. It is not improbable that these accounts are also applicable to the neighbouring coast of Cornwall, perhaps even to the tribe of the Silures in South Wales; but it is uncertain whether in these mountaineers we are to recognise Iberian settlers, or an original native population identical with that of the rest of South Britain. Navigation along the coasts, though only in small boats of twisted osier covered with leather, had, for a length of time, been very lively. The tin, formed into square blocks, was brought to the Isle of Wight, where it was purchased by merchants and carried over to Gaul, and then, in a journey of about thirty days, conveyed on horses to Marseilles, Narbonne, and the mouths of the Rhone. A commerce of this kind, by exciting individual industry, had long rendered the inhabitants of the southern coast of Britain active, docile, and friendly to strangers; yet was their spirit sunk in a slumber which held them to their native soil, until, through the calamity of a most unjust hostile invasion, from being a country not reckoned among the nations of Europe, the land of British barbarians, known only to a few daring mariners, became a province closely connected with imperial Rome, and at length their state, which, more than any other of the European nations, has

the stamp of its character and institutions, not only upon this portion of the globe, but also upon lands and regions not discovered till after a long course of ages.

The inhabitants of Britain, with the exception, perhaps, of those above-mentioned as Iberian colonists, belonged to the same great national family which we find in Gaul and in Belgium, and which commonly bears the name of Celts. The supposition of Tacitus of a difference between the northern and the southern race, and that the former, from its strong bodily structure and red hair, was of Germanic origin, is by other accounts shown to be groundless. The language still living, particularly in Wales and Brittany, as well as the Druidic worship, which, though blended with Christianity, survived to a late period in the former country, supplying it, during a thousand years, with energy to withstand the English invaders, form the leading characteristics of this once great race, and which, being its intellectual portion, have been preserved the longest.

In treating of the primitive history of the Britons, a writer must use their native traditions with great caution. Like those of the other European nations, they appear only in that Romanized garb which was fashioned in the modern world by the last rays of the setting Roman sun. Though at every step in the region of British tradition, we meet with traces of an eastern origin, yet the tales of the destruction of Troy, and of the flight of Brutus, a great grandson of Æneas, to Britain, are, in the unnatural travestie in which alone they have been transmitted to us, wholly devoid of historic value, and the simple truth seems lost to us beyond recovery. The vain Britons gratified their pride in adorning themselves with the faded tinsel, and appropriating to themselves the fabulous national tradition of Rome.

But the great masters of the ancient world have marked their traces on our earth in deep lines, not to be obliterated: the written monuments of their rule are still more enduring. Cæsar describes the circumstances of his landing; and the very day of that event can be fixed by astronomical computation. The little river which he first crossed still flows beneath the gentle hills where the bold natives confronted his legions; and the topographer of our own times is the best witness to the truth of the historian of nineteen hundred years ago. Dion Cassius has also described the Roman invasion in his history, a translation of which we extract from the splendid volume published 'by command of her Majesty,' entitled "*Monumenta Historica Britannica*:"—

Cæsar, therefore, first of the Romans, then crossed the Rhine, and afterwards passed over into Britain, in the consulship of Pompey and Crassus. This country is distant from the continent of Celtica, where the Morini dwell, at least four hundred and fifty stadia: and it stretches out along the remaining portion of Gaul, and nearly the whole of Iberia, extending upward into the sea. To the earliest of the Greeks and Romans its very existence was not known, but to those of after times, it became matter of dispute whether it were a continent or an island; and much has been written on either side by persons, who, having neither themselves seen nor heard of it from its inhabitants, knew nothing concerning it, but merely conjectured, as prompted by leisure or the love of controversy; in process of time, however, first under Agricola, the prætor, and now under the emperor Severus it has been clearly proved to be an island.

To this island, then, Cæsar, at the time when the other Gauls were tranquil, and he had subjugated the Morini, vehemently desired to pass over. And he completed the passage with his infantry just as he wished, though he landed not at the spot he should have done; for the Britons, having already heard of his approach, had

possessed themselves of all the landing-places facing the continent. Sailing, therefore, round a certain promontory, he reached its farther side; and then, having defeated those who attacked him while disembarking on the shallows, he effected his landing before further succours could arrive; and afterwards, repulsed the enemy when assailing him. Few, however, of the barbarians fell; for, being mounted on chariots and on horses, they easily escaped from the Romans, whose cavalry had not yet joined them; nevertheless, greatly alarmed at what they had heard from the continent concerning them, and at their boldness in crossing the sea at all, and their success in effecting a landing in their country, they send to Cæsar certain of the Morini, who were in amity with them, suing for peace, and on his demanding hostages they consented at the time to give them.

But the Romans meanwhile having suffered severely through a storm which had shattered their ships already arrived, as well as those which were on their passage, the Britons changed their purpose; and although they did not openly attack them, for the camp was strongly defended, yet intercepting such as had been sent out, as though into a friendly country for provisions, they killed them, with the exception of a few, whom Cæsar speedily surrounded; and after this they attempted the camp itself, but without effect, and were repelled with loss; they would not come to terms, however, until they had been repeatedly worsted. Cæsar, in truth, had no intention to grant them peace; but as the winter was approaching, and he had not sufficient forces present to carry on the war during its continuance; moreover, as the fleet he expected had failed to reach its port, and the Gauls, in consequence of his absence, had become tumultuous, he reluctantly entered into treaty with them; demanding still more hostages, though he received but a small number.

He then sailed back to the continent, and quieted the commotions there; having gained no advantage to himself or to the state from Britain, except the glory of having conducted an expedition against it. Of this, indeed, he spoke in very lofty terms himself, and the Romans at home entertained a wonderful high opinion. For seeing that places before unknown were now made manifest, and a region hitherto unheard of, now rendered accessible to them; they indulged the hope of success, as if it were already a reality, and looking upon whatever they expected to achieve as now in their possession, they gave way to joy: and on this account they decreed a festival of twenty days continuance.

Such were the transactions at Rome in its seven hundredth year. But in Gaul, under the consulship of the before mentioned Lucius Domitius and Appius Claudius, among other preparations Cæsar built ships of an intermediate size, between his own swift sailing-vessels and those of burthen which he had there obtained, that they might be as buoyant as possible, and yet resist the waves; and although left on the strand, should receive no injury therefrom. As soon, therefore, as the season admitted of sailing, he again passed over into Britain; alledging as a pretext that the Britons had not sent him all the hostages which they had promised, for as he had at that time departed without accomplishing his purpose they thought he would never attempt them again, but his real motive was a vehement desire of possessing the island; so that had not this happened, he would easily have found some other pretext. He landed at the same place as before, no one daring to resist him, both on account of the multitude of his ships, and because they reached the shore on many points at once; and immediately he fortified his naval station.

From these causes, therefore, the barbarians were unable to obstruct his landing, and becoming more terrified than formerly, inasmuch as he had arrived with a more numerous army, they conveyed their substance of greatest value into such neighbouring thickets as were most difficult of access; and having placed them in safety, for they cut down the surrounding trees, and piled others in layers upon

then, so as in some degree to resemble a wall, they then infested the foraging parties of the Romans. Being worsted, moreover, in a certain battle in the open country, they enticed the Romans, in the pursuit, to their fastness, and thence in turn killed many of them. And after this a tempest having again shattered the enemies ships, the Britons summoned their allies, and made an attack even upon the Roman station; having given the command to Cassivelaunus, the chief potentate of the island. The Romans, then, coming into conflict with them, were at first thrown into disorder by the shock of their chariots; but afterwards opening their ranks and letting them pass through, and aiming obliquely at the assailing enemy, they retrieved the fight.

For a time both parties maintained their position; but afterwards the barbarians, although they were victorious over the infantry, yet being worsted by the cavalry, retreated to the Thames; and defending its passage with stakes, as well above as beneath the water, here they took their station. But when Cæsar, by a vigorous attack, compelled them to quit their stockade, and next drove them, by siege from their fortress; while such of them as assailed the naval station were routed by his other troops, they became terrified, and obtained peace on sending hostages, and being constrained to pay a yearly tribute.

Thus Cæsar departed wholly from the island, leaving therein no portion of his army; thinking that it would be dangerous for it to winter in a hostile country, and inexpedient for himself to be longer absent from Gaul.

CYMBELINE.

ONE of the authors of "Guesses at Truth" says, "Seeing that the history of the world is one of God's own great poems, how can any man aspire to do more than recite a few brief passages from it? This is what man's poems are, the best of them. * * * This, too, is what man's histories would be, could other men write history in the same vivid, speaking characters, in which Shakspeare has placed so many of our kings in imperishable individuality before us? Only look at his *King John*: look at any historian's. Which gives you the liveliest, faithfullest representation of that prince, and of his age? the poet? or the historians?"

This passage will explain why, in the *Dramatic Scenes* which these volumes will occasionally present, we shall avoid any comparison with what is called the *truth of history*. But we shall not touch any scenes which are absolute violations of received historical facts. We shall endeavour to confine our selections to such scenes as convey, with whatever differences of power, something of "the true knowledge to be learnt, whether from Poetry or from History—the knowledge of real importance to man for the study of his own nature—the knowledge of the principles and the passions by which men in various ages have been agitated and swayed, and by which events have been brought about."

The first drama that carries us into a period not very remote from the Roman invasion is the "Cymbeline" of Shakspeare. It was not the purpose of the poet to make Cymbeline a History. The historical portion is subservient to the main action of the piece—the fortunes of Imogen and Posthumus. But there is enough of that historical portion to enable us to commence our scenes with a brief selection from our highest and most splendid historical teacher.

In "Cymbeline" we have the ancient Britons presented to us under a rich colouring, whose tints belong to the truth of high art. Shakspeare threw the scene with marvellous judgment into the obscure period of British history, when there was enough of fact to give precision to his painting, and enough of fable to cast over it that twilight hue which all poets love. In these scenes we are thrown back into the half-fabulous history of our own country, and see all objects under the dim light of uncertain events and manners. We have civilisation

contending with semi-barbarism; the gorgeous worship of the Pagan world subduing to itself the more simple worship of the Druidical times; kings and courtiers surrounded with the splendour of "barbaric pearl and gold;" and, even in those days of simplicity, a wilder and a simpler life, amidst the fastnesses of mountains, and the solitude of caves, the hunters' life, who "have seen nothing"—

" Subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf,"—

but who yet, in their natural piety, know "how to adore the heavens." This is opposed to our common notion of painted savages, living in wretched huts. There was a civilisation amongst the stock from which we are descended, before the Roman refinement. Strabo says that the Britons had the same manners as the Gauls. They wore party coloured tunics, flowered with various colours in divisions. They had chequered cloaks. They bore helmets of brass upon their heads. They had broad-swords suspended by iron or brazen chains. Some were girded with belts of gold or silver. Pliny tells us that they excelled in the arts of weaving and dyeing cloth, and wove their fine dyed wool, so as to form stripes or chequers. This is the tartan of the Highlanders—"the garb of old Gaul." Their round bronze shields are the ornaments of our antiquarian cabinets. We may, without any violation of historical accuracy, believe that the Romans had introduced their arts to an extent that might have made Cymbeline's palace bear some of the characteristics of a Roman villa. A highly-civilised people very quickly impart the external forms of their civilisation to those whom they have colonised. The houses of the inhabitants in general might retain in a great degree their primitive rudeness. When Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, the people of the southern coasts had already learned to build houses a little more substantial and convenient than those of the inland inhabitants. "The country," he remarks, "abounds in houses, which very much resemble those of Gaul." Now those of Gaul are thus described by Strabo:—"They build their houses of wood, in the form of a circle, with lofty tapering roofs."—Lib. v. The foundations of some of the most substantial of these circular houses were of stone, of which there are still some remains in Cornwall, Anglesey, and other places. Strabo says, "The forests of the Britons are their cities; for, when they have enclosed a very large circuit with felled trees, they build within it houses for themselves and hovels for their cattle."—Lib. iv. But Cymbeline was one of the most wealthy and powerful of the ancient British kings. His capital was Camulodunum, supposed to be Maldon or Colchester. It was the first Roman colony in this island, and a place of great magnificence.

SCENE I.

Caius Lucius is sent to Britain to demand tribute. "In a Room of State in Cymbeline's palace" we have the meeting between the King of our isle, and the Ambassador of Rome. Cymbeline, in this scene, is calm and dignified. The Queen, and Cloten her son, are violent and coarse, as their characters are drawn:—

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it), for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Nearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untendered.

Queen. And, 'to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Brittain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of *came, and saw, and overcame* with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot! fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition
(Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry); Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar

(Cæsar that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy :
Receive it from me, then :—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius,
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer : If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
All the remain is, welcome.

SCENE II.

Upon the written history of the sons of Cymbeline, Shakspeare has engrafted the romantic story that they were stolen from their father's care, and brought up amongst the mountain fastnesses of Wales, in the primitive simplicity of the hunter's life.

The nurture which Shakspeare has assigned to these youths is in harmony with their historical prowess. There are few things finer in the Shakspearean drama than the scenes in which these bold mountaineers display the influence of their primitive habits. They are not ignorant ; they are full of natural piety ; they have strong affections ; but the world has been shut out from them, and the conventional usages of the world have no power over their actions. The fierce courage with which they rush to slaughter, and the exquisite tenderness, with which they mourn their poor Fidele, are equally the results of their inartificial education. The very structure of the dramatic verse seems to partake of the rugged freedom of their characters :—

BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys : this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows you
To a morning's holy office : the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven,
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arr.

Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yon hill,
 Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off;
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor known not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age; but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arr.

What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat.
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel.

How, you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly, the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery that
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame and honour: which dies i' the search;
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse
 Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's marked
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;

And when a soldier was the theme my name
Was not far off : Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Glii.

Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans ; so,
Follow'd by banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world ;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains ;
This is not hunters' language :—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fer no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

SCENE III.

The Roman legions at length tread the British soil :—

Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
They are here in readiness.

Luc.

But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc.

When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc.

This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision :
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence.) Thus :—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc.

Dream often so,

And never false.—

The cave of Belarius hears the din of the coming strife. One of the youths has

slain Cloten, the queen's son. The old man vainly strives to persuade them to fly to deep recesses of their mountains :—

BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life to lock it
From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us ; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known : yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am ashamed

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gai. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I ; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead.—The time seems long : their blood thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

The Briton, Posthumus, who has landed with the Roman army, and believes that his lady, Imogen, has been put to death by his own rash commands, through the falsehood of Iachimo, determines to take part with his countrymen :—

I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace !
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose ; I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant ; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion less without, and more within.

The contest between the Roman and British armies is, in this play, exhibited in dumb-show. The drama preceding Shakspeare was full of such examples. But Shakspeare uniformly rejected the practice, except in this instance. The stage directions of the original copy are very curious ; and we therefore carry on the narrative by the aid of these stage directions :—

Enter at one door LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army, and the British army at another. LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS : he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengeably enfeebles me. Or, could this carl,

A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
 In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit.

*The battle continues ; the Britons fly : CYMBELINE is taken ; then enter, to his rescue
 BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand ! We have the advantage of the ground ;
 The lane is guarded ; nothing routs us but
 The villainy of our fears.

Gui., Arv.

Stand, stand, and fight !

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons : They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt.
 Then, enter, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself :
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach.

'T is their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : Or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly.

[Exeunt.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand ?

Post. I did ;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord.

I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought : The king himself,
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane ; the enemy, full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear ; that the straight pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord.

Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf ;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
 An honest one, I warrant ; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country,—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter ;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd or shame,)
 Made good the passage : cried to those that fled,
 " Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men :

To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards ! Stand ;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly ; and may save,
 But to look back in frown : stand, stand."—These th
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file when all
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, " stand, stand,"
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd coward
 But by example, (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire ; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick ; Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,
 The strides they victors made : And now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages) became
 The life o' the need, having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts : Heavens, how they wound !
 Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends
 O'erborne i' the former wave ; ten, chas'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord.

This was strange chance :

A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : You are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear.

Than to work any.

The catastrophe of 'Cymbeline' has necessarily more immediate reference to the romantic part of the drama than to the historical. Here, it is sufficient to say that the king recovers his sons, and Posthumus his much injured lady. The first movement of the British king, in the spirit of barbarous warfare, is to doom the Roman prisoners to death :—

Cym. Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
 So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
 Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :

Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. . .

But Cymbeline's hard purpose is changed. Posthumus forgives the arch-traitor
Iachimo :—

"The power that I have on you is to spare you."
And then the king exclaims,

"Pardon's the word for all."

The drama concludes with peace between Britain and Rome.

3.—THE INVASION OF CLAUDIUS.

MILTON.

Milton has described the second Roman invasion, in all the pomp of his Latinized English.

Through civil discord, Bericus, (what he was further, is not known) with others of his party flying to Rome, persuaded Claudius, the emperor, to an invasion. Claudius, now consul the third time, and desirous to do something, whence he might gain the honour of a triumph, at the persuasion of these fugitives, whom the Britians demanding, he had denied to render, and they for that cause had defied further amity with Rome, makes choice of this island for his province: and sends before him Aulus Plautius the prætor, with this command, if the business grew difficult, to give him notice. Plautius with much ado, persuaded the legions to move out of Gallia, murmuring that now they must be put to make war beyond the world's end, for so they counted Britian; and what welcome Julius the dictator found there, doubtless they had heard. At last prevailed with, and hoisting sail from three several ports, lest their landing should in any one place be resisted, meeting cross winds, they were cast back and disheartened: till in the night a meteor shooting flames from the east, and, as they fancied, directing their course, they took heart again to try the sea, and without opposition landed. For the Britians having heard of their unwillingness to come, had been negligent to provide against them; and retiring to the woods and moors, intended to frustrate and wear them out with delays, as they had served Cæsar before. Plautius after much trouble to find them out, encountering first with Caractacus, then with Togodumnus, overthrew them; and receiving into conditions part of the Boduni, who then were subject to the Catuellani, and leaving there a garrison, went on toward a river; where the Britians not imagining that Plautius without a bridge could pass, lay on the farther side careless and secure. But he sending first the Germans, whose custom was, armed as they were, to swim with ease the strongest current, commands them to strike especially at the horses, whereby the chariots, wherein consisted their chief art of fight, became unserviceable. To second them he sent Vespasian, who in his latter days obtained the empire, and Sabinus his brother; who unexpectedly assailing those who were least aware, did much execution. Yet not for this were the Britians dismayed; but re-uniting the next day, fought with such a courage, as made it hard to decide which way hung the victory; till Caius Sidius Geta, at point to have been taken, recovered himself so valiantly, as brought the day on his side; for which at Rome he received high honours. After this the Britians drew back toward the mouth of the Thames, and acquainted with those places, crossed over; where the Romans following them through bogs and dangerous flats, hazarded the loss of all. Yet the Germans getting over, and others by a bridge at some place above, fell on them again with sundry alarms and great slaughter; but in the heat of pursuit running themselves again into bogs and mires, lost as many of their own. Upon which ill success, and seeing the Britians

more enraged at the death of Togodumnus, who in one of these battles had been slain, Plautius fearing the worst, and glad that he could hold what he held, as was enjoined him, sends to Claudius. He who waited ready with a large preparation, as if not safe enough amidst the flower of all his Romans, like a great eastern king, with armed elephants marches through Gallia. So full of peril was this enterprise esteemed, as not without all this equipage, and stranger terrors than Roman armies to meet the native and the naked British valour defending their country. Joined with Plautius, who encamping on the back of Thames attended him, he passes the river. The Britians, who had the courage but not the wise conduct of old Cassibelan, laying all stratagem aside, in downright manhood scrupled not to affront in open field almost the whole power of the Roman empire. But overcome and vanquished, part by force, others by treaty come in and yield. Claudius therefore, who took Camalodunum, the royal seat of Cunobeline, was often by the army saluted Imperator; a military title which usually they gave their general after any notable exploit; but to others, not above once in the same war; as if Claudius, by these acts, had deserved more than the laws of Rome had provided honour to reward. Having therefore disarmed the Britians, but remitted the confiscation of their goods, for which they worshipped him with sacrifice and temple as a god, leaving Plautius to subdue what remained; he returns to Rome, from whence he had been absent only six months, and in Britian but sixteen days; sending the news before him of his victories, though in a small part of the island. By which is manifestly refuted that which Eutropius and Orosius write of his conquering at that time also the Orcades islands, lying to the north of Scotland; and not conquered by the Romans, (for aught found in any good author), till above forty years after, as shall appear. To Claudius the senate, as for achievements of highest merit, decreed excessive honours; arches, triumphs, annual solemnities, and the surname of Britannicus both to him and his son.

Plautius after this, employing his fresh forces to conquer on, and quiet the rebelling countries, found work enough to deserve at his return a kind of triumphant riding into the capitol side by side with the emperor. Vespasian also under Plautius had thirty conflicts with the enemy; in one of which encompassed, and in great danger, he was valiantly and piously rescued by his son Titus: two powerful nations he subdued here, above twenty towns and the Isle of Wight: for which he received at Rome triumphal ornaments, and other great dignities. For that city in reward of virtue was ever magnificent; and long after when true merit was ceased among them, lest any thing resembling virtue should want honour, the same rewards were yet allowed to the very shadow and ostentation of merit. Ostorius in the room of Plautius vice-prætor, met with turbulent affairs; the Britians not ceasing to vex with inroads all those counties that were yielded to the Romans; and now the more eagerly, supposing that the new general, unacquainted with his army, and on the edge of winter, would not hastily oppose them. But he weighing that first events were most available to breed fear or contempt, with such cohorts as were next at hand, sets out against them: whom having routed, so close he follows, as one who meant not to be every day molested with the cavils of a slight peace, or an emboldened enemy. Lest they should make head again, he disarms whom he meets; and to surround them, places many garrisons upon the rivers of Antona and Sabrina. But the Icenians, a stout people, untouched yet by these wars, as being before sought alliance with the Romans, were the first that brooked not this. By their example others rise; and in a chosen place, fenced with high banks of earth, and narrow lanes to prevent the horse, warily encamp. Ostorius, though yet not strengthened with his legions, causes the auxiliar bands, his troops also alighting, to assault the rampart. They within though pestered with their own

number, stood to it like men resolved, and in a narrow compass did remarkable deeds. But overpowered at last, and others by their success quieted, who till then wavered, Ostorius next bends his force upon the Cangians, wasting all even to the sea of Ireland, without foe in his way, or them, who durst, ill-handled; when the Brigantes attempting new matters, drew him back to settle first what was unsecure behind him. They, of whom the chief were punished, the rest forgiven, soon gave over: but the Silures, no way tractable, were not to be repressed without a set war. To further this, Camalodunum was planted with a colony of veteran soldiers; to be a firm and ready aid against revolts, and a means to teach the natives Roman law and civility. Cogidunus also a British king, their fast friend, had to the same intent certain cities given him; a haughty craft, which the Romans used, to make kings also the servile agents of enslaving others. But the Silures hardy of themselves, relied more on the valour of Caractacus; whom many doubtful, many prosperous successes had made eminent above all that ruled in Britian. He adding to his courage policy, and knowing himself to be of strength inferior, in other advantages the better, makes the seat of his war among the Ordovices: a country wherein all the odds were to his own party, all the difficulties to his enemy. The hills and every access he fortified with heaps of stones, and guards of men; to come at whom a river of unsafe passage must be first waded. The place, as Camden conjectures, had thence the name of Caercarador on the west edge of Shropshire. He himself continually went up and down, animating his officers and leaders, "this was the day, this the field, either to defend their liberty, or to die free:" calling to mind the names of his glorious ancestors, who drove Cæsar the dictator out of Britian, whose valour hitherto had preserved them from bondage, their wives and children from dishonour. Influenced with these words, they all vow their utmost, with such undaunted resolution as amazed the Roman general; but the soldiers less weighing, because less knowing, clamoured to be led on against any danger. Ostorius after wary circumspection, bids them pass the river: the Britians no sooner had them within reach of their arrows, darts and stones, but slew and wounded largely of the Romans. They on the other side closing their ranks, and over head closing their targets, threw down the loose rampires of the Britians, and pursue them up the hills, both light and armed legions; till what with galling darts and heavy strokes, the Britians, who wore neither helmets nor cuirass to defend them, were at last overcoerge. This the Romans thought a famous victory, wherein the wife and daughter of Caractacus were taken, his brothers also reduced to obedience; himself escaping to Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes, against faith given was to the victors delivered bound; having held out against the Romans nine years, saith Tacitus, but by truer computation, seven. Whereby his name was up through all the adjoining provinces, even to Italy and Rome; many desiring to see who he was, that could withstand so many years the Roman puissance: and Cæsar, to extol his own victory, extolled the man whom he had vanquished. Being brought to Rome, the people as to a solemn spectacle were called together, the emperor's guard stood in arms. In order came first the king's servants, bearing his trophies won in other wars, next his brothers, wife and daughter, last himself. The behaviour of others, through fear, was low and degenerate; he only neither in countenance, word, or action submissive, standing at the tribunal of Claudius, briefly spake to this purpose: "If my mind, Cæsar, had been as moderate in the height of fortune as my birth and dignity was eminent, I might have come a friend, rather than a captive into this city. Nor couldst thou have disliked him for a confederate, so noble of descent, and ruling so many nations. My present estate to me disgraceful, to thee is glorious. I had riches, horses, arms, and men; no wonder then if I contended not to lose them. But if by fate, yours only must be empire, then of

necessity ours among the rest must be subjection. If I sooner had been brought to yield, my misfortune would have been less notorious, your conquest had been less renowned, and in your severest determining of me, both will be soon forgotten. But if you grant that I shall live, by me will live to you for ever that praise which is so near divine, the clemency of a conqueror." Cæsar moved at such a spectacle of fortune, but especially at the nobleness of his bearing it, gave him pardon, and to all the rest. They all unbound, submissively thank him, and did like reverence to Agrippina the emperor's wife, who sat by in state; a new and disdained sight to the manly eye of Romans, a woman sitting public in her female pride among ensigns and armed cohorts. To Ostorius triumph is decreed; and his acts esteemed equal to theirs, that brought in bonds to Rome famous kings.

4.—BONDUCA.

(From the Translation in 'The Monumenta Historica Britannica.')

While he, (Nero), thus trifled at Rome, a dreadful calamity happened in Britain; for two cities were destroyed, eighty thousand of the Romans or of their allies were slain, and the island became in a state of insurrection. And the more to increase their shame, all this calamity was brought upon them by a woman: indeed the Divinity had in some measure foreboded this disaster; for in the night a barbaric murmuring attended with laughter, was heard from the Senate-house, and a muttering, with lamentation from the theatre, although there was no human being either to clamour or to bewail. Certain dwellings also appeared under water in the river Thames, and the ocean between the island and Gaul flowed with blood at the time of high tide.

The cause of the war was the sale of property which Claudius had given up to their chiefs; and which Decimus Catus, the præfect of the island, said it was necessary should be recalled. And to this was added, that Seneca having lent them, against their will, a thousand myriads of money in expectation of interest, suddenly and violently called in his loan. She, however, who chiefly excited and urged them to fight against the Romans was Boudicca, who was deemed worthy to command them, and who led them in every battle: a Briton of royal race, and breathing more than female spirit. Having collected, therefore, an army to the number of about one hundred and twenty thousand, she, after the Roman custom, ascended a tribunal made of many earth. She was of the largest size, most terrible of aspect, most savage of countenance and harsh of voice; having a profusion of yellow hair which fell down to her hips, and wearing a large golden collar; she had on a party-coloured floating vest drawn close about her bosom, and over this she wore a thick mantle connected by a clasp: such was her usual dress: but at this time she also bore a spear, that thus she might appear more formidable to all; and she spake after this manner.

'You must be convinced by experience how much freedom surpasses slavery; for if any of you formerly, through ignorance of which might be the better, have been seduced by the seducing promises of the Romans; now, having tried both, you must have learnt how much you have erred in esteeming slavery of your own choosing, preferable to the usage of your country; and you must have felt how superior is poverty with liberty, to opulence with thralldom; for what indeed is there most base, what most grievous, that we have not suffered, since these men cast their eyes on Britain? Have we not been despoiled of all our best and amplest possessions? Do we not pay tribute for the remainder? Do we not, in

addition, to both pasturing our cattle and filling the ground for them, pay also a yearly tribute even of our very bodies ? and how much better were it to be sold to slavery once for all, than to be ransomed year after year under the delusive name of liberty ; how much better to be slain outright and perish, than to bear about a head subject to perpetual tribute ? But why say I this ? when even to die is not unattended with some claim on their part, for you are aware of what we pay even for the deceased. Among other men, indeed, death liberates the slave altogether, but to the Romans alone, the very dead survive for the purposes of lucre ; and, moreover, if none of us possess money, and how and whence could we possess it ? We are stripped and spoiled like those who are slain ; and what consideration can we expect in future, when even at the very outset, a time when all men treat with kindness even the beasts they have taken, we have been thus used by them ?

‘ But to speak the truth, we ourselves have been the cause of all this, we who at the first suffered them to land on the island ; and did not immediately drive them far away, as we did that Julius Cæsar ; we, who did not, when they were yet afar off, render even their attempt at landing perilous, as we did to Augustus and Caius Caligula. Wherefore, we, possessing so large an island, or rather an insulated continent, and occupying a world of our own ; we, who are so completely separated by the ocean from all others as to be deemed to inhabit another earth, and to live beneath another sky ; we, of whose name the best informed among them knew nothing before with any certainty, are dispised and trodden under foot by men whose only knowledge is how to cheat others. But if we have not hitherto so done, yet now, oh, countrymen, friends, and relatives, for such I deem you all inhabitants of one island, and called by one common name, let us act as become us while we have yet a recollection of liberty, that we may leave both its name and its reality to our children : for if we are wholly forgetful of that blessedness in which we have been nurtured, what then will they do who have been nurtured in slavery ?

‘ I say these things, not that you may abhor the present circumstances, for you have long abhorred them, nor that you may dread those that are future, for you have long dreaded them ; but that I may applaud you for choosing of yourselves to do all that behoves you, and thank you that you readily succour both me and yourselves. Dread not the Romans in anywise : for they are neither more in number, nor braver than ourselves : and the proof is, that you are armed with helmets, breastplates, and greaves, and moreover are provided with stockades, and walls, and ditches, so as no longer to suffer from the secret incursions of the enemy, for such they prefer making, through their fears, to fighting, as we do openly : indeed, we are induced with courage so superior, that we deem our tents more secure than their walls, and our shields a better defence than their complete armour. Wherefore, when superior in battle we capture them ; when defeated we flee far away : and if we choose to retreat to any place, we hide ourselves in marshes and mountains where we can neither be discovered nor taken ; whereas they, from the weight of their armour, are neither able to pursue others nor to escape themselves ; and should they at any time effect their escape, they could fly only to places well known, and there be inclosed as in a toil. If such things then they are far inferior to us, as well as in these ; that they can neither endure hunger nor thirst, nor cold nor heat as we do ; moreover, they stand so much in need of shade and shelter, pounded corn, wine, and oil, that if one of these things fail them, they perish ; while to us every herb and root is food, every juice is oil, every stream is wine, and every tree an house : again, to us these places are familiar, and friendly, to them strange and hostile ; we swim the rivers naked, they can hardly pass them in boats. Wherefore confiding in our good fortune, let us go

against them, and let us shew them that, being hares and foxes, they strive for the mastery over dogs and wolves.'

Having thus spoken, she let loose a hare from her bosom, using it as a kind of omen ; and when it ran propitiously for them, the whole multitude, rejoicing, gave a shout : and Bunduica extending her hand towards heaven, exclaimed : ' I give thee thanks, Andraste : and I, a female, invoke thee, a female also ; neither ruling over the burthen-bearing Egyptians, like Nitocris, nor over the Syrian merchants, like Semirarius, for such things we have already learnt from the Romans, nor indeed over the Romans themselves, as did first Messalina, then Agrippina, and at present Nero, who has indeed the name of a man, but is in act a woman, a proof of which is that he sings and plays on the harp and beautifies his person ; but ruling over British men, unskilled indeed in husbandry or handicraft, but who having thoroughly learned to fight, deeming all other things common, and even children and wives common also, who in consequence display equal courage with their husbands. Reigning, therefore, over such men and such women, I pray and entreat thee for victory and security and liberty in their behalf, against men who are revilers, unjust, insatiable, impious ; if forsooth we must give the title of men to such as bathe in tepid water, live on dressed meats, drink undiluted wine, anoint themselves with spikenard, repose luxuriously, lying with boys and those no longer youthful, and are charmed by the strains of an harper, and he a wretched one. Let not, then a Noronia or a Domitia tyrannize over me or you ; but let such a songstress rule the Romans, for they deserve to be enslaved to that woman whose tyranny they have so long endured ; but mayest thou, O queen, alone have dominion over us for ever !'

Having thus harangued, Bunduica led her army against the Romans, who were at that time without a chief, because Paulinus, their commander, was warring against Mona, a certain island adjacent to Britain. Wherefore she overthrew and plundered two Roman cities, and there as I have said, wrought indescribable slaughter : as to the male captives there was no thing of the most dreadful kind which was not inflicted upon them. They practised, indeed, whatever was most revolting and savage ; for they hung up their noblest and most beautiful women naked, cut off their breasts, and sewed them to their mouths, that they might appear to be themselves eating them, and afterwards transfixing them at full length on sharp stakes. And all this was done in mockery, while they were sacrificing and banqueting in their several sacred plans, but more especially in the grove of Andate, for so they denominated Victory, whom they venerated supremely.

But it happened that Paulinus had now subdued Mona, and having heard of the disaster in Britain, he forthwith sailed back thither from Mona : he was unwilling indeed to risk the chance of a battle immediately against the barbarians, dreading their number and fury ; wherefore he deferred the conflict to a more fitting opportunity. But when he was in want of provisions, and the barbarians pressing forward, allowed him no respite, he was compelled to attack them contrary to his intention. Bunduica, therefore, having an army amounting to two hundred and thirty thousand men, herself rode on a car, and drew up the others singly. Paulinus, however, was neither able to extend his phalanx in opposition to them ; for he could not have equalled them had he drawn up his men singly, so much inferior were they in number ; nor did he dare to engage in one compact body, lest he should be surrounded and cut to pieces : he therefore divided his army into three bodies, that they might fight in several places at once, and closed up each of the divisions in such wise that they could not be broken through : and, having drawn up and posted them, he exhorted them, saying :—

' Come on, fellow soldiers ! Come on, Romans ! Show these pests how much, even

when in desperate circumstances, we surpassed them. It were disgraceful to you ingloriously to lose those things now which you have recently obtained by your valour ; for often, truly, when less in number than at present, both you yourselves and your fathers have vanquished adversaries far more numerous. Be not alarmed, therefore, at their multitudes nor at their desire of revolt ; for they are daring only in consequence of their unarmed and inconsiderate rashness ; nor at their having burnt certain of our cities, which they have not taken by force or by battle, for one they gained through treachery, and the other was abandoned : but for such acts now wreak on them becoming vengeance, that they may learn in very deed, who, when compared with themselves, are the men they have injured.'

Having thus said to some, he passed on to others, and addressed them : ' Now, fellow soldiers, is the season for exertion and for valour. This day only be courageous, and you will retrieve your losses : for if you conquer these, no others will resist you : by this single battle you will secure your present advantages, and bring into subjection what remains to be subdued ; because all other soldiers, wherever they may be, will emulate your conduct, and your foes will be daunted : so that it being in your hands, either, fearless of all men, to retain whatever your fathers have left or yourselves have acquired, to be deprived of it altogether ; make your choice to be free, to rule, to be rich, and to be happy, rather than, through your want of exertion, to endure the contrary.'

Having thus addressed these, he advanced to the third body, and harangued them also, after this manner : ' You have heard what these accursed people have done to us, or rather, indeed, you have seen some of their actions ; choose, therefore, whether you will endure the like, and, moreover, retreat wholly from Britain, or, vanquishing them, whether you will both avenge the departed, and afford to all other men an example of gracious indulgence to obedience, and of necessary severity to revolt. Firmly, indeed, do I hope that we shall conquer ; first by the assistance of the gods, who for the most part succour the injured ; then by our native courage, inasmuch as we are Romans, and have long excelled all men by our valour : again by our experience, for these very persons who now oppose us we have already vanquished ; lastly by our dignity, for we shall not contend with rivals, but with slaves whom we have suffered to be free and uncontrolled. However should any thing contrary to our hopes arise, for this I will not hesitate to advert to, it is better to die fighting like men than to be captured and, impaled, to see our own entrails torn out and transixed on burning stakes, to be wasted away in boiling water, as if we had fallen among certain savage, lawless, unfeeling beasts. Either, then, let us subdue them, or let us die on the spot ; we shall have Britain as a conspicuous monument, even if all other Romans are driven from it ; for with our bodies we shall wholly embrace it for ever.'

Having uttered these and similar words, he raised the signal for battle : and immediately they advanced towards each other, the barbarians with loud clamour and songs of defiance ; but the Romans with silence and order, until they came within a javelin's cast ; when the enemy now proceeding slowly onward, they gave the signal altogether, according to previous arrangement, and rushed violently upon them, and in the shock easily broke through their array ; then being hemmed in by the multitude, they fought desperately at the same time on all sides. Their conflict was various, for it was thus : here light-armed opposed light-armed : there heavy-armed contended with heavy-armed : horse encountered horse : and the Roman archers fought against the chariots of the barbarians, falling on the Romans, overthrew them with the rushing of their chariots ; and these, as their men were fighting without breastplates, were driven back by the flights of arrows ; horseman discomfited footman, and footman overthrew horseman ; some, in compact bodies,

dashed against the chariots, others dispersed by them ; some, advancing in troops against the archers, put them to flight ; others saved themselves by keeping aloof : and this occurred not in one, but in three several places at once. For a long while each contended with equal spirit and boldness. Finally, though late, the Romans conquered ; they killed numbers in the fight, and near the waggons, and in a wood ; they also took many alive. Great numbers, too, escaped and made ready again as if for battle. But about this time Bondonica dying by disease, they bewailed her sorely, and buried her with great funeral splendour : and as if they were now really discomfited, they became completely dispersed.

5.—SCENE FROM BONDUCA, A TRAGEDY.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius, and Soldiers.

Bonduca. The hardy Romans ? Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers !
Are these the men that conquer by inheritance ?
The fortune-makers ? these the Julians.

Enter Caratach.

That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome, and one Cesar ?
Shame, how they flee !
Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls ? is Britain grown so wanton ?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scatter'd 'em ;
And thro' their big-bon'd Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame 'em : And a woman,
A woman beat 'em, Nennius ; a weak woman,
A woman, beat these Romans !

Car. So it seems ;

A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who's that ?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, d'you grieve my fortunes ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;

If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes ;

You put too much wind to your sail ; discretion

And hardy valour are the twins of honour,

And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror ;

Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,

That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed ;

A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,

And not our tongues ; a truth is none of ours,

Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing ;

For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,

And we that have been victors, beat ourselves,

When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say

What liberty and honour bid us do,

And what the gods allow us ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;

So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans 'fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures :'
Does this become a door ? are they such ?

Bond. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest then ?

Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers ?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ?
The holy Druids composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory ?
Why are these triumphs, lady ? for a May-game ?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans ?
Is it no more ? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers,
Put out our holy fires, no timbrel ring,
Let's home and sleep ; for such great overthrows,
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame. Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.

Bond. By the gods, I think

You dote upon these Romans, Caratach !

Car. Witness these wounds, I do ; they were fairly giv'n
I love an enemy ; I was born a soldier ;
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me :
And are not all these Roman ? Ten struck battles
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman ;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen storm sung thro' my cuirass,)
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought thro',
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I've swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues ;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,

And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons——

Bond. What?

Car. Dishearten'd,

Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack swifter ;
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful ; not a flight drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
I've seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring ; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer !

Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I've seen thee run too ; and thee Nennius
Yea, run apace, both ; then when Penius
(The Roman girl !) cut thro' your armed carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill ;
Then when he hunted thee like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight ; then did I see
These valiant and approved men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly,

Nen. And what did you then Caratach ?

Car. I fled too,
But not so fast ; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there ; he trasht me Nennius :
For when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury ;
Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back
I buckled him ; behind him, my sure shield ;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard,
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of Virtue, Penius,
Seeing me steer thro' all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
Turn'd to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,
Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely ;
Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee ; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms ;
Then if thou stand'st thou'rt mine. I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd me !
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach ?

Car. See, lady,

The noble use of others in our losses.
 Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
 And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
 Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
 Made marks as far as th' earth was ours, to shew us
 Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despis'd us,
 And held it equal whether banqueting
 Or beating of the Britons were more business,
 It would have gall'd you.

Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquer'd;
 And where we have found virtue, tho' in those
 That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
 There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
 That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
 They file to after-ages. Our registers
 The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
 And shall we brand their mentions with upbraidings?

Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me, cousin,
 More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
 And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:
 Thy temperance has cur'd that tympany,
 And giv'n me health again; nay more, discretion.
 Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.

Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

Bond. Your reason?

Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:
 Had we a diff'rence with some potty isle,
 Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,
 The taking in of some rebellious lord,
 Or making head against commotions,
 After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
 But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
 The liberty we hold as dear as life,
 The gods we worship, and next those, our honours,
 And with those swords that know no end of battle:
 Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour;
 Those minds that where the day is, claim inheritance,
 And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
 And where they march, but measure out more ground
 To add to Rome, and here i' th' bowels on us;
 It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
 And those that must be so until we tire 'em;
 Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
 But in our ends our swords.

6.—THE DRUIDS.

C. KNIGHT.

(From 'Old England.')

The great wonder of Salisbury Plain,—the most remarkable monument of antiquity in our island, if we take into account its comparative preservation as well as its grandeur,—is Stonehenge. It is situated about seven miles north of Salisbury. It may be most conveniently approached from the little town of Amesbury. Passing by a noble Roman earth-work called the Camp of Vespasian, as we ascend out of the valley of the Avon, we gain an uninterrupted view of the undulating downs which surround us on every side. The name of *Plain* conveys an inadequate notion of the character of this singular district. The platform is not flat, as might be imagined; but ridge after ridge leads the eye onwards to the bolder hills of the extreme distance, or the last ridge is lost in the low horizon. The peculiar character of the scene is that of the most complete solitude. It is possible that a shepherd boy may be descried watching his flocks nibbling the short, thymy grass with which the downs are everywhere covered; but, with the exception of a shed or a hovel, there is no trace of human dwelling. This peculiarity arises from the physical character of the district. It is not that man is not here, but that his abodes are hidden in the little valleys. On each bank of the Avon to the east of Stonehenge, villages and hamlets are found at every mile; and on the small branch of the Wyly to the west there is a cluster of parishes, each with its church, in whose names, such as Orcheston Maries, and Shrawston Virgo, we hail the tokens of institutions which left Stonehenge a ruin. We must not hastily conclude, therefore, that this great monument of antiquity was set up in an unpeopled region; and that, whatever might be its uses, it was visited only by pilgrims from far-off places. But the aspect of Stonehenge, as we have said, is that of entire solitude. The distant view is somewhat disappointing to the raised expectation. The hull of a large ship, motionless on the wide sea, with no object near by which to measure its bulk, appears an insignificant thing: it is a speck in the vastness by which it is surrounded. Approach that ship, and the largeness of its parts leads us to estimate the grandeur of the whole. So is it with Stonehenge. The vast plain occupies so much of the eye that even a large town set down upon it would appear a hamlet. But as we approach the pile, the mind gradually becomes impressed with its real character. It is now the *Chorea Gigantum*—the Choir of Giants; and the tradition that Merlin the Magician brought the stones from Ireland is felt to be a poetical homage to the greatness of the work.

However the imagination may be impressed by the magnitude of those masses of stone which still remain in their places, by the grandeur even of the fragments confused or broken in their fall, by the consideration of the vast labour required to bring such ponderous substances to this desolate spot, and by surmise of the nature of the mechanical skill by which they were lifted up and placed in order and proportion, it is not till the entire plan is fully comprehended that we can properly surrender ourselves to the contemplations which belong to this remarkable scene. It is then, when we can figure to ourselves a perfect structure, composed of such huge materials symmetrically arranged, and possessing, therefore, that beauty which is the result of symmetry, that we can satisfactorily look back through the dim light of history or tradition to the object for which such a structure was destined. The belief now appears tolerably settled that Stonehenge was a temple of the Druids. It differs, however, from all other Druidical remains, in the circumstance that greater mechanical art was employed in its construction, especially in the superincumbent stones of the outer circle and of the trilithons, from which it is supposed

to derive its name: *stan* being the Saxon for a stone, and *heng* to hang or support. From this circumstance it is maintained, that Stonehenge is of the very latest ages of Druidism; and that the Druids that wholly belonged to the ante-historic period followed the example of those who observed the command of the law: "If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." (Exodus, chap. xx.)

It was long a controversy, idle enough as such controversies generally are, whether Stonehenge was appropriated to religious or to civil purposes. If it is to be regarded as a Druidical monument, the discussion is altogether needless; for the Druids were, at one and the same time, the ministers of religion, the legislators, the judges amongst the people. The account which Julius Cæsar gives of the Druids of Gaul, marked as it is by his usual clearness and sagacity, may be received without hesitation as a description of the Druids of Britain: for he says, "the system of Druidism is thought to have been formed in Britain, and from thence carried over into Gaul; and now those who wish to be more accurately versed, in it for the most part go thither (*i.e.* to Britain) in order to become acquainted with it." Nothing can be more explicit than his account of the mixed office of the Druids: "They are the ministers of sacred things; they have the charge of sacrifices, both public and private; they give directions for the ordinances of religious worship (*religionis interpretantur*). A great number of young men resort to them for the purpose of instruction in their system, and they are held in the highest reverence. For it is they who determine most disputes, whether of the affairs of the state or of individuals: and if any crime has been committed, if a man has been slain, if there is a contest concerning an inheritance or the boundaries of their lands, it is the Druids who settle the matter: they fix rewards and punishments; if any one, whether in an individual or public capacity, refuses to abide by their sentence, they forbid him to come to their sacrifices. This punishment is among them very severe; those on whom this interdict is laid are accounted among the unholy and accursed; all fly from them, and shun their approach and their conversation, lest they should be injured by their very touch; they are placed out of the pale of the law, and excluded from all offices of honour." After noticing that a chief Druid, whose office is for life, presides over the *vest*, Cæsar mentions a remarkable circumstance which at once accounts for the selection of such a spot as Sarum Plain, for the erection of a great national monument, a temple, and a seat of justice:—"These Druids hold a meeting at a certain time of the year in a consecrated spot in the country of the Carnutes (people in the neighbourhood of Chartres), which country is considered to be in the centre of all Gaul. Hither assemble all from every part who have a litigation, and submit themselves to their determination and sentence." At Stonehenge, then we may place the seat of such an assize. There were roads leading direct over the plain to the great British towns of Winchester and Silchester. Across the plain, at a distance not exceeding twenty miles, was the great temple and Druidical settlement of Avebury. The town and hill-fort of Sarum was close at hand. Over the dry chalky downs, intersected by a few streams easily forded, might pilgrims resort from all the surrounding country. The seat of justice which was also the seat of the highest religious solemnity, would, necessarily be rendered as magnificent as a rude art could accomplish. Stonehenge might be of a later period than Avebury, with its mighty circles and long avenues of unhewn pillars; but it might also be of the same period,—the one distinguished by its vastness, the other by its beauty of proportion. The justice executed in that judgment-seat was, according to ancient testimony, bloody and terrible. The religious rites were debased into the fearful sacrifices of a cruel idolatry. But it is impossible not to feel that at the bottom of these superstitions there was a deep

reverence for what was high and spiritual: that not only were the Druids the instructors of youth, but the preservers and disseminators of science, the proclaimers of an existence beyond this finite and material world—idolaters, but nevertheless teaching something nobler than what belongs to the mere senses, in the midst of their idolatry. We give entire what Cæsar says of the religious system of this remarkable body of men:—

“It is especially the object of the Druids to inculcate this—that souls do not perish, but after death pass into other bodies; and they consider that by this belief more than anything else men may be led to cast away the fear of death, and to become courageous.’ They discuss, moreover, many points concerning the heavenly bodies and their motion, the extent of the universe and the world, the nature of things, the influence and ability of the immortal gods; and they instruct the youth in these things.

“The whole nation of the Gauls is much addicted to religious observances, and, on that account, those who are attacked by any of the more serious diseases, and those who are involved in the dangers of warfare, either offer human sacrifices or make a vow that they will offer them; and they employ the Druids to officiate at these sacrifices; for they consider that the favour of the immortal gods cannot be conciliated unless the life of one man be offered up for that of another: they have also sacrifices of the same kind appointed on behalf of the state. Some have images of enormous size, the limbs of which they make of wicker-work, and fill with living men, and setting them on fire, the men are destroyed by the flames. They consider that the torture of those who have been taken in the commission of theft or open robbery, or in any crime, is more agreeable to the immortal gods; but when there is not a sufficient number of criminals, they scruple not to inflict this torture on the innocent.

“The chief deity whom they worship is Mercury; of him they have many images, and they consider him to be the inventor of all arts, their guide in all their journeys, and that he has the greatest influence in the pursuit of wealth and the affairs of commerce. Next to him they worship Apollo and Mars, and Jupiter and Minerva; and nearly resemble other nations in their views respecting these, as that Apollo wards off diseases, that Minerva communicates the rudiments of manufactures and manual arts, that Jupiter is the ruler of the celestials, that Mars is the god of war. To Mars, when they have determined to engage in a pitched battle, they commonly devote whatever spoil they may take in the war. After the contest, they slay all living creatures that are found among the spoil; the other things they gather into one spot. In many states, heaps raised of these things in consecrated places may be seen: nor does it often happen that any one is so unscrupulous as to conceal at home any part of the spoil, or to take it away when deposited; a very heavy punishment with torture is denounced against that crime.

“All the Gauls declare that they are descended from Father Dis (or Pluto), and this, they say, has been handed down by the Druids: for this reason, they distinguish all spaces of time not by the number of days, but of nights; they so regulate their birth-days, and the beginning of the months, and years, that the days shall come after the night.” *

The precise description which Cæsar has thus left us of the religion of the Druids—a religion which, whatever doubts may have been thrown upon the subject, would appear to have been the prevailing religion of ancient Britain, from the material monuments which are spread through the country, and from the more durable

* Cæsar de Bell. Gall., lib. vi. Our translation is that of the article “Britannia,” in the Penny Cyclopædia.

records of popular superstitions—is different in some particulars which have been supplied to us by other writers. According to Cæsar, the Druids taught that the soul of man did not perish with his perishable body, but passed into other bodies. But the language of other writers, Mela, Diodorus Siculus, and Ammianus Marcellinus, would seem to imply that the Druids held the doctrine of the immortality of the soul as resting upon a nobler principle than that described by Cæsar. They believed, according to the express statement of Ammianus Marcellinus, that the future existence of the spirit was in another world. The substance of their religious system, according to Diogenes Laertius, was comprised in their three precepts—to worship the gods, to do no evil, and to act with courage. It is held by some that they had a secret doctrine for the initiated, whilst their ritual observances were addressed to the grosser senses of the multitude; and that this doctrine was the belief in one God. Their veneration for groves of oak and for sacred fountains was an expression of that natural worship which sees the source of all good in the beautiful forms with which the earth is clothed. The sanctity of the mistletoe, the watch-fires of spring and summer and autumn, traces of which observances still remain amongst us, were tributes to the bounty of the All-giver, who alone could make the growth, the ripening, and the gathering of the fruits of the earth propitious. The sun and the moon regulated their festivals, and there is little doubt formed part of their outward worship. An astronomical instrument found in Ireland, is held to represent the moon's orbit and the phases of the planets. They worshipped, too, according to Cæsar, the divinities of Greece and Rome, such as Mars and Apollo: but Cæsar does not give us their native names. He probably found ascribed to these British gods like attributes of wisdom and of power as those of Rome, and so gave them Roman names. Other writers confirm Cæsar's account of their human sacrifices. This is the most revolting part of the Druidical superstition. The shuddering with which those who live under a pure revelation must regard such fearful corruptions of the principle of devotion, which in some form or other seems an essential part of the constitution of the human faculties, produced this description of Stonehenge from the pen of a laborious and pious antiquary, Mr. King:—"Although my mind was previously filled with determined aversion, and a degree of horror, on reflecting upon the abominations of which this spot must have been the scene, and to which it even gave occasion, in the later periods of Druidism, yet it was impossible not to be struck, in the still of the evening, whilst the moon's pale light illumined all, with a reverential awe, at the solemn appearance produced by the different shades of this immense group of astonishing masses of rock, artificially placed, impending over head with threatening aspect, bewildering the mind with the almost inextricable confusion of their relative situations with respect to each other, and from their rudeness, as well as from their prodigious bulk, conveying at one glance all the ideas of stupendous greatness that could well be assembled together." And yet the "determined aversion and degree of horror" thus justly felt, and strongly expressed, might be mitigated by the consideration that in nations wholly barbarous the slaughter of prisoners of war is indiscriminate, but that the victim of the sacrifice is the preserver of the mass. If the victims thus slain on the Druidical altars were culprits sacrificed to offended justice, the blood-stained stone of the sacred circle might find a barbarous parallel in the scaffold and the gibbet of modern times. Even such fearful rites, if connected with something nobler than the mere vengeance of man upon his fellows, are an advance in civilization, and they are not wholly inconsistent with that rude cultivation of our spiritual being which existed under the glimmerings of natural impulses, before the clear light of heaven descended upon the earth.

The Druidical circles in their uniformity of character present the indubitable

evidence that they were symbolical of the mysteries of the prevailing religion of the country. They were essentially religious edifices. They were probably, at the same time, what the Icelandic writers call Doom rings, or Circles of Judgment. That these monuments, in association with religious rites and solemn decisions, had a deep influence upon the character of our rude forefathers, we cannot reasonably doubt. They were a bold and warlike race, an imaginative race, not placing the sole end of existence in the consumption of the fruits of the earth, but believing in spiritual relations and future existences. Degrading as their superstitions might be, and blind their notions of the future, their belief was not a mere formal and conventional pretence; it was a principle operating upon their actions. We have the express testimony of an ancient poet to this effect of the old worship of this land. Lucan, in a noble passage in the first book of the *Pharsalia*, addresses the Druids in the well known lines beginning "Et vos barbaricos." The translation of Rowe is generally quoted: but it appears to us that the lines are rendered with more strength and freedom by Kennett, who translated the poetical quotations in Gibson's edition of Camden's 'Britannia':

"And you, O Druids, free from noise and arms,
Renew'd your barbarous rites and horrid charms.
What Gods, what powers in happy mansions dwell,
Or only you, or all but you can tell.
To secret shades, and unfrequented groves,
From world and cares your peaceful tribe removes.
You teach that souls, eas'd of their mortal load,
Nor with grim Pluto make their dark abode,
Nor wander in pale troops along the silent flood,
But on new regions cast resume their reign,
Content to govern earthy frames again.
Thus death is nothing but the middle line
Betwixt what lives will come, and what have been.
Happy the people by your charms possess'd!
Nor fate, nor fears, disturb their peaceful breast.
On certain dangers unconcern'd they run,
And meet with pleasure what they would not shun;
Defy death's slighted power, and bravely scorn
To spare a life that will so soon return."

In reading this remarkable tribute to the national courage of our remote ancestors, let us not forget that this virtue, like all other great characteristic virtues of a community, was based upon a principle, and that the principle, whatever might be its errors, rested upon the disposition of man to believe and to reverence.

7.—SEVERUS.

XIPHILINE.

(From the Translation in the 'Monumenta Historica Britannica'.)

Among the Britons the two greatest tribes are the Caledonians and the Mæstæ; for even the names of the others, as may be said, have merged in these. The Mæstæ dwell close to the wall which divides the island into two parts; the Caledonians beyond them. Each of these people inhabit mountains wild and waterless, and plains desert and marshy, having neither wall nor cities nor tilth, but living by pasturage, by the chase, and on certain berries; for of their fish, though abundant and inexhaustible, they never taste. They live in tents, naked and bare-

footed, having wives in common, and rearing the whole of their progeny. Their state is chiefly democratical, and they are above all things delighted by pillage; they fight from chariots, having small swift horses; they fight also on foot, are very fleet when running, and most resolute when compelled to stand: their arms consist of a shield and a short spear, having a brazen knob at the extremity of the shaft, that when shaken it may terrify the enemy by its noise: they use daggers also; and are capable of enduring hunger, thirst, and hardships of every description: for when plunged in the marshes they abide there many days, with their heads only out of water, and in the woods they subsist on bark and roots; they prepare for all emergencies a certain kind of food, of which if they eat only so much as the size of a bean, they neither hunger nor thirst. Such then is the island Britannia, and such the inhabitants of that part of it which is hostile to us; for it is an island, and so, as I have said, at that time was it clearly ascertained to be: its length is seven thousand one hundred and thirty-two stadia; its greatest breadth two thousand three hundred and ten, its least three hundred.

Of this island very little more than one half is ours. Severus, therefore, being anxious to subjugate the whole, advanced into Caledonia; and, in traversing the country, underwent indescribable labour in cutting down woods, levelling hills, making marshes passable, constructing bridges over rivers; for he fought not a single battle, nor did he see any army in array. The enemy moreover threw sheep and oxen in our track, on purpose that the soldiers might seize them, and thus, being enticed farther onward, might be worn out by their sufferings. From the waters too they suffered dreadfully, and ambuscades were laid for them when dispersed. And if no longer able to proceed, they were dispatched by their very comrades, lest they should be taken; so that by these means to the amount of fifty thousand of them perished. Still, however, Severus desisted not until he had nearly reached the extremity of the island, and most carefully examined the parallax of the sun, and the length of the days and nights both in summer and winter. And so, borne, as one may say, throughout the whole hostile district, for truly he was for the greater part carried in a covered litter on account of his weakness, he came again into the friendly part of it, having compelled the Britons to a treaty on the condition that they should yield up no small portion of their territory.

Antoninus also was cause of much grief to him—and had even laid plots against him—and once when they went together against the Caledonians, that they might disarm them, and confer about treaties, Antoninus openly endeavoured to kill him with his own hand. They had gone out on horses, for Severus, although the soles of his feet had been punctured on account of disease, was nevertheless on horseback, and the rest of his army was following, and that of the enemy also was in sight. At this very juncture, Antoninus silently and dexterously checking his horse, drew his sword, intending to strike his father in the back; but his companions observing this, shouted out; and being thus startled at the noise, he desisted from his purpose. Severus also turned round at their clamour, and saw the sword, although he uttered not a word: but having ascended a tribunal, and performed whatever was incumbent on him, he returned to his tent.

But the islanders again revolting, having called together his soldiers, he ordered them to advance into their country, and to kill whomsoever they might meet there, making use of these words:—

Of these let none escape destruction dire,
Nor of your hands elude the vengeful ire;
Let not the babe within his mother's womb,
Babe the' he be, avoid the mournful doom.

Which being done, and the Caledonians having joined the Mæatæ in revolt, he made ready as if going in person to war against them. But, while he was thus engaged, disease carried him off on the fourth of February; Antoninus, as it is said, in a measure contributing to his death. . . . After this his body, laid out in military order, was placed upon a funeral pile, and honourably attended both by the soldiers and his sons. Such of those present as had military offerings 'cast them on the pyre, and the flame was kindled by his sons. Lastly, his bones being deposited in an urn of porphyry, were carried to Rome, and placed in the sepulchre of the Antonines. . . .

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

HERODIAN.

(From the Translation in the 'Monumenta Historica Britannica'.)

While Severus grieved at the dissolute life of his sons, and their unbecoming attachment to public spectacles, he received letters from the præfect of Britain relating that the barbarians there were in a state of insurrection, overrunning the country, driving off booty, and laying every thing waste; so that for the defence of the island there was need either of greater force, or of the presence of the emperor himself. Severus heard this with pleasure, by nature a lover of glory, and anxious, after his victories in the east and north and his consequent titles, to obtain a trophy from the Britons: moreover, willing to withdraw his sons from Rome, that they might grow up in the discipline and sobriety of a military life, far removed from the blandishments and luxury prevalent in Rome, he orders an expedition against Britain, although now old, and labouring under an arthritic affection; but as to his mind, he was vigorous beyond any youth. For the most part he performed the march carried in a litter, nor did he ever continue long in one place. Having completed the journey with his sons, and crossed over the sea more quickly than could be described or expected, he advanced against the Britons, and having drawn together his soldiers from all sides, and concentrated a vast force, he prepared for the war.

The Britons, much struck with the sudden arrival of the emperor, and learning that such a mighty force was collected against them, sent ambassadors, sued for peace, and were willing to excuse their past transgressions. But Severus, purposely seeking delay that he might not again return to Rome without his object, and, moreover, desirous to obtain from Britain a victory and a title, sent away their ambassadors without effecting their purpose, and prepared all things for the contest. He more especially endeavoured to render the marshy places stable by means of causeways, that his soldiers, treading with safety, might easily pass them, and, having firm footing, fight to advantage. For many parts of the British country, being constantly flooded by the tides of the ocean, become marshy. In these the natives are accustomed to swim and traverse about being immersed as high as their waists: for going naked as to the greater part of their bodies, they condemn the mud. Indeed they know not the use of clothing, but encircle their loins and necks with iron; deeming this an ornament and evidence of opulence, in like manner as other barbarians esteem gold. But they puncture their bodies with pictorial forms of every sort of animals; on which account they wear no clothing, lest they should hide the figures on their body. They are a most warlike and sanguinary race, carrying only a small shield and a spear, and a sword girded to their naked bodies. Of a breast-plate or an helmet they know not the use, esteeming them as an impediment to their progress through the marshes; from the vapours and exhalations of which the atmosphere in that country always appears dense.

Against such things, therefore, Severus prepared whatever could be serviceable to the Roman army, but hurtful and detrimental to the designs of the barbarians. And

when every thing appeared to him sufficiently arranged for the war, leaving his younger son, named Geta, in that part of the island which was subjugated to the Romans, for the purpose of administering justice and directing other civil matters of the government, giving him as assessors the more aged of his friends ; and taking Antoninus with himself, he led the way against the barbarians. His army having passed beyond the rivers and fortresses which defended the Roman territory, there were frequent attacks and skirmishes, and retreats on the side of the barbarians. To these, indeed, flight was an easy matter, and they lay hidden in the thickets and marshes through their local knowledge ; all which things being adverse to the Romans, served to protract the war.

But a sickness of longer continuance than usual now seized Severus in his advanced age : so that he himself was compelled to remain inactive, and purposed to send Antoninus to direct military matters. Antoninus however cared little about the barbarians, but endeavoured to conciliate the soldiery. He persuaded all to look up to him alone, grasped at the empire by every possible method, and heaped up accusations against his brother. That his father for so long a time should thus linger and make but slow advances towards death, appeared to him tedious and vexatious ; he therefore persuaded the physicians and attendants, to treat him in such manner as might rid him of the old man as soon as possible. At length, however, and even then chiefly worn out by vexation, Severus expired ; having lived more gloriously as to military matters than any of the emperors. For no one before him could claim so many civic triumphs over domestic enemies, or foreign over barbarians. And having reigned eighteen years, he died, and was succeeded by his sons ; to whom he left treasure to such an amount as no one before had done, and an army which none could resist.

Antoninus on the death of his father, becoming possessed of the imperial power, commenced forthwith the work of slaughter, beginning from his own household.

Antoninus, therefore, when his attempt with the military failed, making a truce with the barbarians, and granting them peace, and receiving pledges of fidelity, left the hostile country, and proceeded to his mother and his brother. . . . In this manner both directing the affairs of the government, they resolved, with equal dignity, to loose from Britain : and they proceeded to Rome, carrying with them the remains of their father. For, having committed his body to the flames, and cast the ashes, together with spices, into an urn of alabaster, they conveyed them to Rome, that they might deposit these sacred reliques in the imperial sepulchre. Transporting their army, therefore, and now become the conquerors of the Britons, they crossed the ocean, and arrived in the opposite coast of Gaul.

8.—PERSECUTION OF DIOCLETIAN.—ALBAN.

BEDF.

In the year of the incarnation of our Lord, 286, Diocletian, the thirty-third Emperor from Augustus, chosen by the army, reigned twenty years, and created Maximinianus, surnamed Heronius, his companion in the empire. In their time one Carausius, of very mean birth, but an expert and able soldier, being appointed to guard the sea-coasts, then infested by the Franks and Saxons, acted more to the prejudice than to the advantage of the Commonwealth, not restoring the booty taken from the robbers to the owners, but keeping all to himself, became suspected ; that by his neglect he permitted the enemy to infest the frontiers. Being therefore ordered by Maximian to be put to death, he took upon him the Imperial robes, and possessed himself of Britain, which having most valiantly retained and asserted for the space of seven years, he was at length put to death by the treachery

of his associate Albertus. He having thus got the island from Carausius, held it three years, and was suppressed by Asclepiodotus, the captain of the Pretorian hands, who thus at the end of ten years recovered Britain. In the meantime Diocletian in the east, and Maximilianus Hercules in the west, the tenth time from Nero, commanded the churches to be destroyed, and the Christians to be slain; the which persecution was more lasting and bloody, than all the others before it; for it was carried on the space of ten years incessantly, with burning of Churches, outlawing of innocent persons, and slaughter of martyrs. At length, it also honoured Britain with much glory of devoutly confessing God.

At that time suffered St. Alban, of whom the priest Fortunatus, in the praise of virgins, when he made mention of the blessed martyrs that came to the Lord from all parts of the world, says,

Albanum egregium fœcunda Britannia profert.

That is,

Fruitful Britain holy Alban yields.

This Alban being yet a Pagan, at the time when the commands of perfidious princes raged against Christians, gave entertainment in his house to a certain clergyman, flying from the persecutors, observing him wholly addicted to continual prayer, and watching day and night; on a sudden the divine grace shining on him, he began to admire his example of faith and piety, and being leisurely instructed by his wholesome admonitions, casting off the darkness of idolatry, he became a Christian in all sincerity of heart. The aforesaid clergyman having been some days entertained by him, it came to the ears of the wicked prince, that the confessor of Christ, to whom the place of martyrdom had not been yet appointed, was concealed at Alban's house. Whereupon he presently ordered soldiers to make a strict search after him. When they came to the martyr's house, St. Alban immediately presented himself to the soldiers, instead of his guest and master, in his habit, or the long coat he wore, and was led bound before the judge. It happened that the judge, at the time when Alban was carried before him, was standing at the altar, and offering sacrifice to devils. When he saw Alban, being much enraged for that he had presumed of his own accord to put himself into the hands of the soldiers, and run that danger for his guest; he commanded him to be dragged to the images of devils, before which he stood, saying, "Because you have chosen to conceal a rebellious and sacrilegious person, rather than to deliver him up to the soldiers, that the contemner of the gods might suffer the penalty due to his blasphemy, you shall undergo all the punishment that was due to him, if you depart from the worship of our religion." But St. Alban, who had voluntarily declared himself a Christian to the persecutors of the faith, was not at all daunted at the prince's threats, but being armed with the armour of the spiritual warfare, publicly declared, that he would not obey his commands. Then said the judge, "Of what family or race are you?" "What does it concern you," answered Alban, "of what stock I am? But if you desire to hear the truth of my religion, be it known to you, that I am now a Christian, and addicted to Christian duties." "I ask your name," said the judge, "which tell me immediately." "I am called Alban by my parents," replied he, "and ever worship and adore the true and living God, who created all things." Then the judge inflamed with anger, said, "If you will enjoy the happiness of eternal life, do not delay to offer sacrifice to the great gods." Alban rejoined, "These sacrifices which by you are offered to devils, neither can they avail the subjects, nor answer the wishes or desires of those that offer up their supplications to them. On the contrary, whosoever shall offer sacrifice to these images, shall receive the everlasting pain of hell for his reward." The judge hearing these

words, and being much incensed, ordered the holy confessor of God to be scourged by the executioners, believing he might by stripes shake that constancy of his heart, on which he could not prevail by words. He being most cruelly tortured, bore the same patiently, or rather joyfully, for our Lord. When the judge perceived that he was not to be overcome by tortures, or withdrawn from the worship of the Christian religion, he ordered him to be put to death. Being led to execution, he came to the river, which was divided, at the place where the stroke was to be given him, with a wall and sand, the stream being most rapid. He there saw a multitude of persons of both sexes, and of several ages and conditions, which was doubtless assembled by divine instinct, to attend the most blessed confessor and martyr, and had so taken up the bridge on the river, that he could scarce pass over that evening. At length, almost all being gone out, the judge remained in the city without attendance. St. Alban, therefore, whose mind was possessed with an ardent devotion to arrive quickly at martyrdom, drew near to the stream, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, the channel being immediately dried up, he perceived that the water had departed and given way for him to pass. The executioner who was to have put him to death, observing this among the rest, hastened to meet him at the place of execution, being moved by divine inspiration, and casting down the sword which he had carried, ready drawn, fell down at his feet, earnestly praying, that he might rather suffer with, or for the martyr, whom he was ordered to execute. Whilst he of a persecutor was become a companion in the truth and faith, and the sword being laid down, there was some hesitation among the executioners, the most reverend confessor of God ascended the hill with the throng, the which decently pleasant agreeable place is almost five hundred paces from the river, embellished with several sort of flowers, or rather quite covered with them; wherein there is no part upright, or steep, nor any thing craggy, but the sides stretching out far about is levelled by nature like the sea, which of old it had rendered worthy to be enriched with the martyr's blood for its beautiful appearance. On the top of this hill, St. Alban prayed that God would give him water, and immediately a living spring broke out before his feet, the course being confined, so that all men perceived, that even the stream had been subservient to the martyr. Nor could it be that the martyr should ask water, which he had not left in the river, on the high top of the hill, had he not been sensible that it was convenient. That river having performed the service, and fulfilled the devotion, returned to its natural course, leaving a testimony of its obedience. The most courageous martyr having his head struck off, received there the crown of life, which God has promised to those that love him. But he who gave the wicked stroke, was not permitted to rejoice over the deceased; for his eyes dropp'd upon the ground together with the blessed martyr's head. At the same time was also beheaded there the soldier, who before, through the divine admonition, refused to give the stroke to the holy confessor of God. Of whom it is apparent, that though he was not regenerated by baptism, yet he was cleansed by the washing of his own blood, and rendered worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven. The judge, then astonished at the novelty of so many heavenly miracles, ordered the persecution to cease immediately, beginning to honour the death of the saints, by which he before thought they might have been diverted from the devotion of the Christian faith. The blessed Alban suffered on the tenth day of the Kalends of July, near the city of Verolam, which is now by the English nation called Uverlamacestir, or Uvarlingacester, where afterwards, when peaceable Christian times were restored, a church of wonderful workmanship, and suitable to his martyrdom, was erected. In which place, there ceases not to this day the cure of sick persons, and the frequent working of wonders. At the same time suffered Aaron and Julius, citizens of Chester, and many more

of both sexes in several places ; who having endured sundry torments, and their limbs torn after an unheard of manner, 'sent their souls by perfect combat to the joys of the heavenly city.

SONNET.—ST. ALBAN.

WORDSWORTH.

Lament! for Diocletian's fiery sword
 Works busy as the lightning ; but instinct
 With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon link'd,
 Which God's ethereal storehouses afford :
 Against the followers of the incarnate Lord
 It rages ;—some are smitten in the field—
 Some pierced beneath the ineffectual shield
 Of sacred home ;—with pomp are others gored
 And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
 England's first martyr, whom no threats could shake :
 Self-offer'd victim, for his friend he died,
 And for the faith—nor shall his name forsake
 That hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
 By nature decked for holiest sacrifice.

9.—THE LAST ROMANS.

BEDE.

From that time the south part of Britain, being left destitute of armed soldiers, of all sorts of martial stores, and of all its active youth, which being led away by the rashness of the tyrants, never returned home, was wholly exposed to rapine, as being totally ignorant of the use of weapons. At length, on a sudden it groaned and languished many years under two very savage foreign nations, the Scots from the west, and the Picts from the north. We call these foreign nations not for their being seated out of Britain, but because remote from that part of it, which was possessed by the Britons ; two inlets of the sea lying betwixt them, one of which runs in far and broad into the lands of Britain, from the eastern ocean, and the other from the western, though they do not reach to touch one another. The eastern has in the midst of it the city Guidi. The western has on it, that is, on the right hand thereof, the city Aleluith, which in their language signifies the rock Cluith, for it is close by the river of that name. On account of the irruptions of these nations, the Britons sending messengers to Rome with letters in mournful manner, prayed for succours, and promised perpetual subjection, provided, that the impending enemy might be drove farther off. An armed legion was immediately sent them, which arriving in the island, and engaging the enemy, slew a great multitude of them, drove the rest out of the territories of the allies, and having delivered them from most cruel oppression, advised to build a wall between the two seas, across the island, that it might secure them, and keep off the enemy ; and thus returned home with great triumph. The islanders, raising the wall they had been directed, not of stone, but sods, as having no artist capable of such a work, made it of no use. However they drew it for many miles between the two bays or inlets of the seas, we have spoken of ; to the end that where the defence of the water was wanting, they might defend their borders from the irruptions of the enemies, by the help of the rampart. Of which work there erected, that is, of a rampart of an extraordinary breadth and height, there are evident remains to be seen to this day. It begins at almost two miles distance from the monastery of

Æbercuring (Abercuring) on the west, at the place in the Pictish language, called Peanfahel, but in the English tongue, Pennelture, and running to the eastward, ends by the city Alcluith. But the former enemies, when they perceived that the Roman soldiers were gone, immediately coming by sea, broke into the borders, bearing all down before them, and as if it had been ripe corn mowed, trampled and overrun all places. Hereupon messengers are again sent to Rome, imploring aid in mournful manner, lest their wretched country should be utterly extirpated, and the name of a Roman province so long renowned among them, being overthrown by the wickedness of foreign nations, might grow contemptible. A legion is sent again, which arriving unexpected in autumn, made great slaughter of the enemy, obliging all those that could escape to fly beyond the seas, whereas before, they were wont yearly to carry off their booty without any opposition. Then the Romans declared to the Britons, that they could not for the future undertake such troublesome expeditions for their sake, advising them rather to handle their weapons, and undertake the charge of engaging their enemies, who would not prove more powerful than themselves, unless they were dejected with cowardice; and in regard, that they thought it might be some help to their allies, whom they designed to abandon, they built a strong stone wall from sea to sea in a straight line between the towns that had been there built for fear of the enemy, and where Severus had cast up the trench. The which wall still famous, and to be seen, they built at the public and private expense, being assisted by a number of Britons, eight foot in breadth and twelve in height, in a straight line from east to west, as is still visible to the beholders. That being finished they gave that dispirited people notable advice, with patterns to furnish them with arms. Besides they built towers on the sea coast to the southward, at proper distances, where their ships were, because there also the irruptions of the barbarians were apprehended, and so took leave of their friends, as never to return again. They being gone home, the Scots and Picts, understanding that they had declared they would come no more, speedily returned, and growing more confident than they had been before, secured to themselves all the northern and farthest part of the island, as far as the wall. Hereupon a timorous guard was placed upon the top of the wall, where they pined away day and night with fearful hearts. On the other side the enemy plied them with hooked weapons, by which the cowardly defendants being miserably dragged off the wall, were dashed against the ground. In short, forsaking their cities and wall, they fled, and were dispersed. The enemy pursues, the slaughter increases, more cruel than all the former; for the wretched natives were torn in pieces by their enemies, as lambs are by wild beasts. Thus being expelled their dwellings and small possessions, they supplied their imminent danger of famishing, by robbing and plundering one another, adding to their calamities occasioned by foreigners by their domestic broils, till the whole country was left destitute of all sorts of food except the support of wild beasts.

PO.—SILCHESTER.

C. KNIGHT.

(From 'Old England'.)

In 1837 a plan was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries, reduced from a survey made in 1835, by students of the senior department of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, of a portion of the Roman road from London to Bath. The survey commences close by Staines; at which place, near the pillar which marks the extent of the jurisdiction of the city of London, the line of road is held to have crossed the Thames. Below Staines, opposite to Laleham, there are the remains of

encampments; and these again are in the immediate neighbourhood of the ford at which Cæsar crossed the Thames. All the country here about, then, is full of associations with the conquerors of the world; and thus, when the "contemplative man" is throwing his fly or watching his float in the gentle waters between Staines and Walton, he may here find a local theme upon which his reveries may fruitfully rest. The more active pedestrian may follow this Roman road, thus recently mapped out, through populous places and wild solitudes, into a country little traversed in modern times; but, like all unhackneyed ways, full of interest to the lover of nature. The survey has gone far to establish two disputed points,—the situation of the Roman *Pontes*, and whether Silchester should be identified with *Vindonum* or *Calleva*. A very able correspondent of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Kempe, thus observes upon the value of the labours of the students of the Military College:—"The survey has effected a material correction of Horsley, for it shows that the station *Pontes*, which he places at Old Windsor, and for which so many different places have been assigned by the learned in Roman topography, must have been where the Roman road from London crosses the Thames at Staines.

. The line of road presents no place for the chief city of the *Attrebates* until it arrives at the walls of Silchester. Is this, then, really the *Calleva Atrebatum*? The distance between *Pontes* and *Calleva*, according to the Itinerary [of Antoninus], is twenty-two miles; by the Survey, the distance between Staines and Silchester is twenty-six; a conformity as near as can be required, for neither the length of the Roman mile nor the mode of measuring it agreed precisely with ours." The tourist may reach Silchester by an easier route than over the straight line of the Roman Highway. It is about seven miles from Basingstoke, and ten from Reading; to either of which places he may move rapidly from London, by the South-Western or the Great Western Railway.

If we have walked dreamingly along the narrow lanes whose hedge-rows shut out any distant prospect, we may be under the eastern walls of Silchester before we are aware that any remarkable object is in our neighbourhood. We see at length a church, and we ascend a pretty steep bank to reach the churchyard. The churchyard wall is something very different from ordinary walls,—a thick mass of mortar and stone, through which a way seems to have been forced to give room for the little gates that admit us to the region of grassy graves. A quiet spot is this churchyard; and we wonder where the tenants of the sod have come from! There is one sole farm-house near the church; an ancient farm-house with gabled roofs that tell of old days of comfort and hospitality. The church, too, is a building of interest, because of some antiquity; and there are in the churchyard two very ancient Christian tombstones of chivalrous times, when the sword, strange contradiction, was an emblem of the cross. But these are modern things compared with the remains of which we are in search. We pass through the churchyard into an open space; where the farmer's ricks tell of the abundance of recent cultivation. These may call to our mind the story which Camden has told:—"On the ground whereon this city was built (I speak in Nonnius's words) the emperor Constantius sowed three grains of corn, that no person inhabiting there might ever be poor." We look around, and we ask the busy thatchers of the ricks where are the old walls; for we can see nothing but extensive corn-fields, bounded by a somewhat higher bank than ordinary,—that bank luxuriant with oak, and ash, and springing underwood. The farm labourers know what we are in search of, and they ask us if we want to buy any coins—for whenever the heavy rains fall they find coins—and they have coins, as they have been told, of Romulus and Remus, and this was a great place a long while ago. It is a tribute to the greatness of the place that to whomsoever we spoke of these walls, and the area within the walls, they called it

the city. Here was a city, of one church and one farm-house. The people who went to that church, lived a mile or two off in their scattered hamlets. Silence reigned in that city. The ploughs and spades of successive generations had gone over its ruins; but its memory still lived in tradition; it was an object to be venerated. There was something mysterious about this area of a hundred acres, that rendered it very different to the ploughman's eye from a common hundred acres. Put the plough as deep as he would, manure the land with every care of the unfruitful spots, the crop was not like other crops. He knew not that old Leland, three hundred years ago, had written, "There is one strange thing seen there, that in certain parts of the ground within the walls the corn is marvellous fair to the eye, and, ready to show perfection, it decayeth." He knew not that a hundred years afterwards another antiquary had written, "The inhabitants of the place told me it had been a constant observation amongst them, that though the soil here is fat and fertile, yet in a sort of baulks that cross one another the corn never grows so thick as in other parts of the field" (Camden). He knew from his own experience, and that was enough, that when the crop came up there were lines and cross lines from one side of the whole area within the walls to the other side, which seemed to tell that where the lines ran the corn would not freely grow. The lines were mapped out about the year 1745. The map is in the King's Library in the British Museum. There can be no doubt that the country-people of Camden's time were right with regard to these "baulks that cross one another." He says, "Along these they believe the streets of the old city to have run." Camden tells us further of the country-people, "They very frequently dig up British [Roman] tiles, and great plenty of Roman coins, which they call Onion pennies, from one Onion, whom they foolishly fancy, to have been a giant, and an inhabitant of this city." Speaking of the area within the walls, he says, "By the rubbish and ruins the earth is grown so high, that I could scarcely thrust myself through a passage which they call Onion's Hole, though I stooped very low." The fancy of the foolish people about a giant has been borne out by matters of which Camden makes no mention. "Nennius ascribes the foundation of Silchester to Constantius, the son of Constantine the Great. Whatever improvements he might have made in its buildings or defences, I cannot but think it had a much earlier origin: as the chief fastness or forest stronghold of the Segontiaci, it probably existed at the time of Caesar's Expedition into Britain. The anonymous geographer of Ravenna gives it a name which I have not yet noticed, *Ard-oneon*; this is a pure British compound, and may be read *Ardal-Onion*, the region of Einion, or Onidu" ('Archæologia,' 1837). It is thus here, as in many other cases, that when learning, despising tradition and common opinion, runs its own little circle, it returns to the point from which it set out, and being inclined to break its bounds, finds the foolish fancies which it has despised not always unsafe, and certainly not uninteresting, guides through a more varied region.

By a broader way than Onion's Hole we will get without the walls of Silchester. There is a pretty direct line of road through the farm, from east to west, which nearly follows the course of one of the old streets. Descending the broken bank, we are under the south-western wall. As we advance in a northerly direction, the walls become more distinctly associated with the whole character of the scene. Cultivation here has not changed the aspect which this solitary place has worn for centuries. We are in a broad glade, sloping down to a ditch or little rivulet, with a bold bank on the outer side. We are in the fosse of the city, with an interval of some fifty or sixty feet between the walls and the vallum. The grass of this glade is of the rankest luxuriance. The walls, sometimes entirely hidden by bramble and ivy,—sometimes bare, and exhibiting their peculiar construction,—sometimes

fallen in great masses, forced down by the roots of mighty trees, which have shared the ruin that they precipitated,—sometimes with a gnarled oak actually growing out of their tops,—present such a combination of picturesqueness as no pencil can reach, because it can only deal with fragments of the great mass. The desolation of the place is the most impressive thing that ever smote our minds with a new emotion. We seem alone in the world; we are here amidst the wrecks of ages; tribes whose names and localities are matters of controversy, have lived here before the Romans, for the Romans did not form their cities upon such a plan. The Romans have come here, and have mixed with the native people. Inscriptions have been found here: one dedicated to the Hercules of the Segontiaci, showing that this place was the *Caer Segont* of the Britons; another in honour of Julia Domna, the second wife of the Emperor Severus. Splendid baths have been dug up within the walls; there are the distinct remains of a forum and a temple. In one spot so much coin has been found, that the place goes by the name of Silver Hill. The city was the third of British towns in extent. There is an amphitheatre still existing on the north-eastern side of the wall, which tells us that here the amusements of ancient Rome were exhibited to the people. History records that here the Roman soldiers forced the imperial purple upon Constantine, the rival of Honorius. The monkish chroniclers report that in this city was King Arthur inaugurated. And here, in the nineteenth century, in a country thickly populated,—more abundant in riches, fuller of energy than at any other period,—intersected with roads in all directions,—lies this Silchester, which once had its direct communications with London, with Winchester, with Old Sarum, the capital doubtless of a great district,—here it lies, its houses and its temples probably destroyed by man, but its walls only slowly yielding to that power of vegetable nature which works as surely for destruction as the fire and sword, and topples down in the course of centuries what man has presumed to build for unlimited duration, neglected, unknown, almost a solitary place amidst thick woods and bare heaths. It is an ingenious theory which derives the supposed Roman name of this place from the great characteristic of it which still remains: “The term *Gallewa*, or *Calleva*, of the Roman Itineraries, appears to have had the same source, and was but a softened form of the British *Gual Vawr*, or the Great Wall; both names had their root perhaps in the Greek *χαλς* (*silex*), whence also the French *Caillon* (a pebble). *Sile*-chester or *Silchester* is therefore but a Saxonizing, to use the term, of *Silicis Castrum*, the Fortress of the Flint or Wall, by the easy metonymy which I have shown.” (*Archæologia*, 1837.) The striking characteristic of Silchester is the ruined wall, with the flourishing trees upon it and around it, and the old trees that have grown up centuries ago, and are now perishing with it. This is the poetry of the place, and the old topographers felt it after their honest fashion. Leland says, “On that wall grow some oaks of ten cart-load the piece.” Camden says, “The walls remain in good measure entire, only with some few gaps in those places where the gates have been; and out of those walls there grow oaks of such a vast bigness incorporated as it were with the stones, and their roots and boughs are spread so far around, that they raise admiration in all who behold them.”

“High towns, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries”—

ye are fallen. Fire has consumed you; earth is heaped upon you; the sapling oak has sprung out of the ashes of your breathing statues and your votive urns, and

having flourished for five hundred years, other saplings have rooted themselves in your ruins for another five hundred years, and again other saplings are rising—so to flourish, and so to perish. Time, which has destroyed thee, Silchester, clothes thee with beauty. "Time loves thee:"

• "He, gentlest among the thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches."

Mr. John Rickman, speaking of Silchester, "the third of British towns in extent," says, "that the Romanized inhabitants of the last-named town were distinguished by their cultivated taste, is testified by the amphitheatre outside the walls, one of the few undisputed relics of that kind in Britain." ('Archæologia,' vol. xxviii.) Whether the presence of the inhabitants of Silchester at the brutal games of the Romans be any proof of their cultivated taste may be reasonably questioned; but the existence of the amphitheatre is an evidence that the Roman customs were here established, and that the people had become habituated to them. The amphitheatre at Silchester is situated without the walls, to the north-east. There can be no doubt about the form and construction of this relic of antiquity. We stand upon a steep circular bank covered with trees, and descend by its sloping sides into an area of moderate dimensions. Some describers of this place tell us that the seats were ranged in five rows, one above the other. Earlier, and perhaps more accurate observers, doubt whether seats were at all used in these turfy amphitheatres. "It is well known that the Romans originally stood at games, till luxury introduced sitting; and it is observable, that the Castrensian amphitheatres in general preserve no signs of subsellia, or seats; so that the people must have stood on the grassy declivity. I saw no signs of seats in that of Carleon, nor in the more perfect one near Dorchester, as Stukeley has also observed. Nor do I recollect that any such have been discovered in any other Castrensian amphitheatre, at least in our island, where they seem to have been rather numerous." (Mr. Strange, in 'Archæologia,' vol. v.) The very perfect amphitheatre at Dorchester is much larger than that of Silchester, Stukeley having computed that it was capable of containing twenty-three thousand people. The form, however, of both amphitheatres is precisely similar. Their construction was different. The bank of the amphitheatre at Silchester is composed of clay and gravel; that at Dorchester of blocks of solid chalk. These were rude structures compared with the amphitheatres of those provinces of Rome which had become completely Romanized. Where the vast buildings of this description were finished with architectural magnificence, the most luxurious accommodation was provided for all ranks of the people. Greece and Britain exhibit no remains of these grander amphitheatres, such as are found at Nîmes and at Verona. The amphitheatre of Pompeii, though of larger dimensions than the largest in England, Dorchester appears to have been constructed upon nearly the same plan as that. Some bas-reliefs found at Pompeii indicate the nature of the amusements that once made the woods of Silchester ring with the howlings of infuriated beasts and the shouts of barbarous men.

BOOK II.

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

11.—THE COMING OF THE SAXONS.

BYRKE.

After having been so long subject to a foreign dominion, there was among the Britons no royal family, no respected order in the state, none of those titles to government confirmed by opinion and long use, more efficacious than the wisest schemes for the settlement of the nation. Mere personal merit was then the only pretence to power. But this circumstance only added, to the misfortunes of a people, who had no orderly method of election, and little experience of merit in any of the candidates. During this anarchy, whilst they suffered the most dreadful calamities from the fury of barbarous nations, which invaded them, they fell into that disregard of religion, and those loose disorderly manners, which are sometimes the consequence of desperate and hardened wretchedness, as well as the common distempers of ease and prosperity.

At length, after frequent elections and deposings, rather wearied out by their own inconstancy than fixed by the merit of their choice, they suffered Vortigern to reign over them. This leader had made some figure in the conduct of their wars and factions. But he was no sooner settled on the throne, than he shewed himself rather like a prince born of an exhausted stock of royalty in the decline of empire, than one of those bold and active spirits, whose manly talents obtain them the first place in their country, and stamp upon it that character of vigour essential to the prosperity of a new common-wealth. However, the mere settlement, in spite of the ill administration of government, procured the Britons some internal repose, and some temporary advantages over their enemies the Picts. But having been long habituated to defeats, neither relying on their king nor on themselves, and fatigued with the obstinate attacks of an enemy, whom they sometimes checked, but could never remove, in one of their national assemblies, it was resolved to call in the mercenary aid of the Saxons, a powerful nation of Germany, which had been long by their piratical incursions terrible not only to them, but to all the adjacent countries. This resolution has been generally condemned. It has been said, that they seem to have through mere cowardice, distrusted a strength not yet worn down, and a fortune sufficiently prosperous. But as it was taken by general counsel and consent, we must believe, that the necessity of such a step was felt, though the event was dubious. The event indeed might be dubious; in a state radically weak, every measure vigorous enough for its protection must endanger its existence.

There is an unquestioned tradition among the northern nations of Europe, importing that all that part of the world had suffered a great and general revolution by a migration from Asiatick Tartary of a people, whom they call Asers. These every where expelled or subdued the ancient inhabitants of the Celtick and Cimbrick original. The leader of this Asiatick army was called Odin, or Wodin; first their general, afterwards their tutelar deity. The time of this great change is lost in the imperfection of traditionary history, and the attempts to supply it by fable. It is however certain that the Saxon nation believed themselves the descendants of those conquerors; and they had as good a title to that descent as any other of the

northern tribes ; for they used the same language, which then was, and is still, spoken with small variations of the dialects in all the countries, which extend from the polar circle to the Danube. This people most probably derive their name, as well as their origin, from the Sacæ, a nation of the Asiatick Scythia. At the time of which we write, they had seated themselves in the Cimbrick Chersonesas, or Jutland, in the countries of Holstein and Sleswick, and thence extended along the Elbe and Weser to the coast of the German ocean, as far as the mouths of the Rhine. In that tract they lived in a sort of loose military commonwealth of the ordinary German model under several leaders, the most eminent of whom was Hengist, descended from Odin, the great conductor of the Asiatick colonies. It was to this chief that the Britons applied themselves. They invited him by a promise of ample pay for his troops, a large share of their common plunder, and the isle of Thanet for a settlement.

The army, which came over under Hengist, did not exceed fifteen hundred men. The opinion, which the Britons had entertained of the Saxon prowess, was well founded ; for they had the principal share in a decisive victory, which was obtained over the Picts soon after their arrival, a victory, which for ever freed the Britons from all terror of the Picts and Scots, but in the same moment exposed them to an enemy no less dangerous.

Hengist and his Saxons, who had obtained by the free vote of the Britons that introduction into this island they had so long in vain attempted by arms, saw that by being necessary they were superior to their allies. They discovered the character of the king ; they were eye witnesses of the internal weakness and distraction of the kingdom. This state of Britain was represented with so much effect to the Saxons in Germany, that another and much greater embarkation followed the first ; new bodies daily crowded in. As soon as the Saxons began to be sensible of their strength, they found it their interest to be discontented ; they complained of breaches of a contract, which they construed according to their own designs ; and then fell rudely upon their unprepared and feeble allies, who, as they had not been able to resist the Picts and Scots, were still less in a condition to oppose that force, by which they had been protected against those enemies, when turned unexpectedly upon themselves. Hengist, with very little opposition, subdued the province of Kent, and there laid the foundation of the first Saxon kingdom. Every battle the Britons fought only prepared them for a new defeat by weakening their strength, and displaying the inferiority of their courage. Vertigern, instead of a steady and regular resistance, opposed a mixture of timid war and unable negotiation. In one of their meetings, wherein the business, according to the German mode, was carried on amidst feasting and riot, Vortigern was struck with the beauty of a Saxon virgin, a kinswoman of Hengist, and entirely under his influence. Having married her, he delivered himself over to her counsils.

His people harassed by their enemies, betrayed by their prince, and indignant at the feeble tyranny that oppressed them, deposed him, and set his son Vortimer in his place. But the change of the king proved no remedy for the exhausted state of the nation, and the constitutional infirmity of the government. For even if the Britons could have supported themselves against the superior abilities and efforts of Hengist, it might have added to their honour, but would have contributed little to their safety. The news of his success had roused all Saxony. Five great bodies of that adventurous people, under different and independent commanders, very nearly at the same time broke in upon as many different parts of the island. They came no longer as pirates, but as invaders. Whilst the Britons contended with one body of their fierce enemies, another gained ground, and filled with slaughter and desolation the whole country from sea to sea. A devouring war, a dreadful famine, a plague,

the most wasteful of any recorded in our history, united to consummate the ruin of Britain. The ecclesiastical writers of that age, confounded at the view of those complicated calamities, saw nothing but the arm of God stretched out for the punishment of a sinful and disobedient nation. And truly when we set before us in one point of view the condition of almost all the parts, which had lately composed the Western Empire, of Britain, of Gaul, of Italy, of Spain, of Africa, at once overwhelmed by a resistless inundation of most cruel barbarians, whose inhuman method of war made but a small part of the miseries, with which these nations were afflicted, we are almost driven out of the order of political enquiry: we are in a manner compelled to acknowledge the hand of God in those immense revolutions, by which, at certain periods, he so signally asserts his supreme dominion, and brings about that great system of change, which is, perhaps, as necessary to the moral as it is found to be in the natural world.

But whatever was the condition of the other parts of Europe, it is generally agreed that the state of Britain was the worst of all. Some writers have asserted, that except those who took refuge in the mountains of Wales and in Cornwall, or fled into Armorica, the British race was in a manner destroyed. What is extraordinary we find England in a very tolerable state of population in less than two centuries after the first invasion of the Saxons; and it is hard to imagine either the transplantation, or the increase, of that single people to have been, in so short a time, sufficient for the settlement of so great an extent of country. Others speak of the Britons not as extirpated, but as reduced to a state of slavery; and here these writers fix the origin of personal and predial servitude in England.

I shall lay fairly before the reader all I have been able to discover concerning the existence or condition of this unhappy people. That they were much more broken and reduced than any other nation, which had fallen under the German power, I think may be inferred from two considerations: first, that in all other parts of Europe the ancient language subsisted after the conquest, and at length incorporated with that of the conquerors; whereas in England the Saxon language received little or no tincture from the Welsh; and it seems, even among the lowest people, to have continued a dialect of pure Teutonic to the time in which it was itself blended with the Norman. Secondly, that on the continent the Christian religion, after the northern irruptions, not only remained, but flourished. It was very early and universally adopted by the ruling people. In England it was so entirely extinguished, that, when Augustine undertook his mission, it does not appear that among all the Saxons there was a single person professing Christianity.

The sudden extinction of the ancient religion and language appears sufficient to shew that Britain must have suffered more than any of the neighbouring nations on the continent. But it must not be concealed, that there are likewise proofs that the British race, though much diminished, was not wholly extirpated; and that those who remained, were not, merely as Britons, reduced to servitude. For they are mentioned as existing in some of the earlier Saxon laws. In these laws they are allowed a compensation on the footing of the meaner kind of English; and they are even permitted, as well as the English, to emerge out of that low rank into a more liberal condition. This is degradation, but not slavery. The affairs of that whole period are, however, covered with an obscurity not to be dissipated. The Britons had little leisure, or ability, to write a just account of a war, by which they were ruined. And the Anglo-Saxons, who succeeded them, attentive only to arms, were, until their conversion, ignorant of the use of letters.

We add the following extracts from "THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE,"—a brief record of

events, which existed in the time of King Alfred. It was first printed in 1644 from a MS. in the Cottonian Collection.

A. 449.—This year Martianus and Valentinus succeeded to the empire, and reigned seven years. And in their days Hengest and Horsa, invited by Wyrtegoone, king of the Britons, landed in Britain, on the shore which is called Ypwinesfleet; at first in aid of the Britons, but afterwards they fought against them. King Wyrtegoone gave them land in the south-east of this country, on condition that they should fight against the Picts. Then they fought against the Picts, and had the victory wheresoever they came. They then sent to the Angles; desired a larger force to be sent, and caused them to be told the worthlessness of the Britons, and the excellencies of the land. Then they soon sent hither a larger force in aid of the others. At that time there came men from three tribes of Germany; from the Old-Saxons, from the Angles, from the Jutes. From the Jutes came the Kentish men and the men of Wight, that is the tribe which now dwells in Wight, and that race among the West Saxons which is still called the race of Jutes. From the Old-Saxons came the men of Essex and Sussex and Wessex. From Anglia, which has ever since remained waste betwixt the Jutes and Saxons, came the men of East Anglia, Mercia, and all North-humbria. Their leaders were two brothers Hengest and Horsa: they were the sons of Wihtgils; Wihtgils son of Witta, Witta of Wecta, Wecta of Woden; from this Woden sprang all our royal families, and those of the South-humbrians also.

A. 455.—This year Hengest and Horsa fought against King Wyrtegoone at the place which is called Ægelsthress, and his brother Horsa was there slain, and after that Hengest obtained the kingdom, and Æsc his son.

A. 457.—This year Hengest and Æsc his son fought against the Britons at the place which is called Crecganford, and there slew four thousand men; and the Britons then forsook Kent, and in great terror fled to London.

A. 465.—This year Hengest and Æsc fought against the Welsh near Wippeelsfleet, and there slew twelve Welsh caldormen, and one of their own thanes was slain there, whose name was Wippeel.

A. 473.—This year Hengest and Æsc fought against the Welsh, and took spoils innumerable; and the Welsh fled from the Angles like fire.

12.—DESTRUCTION OF THE ROMAN CIVILIZATION.

GUIZOT.

M. Guizot, in his 'History of Civilization in France,' has some general remarks on the consequences that followed the overthrow of the Roman power by barbarian tribes. These apply to the constitution of England as well as to that of France; and we therefore extract the following from Mr. Hazlitt's translation.

It seems to me that people commonly form to themselves a very false idea of the invasion of the barbarians, and of the extent and rapidity of its effects. You have, in your reading upon this subject, often met with the words *inundation*, *earthquake*, *conflagration*. These are the terms which have been employed to characterize this revolution. I think that they are deceptive, that they in no way represent the manner in which this invasion occurred, nor its immediate results. Exaggeration is natural to human language; words express the impressions which man receives from facts, rather than the facts themselves; it is after having passed through the mind of man, and according to the impressions which they have produced thereupon, that facts are described and named. But the impression is

never the complete and faithful image of the fact. In the first place, it is individual, which the fact is not; great events, the invasion of a foreign people, for instance, are related by those who have been personally affected, as victims, actors, or spectators: they relate the event as they have seen it; they characterize it according to what they have known or undergone. He who has seen his house or his village burnt, will, perhaps, call the invasion a conflagration; to the thought of another, it will be found arrayed in the form of a deluge or an earthquake. These images are true, but are of a truth which, if I may so express myself, is full of prejudice and egoism; they reproduce the impressions of some few men; they are not expressions of the fact in its entire extent nor of the manner in which it impressed the whole of the country.

Such, moreover, is the instinctive poetry of the human mind that it receives from facts an impression which is livelier and greater than are the facts themselves; it is its tendency to extend and ennoble them; they are for it but matter which it fashions and forms, a theme upon which it exercises itself, and from which it draws, or rather for which it spreads beauties and effects which were not really there. Thus, a double and contrary cause fills language with illusion; under a material point of view, facts are greater than man, and he perceives and describes of them only that which strikes him personally; under the moral point of view, man is greater than facts; and, in describing them, he lends them something of his own greatness.

This is what we must never forget in studying history, particularly in reading contemporary documents; they are at once incomplete and exaggerated; they omit and amplify: we must always distrust the impression conveyed by them, both as too narrow and as too poetical; we must both add to and take from it. Nowhere does this double error appear more strongly than in the narratives of the Germanic invasion; the words by which it has been described in no way represent it.

The invasion, or rather, the invasions, were events which were essentially partial, local, and momentary. A band arrived, usually far from numerous; the most powerful, those who founded kingdoms, as the band of Clovis, scarcely numbered from five thousand to six thousand men; the entire nation of the Burgundians did not exceed sixty thousand men. It rapidly overran a limited territory; ravaged a district; attacked a city, and sometimes retreated, carrying away its booty, and sometimes settled somewhere, always careful not to dispossess itself too much. We know with what facility and promptitude such events accomplish themselves and disappear. Houses are burnt, fields are devastated, crops carried off, men killed or led away prisoners: all this evil over, at the end of a few days the waves close, the ripple subsides, individual sufferings are forgotten, society returns, at least in appearance, to its former state. This was the condition of things in Gaul during the fourth century.

But we also know that the human society, that society which we call a people, is not a simple juxta-position of isolated and fugitive existence: were it nothing more, the invasions of the barbarians would not have produced the impression which the documents of the epoch depict; for a long while the number of places and men that suffered therefrom was far inferior to the number of those who escaped. But the social life of each man is not concentrated in the material space which is its theatre, nor in the passing moment; it extends itself to all the relations which he has contracted upon different points of the land; and not only to those relations which he has contracted, but also to those which he might contract, or can even conceive the possibility of contracting; it embraces not only the present, but the future; man lives in a thousand spots which he does not inhabit, in a thousand moments which, as yet, are not; and if this development of his life is cut off from him, if he

is forced to confine himself to the narrow limits of his material and actual existence, to isolate himself in space and time, social life is mutilated, and society is no more.

And this was the effect of the invasions, of those apparitions of barbarous hordes, short, it is true, and limited, but reviving without cessation, everywhere possible, and always imminent: they destroyed, 1st, all regular, habitual, and easy correspondence between the various parts of the territory; 2nd, all security, all sure prospect of the future; they broke the ties which bound together the inhabitants of the same country, the moments of the same life; they isolated men, and the days of each man: In many places, and for many years, the aspect of the country might remain the same; but the social organization was attacked, the members no longer held together, the muscles no longer played, the blood no longer circulated freely or surely in the veins: the disease appeared sometimes at one point, sometimes at another: a town was pillaged, a road rendered impassable, a bridge destroyed; such or such a communication ceased; the culture of the land became impossible in such or such a district: in a word, the organic harmony, the general activity of the social body, were each day fettered and disturbed; each day dissolution and paralysis made some new advance.

Thus was Roman society destroyed in Gaul; not as a valley is ravaged by a torrent, but as the most solid body is disorganized by the continual infiltration of a foreign substance. Between all the members of the state, between all the moments of the life of each man, the barbarians continually intruded themselves. I lately endeavoured to paint to you the dismemberment of the Roman empire, the impossibility under which its masters found themselves of holding together the different parts, and how the imperial administration was obliged to retire spontaneously from Britain, from Gaul, incapable of resisting the dissolution of that vast body. What occurred in the Empire occurred equally in each province; as the Empire had suffered disorganization, so did each province; the cantons, the towns detached themselves, and returned to a local and isolated existence. The invasion operated everywhere in the same manner, and everywhere produced the same effects. All the ties by which Rome had been enabled, after so many efforts, to combine together the different parts of the world; that great system of administration, of imposts, of recruiting, of public works, of roads, had not been able to support itself. There remained of it nothing but what could subsist in an isolated and local condition, that is to say, nothing but the wrecks of the municipal system. The inhabitants shut themselves up in the towns, where they continued to govern themselves nearly as they had done of old, with the same rights, by the same institutions. A thousand circumstances prove this concentration of society in towns; here is one which has been little noticed. Under the Roman administration, it is the governors of provinces, the consuls, the correctors, the presidents who fill the scene, and appear continually in the laws and history; in the sixth century, their names become much more rare; we, indeed, still meet with dukes and counts, to whom the government of the provinces was confided; the barbarian kings strove to inherit the Roman administration, to preserve the same officers, and to induce their power to flow in the same channels; but they succeeded only very incompletely, and with great disorder; their dukes were rather military chiefs than administrators; it is manifest that the governors of provinces had no longer the same importance, and no longer played the same part; the governors of towns now filled history; the majority of these counts of Chilperic, of Gontran, of Theodebert, whose exactions are related by Gregory of Tours, are counts of towns established within their walls, and by the side of their bishop. I should exaggerate were I to say that the province disappeared, but it became disorganized, and lost all consistency, and almost all reality. The towns, the primitive elements of the Roman world, survived almost alone amidst its ruin.

The rural districts became the prey of the barbarians, it was there that they established themselves with their men ; it was there that they were about to introduce by degrees totally new institutions, and a new organization, but till then the rural districts will occupy scarcely any place in society, they will be but the theatre of excursions, pillages, and misery.

Even within the towns the ancient society was far from maintaining itself strong and entire. Amidst the movement of the invasions, the towns were regarded above all as fortresses ; the population shut themselves therein to escape from the hordes which ravaged the country. When the barbarous immigration was somewhat diminished, when the new people had planted themselves upon the territory, the towns still remained fortresses : in place of having to defend themselves against the wandering hordes, they had to defend themselves against their neighbours, against the greedy and turbulent possessors of the surrounding country. There was therefore little security behind those weak ramparts. Towns are unquestionably centres of population and of labour, but under certain conditions ; under the condition, on the one hand, that the country population cultivate for them ; on the other, that an extended and active commerce consume the products of the citizen's labour. If agriculture and commerce decay, towns must decay ; their prosperity and their power cannot be isolated. Now you have just seen into what a condition the rural districts of Gaul had fallen in the sixth century ; the towns were able to escape for some time, but from day to day the evil threatened to conquer them. Finally, it did conquer them, and very soon this last wreck of the Empire seemed stricken with the same weakness, and a prey to the same dissolution.

13.—THE HEPTARCHY.

The following says '*The Penny Cyclopædia*,' were the kingdoms founded by the several invading bands, the dates being those assigned in the valuable summaries of Anglo-Saxon history, given by Sir F. Palgrave, in his Appendix of *Proofs and Illustrations* to his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*, p. cccxix—cccxl :—

1. Kent, consisting of the present county of that name, founded by Hengist and Horsa, whose followers were Jutes, A.D. 457. From Æsc or Eric, the son and successor of Hengist, the kings of Kent acquired the name of Æscingas. Kent subsisted as an independent state till its conquest by Cenwulf, king of Mercia, in 796. In 823 it was finally annexed to Wessex by Egbert ; but for at least a century after that date it is still mentioned as a separate though subordinate kingdom.

2. Sussex, consisting of the present county of that name, founded by Ella, whose followers were Saxons, A.D. 491. In A.D. 686 it was conquered by Ceadwalla, king of Wessex, and appears to have remained ever after in subjection either to that state or to Mercia. In 828 it finally submitted to 'Egbert ;' and 'from this period,' says Sir F. Palgrave, 'Sussex and Surrey appear to have been considered as integral portions of the empire of Wessex, but as annexed to the kingdom of Kent and passing with it.'

3. Wessex, including (in its greatest extent) Surrey, Hants with the Isle of Wight, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and part of Cornwall, founded by Cerdic and his son Cynric, whose followers were Saxons, A.D. 519. The Jutes of the Isle of Wight were conquered by Cerdic and Cynric, A.D. 530 ; but in 661 the island was wrested from Wessex by Wulfere, king of Mercia ; some time after which it appears to have asserted its independence, which it maintained under kings of its own till the beginning of the 10th century, when it submitted to Edward the

Elder. In the reign of Egbert (A.D. 800—836) the kingdom of Wessex attained a supremacy over the other states, which it never lost afterwards.

4. Essex, including the present counties of Essex and Middlesex, and the southern part of Hertfordshire, supposed to have been founded by Æscwin, or Ercenwine, whose followers were Saxons, A.D. 527. 'It is doubtful,' says Sir F. Palgrave, 'whether this monarchy ever enjoyed independence.' It certainly became subject to Mercia in the course of the seventh century, and in 823 it finally submitted to Egbert of Wessex.

5. Northumbria, consisting of the sometimes separate but commonly united states of Bernicia and Deira; the former (from the native name Bryneich) including the county of Northumberland, and the south-eastern counties of Scotland as far as the Forth, founded by Ida, whose followers were Angles, A.D. 547; the latter (from the native name Deifyr) including the counties of Cumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, York, and Lancaster, founded by Ella, whose followers were also Angles, A.D. 560. These two states appear to have coalesced before the beginning of the seventh century; and after the year 655 they were never separated, so long as they retained their independence. The limits of the kingdom of Northumbria to the north varied greatly from time to time according to the fortunes of the almost constant warfare which it carried on with the Scots, the Picts, and the kingdom of Strathclyde. From the middle of the eighth century the history of Northumbria consists of little else than a detail of civil dissensions, confusion, and bloodshed, arising from the claims of rival competitors for the throne. The Northumbrians made a formal submission to Egbert of Wessex in 829. In 867 the country was conquered by the Danes; and from this time it may be considered to have remained independent under princes of Danish race till 924, when both the Danes and the English inhabitants acknowledged the supremacy of Edward the Elder. Northumbria, however, continued to be governed by princes of its own, who, although nominally subject to the English monarch, took the title of kings, till 952. After this its rulers were only designated earls; the district forming sometimes one earldom, sometimes two, under the names of Bernicia and Deira, or Northumbria and York. It was not till some time after the Norman conquest that the territories which had formed this Saxon state came to be considered as strictly included within the realm of England.

6. East Anglia, including Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and part of Bedfordshire, founded by Uffa, whose followers were Angles, and from whom the kings of this state took the name of Uffingas, A.D. 571. The East Angles placed themselves under the sovereignty of Egbert of Wessex about the year 823, but they continued for some time after this under the immediate government of their own kings. The country was conquered by the Danes in 883; and it was not completely brought back under the subjection to the English crown till after the accession of Athelstane in 925. From this time it appears to have been governed by ealdermen or dukes.

7. Mercia, including the counties of Chester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, Shropshire, Stafford, Leicester, Rutland, Northampton, Huntingdon, Hereford, Worcester, Warwick, Gloucester, Oxford, Buckingham, and parts of Hertford and Bedford, said to have been founded by Crida, whose followers were Angles, A.D. 585. The name Mercia has been derived, by Camden and others, from the word *mearc*, a limit; 'for the other kingdoms,' it is said, 'bordered upon it.' Lingard thinks that the people were called Mercians, 'perhaps from the marshy district in which they first settled.' The most probable explanation, however, appears to be that given by Macpherson, in his 'Annals of Commerce,' who observes that the Saxon name *Myrcenaric* properly signifies the woodland kingdom, 'which,' he adds,

'agrees very closely with *Coitani*, the Latinized name of the old British inhabitants, signifying woodland-men, or foresters.' About the middle of the seventh century Mercia was conquered by Oswio, king of Northumbria; but after a few years it recovered its independence; and before the end of the next century it had reduced to subjection both the neighbouring states of East Anglia and Kent. It was eventually subjugated however about the year 825, by Egbert of Wessex, and although for some time considered as a separate kingdom, it continued ever after dependent upon that state, with the exception of a short period in the latter part of that century, during which it was overrun and taken possession of by the Danes.

This assemblage of states has been commonly called the Heptarchy, for which Mr. Turner has proposed to substitute the Octarchy, on the ground that *Deira* and *Bernicia* ought to be considered as two distinct kingdoms. But in truth it may be doubted if there ever was a time when so many as seven of the states co-existed separately and independently. Various small districts also appear to have for longer or shorter periods preserved an all but nominal independence in the midst of the larger states, to some one or other of which they were severally considered as annexed. Such were the Isle of Wight; the Suthrige, or Southern Kingdom, now Surrey; the district of *Hwiccas*, or *Magesettam*, which was^c conterminous with the antient bishopric of Worcester; and others, of which the annals have been for the first time collected by Sir Francis Palgrave. But above all it would be difficult to show that either term is perfectly admissible, if it be intended to imply (as in strict propriety both heptarchy and octarchy would seem to do) that the several states were all connected together into any sort of union or confederacy; that they formed, in fact, any political system entitled to be designated by one word at all. We know that they were constantly at war with one another, and of the existence of any general controlling authority, except such as one king was occasionally enabled to maintain over the rest by his sword, their history affords no trace. To certain of the kings however by whom this temporary supremacy appears to have been asserted in the most marked manner, Bede, and after him, the Saxon Chronicle, have attributed the title of *Bretwalda*, that is, as it has been interpreted, *Wieler* or *Emperor of Britain*; and it is probable that a species of superior honour and dignity, such as this title would imply, may have been claimed by the princes in question, and accorded to them by those of their neighbours whom they had brought under subjection, or who, although unsubdued, preferred not to provoke their enmity.

14.—THE WARS OF MERCIA.

JOANNA BATTLE.

From '*Ethwald*,' a Tragedy.

• SCENE I.

A small cavern, in which is discovered a Wizard, sitting by a fire of embers, baking his scanty meal of parched corn, and counting out some money from a bag; a book and other things belonging to his art are strewed near him on the ground.

Wiz. (alone.) Thanks to the restless soul of Mollo's son!
 Well thrives my trade. Here, the last hoarded coin
 Of the spare widow, trembling for the fate
 Of her remaining son, and the gay jewel
 Of fearful maid, who steals by fall of eve,
 With muffled face, to learn her warrior's doom,
 Lie in strange fellowship; so doth misfortune
 Make strange acquaintance meet.

Enter a Scout.

Brother, thou com'st in haste ; what news, I pray ?

Scout. Put up thy book, and bag, and wizard's wand,
This is no time for witchery and wiles.

Thy cave, I trow, will soon be fill'd with those,
Who are by present ills too roughly shent
To look thro' vision'd spells on those to come,

Wiz. What thou woud'st tell me, tell me in plain words,

Scout. Well, plainly then, Ethwald, who thought full surely
The British, in their weak divided state,
To the first onset of his arms would yield
Their ill defended towers, has found them strengthen'd
With aid from Wessex, and unwillingly
Led back with cautious skill the Mercian troops ;
Meaning to tempt the foe, as it is thought,
To follow him into our open plains,
Where they must needs with least advantage fight.

Wiz. Who told thee this ?

Scout. Mine eyes have seen them. Scarcely three miles off,
The armies, at this moment, are engaged
In bloody battle. On my way I met
A crowd of helpless women, from their homes
Who fly with terror, each upon her back
Bearing some helpless babe or valued piece
Of household goods, snatch'd up in haste. I hear
Their crowding steps e'en now within your cave :
They follow close behind.

(Enter a crowd of women, young and old ; some leading children and carrying infants on their backs or in their arms, others carrying bundles and pieces of household stuff.)

Wiz. Who are ye, wretched women,
Who, all so pale and haggard, bear along
Those helpless infants, and those seeming wrecks,
From desolation saved ? What do you want ?

First Wom. Nought but the friendly shelter of your cave,
For now or house, or home, or blazing hearth,
Good Wizard, we have none.

Wiz. And are the armies there so near your dwellings ?

First Wom. Ay, round them, in them the loud battle clangs.
Within our very walls fierce spearmen push,
And weapon'd warriors cross their clashing blades.

Second Wom. Ay, woe is me ! our warm and cheerful hearths,
And rush'd floors whereon our children play'd,
Are now the bloody lair of dying men.

Old Wom. Ah woe is me ! those yellow thatched roofs,
Which I have seen these sixty years and ten,
Smoking so sweetly 'midst our tufted thorns,
And the turf'd graves wherein our fathers sleep !

Young Wom. Ah woe is me ! my little helpless babes !
Now must some mossy rock or shading tree
Be your cold home, and the wild haws your food.

No cheerful blazing fire and seething pot
 Shall now, returning from his daily toil,
 Your father cheer ; if that, if that indeed
 Ye have a father still—*(bursting into tears.)*

Third Wom. Alack, alack ! of all my goodly stuff
 I've saved but only this ! my winter's webs
 And all the stores that I so dearly saved !
 I thought to have them to my dying day !

(Enter a Young Man leading in an Idiot.)

Young Wom. *(running up to him.)*

Ah, my dear Swithick ! art thou safe indeed ?
 Why didst thou leave me ?

Young Man. To save our idiot brother, see'st thou here ?
 I could not leave him in that pityless broil.

Young Wom. Well hast thou done ! poor helpless Balderkin !
 We've fed thee long, unweeting of our care,
 And in our little dwelling still thou'st held
 The warmest nook ; and, wheresoe'er we be,
 So shalt thou still, albeit thou know'st it not.

(Enter Man carrying an Old Man on his back.)

Young Man. And see here, too, our neighbour Edwin comes,
 Bearing his bed-rid father on his back.

Come in, good man. How dost thou, aged neighbour ?
 Cheer up again ! thou shalt be shelter'd still ;
 The Wizard has receiv'd us.

Wiz. True, good folks ;
 I wish my means were better for your sakes.
 But we are crowded here ; that winding passage.
 Leads us into an inner cave full wide,
 Where we may take our room and freely breathe ;
 Come let us enter there.

— [Exeunt, all following the Wizard into the inner cave.]

SCENE II.

A field of battle strewed with slain, and some people seen upon the background searching amongst the dead bodies.

Enter Hereulf and Ethelbert.

Her. *(stopping short and holding up his hands.)*

Good mercy ! see at what a bloody price
 Ethwald this doubtful victory has purchased,
 That in the lofty height to which he climbs
 Will be a slight step of but small advantage.

Eth. *(not attending to him, and after gazing for some time on the field.)*

So thus ye lie, who, with the morning sun,
 Rose cheerily, and girt your armour on
 With all the vigour, and capacity,
 And comeliness of strong and youthful men.
 Ye also, taken in your manhood's wane,
 With grizzled pates, from mates, whose wither'd hands
 For some good thirty years had smooth'd your couch :
 Alas ! and ye whose fair and early growth
 Did give you the similitude of men

Ere your fond mothers ceas'd to tend you still,
As nurselings of their care, ye lie together !
Alas, alas ! and many now there' be,
Smiling and crowing on their mother's breast,
Turning, with all their little infant ways,
Around her hopeful heart, who shall, like these,
Be laid i' the dust.

Her. Ay, so it needs must be, since Mollo's son
Thinks Mercia all too strict for his proud sway.
But here come those who search amongst the dead
For their lost friends ; retire, and let us mark them.

(they withdraw to one side.)

Enter two Cairls, meeting a third, who enters by the opposite side.

First Cairl. *(to third)* Thou hast been o'er the field ?

Third Cairl. I have, good friend.

Second Cairl. Thou'st seen a rueful sight.

Third Cairl. Yes, I have seen that which no other sight
Can from my fancy wear. Oh ! there be some
Whose writhed features, fix'd in all the strength
Of grappling agony, do stare upon you,
With their dead eyes half open'd.—
And there be some, stuck through with bristling darts,
Whose clenched hands have torn the pebbles up ;
Whose gnashing teeth have ground the very sand.
Nay, some I've seen among those bloody heaps,
Defaced and 'reft e'en of the form of men,
Who in convulsive motion yet retain
Some shreds of life more horrible than death :
I've heard their groans, oh, oh !

(A voice from the ground.) Baldwick !

Third Cairl. What voice is that ? it comes from some one near.

First Cairl. See, yon stretch'd body moves its bloody hand :
It must be him.

(Voice again.) Baldwick !

Third Cairl *(going up to the body from whence the voice came.)*

Who art thou, wretched man ? I know thee not.

Voice. Ah, but thou dost ! I have sat by thy fire,
And heard thy merry tales, and shar'd thy meal.

Third Cairl. Good holy saints ! and art thou Athelbald ?

Woe ! woe is me to see thee in such case !

What shall I do for thee ?

Voice. If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face that I may die ;
For lying thus, see'st thou this flooded gash ?
The glutting blood so bolsters up my life
I cannot die.

Third Cairl. I will, good Athelbald. Alack the day !
That I should do for thee so sad a service ;

(Turns the soldier on his face.)

Voice. I thank thee, friend, farewell ! *(dies)*

Third Cairl. Farewell ! farewell ! a merry soul thou wert,
And sweet thy ploughman's whistle in our fields.

Second Cairl. (starting with horror.) Good heaven forfend ! it moves !

First Cairl. What dost thou see ?

Second Cairl. Look on that bloody corse, so smear'd and mangled,
That it has lost all form of what it was ;
It moves ! it moves ! there is life in it still.

First Cairl. Methought it spoke, but faint and low the sound.

Third Cairl. Ha ! did'st thou hear a voice ? we'll go to it.

Who art thou ? oh ! who art thou ? *(to a fallen warrior, who makes signs to him to pull something from his breast.)*

Yes, from thy breast ; I understand the sign.

(pulling out a band or kerchief from his breast.)

It is some maiden's pledge.

Fallen Warrior. (making signs.) Upon mine arm.

I pray thee, on mine arm.

Third Cairl. I'll do it, but thy wounds are past all binding.

Warrior. She who will search for me doth know this sign.

Third Cairl. Alack, alack ! he thinks of some sad maid !

A rueful sight she'll see ! he moves again :

Heaven grant him peace ! I'd give a goodly sum

To see thee dead, poor wretch !

(Enter a woman wailing and wringing her hands.)

Second Cairl. Ha ! who comes wailing here ?

Third Cairl. Some wretched mother who has lost her son :

I met her searching 'midst the farther dead,

And heard her piteous moan.

Mother. I rear'd him like a little playful kid,

And ever by my side, where'er I went,

He blithely trotted. And full soon, I ween,

His little arms did strain their growing strength

To bear my burden. Ay, and long before

He had unto a stripling's height attain'd,

He ever would my widow's cause maintain

With all the steady boldness of a man.

I was no widow then.

Second Cairl. Be comforted, good mother.

Mother. What say'st thou to me ? knowest thou where he lies ?

If thou hast kindness in thee tell me truly ;

For dead or living still he is mine all,

And let me have him.

Third Cairl. (aside to Second.) Send her away, good friend ; I know her now.

Her boy is lying with the farther dead,

Like a fell'd sapling ; lead her from the field.

(Exeunt Mother and Second Cairl.)

First Cairl. But who comes now, with such distracted gait,

Tossing her snowy arms unto the wind,

And gazing wildly o'er each mangled corse ?

(Enter a young woman searching distractedly amongst the dead.)

Young Woman. No, no ! thou art not here ! thou art not here !

Yet if thou be like these I shall not know thee.

Oh ! if they have so gash'd thee o'er with wounds

And marr'd thy comely form ! I'll not believe it

Until these very eyes have seen thee dead,
 These very hands have press'd on thy cold heart
 I'll not believe it.

Third Cair. Ah, gentle maiden! many a maiden's love,
 And many a goodly man lies on this field.

Young Woman. I know, too true it is, but none like him.
 Liest thou, indeed, amongst those grisly heaps?
 O thou who ever wert of all most fair:
 If heaven have suffer'd this, amen, amen!
 Whilst I have strength to crawl upon the earth
 I'll search thee out, and be where'er thou art,
 Thy mated love, e'en with the grisly dead.

(Searching again amongst the dead she perceives the band round the arm of the fallen warrior, and uttering a loud shriek falls senseless upon the ground. The Cairls run to her assistance, with Ethelbert and Hereulf, who come forward from the place they had withdrawn to; Hereulf clenching his hand and muttering curses upon Mollo's son, as he crosses the stage. The scene closes.)

15.—THE CONVERSION OF ETHELBERT.

(From 'The Penny Magazine'.)

Bede, "the Venerable," without whose writings we should know next to nothing of the early history of our church, or of the first introduction of Christianity into the island, was born about the year 675 on the lands which afterwards belonged to the two abbeys of St. Peter and St. Paul in the bishopric of Durham, near the mouth of the river Tyne. At seven years of age he was taken into the monastery of St. Peter at Jarrow to be educated for a priest. After twelve years of diligent study he took deacon's orders, and eleven years after that period, or when he was in his thirtieth year, he was ordained a priest. His fame now reached Rome, and he was invited by Pope Sergius to repair to that city in order to assist in the promulgation of certain points of ecclesiastical discipline. But Bede, loving study better than travel, and being strongly attached to his own cell and quiet monastery declined the invitation, and remained at Jarrow to make himself master of all the learning which was then accessible, and to write the ecclesiastical history of the English nation. The materials within his reach consisted of a few chronicles, and a few annals preserved in different religious houses; but he had also access to living prelates and other churchmen, some of whom had been principal actors in a part of the events and scenes he had to describe, while others inherited from their own fathers all the traditional lore relating to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon people, and more particularly of that part of the nation which was settled to the north of the Humber. Hence we find that Bede's narrative is fullest when he treats of the introduction and establishment of Christianity in Northumbria. He lived so near to the time that his history has much of the charm of a contemporary narrative. The date of his birth was within eighty years after the first landing of Augustin, and within half a century of the date assigned to the conversion of the Northumbrian king Edwin. He must have known, in his youth, persons who were living at the time of that conversion, and many that were alive when King Oswald revived the Christian faith and brought the monks from Iona to Lindisfarne. He published his ecclesiastical history (if we may apply the term publication to the very limited means which then existed of making a literary work known) about the year 734; but previously to this he had written and put forth many other books and treatises. His whole life indeed appears to have been absorbed by his literary labours. Sickness

and pain and the depressing influence of a confirmed asthma could not stop his pen. He died working. He was most anxious to finish two of his incomplete works, the one being a translation of St. John's Gospel into the Saxon language. Stretched on his pallet, and unable to write with his own hand, he employed Wilberch, a young monk of the house, to write under his dictation. While thus occupied he grew worse and very weak. The young monk, observing this, said—"There remains now only one chapter to do; but it seems difficult to you to speak." The dying man answered—"It is easy; take your pen, dip it in the ink, and write as fast as you can." About nine o'clock Bede sent for some of his brethren to divide among them a little incense and a few other things of small value which he kept in a chest in his cell. The young man Wilberch then said—"Master, there is now but one sentence wanting." "Write on," said Bede, "and write fast!" The young monk did his best, and soon said—"Now, master, it is finished."—Bede replied—"Thou hast said the truth—*consummatum est!* So take up my head, for I would sit opposite to the place where I have been wont to pray." Being seated according to his desire upon the floor of his cell he said—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"—and he breathed his last breath with the last of these words. This, according to the most generally received opinion, happened on the 26th day of May in the year 735 when he was in the sixtieth year of his age. The monks buried his body in the church of his own monastery at Jarrow: but long after his death his bones were removed to Durham Cathedral and placed in the same coffin or chest with those of St. Cuthbert. The church of Rome canonized him and conferred on him the name of "the Venerable." The name, at least, has been ratified by all succeeding ages.

Bede's ecclesiastical history contains a long series of striking picturesque narratives. We shall select and condense one or two of the more remarkable.

Gregory, a Roman monk, of a noble family which traced its origin from the time of the imperial Cæsars, when Rome was mistress of the world, goes one day into the slave-market, which is situated at the end of the ancient Forum. Here he is struck by the sight of some young slaves from Britain, who are publicly exposed for sale, even like the cattle that are selling in another part of the Forum or great market-place. The children have bright complexions and fair long hair; their forms are beautiful, the innocence of their look is most touching. Gregory eagerly asks from what distant country they come, and being told that they are Angles the pious father says they would be Angels if they were but Christians. He throws back his cowl and stands looking at them, and the children look at him, while some slave-dealers close at hand are chaffering with their customers, or inviting purchasers by extolling the fine proportions and the beauty of the young Northern slaves. The Capitol of ancient Rome and the Tarpeian Rock are in full sight; the Coliseum shows its lofty walls at a short distance; the magnificent columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator come within the picture, and there are other ruins of a sublime character. It is but the end of the sixth century, and many ancient buildings are comparatively perfect, though destined to disappear in the course of succeeding centuries, and to leave it matter of doubt and speculation as to where stood the Temple of Concord, where the Temple of the Penates or Household Gods, where the Temple of Victory, where the arches of Tiberius and Severus, and where the other temples, arches, and columns that are known to have crowded the Forum and the spots surrounding it. As things are, we see the decay of Paganism and the establishment of Christianity upon its ruins. The temples, which are entire, are converted into churches: there is a crucifix on the highest part of the Capitol; there is a procession of monks passing along the edge of the Tarpeian Rock; the firm set columns erected to that Jupiter whose faith could not stand are crowned

with crosses—the cross of Christ shows itself every where, on the summits of temples, over the crowns of triumphal arches, and upon all of the seven hills that are in sight. Gregory quits the slave-market solemnly musing upon the means of carrying the knowledge of divine truth to the distant and savage land which gave birth to these fair children. Shortly after he determines to be himself the missionary and apostle of the Anglo-Saxons. He even sets off on the journey; but his friends, thinking that he is going to a certain death among barbarians, induce the pope to command his return. A few years pass away, and the monk Gregory becomes Pope Gregory, and head of the Christian world, although he will only style himself *Servus Servorum Domini*, or Servant of the Servants of the Lord. Men call him “The Great,” and great is he in his humility and devotion and generosity of soul. He lives in as simple a style as when he was a poor monk; he is averse to persecution, holding that heretics and even Jews are to be treated with lenity, and are to be converted not by persecution but by persuasion. The wealth which begins to flow in to the Roman See he employs in bettering the condition of the poor, in erecting churches and in sending out missionaries to reclaim the heathen. He cannot go himself to the land of those fair-haired children, but now he sends Augustin, prior of the convent of St. Andrews at Rome, and forty monks as missionaries to England. Augustin and his companions make the coast of Kent, and after many dangers, and fears, and misgivings—for the Anglo-Saxons had been represented to them as the most stubborn and most ferocious of the human species—they land in the isle of Thanet. Æthelbert the King of Kent is a pagan and worshipper of Odin, one who believes that the pleasures of Heaven, or of some future state of existence, consist of fighting all day and feasting and drinking all night; but his beautiful wife Bertha, a native of some part of the country which we now call France, is a Christian, and has brought with her from her own country a few holy men who reprobate but are afraid of attacking the sanguinary Scandinavian faith and idolatry. These timid priests have built or restored a little church outside the walls of Canterbury; but it is overshadowed by a pagan temple, wherein is the rude image not of a God of Peace, but of a God of War and destruction; and the foreigners fear that their humble little church will soon be destroyed by the Pagan priests. But Augustin arrives, and invites King Æthelbert to hear the glad tidings of salvation, the mild voice of the Gospel. The priests of bloody Odin and of the murderous Thor apprehend conjuration and magic, and advise the king to meet the missionaries not under a roof but in the open air, where magic spells will be less dangerous in their operation. Æthelbert, with Queen Bertha by his side, goes forth to one of the pleasant Kentish hills commanding a view of the flowing ocean, which the monks have crossed; his warriors and his pagan priests stand round the king; and there is a solemn expectant silence until the music of many mingled harmonious voices is heard, and Augustin and his forty companions are seen advancing in solemn processional order, singing the psalms and anthems of Rome. The foremost monk in the procession carries a large silver crucifix. Another monk carries a banner on which is painted a picture of the Redeemer. The heart of Æthelbert is touched by the music and by the venerable, devout aspect of the strangers. By means of an interpreter, whose heart and soul are in the office, Augustin briefly expounds to the king the nature of the Christian faith, and implores Æthelbert to receive the holiest and only true religion, and permit him to preach and teach it to his subjects. The king listens in rapt attention, never once taking his eyes from off the missionary; the queen blesses the day and happy hour; the priests of Odin seem perplexed and irritated; but the stalwart warriors leaning on their long, broad swords, or on their ponderous battle-axes, look for the most part as if they would inquire farther, and gladly hear the wonderful words of the stranger again.

The Saxon king is more than half-converted ; but he thinks it needful to be cautious. He says he has no thought of forsaking the gods of his fathers ; but since the purposes of the strangers are good, and their promises inviting, they shall be suffered to instruct his people ; none shall raise the hand of violence against them, and they shall not know want, for the land is the land of plenty, and he, the King of Kent and Bretwalda of all the Saxon princes, will supply the monks with food and drink and lodging. Upon this Augustin and his companions fall again into order of procession, and direct their steps, solemn and slow, towards the neighbouring city of Canterbury, chaunting their anthems as they go. They reach the ancient city, and as they enter it in the midst of a wondering crowd, they sing with a holy and a cheerful note—"Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! may the wrath of the Lord be turned from this city and from this holy place !"

"For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
 Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
 And blest the Silver Cross, which ye, instead
 Of martial banner, in procession bear ;
 The Cross preceding Him, who floats in air,
 The pictured Saviour !—By Augustine led,
 They come—and onward travel without dread,
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
 Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free :
 Rich conquest waits them : the tempestuous sea
 Of ignorance that run so rough and high,
 And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
 These good men humble by a few bare words,
 And calm with fear of God's divinity."

WORDSWORTH.

The work of conversion proceeds rapidly and smoothly. The Italians find the poor Anglo-Saxons of Kent rather gentle and docile than ferocious ; many gladly renounce a creed of blood and hatred for a religion of peace and love ; the baptisms become numerous ; and at last, on the day of Pentecost, King Ethelbert himself yields to the arguments of the missionaries and the entreaties of his wife, and is baptized. On the ensuing Christmas ten thousand of the people follow the example of the king. Pope Gregory is transported with joy when these tidings reach Rome ; he writes an exulting letter to Eulogius, patriarch of Alexandria, giving an account of the success of his missionaries "in the most remote parts of the world ;" and he forthwith appoints Augustin to be primate of all England as well as Archbishop of Canterbury. Such is the origin of our church as related by the venerable Bede.

10.—THE CONVERSION OF EDWIN.

Camden describes a place upon the estuary of the Humber which, although a trivial place in modern days, is dear to every one familiar with our old ecclesiastical history :—

"In the Roman times, not far from its bank upon the little river Foulness, (where Wighton, a small town, but well stocked with husbandmen, now stands,) there seems to have formerly stood Delgovitia ; as is probable both from the likeness and the signification of the name. For the British word *Delgwe* (or rather *Ddeho*) signifies the statues or images of the heathen gods ; and in a little village not far off there stood an idol-temple, which was in very great honour even in the Saxon times, and, from the heathen gods in it, was then called God-mundingham, and now, in the same sense, Godmanham." This is the place which witnessed the

conversion to Christianity of Edwin, King of Northumbria. The whole story of this conversion, as told by Bede, is one of those episodes that we call superstitious, in which history reflects the confiding faith of popular tradition, which does not resign itself to the belief that all worldly events depend solely upon material influences. But one portion of this story has the best elements of high poetry in itself, and has therefore gained little by being versified even by Wordsworth. Edwin held a council of his wise men, to inquire their opinion of the new doctrine which was taught by the missionary Paulinus. In this council one thus addressed him: "The present life of man, O King, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to a sparrow swiftly flying through the room, well warmed with the fire made in the midst of it, wherein you sit at supper in the winter, with commanders and ministers, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad: the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within is not affected with the winter storm; but after a very brief interval of what is to him fair weather and safety, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, returning from one winter to another. So this life of man appears for a moment; but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." Never was a familiar image more beautifully applied; never was there a more striking picture of ancient manners—the storm without, the fire in the hall within, the king at supper with his great men around, the open doors through which the sparrow can flit. To this poetical counsellor succeeded the chief priest of the idol-worship, Coifi. He declared for the new faith, and advised that the heathen altars should be destroyed. "Who," exclaimed the king, "shall first desecrate their altars and their temples?" The priest answered, "I; for who can more properly than myself destroy these things that I worshipped through ignorance, for an example to all others, through the wisdom given me by the true God?"

" Prompt transformation works the novel lore.
The Council closed, the priest in full career
Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
Is overturned."

WORDSWORTH.

The altars and images which the priests of Northumbria overthrew have left no monuments in the land. They were not built like the Druidical temples, under the impulses of a great system of faith which, dark as it was, had its foundations in spiritual aspirations. The pagan worship which the Saxons brought to this land was chiefly cultivated under its sensual aspects. The Valhalla, or heaven of the brave, was a heaven of fighting and feasting, of full meals of boar's flesh, and large draughts of mead. Such a future called not for solemn temples, and altars where the lowly and the weak might kneel in the belief that there was a heaven for them, as well as for the mighty in battle. The idols frowned, and the people trembled. But this worship has marked us, even to this hour, with the stamp of its authority. Our Sunday is still the Saxon's Sun's-day; our Monday the Moon's-day; our Tuesday Tuisco's-day; our Wednesday Woden's-day; our Thursday Thor's-day; our Friday Friga's-day; our Saturday Seater's-day. This is one of the many examples of the incidental circumstances of institutions surviving the institutions themselves—an example of itself sufficient to show the folly of legislating against established customs and modes of thought. The French republicans, with every aid from popular intoxication, could not establish their calendar for a dozen years. The Pagan Saxons have fixed their names of the week-days upon Christian England for twelve centuries, and probably for so long as England shall be a country.

17.—CÆDMON THE POET.

In the Fourth Book of Bede's Ecclesiastical History, we find the following narrative:—

There was in this Abbess's Monastery a certain brother, particularly remarkable for the Grace of God, who was wont to make pious and religious verses, so that whatsoever was interpreted to him out of Holy Writ, he soon after put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and compunction, in his own, that is, the English language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to the heavenly life. Others after him attempted in the English nation to compose religious poems, but none could ever compare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetising of men, but through the Divine assistance; for which reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem; but only those that relate to religion suited his religious tongue; for having lived in a secular habit, till well advanced in years, he had never learnt any thing of versifying; for which reason being sometimes at entertainments, when it was agreed for the more mirth, that all present should sing in their turns, when he saw the instrument come towards him, he rose up from table, and returned home. Having done so at a certain time, and going out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stable, the care of horses falling to him that night, and composing himself there to rest at the proper time, a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, Cædmon, *Sing some song to me.* He answered, *I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place, because I could not sing.* The other who talked to him, replied, *however you shall sing.* What shall I sing, rejoined he, *Sing the beginning of Creatures,* said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, which he had never heard.

We extract the following remarks on the Poetry of Cædmon, from 'Old England':—

The ode which Cædmon composed under the inspiration thus recorded is preserved in Anglo-Saxon, in King Alfred's translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History: and the following is an English translation from Alfred's version:—

"Now must we praise
The guardian of heaven's kingdom,
The Creator's might,
And his mind's thought;
Glorious Father of men!
As of every wonder he,
Lord Eternal,
Formed the beginning.
He first framed
For the children of earth
The heaven as a roof;
Holy Creator!
Then mid-earth.
The Guardian of mankind,
The eternal Lord,
Afterwards produced
The earth for men,
Lord Almighty!"

The Metrical Paraphrase to which we have alluded is ascribed by some to a

second Cædmon; but the best philological antiquaries are not agreed upon this matter. As to its extraordinary merits there is no difference of opinion. Sir Francis Palgrave says, "The obscurity attending the origin of the Cædmonian poems will perhaps increase the interest excited by them. Whoever may have been their author, their remote antiquity is unquestionable. In poetical imagery and feeling, they excel all the other early remains of the North." One of the remarkable circumstances belonging to these poems, whether written by the cowherd of Whitby, or some later monk, is that we here find a bold, prototype of the fallen angels of 'Paradise Lost.' Mr. Conybeare says that the resemblance to Milton is so remarkable in that portion of the poem which relates to the Fall of Man, that "much of this portion might be almost literally translated by a cento of lines from that great poet." The resemblance is certainly most extraordinary, as we may judge from a brief passage or two. Every one is familiar with the noble lines in the first book of 'Paradise Lost'—

"Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space which measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal."

The Anglo-Saxon Paraphrase of Cædmon was printed at Amsterdam in 1655. Can there be a question that Milton had read the passage which Mr. Thorpe thus translated?—

"Then was the Mighty angry,
The highest Ruler of heaven
Hurl'd him from the lofty seat;
Hate had he gain'd at his Lord,
His favour he had lost,
Incensed with him was the Good in his mind.
Therefore he must seek the gulf
Of hard hell-torment,
For that he had warr'd with heaven's Ruler.
He rejected him then from his favour,
And cast him into hell,
Into the deep parts,
When he became a devil:
The fiend with all his comrades
Fell then from heaven above,
Through as long as three nights and days,
The angels from heaven into hell."

Who can doubt that when the music of that speech of Satan beginning

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime
That we must change for heaven?"

swelled upon Milton's exquisite ear, the first note was struck by the rough harmony of Cædmon?—

"This narrow place is most unlike
That other that we ere knew.
High in Heaven's kingdom."

Those who are desirous of popular information on the interesting subject of Anglo-Saxon literature, may be abundantly gratified in Mr. Sharon Turner's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' in Mr. Conybeare's 'Illustrations of Saxon Poetry,' and especially in Mr. Wright's admirable volume of 'Literary Biography' of 'the Anglo-Saxon period.' The study of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature is reviving in our times; and we have little doubt that the effect will be, in conjunction with that love of our elder poets which is a healthful sign of an improving taste, to infuse something of the simple strength of our ancient tongue into the dilutions and platitudes of the multitudes amongst us "who write with ease." Truly does old Verstegan say, "Our ancient English Saxons' language is to be accounted the Teutonic tongue, and albeit we have in latter ages mixed it with many borrowed words, especially out of the Latin and French, yet remaineth the Teutonic unto this day the ground of our speech, for no other offspring hath our language originally had than that." The noble language—"the tongue that Shakspeare spake"—which is our inheritance, may be saved from corruption by the study of its great Anglo-Saxon elements. All the value of its composite character may be preserved, with a due regard to its original structure. So may we best keep our English with all its honourable characteristics, so well described by Camden:—"Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still flowing water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips, for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majestic, but fulsome, running too much on the o, and terrible like the devil in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And when thus substantialness combineth with delightfulness, fulness with fineness, seemliness with pertliness, and currentness with staidness, how can the language which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of all sweetness?" ('Remains,')

18.—ALFRED.

(Abridged from an article in 'the Penny Magazine,' by Mr. G. Mac Farlane.)

The late Sir James Mackintosh said of Alfred—"The Norman historians, who seem to have had his diaries and note-books in their hands, chose Alfred as the glory of the land which had become their own. There is no subject on which unanimous tradition is so nearly sufficient evidence, as on the eminence of one man over others of the same condition. His bright image may long be held up before the national mind. This tradition, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, is, in the case of Alfred, rather supported than weakened by the fictions which have sprung from it. Although it be an infirmity of every nation to ascribe their institutions to the contrivances of a man rather than to the slow action of time and circumstances, yet the selection of Alfred by the English people, as the founder of all that was dear to them, is surely the strongest proof of the deep impression left on the minds of all of his transcendent wisdom and virtue."

This darling of England was of the most ancient and illustrious lineage: his father Ethelwulf traced his descent from the most renowned of Saxon heroes, and his mother Osburga descended from renowned Gothic progenitors. He was born at the royal manor of Wantage (now Wantage) in Berkshire, in the year 849. Of four legitimate sons, Alfred was the youngest; yet in 853 when King Ethelwulf

repaired to Rome, partly as a pilgrim to that holy city and partly to take counsel of the pope, and carried Alfred with him, Leo IV., who then wore the tiara or triple crown, consecrated the boy as king. This conferring of royal inaugural honours upon a child in the fifth year of his age, and the youngest of his family, has often been made matter of wonderment. The fact is, however, most distinctly stated by Asser and by the Saxon Chronicle. But at this time the seven states which had formed the Heptarchy were not thoroughly fused and amalgamated into the one great undividable kingdom of England; and Ethelwulf, who allowed one of his sons to reign in Wessex during his own life, may have contemplated, as other Saxon sovereigns did even at a later period, a re-division of the kingdom, and may have been eager to secure one of the crowns for Alfred, his darling boy, and the fairest and most promising of his sons.

It is not known how long Alfred remained at Rome, but it has been reasonably conjectured that, young as he was, he derived from his own observation some advantages from his sojourn in what was still the greatest and most civilized city in Europe. His father could not have failed of deriving improvement from the visit, and from his residence in various other cities in Italy and in France, for in both those countries there was then much more civilization than in England, and what was learned by the affectionate father could hardly have failed from being communicated at a later date to the intelligent and inquiring son.

The earliest story related of Alfred treats of his aptitude for learning and his love for poetry and books. He learned to read before his elder brothers, and before he could read he had learned by heart a great many Anglo-Saxon poems by hearing the minstrels and glee-men recite them in his father's hall. This passionate love of letters never forsook him. In the year 871, when Alfred was in the twenty-second year of his age, Ethelred, the last of his kingly brothers, died of wounds received in battle with the Danish invaders, and the voice of the nobles and people immediately designated him as successor to the crown of all England. Alfred had already fought on many fields and had given proofs of political ability and wisdom, but it was with reluctance that he shut up his books and took up the sceptre. At this point his exciting and well-recorded adventures commence.

For many years the hero has to fight for territory and for life against the formidable Danes, who, having conquered a large portion of the kingdom in the time of his brothers and predecessors, continued to receive every spring and summer fresh forces from the Baltic. He has scarcely been a month upon the throne ere he fights the great battle of Wilton. In the next year he fits out a small fleet of ships, a species of force which the Saxons had entirely neglected, and forms the embryo of the naval glory of England. His enemies, however, are too numerous to be resisted, and too faithless and cruel to be trusted; and after fighting many battles, he is obliged to retire to an inland island called Athelney, or the Prince's Island, near the confluence of the rivers Thone and Parret. It is Asser who tells the story that is endeared to us all by our earliest recollections. In one of his excursions from Athelney Alfred takes refuge in the cabin of a swineherd, and tames there some time. On a certain day it happens that the wife of the swain prepares to bake her loaves, or loaves of bread. Alfred chances at the time to be sitting near the hearth, but he is busied in thinking of war and in making ready bows and arrows. The shrew soon beholds her loaves burning, and runs to remove them, scolding the stranger. "You man," saith she, "you will not turn the bread you see burning, but you will be glad enough to eat it." "This unlucky woman," adds Asser, "little thought she was talking to King Alfred, who had warred against the Pagans and gained so many victories over them."

Some of his friends have gathered armies together, and have obtained successes over

the enemy in various parts ; Alfred himself has raised a small band into a formidable force, and he has good reason to believe that the Danes are becoming incautious and negligent. Putting on the gleeman's dress, and carrying instruments of music in his hand, he gains a ready entrance into the Danish camp ; and as he amuses these idle warriors with songs and interludes, he espies all their sloth and negligence, and hears much of their counsels and plans. The Danes love his company and his songs so much, that they are loth to let him depart ; but he is soon enabled to return to his friends at Athelney with a full account of the state and habits of this army ; and secret and swift messengers are sent to all quarters to request all true Saxons to meet in arms by a given time, at Egbert's stone, on the east of Selwood Forest. The true Saxons meet, and fight, and defeat the Danes in the great battle of Ethandune, on the banks of the river Avon. And now follows the touching picture of the conversion and baptism of Guthrun the Dane with King Alfred standing by him at the baptismal font as his sponsor.

It was about this time that Alfred, who had solaced his misfortunes during his retirement in Athelney by frequently reading in a book, sent into Wales to invite Asser to his court or camp, in order that he might profit by the instructive conversation of the most learned man then in the island of Britain. The monk of St. David's obeyed the summons, and, as he himself tells us, was introduced to the king at Dene in Wiltshire, by the thanes who had been sent to fetch him. A familiar friendly intercourse followed a most courteous reception, and then the king invited the monk to live constantly with him. The vows of Asser and his attachment to the monastery of St. David's interfered with this arrangement ; but it was finally agreed that he should pass part of his time in his monastery and the rest of the year at court. When Asser returned to Alfred, he remained eight months constantly with him, conversing with him, and reading with him all such books as the king possessed. Few were these books in number—scarce and more precious than the most costly jewels, nor were there many contemporary sovereigns much better provided than the king of England. But efforts were made to obtain more books on the Continent, and to collect such as had escaped the destructive fires kindled by the Danes, and were scattered about the country, and to procure scribes learned enough to copy manuscripts, and so multiply the books. Alfred's gratitude to Asser knew no bounds. At first he gave the learned monk an abbey in Wiltshire, and another abbey at Banwell in Somersetshire, and a rich silk pall, and as much incense as a strong man could carry on his shoulders, assuring him that he considered these as small things for a man of so much merit, and that hereafter he should have greater. Asser was subsequently promoted to the bishopric of Sherburn, and thenceforward remained constantly with the king, enjoying his entire confidence and affection, and sharing in all his joys and sorrows.

The converted Guthrun kept his contract, but other hosts of pagan Danes came from beyond the sea. After six years of warfare, with several battles fought in each year, Alfred was enabled to rebuild and fortify the city of London, which the Danes had burned. His infant Navy gained divers victories ; and when a Danish host sailed up the Medway and laid siege to Rochester, Alfred with a land force fell suddenly upon them, and drove them back to their ships. But in the course of six or seven years Hasting, the greatest and ablest of all the Danish warriors and seakings, came over to England with a more desperate army than had ever been seen before ; and a new war was commenced, which was prosecuted successively in nearly every corner of England, and which lasted with scarcely any intermission for four years. The combats were many, and King Alfred was personally present in most of them. Great was the aid he received from the restored citizens of London, whose gratitude and affection knew no bounds. These generous citizens not only furnished

him with money and provisions, but they also put on warlike harness and went out, young and old, and fought under him. The valley of the Lea, from its mouth on the Thames near London up to Ware and Hertford and the country above Hertford, was the scene of many remarkable exploits in war, in which the Londoners had a very distinguished part. The pleasant river Lea was very different a thousand years ago from what it now is. It was both broader and deeper, being filled by a far greater volume of water from the then undrained country. Nor did the Danish ships of war draw so much water as a modern trading sloop. Thus Hasting was enabled to carry his great fleet of ships up the river as far as Ware, or, as some think, Hertford, where he established one of his fortified camps, in the construction of which this Danish commander displayed extraordinary skill. On the approach of summer, the burgesses of London, with many of their neighbours, who saw that their ripening corn was exposed to be reaped by a Danish sickle, attacked Hasting in this stronghold, but were repulsed with great loss. But presently Alfred, marching from a distant part of the country, came and encamped his army round about the city of London, and stayed there until the citizens and their neighbours got in their harvests. He then marched away to the Lea, which seemed covered by the enemy's ships, and at great personal risk surveyed with his own eyes this new fortified camp of the Danes. His active mind presently conceived a plan which was much safer and surer than any assault that could be made upon those formidable works. Bringing up his forces, and calling upon the brave and alert Londoners for assistance, he raised two fortresses, one on either side the Lea, a little below the Danish camp, and then dug three deep canals or channels from the Lea to the Thames, in order to lower the level of the tributary stream. So much water was thus drawn off, that the whole fleet of Hasting was left aground and rendered useless. Upon this the terrible sea-king broke from his intrenchments by night, and hardly rested till he had traversed the whole of that wide tract of country which lies between the river Lea and the Severn. While King Alfred followed Hasting, the Londoners fell upon the Danish ships and galleys, and some they broke to pieces, and some they got afloat again, and carried round in triumph, and with Saxon horns and other music, to the city of London. At Quatbridge, on the Severn (the place is now called Quatford; and it lies not far from Bridgenorth in Shropshire), Alfred found the Danish host in another camp, which they had already strongly fortified. The Saxon king was compelled to respect the intrenchments at Quatbridge, and to leave the Danes there undisturbed all through the winter; but he established so good a blockade that the Danes could not plunder the country or often issue from their works, and at the approach of spring hunger drove them all out of England; and Hasting, after escaping with difficulty from the sword of Alfred, crossed the channel without profit or honour, as Asser says. The sea-king ascended the river Seine, obtained some settlement in France, and never more troubled King Alfred. This was the last great campaign of our Saxon hero.

Alfred, who had much mechanical skill, and who thought it no unkingly occupation to wield the ship-carpenter's tools, now applied himself more vigorously than ever to the creation of a national Navy. For a long time he went daily to the ship-yard, with his good steel adze in his hand. He caused vessels to be built far exceeding those of his enemies in length of keel, height of board, swiftness, and steadiness; some of these carried sixty oars or sweepers, to be used, as in the ancient Roman galleys, when the wind failed; and others carried even more than sixty. They were all constructed after a plan of Alfred's own invention, and they were soon found to be peculiarly well adapted to the service for which they were intended. Before the close of his reign, the flag of Alfred floated over more than a hundred vessels of this sort. This truly royal fleet—the first that England ever

had, and as such entitled to our veneration—was divided into squadrons, some of which were stationed at different ports round the island, while some were kept constantly cruising between our island and the Continent and the outlet from the Baltic Sea. The flag of England was already a meteor flag, and no ship of any other nation met it at sea without paying honour to it.

Alfred, who had learned the importance of fortifications during his wars with the Danes, and especially in his long contest with Hasting, who was a great master in the art of castrametation, and the art of choosing and fortifying positions, erected defensive works round all the towns he rebuilt, and taught the people how to keep them in constant repair. He caused a survey to be made of the coast and navigable rivers, and ordered castles to be erected at those places which were most accessible to the landing of the enemy. Fifty strong towers and castles rose in different parts of the country; and the number would have been threefold if the king had not been thwarted by the indolence, ignorance, and carelessness of the nobles and freemen.

The Danes and Norwegians, with whom Alfred had to contend, were the most accomplished warriors of the age. The appellation of the Scandinavian Hannibal has been conferred on Hasting, and his extraordinary campaigns in England will justify the title, even without looking to his exploits in France and other countries. The skill, the untiring perseverance, the indomitable courage, the consummate prudence which Alfred displayed in his long contest with the greatest of the sea-kings, and the complete triumph he obtained over him in the end, must assuredly give him rank among the greatest military commanders of that age. Yet was he even greater in peace than in war. In every interval of repose allowed him by the furious invaders, he gave himself up to study and contemplation, and occupied his mind by devising the means of improving the moral as well as the physical condition of the people, and of advancing their civilization by books and schools, and a better administration of the laws. When he rebuilt London he gave to it many admirable civil institutions and laws, and appointed the ealdorman Etheard to be its governor. He rebuilt Winchester and many other cities, and instead of wood, the only material which had been used before his time, he introduced the use of stone and bricks, and taught his people to build houses like those he had seen at Rome and Milan. And wherever he re-edified a town he gave the people rules for reconstructing and improving their municipal institutions, and trained them to that system of self-government which has since become the pride and strength of England, and without which there can be no lasting liberty in any country. There had been codes of law in England long before the days of Alfred, and some of these, though rudely simple, had a fine free spirit about them. Ethelbert, King of Kent; Ina, King of Wessex; Offa, King of Mercia, and other Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, had been legislators, and had promulgated their several codes or Dooms; but all law and order had well nigh perished during the devastations, the horror, the anarchy, and the breaking up of society occasioned by the Danish invasions; and the memory of them, together with all instruction and enlightenment, seemed to be wearing out in the popular mind. Alfred collected the codes and dooms of his predecessors, and apparently without adding much of his own, and without introducing any new matter whatsoever, he compiled a very intelligible and consistent code, and submitted it to the Witenagemot, or parliament, or great council, for their sanction. He tells us himself that he was afraid to innovate, and that he thought it better to permit a continuance of a defective law than to destroy that respect for established authority, which is the foundation upon which all laws must rest. Plain and simple laws might do for a simple state of society, if they were only properly and impartially administered; and it was rather to this proper administration, than to the

construction of any new theory, that Alfred directed his attention. In practice the judges had become shamefully corrupt. Asser mentions that he exercised great vigilance over the judges, frequently reprimanding those who did amiss, and threatening them with deprivation and other punishments. We have the same good authority for the facts that the courts became pure; that the laws, such as they were, were fairly administered; and that town-people and villagers kept such good police that robbery and theft became almost unknown. Towards the close of his reign it was generally asserted, that one might have strowed golden bracelets and jewels on the public highways and cross-roads, and no man would have dared to touch them for fear of the law.

Alfred, who felt that if the divine law were duly observed there would be no necessity for human legislation, opened his code of laws with the ten commandments, a selection from the Mosaic precepts, and the canons of the First Apostolic Councils. "Do these," he said, "and no other doom-book will be needed."

But if Alfred did not introduce many new laws, he rejected some of the old ones. For this we have his own word. He says in his doom-book, "I then, Alfred, King, gathered these laws together, and commanded many of those to be written which our forefathers held, those which to me seemed good; and many of those which seemed to me not good, I rejected them, by the counsel of my Witan, and in otherwise commanded them to be holden; for I durst not venture to set down in writing much of my own, for it was unknown to me what of it would please those who should come after us. But those things which I met with, either of the days of Ina, my kinsman, or Offa, King of the Mercians, or of Ethelbert, who first among the English race received baptism, those which seemed to me the rightest, those I have here gathered together and rejected the others. I then, Alfred, King of the West-Saxons, showed these to all my Witan, and they then said that it seemed good to them all to be holden." It was Alfred's grand object to consolidate the dominions of England, to make one consistent and inseparable whole of the various states into which it had been divided by the Saxon conquerors (states which were still separated by old jealousies and antipathies), to regenerate the whole Anglo-Saxon people, and to create a new national spirit; and as he effected this not ostentatiously, but by unwearied political activity, he was in reality the King, the Liberator, the Reformer of all England.

19.—ALFRED.—*Continued.*

Alfred was not only the first warrior, the first statesman, and legislator, but he was also the first scholar in his dominions. From Asser's interesting memoirs the fact may easily be gathered that Alfred vastly exceeded even the most learned of his prelates in scholar-like accomplishments. He states that the king's noble mind thirsted for knowledge from the very cradle, and that when a mere child he had got many of the Anglo-Saxon poems by heart. It appears highly probable that Alfred diligently studied the language between his twelfth and eighteenth year; that he had a few Latin books with him in his solitude at Athelney, and that he was (for that time) a good Latin scholar before he invited Asser to his court. But whenever or however he obtained his knowledge of that learned tongue, he certainly showed in his literary works a proficiency in Latin which was almost miraculous for a prince in Alfred's age. The style of his works in his native language proves that his acquaintance with a few good classical models was familiar, and extended to higher things than mere words and phrases.

Alfred was accustomed to say that he regretted the imperfect education of his youth, the entire want of proper teachers, and the many difficulties which then

barred his progress to intellectual improvement, much more than all the hardship and sorrows and misfortunes that befell him afterwards. As one of his greatest impediments had been the difficult Latin language, he earnestly recommended from the throne, in a circular letter addressed to the bishops, that thenceforward "all good and useful books be translated into the language which we all understand ; so that all the youths of England, but more especially such as are of gentle kind and in easy circumstances, may be grounded in letters—for they cannot profit in any pursuit until they be well able to read English." His mind was too lofty for pedantry to reach it, and too liberal and expansive to entertain the idea that learning ought to be kept in a foreign disguise and out of the reach of the people. He looked to the intellectual improvement of the people and their religious instruction as to the only solid foundation upon which a government could repose or a throne be established. It was left to a later age to advance the monstrous principle that the bulk of mankind can be governed only by the suppression or debasement of their intellectual faculties, and that governments and all the institutions of civil life are best supported by the ignorance of the greatest part of those who live under them. The doctrine of this enlightened English king of the ninth century was—let there be churches, abbey, schools, books ; let the churches be served by active and conscientious priests ; let the abbey be filled by the most learned men that can be found ; let the schools be taught by able masters ; and let the books be in the language which is spoken by all the people. And the theory was carried into practice to an extent which is surprising for those times. He never rebuilt a town without furnishing it with a good capacious school ; he founded or restored churches and monasteries at Athelney, Shaftesbury, Winchester, and many other places, in some of which the people had almost relapsed into heathenism ; he sent into various countries in search of learned and industrious teachers ; and in order that there might be books for the people to read, he wrote many himself. Even as an author, no native of England of the old Saxon period, except the venerable Bede, can be compared to Alfred either for the number or for the excellence of his writings. These works were in good part translations from the Latin into Anglo-Saxon. He thus translated for the instruction of his subjects—1, Orosius's History, six books ; 2, St. Gregory's Pastoral ; 3, St. Gregory's Dialogues ; 4, Bede's History, five books ; 5, Boetius, on the Consolation of Philosophy ; 6, The Mercen-Lage (Laws of the Mercians) ; 7, Asser's Sentences ; 8, The Psalms of David. His original works—all in the same plain-spoken language of the people, were—1, An Abridgment of the Laws of the Trojans, the Greeks, the Britons, the Saxons, and the Danes ; 2, Laws of the West-Saxons ; 3, Institutes ; 4, A Book against Unjust Judges ; 5, Sayings of the Wise ; 6, A Book on the Fortunes of Kings ; 7, Parables and Jokes ; 8, Acts of Magistrates ; 9, Collection of Chronicles ; 10, Manual of Meditations.

He was an elegant poet, and wrote a great many Anglo-Saxon poems and ballads, which were sung or recited in all parts of England, but of which we believe no trace has been preserved, though we have a few verses of a still more ancient date. In his original works the extent of his knowledge is not less astonishing than the purity of his taste : the diction is classically easy and simple, yet not deficient either in strength or in ornament. Asser tells us that his first attempt at translation was made upon the Bible, a book which no man ever held in greater reverence than King Alfred. He and the king were engaged in pleasant conversation, and it so chanced that Asser quoted a passage from the Bible with which the king was much struck. Alfred requested his friend to write the passage in a collection of psalms and hymns which he had had with him at Athelney and which he always carried in his bosom ; but not a blank leaf could be found in that book. At the

monk's suggestion the king called for a clean skin of parchment, and this being folded into fours, in the shape of a little book, the passage from the Scriptures was written upon it in Latin, together with other good texts : and the king setting to work upon these passages, translated them into the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Bishop Alfric, reputed the best philologist of his age, undertook a new version of the Pentateuch, and of some of the apocryphal books ; and in his preface he refuted certain objections which had already been raised against similar labours, or against the practice of giving the Scriptures to the common people in a language they could understand. "The rubrics prefixed to the lessons of the Anglo-Saxon version of the Gospels," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "leave no reason to doubt but that they were regularly read in the churches on Sundays and festivals. Large portions of the Scripture were also reproduced in the Anglo-Saxon homilies or sermons, and the study of the Holy Scriptures was most earnestly recommended both to clergy and laity, as the groundwork of their faith. . . . From the Anglo-Saxon age, down to Wicliffe, we in England can show such a succession of Biblical versions, in metre and in prose, as are not to be equalled amongst any other nation in Europe."

Nothing is more astonishing in the story of this marvellous man than how he could find time for these laudable literary occupations ; but he was steady and persevering in all things, regular in his habits, when not kept in the field by the Danes, and a rigid economist of his time. Eight hours of each day he gave to sleep, to his meals, and exercise ; eight were absorbed by the affairs of government ; and eight were devoted to study and devotion. Clocks, clepsydras, and other ingenious instruments for measuring time, were then unknown in England. Alfred was no doubt acquainted with the sun-dial, which was in common use in Italy ; but this index is of no use in the hours of the night and would frequently be equally unserviceable during our foggy sunless days. He therefore marked his time by the constant burning of wax torches or candles, which were made precisely of the same weight and size, and notched in the stem at regular distances. These candles were twelve inches long ; six of them, or seventy-two inches of wax, were consumed in twenty-four hours, or fourteen hundred and forty minutes ; and thus, supposing the notches at intervals of an inch, one such notch would mark the lapse of twenty minutes, and three such notches the lapse of an hour. These time-candles were placed under the special charge of the king's mass-priests or chaplains. But it was soon discovered that sometimes the wind, rushing in through the windows and doors, and the numerous chinks in the walls of the royal palace, caused the wax to be consumed in a rapid and irregular manner. This induced Alfred to invent that primitive utensil the horn lanthorn ; which now-a-days is never seen except in the stable yard of some lowly country inn, and not often even there. Asser tells us that the king went skilfully and wisely to work, and having found out that white horn could be rendered transparent like glass, he with that material, and with pieces of wood, admirably (*mirabiliter*) made a case for his candle, which kept it from wasting and flaring. And therefore, say we, let none ever look upon an ostler's horn lanthorn, however poor and battered it may be, and however dim the light that shines within it, without thinking of Alfred the Great.

In his youth he was much addicted to field sports, and a perfect master of hunting and the then newly introduced art of hawking ; but in after life he begrudged the time which these exciting amusements demanded.

No prince of his time made such strenuous efforts in favour of education and the diffusion of knowledge among his people. Charlemagne acted upon a much vaster stage ; but in this, as in several other respects, he was left far behind by our Alfred. Since the days of the venerable Bede the civilization of the country had

sadly retrograded. the Danes, by directing their chief fury against the churches, abbey, and monasteries, had destroyed, the most learned of the Anglo-Saxon priests and monks—had burned their little libraries, and scared literature away from its only haunts. The schools had disappeared, there being at this period no schools or libraries in the country, except such as belonged to the monastic establishments. Alfred's own account of the state in which he found the kingdom in this respect, at his accession to the throne, is most interesting; and his feeling of his own merits in effecting a change for the better is expressed with all the modesty of a truly great mind. In the circular letter which he prefixed to his translation of St. Gregory's 'Pastorale,' he says—"Knowledge had fallen into such total decay among the English, that there were very few on the other side of the Humber who understood the common prayers, so as to be able to tell their meaning in English, or who could have translated into that language a Latin passage; and I ween there were not many on this side of Humber who could do it. Indeed there were so few such, that I do not even recollect one to the south of the Thames, at the time I succeeded to the crown. God Almighty be thanked, there are now some holding bishoprics who are capable of teaching."

His own large mind was ever open to instruction on any subject. The science of geography was then in a most imperfect, mutilated state. The works of the Greek and Roman geographers (themselves very defective) were unknown in England, and very little known in any part of western Europe. The dark ages had furnished nothing to supply their place. But barbarous invention had disfigured this fair world by promulgating the most absurd fables about distant countries and the men who inhabited them. Johannes Scotus had been a great traveller before he came to Alfred's court to impart the varied knowledge of which he was master. Other travelled men preceded or followed him; and it was evidently one of the greatest delights of the king's life to converse with these men about the distant lands in which they had been, and the still remoter parts of the earth of which they had obtained some information by reading books in other languages, or by hearsay. One of these adventurous men was Audher, or Othere, who had coasted the continent of Europe towards the North Pole, from the Baltic to the North Cape, with the view of ascertaining how far that continent extended; and who, in his skiff, had run along all the northern coast of Lapland, and had ventured to the shores occupied by the wild men of Finland. Another of these travellers was Wulstan, apparently a born subject of the king, who undertook a voyage all round the Baltic, and who succeeded in gathering many particulars concerning the divers countries situated about that sea. Others among these bold men who either had been sent out expressly by Alfred, or had been brought by him into England on account of the journeys they had previously made, had visited Germany, Bulgaria, Slavonia, and Bohemia. All the information about foreign parts that Alfred obtained from these, his rough but honoured guests, he committed to writing in the plain mother tongue, and with the noble design of imparting it to his people; and in enlarging the text of Orosius, the Spanish chronicler, whose work he translated, he introduced a geographical account of Germany, and the voyages of Audher towards the North Pole and of Wulstan in the Baltic; this new, and for the time most valuable matter, being the cream of his conversations with his travelled guests.

Having obtained information—probably from Johannes Scotus, who had been in the East—that there were colonies of Christian Syrians settled on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, who spoke the same tongue which Christ spoke when he was upon earth, Alfred, partly from feelings of devotion, and partly no doubt to increase his geographical knowledge, resolved to send out his well-instructed friend Swithelm, Bishop of Sherburn, to India, a tremendous journey in those days, and

one which had never been made by any Englishman. But the stout-hearted bishop, making, as it should seem, what is now called the Overland journey, went and returned in safety, bringing back with him presents of gems and Indian spices. Hereby was Alfred's fame increased, and the name and existence of England probably heard of for the first time in that remote country, of which, nine centuries after, she was to become the almost absolute mistress.

This Saxon king, who could practise with his own hand the mechanical arts, extended his encouragement to all the humble but useful arts, and always gave a kind reception to mechanics of superior skill, of whom no inconsiderable number came into England from foreign countries. "No man," says Milton, "could be more frugal of two precious things in man's life, his time and his revenue. . . . His whole annual revenue, which his first care was, should be justly his own, he divided into two equal parts: the first he employed in secular uses, and subdivided those into three; the first, to pay his soldiers, household servants, and guard; the second, to pay his architects and workmen whom he had got together of several nations, for he was also an elegant builder, above the custom and conceit of Englishmen in those days; the third he had in readiness to relieve or honour strangers, according to their worth, who came from all parts to see him and to live under him. The other equal part of his yearly wealth he dedicated to religious uses, those of four sorts: the first, to relieve the poor; the second, to build and maintain monasteries; the third, to a school, where he had persuaded the sons of many noblemen to study sacred knowledge and liberal arts (some say Oxford); the fourth was for the relief of foreign churches, as far as India to the shrine of St. Thomas."

This great prince was anxious above all things that his subjects should learn how to govern themselves, and how to preserve their liberties; and in his will he declared that he left his people as free as their own thoughts. He frequently assembled his Witenagemot, or parliament, and never passed any law, or took any important step whatsoever, without their previous sanction. Down to the last days of his life he heard all law appeals in person with the utmost patience; and, in cases of importance, he revised all the proceedings with the utmost industry. His manifold labours in the court, the camp, the field, the hall of justice, the study, must indeed have been prodigious. "One cannot help being amazed," says Burke, "that a prince who lived in such turbulent times, who commanded personally in fifty-four pitched battles, who had so disordered a province to regulate, who was not only a legislator, but a judge, and who was continually superintending his armies, his navies, the traffic of his kingdom, his revenues, and the conduct of all his officers, could have bestowed so much of his time on religious exercises and speculative knowledge; but the exertion of all his faculties and virtues seemed to have given a mutual strength to all of them. Thus all historians speak of this prince, whose whole history is one panegyric; and whatever dark spots of human frailty may have adhered to such a character, they are entirely hid in the splendour of his many shining qualities and grand virtues, that throw a glory over the obscure period in which he lived."

Our amazement at all this bodily and mental activity must be increased by the indisputable fact that all these incessant exertions were made in spite of the depressing influences of physical pain and constant bad health. At the age of twenty or twenty-one, he was visited by a tormenting malady, the inward seat and unknown nature of which baffled all the medical skill of his "leeches." The accesses of excruciating pain were frequent—at times almost unintermittent; and then, if by day or by night a single hour of ease was mercifully granted him, that short interval was embittered by the dread of the sure returning anguish. But the good monk Asser, who withdraws the curtain and admits us into the sick room of the great

Saxon sovereign, tells us that Heaven vouchsafed him strength to bear these mortal agonies, and that they were borne with a devout fortitude. The disease never quitted him, and was no doubt the cause of his death. "The shepherd of his people," "the darling of the English," "the wisest man in England," the truly illustrious Alfred, expired in the month of November, on the festival of SS. Simon and Jude, in the year 900, when he was only in the fifty-first year of his age. He was buried at Winchester, in a monastery he had founded.

20.—ALFRED, THE FUGITIVE.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Alfred discovered trimming some arrows, with an unfinished bow beside him—Maude kneading flour for cakes.

Maude [aside.] Ay, there he's at his work ! if work that be Which spareth toil. He'll trim a shaft, or shape A bow with any archer in the land, But neither can he plough, nor sow !—I doubt If he can dig—I am sure he cannot reap— He has hands and arms, but not the use of them ! Corin !

Alf. Your will ?

Maude. Would thou could'st do my will As readily as ask it ! Go to the door ; And look if Edwin comes. Dost see him ?

Alf. No.

Maude. Bad omen that ! He'll bring an empty creel ; Else were he home ere now. Put on more wood ; And lay the logs on end ; you'll learn in time To make a fire. Why, what a litter's there, With trimming of your shafts that never hit ! Ten days ago you killed a sorry buck ; Since when your quiver have you emptied thrice, Nor ruffled hair nor feather.

Alf. If the game Are scarce and shy, I cannot help it.

Maude. Out ! Your aim, I wot is shy, your labour scarce ; There's game enow, would'st thou but hunt for them ; And when you find them, hit them. What expect'st To-day for dinner ?

Alf. What Heaven sends !

Maude. Suppose It sends us nought ?

Alf. Its will be done !

Maude. You'd starve ; So would not I, knew I to bend a bow Or cast a line. See if thou hast the skill To watch these cakes, the while they toast.

Alf. I'll do My best.

Maude. Nor much to brag of, when all's done !

[Goes out.]

Alf. [*solus.*] This is the lesson of dependence. Will
 Thankless, that brings not profit;—labour spurned
 That sweats in vain ; and patience taxed the more,
 The more it bears. And taught unto a king—
 Taught by a peasant's wife, whom fate hath made
 Her sovereign's mistress. She little knows
 At whom she rails ; yet is the roof her own :
 Nor does she play the housewife grudgingly.
 Give her her humour ! So ! How stands the account
 'Twixt me and fortune ? We are wholly quits !
 She dress'd me—she has stripp'd me !—on a throne
 She plac'd me—she has struck me from my seat !
 Nor in the respect where sovereigns share alike
 With those they rule, was she less kind to me—
 Less cruel ! High she fill'd for me the cup
 Of bliss convubial—she has emptied it !
 Parental love she set before me too,
 And bade me banquet ; scarce I tasted, ere
 She snatch'd the feast away ! My queen—my child !—
 Where are they ? 'neath the ashes of my castle !
 I sat upon their tomb one day—one night !
 Then first I felt the thralldom of despair.
 The despot he ! He would not let me weep
 There were the fountains of my tears as dry
 As they had never flow'd ! My heart did swell
 To bursting ; yet no sigh would he let forth
 With vent to give it ease. There had I sat
 And died—but Heaven a stronger tyrant sent—
 Hunger—that wrench'd me from the other's grasp,
 And dragg'd me hither !—This is not the lesson
 I set myself to con !

Re-enter MAUDE.

Maude. 'Tis noon, and yet
 No sign of Edwin ! Dost thou mind thy task ?
 Look to't ! and when the cakes are fit to turn,
 Call, and I'll come !

Alf. I'll turn them, dame.

Maude. You will ?

You'll break them !—Know I not your sandy ways ?
 I would not suffer thee put finger to them !
 Call, when 'tis time ! You'll turn the cakes, forsooth !
 As likely thou could'st make the cakes as turn them ?

[*Goes out.*]

Alf. So much for poverty ! Adversity's
 The nurse for kings ;—but then the palace gates
 Are shut against her ! They would else have hearts
 Of mercy oft'ner—gems not always dropp'd
 In fortune's golden cup. What thought hath he
 How hunger warpeth honesty, whose meal
 Still waited on the hour ? Can he perceive
 How nakedness converts the kindly milk

Of nature into ice, to whom each change
 Of season—yea, each shifting of the wind,
 Presents his fitting suit? Knows he the storm
 That makes the valiant quail, who hears it only
 Through the safe wall—its voice alone can pierce;
 And there talks comfort to him with the tongue,
 That bids, without, the shelterless despair?
 Perhaps he marks the mountain wave, and smiles
 So high it rolls!—while on its fellow hangs
 The fainting seaman glaring down at death
 In the deep trough below! I will extract
 Riches from penury; from sufferings
 Coin blessings; that if I assume again
 The sceptre, I may be the more a king
 By being more a man!

Maude re-enters, goes towards the fire, lifts the cakes, goes to Alfred, and holds them to him.

Maude. Is this your care?
 Ne'er did you dream that meal was made of corn,
 Which is not grown until the earth be plough'd;
 Which is not garner'd up until 'tis cut;
 Which is not fit for use until 'tis ground;
 Nor used then till kneaded into bread?
 Ne'er knew you this? It seems you never did,
 Else had you known the value of the bread;
 Thought of the ploughman's toil: the reaper's sweat;
 The miller's labour; and the housewife's thrift;
 And not have left my barley cakes to burn
 To very cinders!

Alf. I forgot, good dame.

Maude. Forgot, good dame, forsooth! You ne'er forgot
 To eat my barley cakes!!

21.—ATHELSTAN.

TITMERRY.

On the death of the good king Alfred, his son Edward, who had distinguished himself in the war with Hasting, was chosen by the Anglo-Saxon nobles and elders. One of the sons of Alfred's eldest brother, and predecessor, protested against this election, in virtue of his hereditary rights, and in contempt of the rights of the people. The electors of the English kings replied to this insolent and absurd claim, by declaring Ethelwald, the son of Ethelred, a rebel to his country, and condemning him to exile. Instead of submitting to the sentence lawfully passed upon him, this man, with some abettors of his ambition, took possession of the town of Wimburn on the south-west coast, vowing to hold it, or to perish. But he did not keep his oath; at the approach of the English people, he fled, without coming to an engagement, and betaking himself to the Danes in Northumbria, became a heathen, and a pirate. They appointed him commander of the war against his countrymen. The rejected pretender to the throne made a pillaging inroad upon the lands of those who would not have him for their king, and was killed in the ranks of the foreigners whom he had led. Then king Edward assumed the offensive against the Danes; he regained from them the eastern coast, from the mouth of the Thames to

the 'gulf of Boston, and confined them to their northern possessions by a line of fortresses, erected in front of the Humber. His successor Æthelstan passed the Humber, took the town of York, and forced the settlers of the Scandinavian race to swear obedience to him. One of the Danish chiefs was conducted with honour to the palace of the Saxon king, and admitted to his table; but four days of a peaceful life were sufficient to disgust him; he escaped, gained the sea, and re-entered a pirate vessel, as incapable, says the ancient historian, as a fish of living out of the water.

The Saxon army advanced as far as the shores of the Tweed, and Northumbria was added to the territories under the dominion of Æthelstan, the first of all the English kings who reigned over the whole of England. In the flush of this victory the Anglo-Saxons overleapt their old northern boundary, and made an invasion on the Picts and Scots, and on the colony of ancient Britons, who inhabited the Vale of the Clyde. These various nations allied themselves with the Danes from beyond sea, to deliver their countrymen from the power of the southern men. Olave, or Aulaf, the son of Sigræ, the last Danish king of Northumbria, was made generalissimo of the confederated armies, in which were joined to the men from the Baltic, the Danes of the Orkades, the Gauls of the Hebrides, armed with long two-handed broadswords, which they called *glaz-mores* or great swords, the Gauls from the foot of the Grampian Hills, and the Cambrians of Dumbarton and Galloway, who carried long slender javelins. The two armies came to an engagement north of the Humber, in a place called in the Saxon language Brunan-burh, or the town of springs. The victory was decided in favour of the English, who drove the confederates back to their ships, their islands, and their mountains. The conquerors named this the day of the great fight, and sang of it in the national songs, of which some fragments are still preserved.

[We subjoin this famous song of the battle of Brunanburh, from the translation of the Anglo Saxon Chronicle in the "Monumenta Historica." Mr. George Darley, who has written a spirited tragedy on the story of Æthelstan (or Æthelstan), says: "The Saxon Ode on Brunanburh Battle has always moved my heart more than a trumpet. That was the hardest-fought field, say our Chronicles, before Hastings, and all but as momentous in its political consequences."]

Here Æthelstan, king,
of eorls the lord,
of beorns the bracclet-giver,
and his brother æko
Eadmund etheling,
life-long-glory,
in battle won
with edges of swords
near Brunan-burh.
The broad-wall they clove
they hewed the war-lindens.

Hamora lafan
Offspring of Eadward,
such was their noble nature
from their ancestors,
that they in battle oft
'gainst every foe
the land defended,
hours and homes.

The foe they crushed,
 The Scottish people
 and the shipmen
 fated fell.
 The field 'dænicede'
 with warriors blood,
 since the sun up
 at morning tide,
 mighty planet,
 glided o'er grounds,
 God's candle bright,
 the eternal Soul's,
 till the noble creature
 sank to her settle.
 There lay many a warrior
 by javelins strowed ;
 Northern man
 over shield shot ;
 so the Scots eke,
 weary, war-sad.
 West-Saxons onwards
 throughout the day,
 in bands,
 pursued the footsteps
 of the loathed nations.
 They hewed the fugitives
 behind, amain,
 with swords mill-sharp.
 Mercians refused not
 the hard hand-plug
 to any heroes
 who with Aulaf,
 over the ocean,
 in the ship's bosom,
 this land sought
 fated to the fight.
 Five lay
 on the battle-stead,
 youthful kings,
 by swords in slumber laid :
 so seven eke
 of Aulaf's corls ;
 of the army countless,
 shipmen and Scots.
 There was made flee
 the north-men's chieftain,
 by need constrained,
 to the ship's prow
 with a little band.
 The bark drove afloat :
 the king departed
 on the fallow flood,

his life preserved.
 So there eke the sage
 came by flight
 to his country north,
 Constantine,
 hoary warrior.
 He had no cause to exult
 in the communion of swords.
 Here was his kindred band
 of friends o'erthrown
 on the folk-stead,
 in battle slain;
 and his son he left
 on the slaughter-place,
 mangled with wounds,
 young in the fight:
 he had no cause to boast,
 beorn grizzly-haired,
 on the vile clashing,
 the old deceiver;
 nor Aulf the meek,
 with the remnant of their armies;
 they had no cause to laugh
 that they in war's works
 the better men were
 in the battle stead,
 at the conflict of banners,
 meeting of spears,
 concourse of men,
 traffic of weapons;
 that they on the slaughter field
 with Ladward's
 offspring played.

The north-men departed
 in their nailed barks;
 bloody relic of darts,
 on dinges' ocean
 o'er the deep water
 Dublin to seek,
 again Ireland,
 shamed in mind.

So to the brothers,
 both together,
 king and cheleng,
 their country sought,
 West-Saxons' land,
 in the war exulting.
 They left behind them,
 the corse to devour,
 the sallowy 'pada'
 and the swart raven
 with horned neb,

and the dusky *épada*,
 crue white-tailed,
 the corse to enjoy,
 greedy war-hawk,
 and the grey beast,
 wolf of the wood.
 Carnage greater has not been
 in this island
 ever yet
 of people slain,
 before this,
 by edges of swords,
 as books us say,
 old writers,
 since from the east hither
 Angles and Saxons
 came to land,
 o'er the broad seas
 Britain sought,
 mighty war-smiths,
 the Welsh o'ercame,
 eorls most bold,
 this earth obtained.

22.—EDWIN THE FAIR.

HENRY TAYLOR.

[Mr. Taylor's Drama of 'Edwin the Fair' is full of grace and power, seizing, we have no doubt, upon the great historical truths of that age. We give a scene, with an extract from the Preface.]

Mr. Turner's learned and elaborate work has done much to make the Anglo-Saxon times better known than they were formerly, and we have ceased to regard them as antecedent to the dawn of civilization amongst us, or as destitute of the spiritual and chivalric features by which in reality some of the subsequent centuries (though not those *immediately* subsequent) were less distinguished than they. Of the dark ages, in this country, the tenth century was hardly so dark as the fifteenth; and if the aspects of each could be distinctly traced, the civil wars of the Anglo-Saxons would probably excite a deeper interest than struggles such as those of the Houses of York and Lancaster, in which there was no religious and hardly any political principle at stake. Indeed though the three centuries which preceded the Conquest were on the whole less enlightened than the three which followed it, yet the Anglo-Saxon times furnish examples of both the Hero and the Scholar, which the Norman can hardly match; and perhaps the real distinction between the periods is, that amongst the Anglo-Saxons, learning and ignorance, and rudeness and refinement, co-existed in stronger contrast.

But even when Anglo-Saxon history was less read and otherwise understood than it is now, some interest was always felt in the reign of Edwin the Fair. There was left to us little more than the outline of a tragic story; in some parts, indeed, even less—for here and there the outline itself is broken and wavering; but the little that was known was romantic enough to have impressed itself upon the popular mind, and the tale of 'Elvy and Elgiva' had been current in the nursery long before it came to be studied as an historical question.

Edwin's contemporaneous annalists, being Monks, were his natural enemies; and their enmity is sufficiently apparent in their writings. But notwithstanding all their efforts, and all the influence which the monastic orders undoubtedly possessed over the English populace of the tenth century, there is reason to think that the interest taken in Edwin's story may have dated from his own times. His name having been supplanted by its diminutive 'Edwy,' seems to indicate a sentiment of tenderness and pity as popularly connected with him from the first; and his surname of 'The All-Fair' (given him, says the Monk Ingulphus, "*pro nimia pulchritudine*"), may be construed as a farther indication that the success of the monastic faction in decrying him with the people, was not so complete as the merely political events of his reign might lead us to suppose.

Whilst the details of his story are left, with one or two exceptions, to our imagination, the main course of the struggle in which he was engaged, represents in strong and vivid colours the spirit of the times. It was a spirit which exercises human nature in its highest faculties and deepest feelings—the spirit of religious enthusiasm; a spirit which never fails to produce great men and to give an impulse to the mind of a nation; but one which commonly passes into a spirit of ecclesiastic discord, and which cannot then be cast out without tearing the body. In the tenth century it vented itself in a war of religious opinion.

An apartment leading to an Oratory in the Royal residence at Sheen.

As the Scene opens, EDWIN and ELGIVA are discovered before the altar in the Oratory, and RICOLA, the King's Chaplain, is joining their hands. They all three then advance out of the Oratory to the front.

Ricola. So be ye one from this time forth for ever,
And God for ever be your gracious guide,
In love and peace to live! A hasty rite
Hath solemnized your nuptials; not the less
Be ye observant of the sacred bonds
Wherein ye stand contracted for all time.
My sovereign Lord and Lady, ye are young,
And these are times and yours beyond compare
Stations of trial: be ye each to each
Helpful, and fullest of comfort, next to God.
And so, my blessing poured in tears upon you,
I bid you well to fare.

Edwin. My honoured friend,
We thank you for this service, one of many,
But of the many greatest. For awhile
Our secret kept, the Queen abides with you.
I must return to Kingston; but ere midnight
Once more you'll see me here. Farewell till then.
Shortly the Queen shall follow you.

[Exit Ricola.]

Elgiva!
Oh, past expression beautiful and dear,
And now my own for ever! Let my soul
Be satisfied, for 'tis a joy so great
To know thee mine, that nature for my bound
Seems insufficient, and my spirit yearns
Intent with thee to pass from this pale earth

Into that rosy and celestial clime
Where life is ever thus.

Elgiva. How joy fulfilled
Makes the heart tremble! Now no change can come
That is not to be feared.

Re-enter RICOLA.

Ricola. My lord, my liege,
Forgive me—but I fear * * * I'm old, my lord,
And shake at trifles, but I strangely fear
That mischief is afoot.

Edwin. At Kingston?

Ricola. There,
And coming hitherward; the poor fool Grimbald
Came flying like the scud o' the storm before,
To warn you.

Edwin. And what saith he? Call him in.

RICOLA goes to the door, and returns with GRIMBALD.

Edwin. Well, my good fool, and what hast thou to tell?

Grimbald.

*There was grace after meat with a fist on the board,
And down went the morat, and out flew the sword.*

Elgiva. Truce to thy calling for a while, good fool,
And tell us plainly what befell.

Grimbald. By the ears
The nobles went together; in the fray
The Horse-Thane and the Dish-Thane were o'erborne
And sent to prison. Then I took to my heels
To bring you word.

Elgiva. Earl Athulf? Where is he?

Grimbald. He stood against Harecather hand to hand
When I departed; but I know no more.

Enter the QUEEN MOTHER.

Queen Mother. So you are here, my son, and madam, you?
And is it for this you scurry from your place
Is it for this you quit your noble guests?
Is it for this you ~~lose~~ the kingdom? Yea,
To shelling of blood—for there has blood been shed—
For nought but this? Oh, fie! for dalliance—oh!
And whilst you waste the hours in wantonness * * *

Edwin. Good mother, speak of what you know. Not here
Was either wantonness or waste of time.
You little think how little idly spent
Has been the hour that's gone.

Queen Mother. How spent? oh, son!
But here come those can speak. So! here they come!

*Enter DUNSTAN and ODO, with two or three Thanes following, who are gradually
augmented as the scene proceeds till the stage is filled with DUNSTAN'S adherents.*

Ricola. Wilt please you to withdraw?

Elgiva.

I thank you, no.

Edwin. Wherefore is this, my lord Archbishop? Why
Dost thou pursue me to my privacy?
When I did leave you 'twas my will to leave you.
Am I your king, or am I not?

Odo.

Sir, sir,

'Tis true, with suffrage of the Witeana,
You were anointed with the holy oil
And crowned this day by me. But deem not thence
That you are free to spurn us. Rather deem
That calls more urgent, bonds of stricter claim
Enjoin the duties of your sovereignty;
Amongst which duties eminently first
Is this, that when your lords and councillors,
The pillars of the realm, in conference meet,
You should be with them, wisely there to learn
From the assembled wisdom of the state.

Edwin. 'Twas for carousal, not for conference,
They met to-day.

Dunstan. Sirs, stand ye all apart,

And suffer that I reason with the king,
Whose youth betrays him. Oh unruly flesh!
Oh wanton blood of youth! the primal sin!
The first offender still! The original snare!
Perdition came of woman, and alway since,
When time was big with mischief and mischance,
He felt his forelock in a soft white hand.

Elgiva. Of woman say'st thou that perdition came?
'Twas of the serpent, priest.

Queen Mother.

What, break'st thou in?

Thou bold and naughty jade! Thou pit! Thou snare!

Edwin. Oh, mother, hold! Know you at whom you rail?
Deem her your daughter, or me not your son.

Queen Mother.

Thou art not and thou shalt not be my son,
If thou demean'st thyself to her—a witch!
A practiser of sorceries!

Edwin [*kneeling*]. Oh God!

I pray thee that thou shorten not my days,
Ceasing to honour this disnatured flesh—
That was my mother.

Elgiva.

Never was she that:

Oh, Edwin, had God granted thee a mother,
What honour had we rendered her!

Dunstan.

Thou dardest

And see'st thou in what presence? Be thou warned!
Thy witcheries that inflame this carnal king
Far other fires shall kindle in the church—
The channel as of mercies, so of wrath.
Thou stand'st before its excellent Archbishop,
And me, its humblest minister: men both
Dead to the flesh and loathing from their souls

To company with women! To us thy charms
Are flat and futile as thy sins are sharp,
And spur us to that vengeance God inflicts
Through us, on scorners.

Edwin. Heed them not, *Elgiva*.

Elgiva. Content thee! never were they heeded less
By God or by his angels than by me.

Edwin. Insolent churchmen! *You* renounce the world!
All in it that is loving or can be loved,
You'll teach yourselves and others to renounce,
Because cold vanities with meagre heats
Alternate have consumed you to the core,
And given your hearts the dry-rot. Meddlesome monks!
The love it is not in you or to feel
For women, or from womankind to win,
You ostentatiously deny yourselves,
As atrophy denies itself to fatten.

Elgiva. What worth are you to us, that set no store
By you or by your threats? I tell thee, priest,
I do make no account of thee.

Dunstan. Fly hence,
Pale prostitute! Avaunt, rebellious fiend,
Which speakest through her!

Elgiva. And I tell thee more,
I am thy sovereign mistress and thy queen.

Edwin. My lawful wedded wife.

Queen-Mother. Ah, woe is me!

Odo. Thy lawful wife? How lawful? By what law?
Incest and fornication!

Dunstan. Who art thou?
I see thee, and I know thee—yea, I smell thee
Again 'tis Satan meets me front to front,
Again I triumph! Where and by what rite,
And by what miscreant minister of God
And rotten member, was this mockery,
That was no marriage, made to seem a marriage?

Ricola. Lord abbot, by no * * * * *

Dunstan. What then, was it thou?
The church doth cut thee off and pluck thee out
A Synod shall be summoned! Chains for both
Chains for this harlot, and for this cloy priest!
Oh wall of Jezreel!

Edwin. Villains, stand ye back!
Stand from the queen * * * * * Oh, had I but a sword!
What—felons! Ye shall hang for this ere long.
Loose me or I will * * * *

Odo. Sir, be calm, and know
'Tis for your own behoof and for your crown's.

Elgiva. Be of good comfort; Edwin we shall meet
Where none can part us. Are ye men? Hold off!
I will not put you to that shame to force me.

[*She is taken out.*]

Odo. Thou queen ! Go, get thee gone ! A crown for thee !
No, nor a head to put it on to-morrow.

Queen-Mother. Alack ! the law is sharp. But Gurmo, run,
See she have Christian burial ; speed thee, Gurmo.

Dunstan. Madam, your pardon. Gurmo, wait on me.

Edwin. Elgiva, oh Elgiva ! Oh, my wife !

I'll find thee friends, though now * * * * Oh, traitors ! slaves !

When I have raised my force, I'll bring you bound

With halters round your necks, to lick the dust

Before her footstool. I will have you scourged

By hangmen's hands in every market town—

Yes, you, my lords !—O woman, get thee hence !

I cast thee from me, and I curse the fate

That made thy hateful womb my habitation

Ere my blind soul could chuse. Perfidious monk !

Smilest thou, villain ! But I will raise a force * * * [*Erit.*

Dunstan. Lord Primate, thou hast crowned a baby's brow.

May it please you follow, lest he come to harm. [*Erit Odo.*

Friends, quit not my Lord Primate. Follow all.

[*Exeunt all but HARCATHER, who stays behind on a sign from DUNSTAN.*

Harcather, haste ; convey Elgiva hence

With speed to Chester, and in strictest ward

Confine her there ; but keep her life untouched. [*Erit HARCATHER.*

So shall we brandish o'er the enamoured king

A trenchant terror.—See we next what friends

Will steal us in the Synod.—Break, thou storm !

My soul is ready. Try thy strength against me.

23.—EDGAR AND ELFRIDA

HUME.

This prince, who mounted the throne in early youth, soon discovered an excellent capacity in the administration of affairs ; and his reign is one of the most fortunate that we meet with in the ancient English history. He showed no aversion to war ; he made the wisest preparations against invaders ; and by this vigour and foresight he was enabled, without any danger of suffering insults, to indulge his inclination towards peace, and to employ himself in supporting and improving the internal government of his kingdom. He maintained a body of disciplined troops : which he quartered in the north, in order to keep the mutinous Northumbrians in subjection, and to repel the inroads of the Scots. He built and supported a powerful navy ; and that he might retain the seamen in the practice of their duty, and always present a formidable armament to his enemies, he stationed three squadrons off the coast, and ordered them to make, from time to time, the circuit of his dominions. The foreign Danes dared not to approach a country which appeared in such a posture of defence. The domestic Danes saw inevitable destruction to be the consequence of their tumults and insurrections. The neighbouring sovereigns, the King of Scotland, the Prince of Wales, of the Isle of Man, of the Orkneys, and even of Ireland, were reduced to pay submission to so formidable a

monarch. He carried his superiority to a great height, and might have excited an universal combination against him, had not his power been so well established as to deprive his enemies of all hopes of shaking it. It is said, that residing once at Chester, and having purposed to go by water to the abbey of St. John the Baptist, he obliged eight of his tributary princes to row him in a barge upon the Dee. The English historians are fond of mentioning the name of Kenneth III., King of Scots, among the number: the Scottish historians either deny the fact, or assert that their king, if ever he acknowledged himself a vassal to Edgar, did him homage, not for his crown, but for the dominions which he held in England.

But the chief means by which Edgar maintained his authority, and preserved public peace, was the paying of court to Dunstan, and the monks who had at first placed him on the throne, and who, by their pretensions to superior sanctity and purity of manners, had acquired an ascendant over the people. He favoured their scheme for dispossessing the secular canons of all the monasteries; he bestowed preferment on none but their partizans; he allowed Dunstan to resign the see of Worcester into the hands of Oswald, one of his creatures; and to place Ethelwold, another of them, in that of Winchester; he consulted these prelates in the administration of all ecclesiastical, and even in that of many civil affairs; and though the vigour of his own genius prevented him from being implicitly guided by them, the king and the bishops found such advantage in their mutual agreement, that they always acted in concert, and united their influence in preserving the peace and tranquillity of the kingdom.

In order to complete the great work of placing the new order of monks in all the convents, Edgar summoned a general council of the prelates and the heads of the religious orders. He here inveighed against the dissolute lives of the secular clergy; the smallness of their tonsure, which, it is probable, maintained no longer any resemblance to the crown of thorns; their negligence in attending the exercise of their function; their mixing with the laity in the pleasures of gaming, hunting, dancing, and singing; and their openly living with concubines, by which it is commonly supposed he meant their wives. He then turned himself to Dunstan the primate; and in the name of King Edred, whom he supposed to look down from heaven with indignation against all those enormities, he thus addressed him: "It is you, Dunstan, by whose advice I founded monasteries, built churches, and expended my treasure, in the support of religion and religious houses. You were my counsellor and assisted in all my schemes. You were the director of my conscience. To you I was obedient in all things. When did you call for supplies, which I refused you? Was my assistance ever wanting to the poor? Did I deny support and establishments to the clergy and the convents? Did I not hearken to your instructions, who told me that these charities were, of all others, the most grateful to my maker, and fixed a perpetual fund for the support of religion? And are all our pious endeavours now frustrated by the dissolute lives of the priests? Not that I know any blame on you: you have reasoned, besought, inculcated, inveighed: but it now behoves you to use sharper and more vigorous remedies; and corjoining your spiritual authority with the civil power, to purge effectually the temple of God from thieves and intruders." "It is easy to imagine, that this harangue had the desired effect; and that, when the king and prelates thus concurred with the popular prejudices, it was not long before the monks prevailed, and established their new discipline in almost all the convents.

We may remark, that the declamations against the secular clergy are, both here and in all the histories, conveyed in general terms; and as that order of men are commonly restrained by the decency of their character, it is difficult to believe that the complaints against their dissolute manners could be so universally just as is

pretended. It is more probable that the monks paid court to the populace by an affected austerity of life ; and representing the most innocent liberties, taken by the other clergy, as great and unpardonable enormities, thereby prepared the way for the increase of their own power and influence. Edgar, however, like a true politician, concurred with the prevailing party, and he even indulged them in pretensions, which, though they might, when complied with, engage the monks to support royal authority during his own reign, proved afterwards dangerous to his successors, and gave disturbance to the whole civil power. He seconded the policy of the court of Rome, in granting to some monasteries an exemption from episcopal jurisdiction. He allowed the convents, even those of royal foundation, to usurp the election of their own abbot : and he admitted their forgeries of ancient charters by which, from the pretended grant of former kings, they assumed many privileges and immunities.

These merits of Edgar have procured him the highest panegyrics from the monks ; and he is transmitted to us, not only under the character of a consummate statesman and an active prince, praises to which he seems to have been justly entitled, but under that of a great saint and a man of virtue. But nothing could more betray both his hypocrisy in inveighing against the licentiousness of the secular clergy, and the interested spirit of his partizans, in bestowing such eulogies on his piety, than the usual tenor of his conduct, which was licentious to the highest degree, and violated every law, human and divine.

Elfrida was daughter and heir of Olgar, Earl of Devonshire ; and though she had been educated in the country, and had never appeared at court, she had filled all England with the reputation of her beauty. Edgar himself, who was indifferent to no accounts of this nature, found his curiosity excited by the frequent panegyrics which he heard of Elfrida ; and reflecting on her noble birth, he resolved, if he found her charms answerable to their fame, to obtain possession of her on honourable terms. He communicated his intentions to Earl Athelwold, his favourite ; but used the precaution, before he made any advances to her parents, to order that nobleman, on some pretence to pay them a visit, and to bring him a certain account of the beauty of their daughter. Athelwold, when introduced to the young lady found general report to have fallen short of the truth ; and being actuated by the most vehement love, he determined to sacrifice to this new passion his fidelity to his master, and to the trust reposed in him. He returned to Edgar, and told him, that the riches alone, and high quality of Elfrida, had been the ground of the admiration paid her, and that her charms, far from being anywise extraordinary, would have been overlooked in a woman of inferior station. When he had, by this decent, diverted the king from his purpose, he took an opportunity, after some interval, of turning again the conversation on Elfrida. He remarked, that though the parentage and fortune of the lady had not produced on her, as on others, any illusion with regard to her beauty, he could not forbear reflecting that she would, on the whole, be an advantageous match for him, and might by her birth and riches, make him sufficient compensation for the homeliness of her person. If the king, therefore, gave his approbation, he was determined to make proposals in his own behalf to the Earl of Devonshire, and doubted not to obtain his, as well as the young lady's consent to the marriage. Edgar, pleased with an expedient for establishing his favourite's fortune, not only exhorted him to execute his purpose, but forwarded his success by his recommendations to the parents of Elfrida ; and Athelwold was soon made happy in the possession of his mistress. Dreading, however, the detection of the artifice, he employed every pretence for detaining Elfrida in the country, and for keeping her at a distance from Edgar.

The violent passion of Athelwold had rendered him blind to the necessary con-

sequences which must attend his conduct, and the advantages which the numerous enemies that always pursue a royal favourite, would, by its means, be able to make against him. Edgar was soon informed of the truth ; but before he would execute vengeance on Athelwold's treachery, he resolved to satisfy himself with his own eyes of the certainty and full extent of his guilt. He told him, that he intended to pay him a visit in his castle, and be introduced to the acquaintance of his new-married wife ; and Athelwold, as he could not refuse the honour, only craved leave to go before him a few hours, that he might better prepare everything for his reception. He then discovered the whole matter to Elfrida ; and begged her, if she had any regard either to her own honour or his life, to conceal from Edgar, by every circumstance of dress and behaviour, that fatal beauty which had seduced him from fidelity to his friend, and had betrayed him into so many falsehoods. Elfrida promised compliance, though nothing was farther from her intentions. She deemed herself little beholden to Athelwold for a passion which had deprived her of a crown ; and knowing the force of her own charms, she did not despair even yet of reaching that dignity, of which her husband's artifice had bereaved her." She appeared before the king with all the advantages which the richest attire and the most engaging airs could bestow upon her, and she excited at once in his bosom the highest love towards herself, and the most furious desire of revenge against her husband. He knew, however, to dissemble these passions ; and seducing Athelwold into a wood, on pretence of hunting, he stabbed him with his own hand, and soon after publicly espoused Elfrida.

24.—THE DANISH POWER.

BURKE.

Edgar had two wives, Ellsada and Elfrida ; by the first he had a son called Edward. The second bore him one, called Etheldred. On Edgar's death Edward, in the usual order of succession,* was called to the throne ; but Elfrida caballed in favour of her son ; and finding it impossible to set him up in the life of his brother, she murdered him with her own hands in her castle of Corfe, whither he had retired to refresh himself, wearied with hunting. Etheldred, who by the crimes of his mother ascended a throne sprinkled with his brother's blood, had a part to act, which exceeded the capacity that could be expected in one of his youth and inexperience. The partisans of the secular clergy, who were kept down by the vigour of Edgar's government, thought this a fit time to renew their pretensions. The monks defended themselves in their possession ; there was no moderation on either side, and the whole nation joined in these parties. The murder of Edward threw an odious stain on the king, though he was wholly innocent of that crime. There was a general discontent ; and every corner was full of murmurs and cabals. In this state of the kingdom it was equally dangerous to exert the fullness of the sovereign authority, or to suffer it to relax. The temper of the king was most inclined to the latter method, which is of all things the worst. A weak government, too easy, suffers evils to grow, which often make the most rigorous and illegal proceedings necessary. Through an extreme lenity it is on some occasions tyrannical. This was the condition of Etheldred's nobility ; who by being permitted everything, were never contented.

Thus all the principal men held a sort of factious and independent authority ; they despised the king ; they oppressed the people, and they hated one another. The Danes, in every part of England but Wessex as numerous as the English themselves, and in many parts more numerous, were ready to take advantage of these disorders ; and waited with impatience some new attempt from abroad, that they might rise in

favour of the invaders. They were not long without such an occasion ; the Danes pour in almost upon every part at once, and distract the defence which the weak prince was preparing to make.

In those days of wretchedness and ignorance, when all the maritime parts of Europe were attacked by these formidable enemies at once, they never thought of entering into any alliance against them ; they equally neglected the other obvious method to prevent their incursions, which was, to carry the war into the invader's country.

What aggravated these calamities, the nobility, mostly disaffected to the king, and entertaining very little regard to their country, made, some of them, a weak and cowardly opposition to the enemy ; some actually betrayed their trust ; some even were found, who undertook the trade of piracy themselves. It was in this condition, that Edric, Duke of Mercia, a man of some ability, but light, inconstant, and utterly devoid of all principle, proposed to buy a peace from the Danes. The general weakness and consternation disposed the king and the people to take this pernicious advice. At first, 10,000*l.* was given to the Danes, who retired with this money and the rest of their plunder. The English were now, for the first time, taxed to supply this payment. The imposition was called Danegelt, not more burthensome in the thing, than scandalous in the name. The scheme of purchasing peace not only gave rise to many internal hardships, but, whilst it weakened the kingdom, it inspired such a desire of invading it to the enemy, that Sweyn, king of Denmark, came in person soon after with a prodigious fleet and army. The English, having once found the method of diverting the storm by an inglorious bargain, could not bear to think of any other way of resistance. A greater sum, 48,000*l.* was now paid, which the Danes accepted with pleasure, as they could by this means exhaust their enemies and enrich themselves with little danger or trouble. With very short intermissions they still returned, continually increasing their demands. In a few years they extorted upwards of 160,000*l.* from the English, besides an annual tribute of 48,000*l.* The country was wholly exhausted both of money and spirit. The Danes in England, under the protection of the foreign Danes, committed a thousand insolencies ; and so infatuated with stupidity and baseness were the English at this time, that they employed hardly any other soldiers for their defence.

In this state of shame and misery, their sufferings suggested to them a design rather desperate than brave. They resolved on a massacre of the Danes : some authors say, that in one night the whole race was cut off. Many, probably all the military men, were so destroyed. But this massacre, injudicious as it was, cruel, was certainly not universal ; nor did it serve any other or better end than to exasperate those of the same nation abroad ; who the next year landed in England with a powerful army to revenge it, and committed outrages even beyond the usual tenour of the Danish cruelty. There was in England no money left to purchase a peace, nor courage to wage a successful war ; and the King of Denmark, Sweyn, a prince of capacity, at the head of a large body of brave and enterprising men, soon mastered the whole kingdom, except London. Etheldred, abandoned by fortune and his subjects, was forced to fly into Normandy.

As there was no good order in the English affairs, though continually alarmed, they were always surprised ; they were only roused to arms by the cruelty of the enemy ; and they were only formed into a body by being driven from their homes ; so that they never made a resistance until they seemed to be entirely conquered. This may serve to account for the frequent sudden reductions of the island, and the frequent renewals of their fortune when it seemed the most desperate. Sweyn, in the midst of his victories, dies ; and, though succeeded by his son Canute, who inherited his father's resolution their affairs were thrown into some disorder by

this accident. The English were encouraged by it. Etheldred was recalled, and the Danes retired out of the kingdom, but it was only to return the next year with a greater and better appointed force. Nothing seemed able to oppose them. The king dies. A great part of the land was surrendered, without resistance, to Canute. Edmund, the eldest son of Etheldred, supported, however, the declining hopes of the English for some time; in three months he fought three victorious battles; he attempted a fourth, but lost it by the base desertion of Edric, the principal cause of all these troubles. It is common with the conquered side to attribute all their misfortunes to the treachery of their own party. They choose to be thought subdued by the treachery of their friends, rather than the superior bravery of their enemies. All the old historians talk in this strain; and it must be acknowledged, that all adherents to a declining party have many temptations to infidelity.

Edmund, defeated but not discouraged, retreated to the Severn, where he recruited his forces. Canute followed at his heels. And now the two armies were drawn up, which were to decide the fate of England; when it was proposed to determine the war by single combat between the two kings. Neither was unwilling; the Isle of Alney, in the Severn, was chosen for the lists; Edmund had the advantage by the greatness of his strength, Canute by his address; for when Edmund had so far prevailed as to disarm him, he proposed a parley; in which he persuaded Edmund to a peace, and to a division of the kingdom. Their armies accepted the agreement; and both kings departed in a seeming friendship. But Edmund died soon after, with a probable suspicion of being murdered by the instruments of his associate in the empire.

Canute on this event assembled the states of the kingdom, by whom he was acknowledged King of England. He was a prince truly great; for having acquired the kingdom by his valour, he maintained and improved it by his justice and clemency. Choosing rather to rule by the inclination of his subjects than the right of conquest, he dismissed his Danish army, and committed his safety to the laws. He re-established the order and tranquillity which so long a series of bloody wars had banished. He revived the ancient statutes of the Saxon princes; and governed through his whole reign with such steadiness and moderation, that the English were much happier under this foreign prince than they had been under their natural kings. Canute, though the beginning of his reign was stained with those marks of violence and injustice which attend conquest, was remarkable in his latter end for his piety. According to the mode of that time, he made a pilgrimage to Rome, with a view to expiate the crimes which paved his way to the throne; but he made a good use of this peregrination, and returned full of the observations he had made in the country through which he passed, which he turned to the benefit of his extensive dominions. They comprehended England, Denmark, Norway, and many of the countries which lie upon the Baltick. Those he left, established in peace and security, to his children. The fate of his northern possessions is not of this place. England fell to his son Harold; though not without much competition in favour of the sons of Edmund Ironside; while some contended for the right of the sons of Etheldred, Alfred and Edward. Harold inherited none of the virtues of Canute; he banished his mother Emma, murdered his half-brother Alfred, and died without issue after a short reign full of violence, weakness, and cruelty.

His brother Hardicanute, who succeeded him, resembled him in his character; he committed new cruelties and injustices in revenging those which his brother had committed, and he died after a yet shorter reign. The Danish power, established with so much blood, expired of itself; and Edward, the only surviving son

of Etheldred, then an exile in Normandy, was called to the throne by the unanimous voice of the kingdom.

25.—CANUTE.

C. MAC FARLANE.

Unlike his father Sweyn, Canute was a thorough and an enthusiastic Christian. His father had permitted the worshippers of Odin to destroy the Christian churches and to revive the abominations of human sacrifices; but Canute laid the pagan temples prostrate, shattered the grim idols, and forbade the inhuman rites. He built many churches, and drew good preachers and teachers into Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, by liberally granting them houses and lands. He had the glory of completing the conversion of the Scandinavian race, and of destroying a faith which was calculated to perpetuate the spirit of war and cruelty. By his exertions and encouragement the Gospel was firmly established in all the cultivated districts; the old idolatry was driven to the sequestered woods and wilds in the isles of Fionia, Lardland, and Lulster, where some faint vestiges of it are still to be traced in popular usages and traditions; churches, cathedrals, monasteries and abbeys, with their several schools and out-chapels, were erected, and filled in good part with Saxon priests, who gave back to Scandinavia the spiritual benefits their forefathers had received from the Italian missionaries of Pope Gregory, and who also imparted many temporal advantages by teaching the Danes and Norwegians sundry arts which they had hitherto neglected and despised.

The tranquillity of England, which could have been secured only by wise and good government, was so perfect, that he was enabled to absent himself from the island frequently, and for long intervals, during none of which there appears to have been the least commotion or disaffection. Under his rule the country recovered rapidly from the desolation it had suffered, and assumed that aspect of internal tranquillity and prosperity which it had enjoyed during the last years of the reign of King Alfred. Like that great sovereign, Canute was cheerful and accessible to all his subjects, whether Danes or Saxons, and took great pleasure in old songs and ballads, and in the society of poets and musicians. He most liberally patronised the scalds, minstrels, and gleemen,—the musicians and poets of the time,—and wrote verses himself in the Anglo-Saxon dialect which were orally circulated among the common people, and taken up and sung by them in the streets and market-places. His popularity was hereby greatly increased. It does not appear that he possessed anything like the learning and literary industry of the great Alfred, but his acquirements must, for the time in which he lived, have been very considerable, and he must always take rank among the “royal authors.” A ballad of his composition long continued to be a favourite with the English people. All of it is lost except the first verse, which has been preserved through the monkish chroniclers of the great house of Ely, who were more interested than all other men in its preservation, for it was written in praise of their establishment, to which Canute and his queen were great benefactors. The interesting royal fragment is simply this:—

Merie sungeþ the muneches binnen Ely
 Tha Cnut Ching rew there by;
 Roweth, enihtes, noer the land,
 And here we thes muneches saeng.

That is literally,—

Merrily (sweetly) sung the monks within Ely
 (When) that Cnut King rowed thereby;
 Row, knights, near the land,
 And hear we these monks' song.

Being in verse and in rhyme, it is thought that Canute's words are reported in their original form; or that they cannot at any rate have been much altered. The verses are said to have been suggested to the royal Dane one day as he was rowing with some of his warlike chiefs on the river Neve near Ely Minster, by hearing the sweet and solemn music of the monastic choir floating on the air and along the tranquil water. The Ely historian says that in his day, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, the song was publicly sung among the people, and remembered in proverbs.

The monks say that he had a singular affection for the fen-country, and for their church, which was even then a magnificent structure; and that he several times took occasion to keep the festival of the Purification of the Virgin Mary with great solemnity and a boundless hospitality at Ely Abbey. They tell one story which is both picturesque and humorous.

One year, at the season of the Purification, the weather was uncommonly severe, and all the rivers, meres, and surrounding waters were frozen over. The courtiers recommended the king to put off his visit to Ely, and keep that holy festival in some other godly house, whither he might repair without the risk of being drowned under breaking ice; but such was the love the king bore to the abbot and monks of Ely, that he could not be prevailed upon to take this advice. Canute proposed going over the ice by Soham mere, which was then an immense sheet of water, declaring that if any one would go before and show him the way, he would be the first to follow. The courtiers and soldiers hesitated, and looked at one another with some confusion. But there chanced to be standing among the crowd one Brithmer, a churl or serf, a native of the Isle of Ely, and nicknamed Budde or Pudding, from his stoutness; and this fat man stood forth and said that he would go before the king and show him the way. "Then go on in the name of our Lady," said Canute, "and I will follow; for if the ice on Soham mere can bear a man so large and fat as thou art, it will not break under the weight of a small thin man like me!" And so the churl went forward, and Canute the Great followed him, and the courtiers, one by one, and with intervals between, followed the king; and they all got safely across the mere, with no other mishap than a few slips and tumbles on the slippery ice, and Canute even as he had proposed kept the festival of the Purification with the monks of Ely. And in recompense for his opportune services the fat man Brithmer was made a free man, and his little property was made free; "and so," concludes the chronicler, "Brithmer's posterity continue in our days to be freemen, and to enjoy their possessions as free by virtue of the grant made by the king to their forefather."

In the year 1030 our great monarch of the north made a pilgrimage to Rome, with a view, it is said, to expiate the bloodshed and crimes which paved his way to the English throne. There can be no reasonable doubt that his devotion and superstition had much to do with this long journey; but Canute may also have been impelled by other strong motives, for there was still much to learn, in government and the useful arts, at the eternal city, and it seems that a sort of royal and ecclesiastical congress had been appointed to meet there this year, to deliberate upon the means of bettering the condition of Christendom. Whatever were the mixed motives and objects of the journey, it is admitted that it was highly beneficial to the heart and understanding of Canute, and to the peoples over whom he ruled. He is represented as starting on his journey to Rome equipped like a common pilgrim, with a wallet on his back, and a pilgrim's staff in his hand; his earls, knights, and other attendants being equipped in the like manner. The departure and the journey must have abounded in picturesque incidents. Alfred when a boy had gone the same road with his father, had crossed the same stupendous moun-

tains by the same rugged paths, and had paused and knelt on the same sunny slopes from which the wayfarer catches the first view of the eternal city.

On recrossing the Alps, Canute did not make his way direct to England, but went into Denmark, where he stayed several months, having apparently still some troubles and difficulties to settle in that country, where his countrymen complained more than once of the partiality he showed to the English. He, however, dispatched the abbot of Tavistock with a long letter of explanation, command, advice, and exhortation, appressed to "Egelnoth the Metropolitan, to Archbishop Alfric, to the bishops and chiefs, and to all the nation of the English, both nobles and commoners, greeting." This interesting letter, remarkable for its mildness and simplicity, appears to have been carefully treasured. It is given entire by that best of English chroniclers William of Malmesbury, who was born about the time of the Norman conquest, and the substance of it is given by several old Danish and Norwegian chroniclers. It has been well said that it contrasts singularly with the early education of the son of the fierce and heathen Sweyn, and with the first acts of Canute's own reign. It begins with explaining the spiritual motives of his late pilgrimage, and the nature of the spiritual power of the successor of St. Peter. It then continues:—

"And be it known to you all, that at the solemn festival of Easter there was held a great assemblage of illustrious persons; to wit, the Pope John, the Emperor Conrad, and the chiefs of all the nations (*omnes principes gentium*) from Mount Garganus to our own northern sea. They all received me with distinction, and honoured me with rich presents. I have received vessels of gold and silver, and cloaks and garments of great price. I discoursed with the lord pope, the lord emperor, and the other princes, on the grievances of my people, English as well as Danes. I endeavoured to obtain for my people justice and security in their journeys to Rome; and above all, that they might not henceforward be delayed on the road by the shutting up of the mountain-passes, the erecting of barriers, and the exaction of heavy tolls. My demands were granted both by the emperor and King Rudolph, who are masters of most of the passes; and it was enacted that all my people, as well merchants as pilgrims, should go to Rome and return in full security, without being detained at the barriers, or forced to pay unlawful tolls. I also complained to the lord pope that such enormous sums had been extorted up to this day from my archbishops, when, according to custom, they went to the Apostolic See to obtain the pallium; and a decree was forthwith made that this grievance likewise should cease. Wherefore I return sincere thanks to God that I have successfully done all that I intended to do, and have fully satisfied all my wishes. And now, therefore, be it known to you all, that I have dedicated my life to God, to govern my kingdoms with justice, and to observe the right in all things. If in the time that is past, and in the violence and carelessness of youth, I have violated justice, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation. Therefore I beg and command those unto whom I have intrusted the government, as they wish to preserve my good will, and save their own souls, to do no injustice either to poor or rich. Let those who are noble and those who are not, equally obtain their rights, according to the laws, from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me, or through favour to the powerful, or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I want no money raised by injustice."

It is said that after the visit to Rome Canute was milder and juster than he had been before, and that inasmuch as he was concerned he acted up to the spirit of his famous letter. He reigned four or five years longer, and these appear to have been years of tranquillity and happiness for England. No power from beyond sea could touch our coast or dispute the sovereignty of the ocean with his fleets; and

the turbulent and marauding Scots, Cimbrians, and Welsh were chastised and kept in awe by his English militia. Malcolm, the Scottish king, is said to have become his liegeman, or to have acknowledged his supremacy. The "Basileus" or emperor of the Anglo-Saxons—for this was the title which Canute took to himself in the latter part of his reign—could thus boast that the English, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians were his subjects; and he was called the "King of Six Nations." Throughout Europe he was looked upon as the greatest of modern sovereigns. Conrad the emperor, who claimed to be the representative of the imperial Cæsars, and supreme head of the Christianised and holy Roman empire, might make a show of prouder titles, but in extent of real dominion, in wealth and power, Conrad was as nothing compared with Canute, the descendant of the pirates of Denmark. The ability, the energy, the industry, which could keep such vast and distant countries together, and bring so many barbarous, warlike, and cruel people within the pale of Christendom, must have been altogether extraordinary. The disservice which immediately followed his death is a proof that the union depended on the personal character and genius for government of Canute the Great. In England he had the rare art and happiness to make a conquered people forget that they had been conquered, and that he was a conqueror and an alien. When the first cruel excesses were over, and when his throne was established in peace, the Anglo-Saxons appear to have ceased to consider him as a foreigner. The chroniclers scarcely ever allude to his foreign birth: with them he is "Rex Noster—our King; our King, just and good; our pious King," &c. No doubt his accomplishments as a poet in the Anglo-Saxon language aided in bringing about this advantageous and rare result, which must have been further promoted by his reverence for the old Anglo-Saxon laws, by his zeal for the Christian religion, and by his exceeding liberality to the Anglo-Saxon church.

It was after his return from Rome and when he was in the plenitude of his power, that the following universally known incident is related of him and his flattering courtiers. One day, disgusted with their extravagant adulations, he determined to read these courtiers a practical lesson. He caused his golden throne to be placed on the verge of the sands on the sea-shore as the tide was rolling in with its resistless might, and putting his jewelled crown upon his head, and seating himself upon the throne, he addressed the ocean, and said—"Ocean! The land on which I sit is mine, and thou art a part of my dominion; therefore rise not, but obey my commands, nor presume to wet the edge of my royal robe." He sat for some time silent with his eye fixed on the broad water as if expecting obedience; but the sea rolled on in its immutable course, succeeding waves broke nearer and nearer to his feet, the spray flew in his face, and at length the skirts of his garment were wetted and his legs were bathed by the waves. Then, rising and turning to his flatterers, Canute said—"Confess now how frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king compared to that Great Power who rules the elements, and says unto the ocean, Thus far shalt thou go and no further!" The monks conclude the epilogue by saying that he forthwith took off his crown, and depositing it in the cathedral of Winchester, never wore it again.

26.—EARL GODWIN.

REV. J. WHITE.

[In giving the first of a series of Dramatic Scenes from English History, *written expressly for this work*, the Editor desires to prefix a few observations as to the general purpose, both of the original and the selected scenes. Coleridge has a fine poetical dream of the advantages of rendering our National History popular through the stage:—"In my happier days, while I had yet hope and onward-looking thoughts, I planned an historical drama of King Stephen, in the manner of Shakspeare. Indeed, it would be desirable that some man of dramatic genius should dramatize all those [reigns] omitted by Shakspeare, as far down as Henry VII. Perkin Warbeck would make a most interesting drama. A few scenes of Marlowe's Edward II. might be preserved. * * * It would be a fine national custom to act such a series of dramatic histories in orderly succession, in the yearly Christmas holidays; and could not but tend to counteract that mock cosmopolitism which under a positive term really implies nothing but a negation of, or indifference to, the particular love of country."

That "some man of dramatic genius should dramatize all those reigns omitted by Shakspeare," is, the Editor fears, a vain hope. That managers of our theatres should "act such a series of dramatic histories in orderly succession, in the yearly Christmas holidays," is scarcely to be expected, even if they had the dramas at hand to act. But it is possible that this beautiful illusion of Coleridge may be realized to a limited extent, by collecting together a series of historical SCENES "in orderly succession." The real difficulty in fully carrying such a series through the history of England, before and after the reigns to which Shakspeare has given an unfading lustre, consists in the painful inferiority of most of our historical dramatists, as compared with Shakspeare, rather than in the total want of dramas having relation to those reigns which he has not touched. We chiefly allude to the dramatists after the Restoration—the poets of the so called Augustan age, who saw the value of English historical subjects, but dealt with them in a prosaic spirit. Dryden and Rowe, we fear, are scarcely exceptions; the revival of Hughes, or Rymer, or Ravenscroft, or A. Hill, or Bancroft, or Lord Orrery, or A. Phillips, or Crowne, or Jermyngham, or Banks, or Brooke, would not be a propitious advent for poetry or patriotism. But although, as a whole, no existing drama (perhaps with the exception of Marlowe's Edward II. considerably altered) could take the highest rank in such a series of dramatic histories as Coleridge contemplated, there are some which supply detached Scenes of great merit, and which may be selected to exhibit some continuous pictures of English history. The wonderful series of histories which Shakspeare has left us of the "division and dissention of the renowned houses of Lancaster and York,"—a series written, most probably, upon a plan of connexion, has no gaps to be filled up. For nearly a hundred years the course of events rolls on in almost unbroken succession, exhibiting the most striking actions and characters which our history can supply. But even in a selection of Scenes from other dramatic poets of various periods, imperfect as it may be, the true life of history may be preserved; and the end may be steadily kept in view which Coleridge has described as the chief object of the historical drama which Shakspeare realized,—"that of familiarizing the people to the great names of their country, and thereby of exciting a steady patriotism, a love of just liberty, and a respect for all those fundamental institutions of social life which bind men together."

The Editor will necessarily have obligations to recent historical plays, without which this selection would be somewhat meagre. These afford some Scenes, which, in many of the essentials of poetry, may be placed, without disadvantage, side by side with passages from the earlier dramatists. The nature of this work, as well as the Editor's respect for the rights of literary property, will prevent him abusing the privilege of quotation from these sources.

In the *original* Scenes he has the especial aid of his friend the REV. JAMES WHITE, from

one of whose dramas an extract has been given in "Half Hours with the best Authors." The subjects which will be thus treated, are chiefly those which have been passed over by dramatic writers of adequate power, or wholly neglected. These new passages will aim at conveying the broad historical truth in a picturesque form.]

Hardicanute, son of Canute the Great and Emma of Normandy, died in 1042, leaving Edward Atheling, his half brother,—afterwards known as Edward the Confessor, heir to the English crown. At this time almost all the wealth and power of the kingdom were in the hands of Earl Godwin and his sons. Little was wanted to their ambition but the name of king; and Edward who was of a weak and superstitious character, would willingly have resigned his pretensions and immured himself in a monastery. But opposition was made to Godwin's designs by some of the other nobles, (particularly by Leofric, Earl of Mercia), and he suddenly changed his plans. When Edward sought an interview, on Hardicanute's death, and begged his protection, and license to depart for Normandy, where his youth had been passed,—the English Earl insisted on his taking possession of his inheritance, and promised to support him against all enemies, on condition that he would marry his daughter, Edith the Fair, and so become connected with his family. This agreement was fulfilled, and Edward mounted the throne.

A Hall in Godwin's House. A crowd of his adherents—Harold, Leofric, Thurkell, Godwin.

The passing bell is heard—it stops.

Godwin. So sleeps the king; the last of foreign kings!
The Dane shall squeeze no more the English grape
Into his cup. In Hardicanute's tomb
Lies English slavery, never on this soil
To plant its pestilential foot.

Thurkell.

Amen!

Godwin. Who speaks the word?

Thurkell. Thurkell the Dane!

Godwin. And you,—

With your wild locks still powder'd by the salt
Of Baltic waves, and your rough throat still dry
With pirate shouting, join you in our pray'r!

Thurkell. Aye; for the Baltic wave that dashed its foam
Among these locks is long since sunk to rest;

• The pirate cry has ceased; I have a home
On English ground; the land that gives me food
Is all I own for country. Dane no more
I'm English all, and so—God save the Earl!

Adherents. The earl! the earl! God save the English earl!

Godwin. You're silent Leofric; has your heart grown cold
To Godwin?

Leofric. There is not a pulse in it all
That thrills not like a harp-string at the name.
Honour I owe you; gratitude I owe;
Respect and truest service—but no more.

Godwin. Well man, they'll do till we make further claim—
 I heard no words that took a higher flight
 Than blessings on my head ; and you are silent.
 My fair-hair'd Harold, Leofric is your friend
 But not your father's friend. He shared your sports
 From boyish days. • He has kept by your reeking side,
 When your hot charger shook the Norsemen's lines
 Swept the same seas with you, with emulous flag ;
 Drank with you, sung with you, laughed and frowned as you did ;
 And now he grudges to these grizzling locks
 A blessing,—a poor blessing.

Leofric. Oh not so !
 Harold, I need not these appealing looks,—
 Nor memory of our old companionship,
 Nor the dear household thoughts that nestle here
 Like building swallows when their flight is done—
 Nor voice of the past ; nor future hope, but thus
 On bended knee, with hand held up to heaven,
 God bless Earl Godwin,—guard of the English throne !

Thurkell. Guard of a few crossed sticks and a plain board
 Covered with red brocade,—a noble State !
 Heaven send a joiner, for the poor old chair
 Is rickety grown.

Leofric. It grows to nobleness
 When justice fills it. English Edward lives
 Son of our English Ethelred, with blood
 Ripen'd to redness in the veins of Kings,
 Since Ella's forehead throb'd beneath the crown.

Harold. A likely king, if dancing ean'd a throne.
 Why ran this scented, feather'd popinjay
 Scarce knows the stiff old Saxon for a king,
 But clips in French ;—a mongrel tongue it is—
 Fit but for women's lips to gossip with.

Leofric. He's rightful lord, dear Harold—

Harold. He a lord !
 A lady he is,—for never a beard has he—
 Or a lean friar, for after trying an hour
 To pinch his waist, and step on his toe points
 Like his French kinswomen,—down he'll fall in ashes
 And lie all night before a niche in a wall—
 Then forth he'll trip again, with paint on his cheeks,
 And if you show him a shield of stout old brass,
 Dinted with Scottish blows—mercie ! quoth he,
 These ugly dints have spoilt a looking glass ;
 And then he combs his hair, and from his hand
 Pulls he a glove, thin as a gossamer,
 And look, says he, how brown this hand hath grown
 When its as white as milk. Be king who likes
 I'm subject of a man !

Leofric. Be false who likes
 I'm true to Edward.

Harold (with dignity). Earl of Mercia !
 I pray you, weigh the matter of my speech ;
 The manner was too light in such a cause,
 And used in freedom of the love that bound us—
 I thought that bond was stronger than it seems.

Leofric. A coward's tongue grows bold in a king's service.

Harold. And a friend's cold.

Leofric. Affection has no place
 When duty bars the door and guards the threshold.

Harold. Look you, Earl Leofric, a poor scholar am I,
 And having never passed to foreign courts,
 Nor listed Norman poets, or sage men,
 I'm deaf to figures of speech, and never can tell
 Whether a fiddle be in tune or not ;
 But this I know ; that if this realm of England
 Claims for its king, the man that fits her best,—
 Whoe'er he be—knight, peasant, prince or earl,
 This sword shall be his fence 'gainst all the world,
 And shall break down the gate that duty bars,
 And cross the threshold it pretends to guard.

Leofric. There may be swords as true of steel as your's,
 And arms as strong—I've cleft a Norseman's helm
 As deep as Harold.

Harold. 'Twas of softer metal
 Than Harold's helmet if the sword you vaunt
 Cleft it an inch o' the crest.

Godwin. Harold—for shame—
Leofric—my sons—I think I've called you so
 Ere now ; and Leofric smiled to hear the word.
 What!—foolish boys,—if Edith heard the brawl,
 'Twould bring a frown on her fair brow, for both
 Are very dear to her ; aye, and to me—
 Come, come, shake hands, shake hands !

Harold. From a true heart
 Comes this true grasp, my brother—

Adhegents. Godwin ! Godwin !
 To the throne Godwin ! to the throne, to the throne.

Leofric— [drops Harold's hand].
 I cannot strain your hand, since from its clasp
 Comes music so ill omen'd.

Harold. 'Tis a tune
 To dance to tho' the floor were wrapt in fire—
 But keep your grasp till on some other field
 I answer it with mine !

Godwin. Chafe not, son Harold,
 He who would bend the bow must hold his breath—
 Go, Leofric, go in peace. Leave as unsaid
 What has been said, unheard what has been heard—
 Find Edith in the garden bower she raised

When summer brought the flowers, and you gave help
To train the honeysuckle round it—go.—

Harold. And tell her she is Harold's sister, earl,
And Godwin's daughter.

Leofric. More than all to me
Pure soul'd and true of heart to land and king. [*Exit.*]

Godwin. Earls ! Franklins, and true friends ! if we have won
By honest toil and a stout English spirit
A foremost place in your brave English breasts,
I pray you give your love some breathing space
Nor urge it hotly into untried ways,
Like slot-hounds that outrun the game they'd follow.
Call back your words, till, in a mounting tide
They clasp the shore, back'd by innumerable waves
Sent landward by the great and rous'd up sea ;—
Then if old Godwin's name has the home clang
Of a well-known sweet tune,—why, sing it sirs,
And one rough voice shall join you in the chorus.

Adherents. Godwin ! Godwin !—We shall be true to Godwin !

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant. Edward the son of Ethelred makes request
To see Earl Godwin.

Godwin. Comes he mounted ? arm'd ?
Attended ? follow'd ?

Attendant. Singly, on foot he comes
With but one holy priest to be his guard.

Thurkell. 'Gainst witchcraft, and the evil eye, and the spit
Of toads ; and to exorcise him of the fiend,
An excellent body guard, a holy priest.

Godwin. Hush Thurkell, there's a corner of your heart
Where Thor still swings his hammer. Leave me, friends,
I'd see this youth alone. [*Exeunt Adherents.*] Bid him approach
And leave that holy priest outside the gate. [*Exit Attendant.*]
'His reverence has a trick to raise the devil
As well as lay him.

Enter Edward.

Edward. You will save my life,
Godwin, I know you will ; for tho' your eye
Glow's sometimes with hot fire, it soon subsides
Into the gentle warmth of kindness.

Godwin. Who threatens your life, Prince Edward ?

Edward. Oh ! not so
Call me hot prince, 'tis that which brings the peril,
It is no fault of mine I'm Ethelred's son,
And on my knee I pray you to your guard
Take me Earl Godwin ! Godwin, like the cry
Of sentinels on a beleagu'rd wall
Is on all tongues ; so let me lead the life
I've led so long, ere Hardicanute died.

Godwin. What life was that ? I thought that royal blood
Gave mounting thoughts.

Edward. I led a peaceful life ;
I pray'd in cells whene'er the abbot gave leave ;
And dress'd me in the robes of holy church ;
And counted beads ; and knelt at every shrine ;
And hoped one day, if I were worthy found
To rise to be a monk.

Godwin. And knew, the while,
That o'er your head hung by the golden chain
Of right and law this glorious English crown ?

Edward. Aye ; but no right nor law, the abbot said
Could make it mine, for that all earthly crowns
Lay on St. Peter's holy shrine at Rome,
To be thence lifted on the anointed brows
Of such as Peter loved.

Godwin (apart.) A crowned monk
Would poorly fill the Bretwald's rocky throne
Or hold King Offa's sword in priestly hand.
Have you seen Mercian Leofric ?

Edward. No, my lord ;
He flew his hawks last year on sackcloth day,
And grudges ransom to the abbey at York.
I shun him till he soothes our angry mother.

Godwin (apart.) Why, though he carried in effeminate hand
The sceptre ; and on feeble brow the crown,
He might be like the image, gilt and jewell'd,
That decks the vessel's prow, looking in pride
On its reflected form when waves are smooth,
But following lightest touch of steersman's hand
When tempest breaks its mirror.

Edward. If ought else
You'd have me do, say but the word I'll do it ;
Name what you'd have me be, I'll be it.

Godwin (suddenly taking his resolution) King !
You shall be king !

Edward. You mock me ! you have power :
They love you ; you have fought and conquer'd ever,
Oh taunt me not that I am weak !

Godwin. Dread Prince !
For when I named that word there fell on you
An awe that bends the knee and shakes the heart ;
If round my name has gathered reverence,
From thirty years of council and of war
And 'neath the awful purple of your State
You'd wear around your heart the close knit mail
Of Godwin's love,—there may be snowy hands
To twist that steel into a pierceless guard
As easily as if the links were flowers.

Edward. Oh sir,—if Godwin is my shield.

Godwin. Not so ;
I said the hands were snowy, to whose art
Your breast should owe its safety. In my home
Has waxed to womanhood—and, tho' my tongue

Steals from my heart the word—to loveliness
A daughter,—you have mark'd her ?

Edward. As a form

Such as to holy saints in the old time
Has been vouchsafed in trances, to foreshew
The ecstasies of Heaven. To Leofric's arms
As to some haven girt with sheltering hills,
The glorious bark with all its priceless freight
Glides stately on; and I but mark'd its course
With wonder at its beauty.

Godwin.

In her heart

Dwells nobleness, and if at Leofric's word
She's scanted of the blood that fills a king,
She shall give king's blood to a race of kings,
And Godwin's grandchild, claim his grandsire's knee.

Edward. But Leofric, sir,—

Godwin.

I'll deal with him myself.

Give me your hand. You shall not see a frown

On Edith's brow when at her feet you place

The majesty of England. Let us go,

Leofric has gain'd his answer.—(*gives place to Edward*)—Humbly, sir.

Exeunt.

27.—THE BANISHMENT OF GODWIN.

DR. LAPPENBERG.

Edward had spent not only his youthful years, which are wont to give a fixed direction to the inclinations and the character, but also those of his maturer age, in which the indissoluble bonds of love and habit hold us even till death, in a country widely differing in climate, manners and language, from the land of his birth. The higher those intellectual enjoyments raised him, to which he could devote himself in the leisure of his powerful position, so much the more excusable and powerful must be his conviction, that the participators in the sentiments which made him happy had a claim to his entire confidence, and to the support of the whole power committed to him by the Almighty. On leaving the soil of his education and his joys, the hearty greeting of the West Saxon peasant sounded strange to his ear, and spoke not to his heart. The rugged manners of the Anglo-Danish nobles, from intercourse with whom he could no longer take refuge under the peaceful arches of a cloister, filled him with disgust, while the independent spirit of the Anglo-Saxon clergy, who in language and through ancient tradition had ever been divided from the church of Rome, appeared to the orthodox Catholic little better than damnable heresy. Above all things, Edward was anxious to introduce Norman ecclesiastics into his kingdom, and through them to bring it into closer relationship with the papal chair. Soon after his accession, the see of London becoming vacant by the death of Bishop Ælfward, he bestowed it on Robert the Frank, a monk of Jumièges, who is said to have shown particular kindness to Edward in his days of need. A few years afterwards Robert succeeded Eadseye in the dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England. Other French ecclesiastics were appointed chaplains to the king, which post in this as in other countries may be regarded as the nursery of its future bishops. On one of them, named William, at the instance of Robert and command of the pope, the see of London was bestowed, although the king had already conferred it under his writ

and seal on Spearhafor (Sparrowhawk), and whose rich abbey of Abingdon had been given to Radulf, a relation of Edward. Another Norman, named Ulf, received the bishopric of Dorchester, and thus all the best vacant benefices fell into the hands of foreigners, a state of things to which the English church had till then been a stranger.

* * * * *

The nation, nevertheless, would hardly have noticed these innovations, and would probably have endured the gradual installation of foreign prelates, had not the powerful temporal lords of the land found themselves aggrieved by the strangers. Of these Radulf, a nephew of the king, who had attended him on his return from exile to England, had been (probably after the banishment of Sweyn) invested with the earldom of Hereford. Many French knights had also attached themselves to Radulf, and resided in his castles, and some had their own castles, as Osbern, surnamed Pentecost, and Hugo. Mention is also made of the castle of another French knight, Robert, son of Wincare, situated to the north of London. The influence of Radulf was considered all powerful at the court of Edward: the weak courted his favour, and presumed not to withstand any of his pretensions, and even the influential abbot of Ramsey, prompted by the conviction of his power, was induced to surrender to him certain lands, the possession of which he coveted. The powerful looked on him only with ill-concealed rancour. The refusal of Archbishop Robert to consecrate Spearhafor to the see of London had just excited the minds of the people anew against the Franks, and they looked with jealousy on the marriage, which shortly after took place, of Goda, the sister of Edward and mother of Radulf, with Eustace count of Boulogne, called from his large moustaches 'Eustace aux Grenons,' when the unwelcome intelligence of a fresh arrival of Frankish visitors became public, and was received with mistrust and murmuring. The king's brother-in-law, Eustace, appeared at court with a stately retinue. On his return, having stopped for refreshment at Canterbury, he proceeded on the way to Dover. When within a mile or two of the town, it was observed that he and his men put on their hauberks, and no sooner had they arrived than they announced their intention to quarter themselves wherever it appeared agreeable to them. Against abuses in harbouring even the king and his followers, the townspeople could secure themselves; but to these Franks, who were regarded as a public nuisance, no one would act as host. One of them having wounded a householder, who resisted his attempt at entrance, was slain by the latter; whereupon Eustace and his followers mounted their horses and made a general attack on the inhabitants, in which the householder above-mentioned and about twenty others were slain. Many of the French also fell by the hands of the townsmen, and many more were wounded. Eustace himself with a few of his people escaping with difficulty, went immediately to the king at Gloucester, who on hearing their version of what had taken place, in his anger despatched Godwin to punish the townsmen for their misconduct. But why should the proud and mighty earl, out of mere compliance with the will of his weak-minded son-in-law, be the instrument to punish his brave burghers for a deed which had called forth praise from every part of England, and thus degrade himself for the sake of the odious Franks? All the West Saxons shared in this hatred, for reckless insolence and rash violence had marked the career of every Frank in England. In the neighbourhood of one of their newly-built castles in Herefordshire, probably that of Pentecost, even the king's vassals were exposed to their insults and violence. Godwin hereupon, with his sons, Sweyn and Harold, resolved to lay their own and the nation's complaints before the king, who had appointed his witan to assemble at Gloucester about the second mass day of St. Mary, for the purpose of suppressing these dissensions. In the meantime Godwin and his sons had gathered around

them at Beverston (By forcs-stau) and Langtree (Langatreo) a strong and well-appointed body of followers, by whose aid they would probably have been enabled to extort compliance with their demands ; but Leofric, Seward, and Radulf had also assembled their forces, and it required great consideration and wise mediators to withhold the opposed parties from a conflict, which threatened the destruction of some of the most influential men of the country. Godwin and his sons were unable to justify their conduct to the king, whose ear had been already forestalled by the foreigners ; still less were they able to obtain their desire, that Eustace and his men, together with all the Frenchmen who were in the castle in Herefordshire, should be delivered into their hands. But threatening as the aspect of things was, Edward succeeded for the moment in re-establishing tranquillity ; hostages were mutually given, and the witan appointed to meet again at London on the autumnal equinox. On the arrival of Godwin and his sons with their thanes and a numerous army at Southwark, they found the king surrounded by a formidable host collected from the earldoms of Seward and Leofric and other parts. Disheartened by the aspect of affairs, the army of the earls rapidly decreased by desertion. By the witenagemot pledges were demanded from all the thanes of Harold, Sweyn was declared an outlaw, Godwin and Harold were summoned to justify their conduct before the assembly. They demanded a safe conduct from the king and hostages for their security, but on his demand placed all their thanes at his disposal. Edward now commanded them to appear with twelve of their followers before his council, for the purpose of defending themselves, when they again demanded hostages, which, though no doubt necessary for their safety, could not be granted without offence to the royal dignity, and were consequently refused, a safe conduct only for five days being allowed them, within which time they were ordered to leave the country. Godwin hereupon with his wife Gytha, Tostig and his wife Judith, a daughter or niece of Baldwin, Count of Flanders, Sweyn and Gyrth, withdrew by night to his estates of Bosham and Thorney, in his native Sussex, whence, in a vessel hastily laden with as much gold, silver, and other treasure as it would contain, they embarked for Flanders. Harold and his younger brother fled to Bristol, where they found a ship that had been fitted out by Sweyn for his own use, on board of which they sailed towards Ireland. The king despatched Bishop Eldred with a force in pursuit of them, who, however, could not or would not overtake them, and they reached their destination in safety, where, under the protection of the king, they passed the winter. But Edward's Frankish counsellors appear not to have been satisfied with having overthrown their most powerful foes, and deprived him of his favourites ; they also prevailed on him to separate from his wife Edith, who, bereft of all her lands and treasures, was sent, attended by one female servant, to the abbey of Wherwell, and there committed to the custody of the abbess, a sister of Edward.

The banishment of Godwin and his sons was connected with too many interests to be of long duration, and they neglected no means of securing for themselves a triumphant restoration. A short time before the occurrence of the above-mentioned events, a fleet of Irish pirates, consisting of thirty-six ships, entered the mouth of the Severn, and being aided by Griffith, king of South Wales, they crossed the Wye and ravaged the neighbouring country. Eldred bishop of Worcester, with a small body of forces, gathered from the shores of Gloucester and Hereford, went out against them ; but some Welch among his men, in violation of the oath of fidelity which they had taken, sent private intelligence to Griffith, advising him to make an immediate attack on the English. In pursuance of this counsel, Griffith together with the Irish rushing on the little army of Eldred at the dawn of day, slew many of them, and put the rest with the bishop to flight.

It was probably in concert with Godwin and his sons that Griffith again invaded the English territory, and laid waste the greater part of Herefordshire. In the neighbourhood of Leominster he was encountered by the people of the country, aided by the Normans from the castle, whom, after a considerable loss on both sides he overcame, and returned with much booty to his own country. Harold and Leofwine now sailed with a considerable fleet from Ireland and entered the mouth of the Severn, where they landed, and plundered many towns and villages in the counties of Somerset and Devon. In an engagement between their forces and the people of the country, the latter were defeated with great loss, including above thirty thanes. Harold then sailed round the Land's End into the British Channel. Edward and his witan now deemed it time to adopt measures for the security of his people, and caused a fleet of forty ships to be fitted out under the command of the earls Odda and Radulf, which was, during many weeks, stationed at Sandwich, for the purpose of watching the movements of Godwin. A day or two before midsummer Godwin proceeded from Bruges to his ships, which were lying in the Yser, below Nienport, whence he sailed to the coast of England, and arrived at the point a little to the south of Romney. Here he found all the people devoted to him: the sailors (butsecarlas) of Hastings, the men of Sussex, Surrey and Essex, declared themselves ready to live or die for him. The royal fleet had in the meanwhile sailed in quest of him, but, after a fruitless cruise, returned to its station at Sandwich, and thence sailed to London. It was now resolved to place the royal fleet under abler commanders, but, during the delay which attended the execution of this resolution, the seamen returned to their homes. The state of embarrassment into which his opponents were naturally plunged by these untoward occurrences could not be unknown to Godwin, whose next visit was to the fertile Isle of Wight, where having supplied his fleet with provisions, he sailed to Portland. Here he was joined by his sons Harold and Leofwine. With their united fleets they now proceeded along the coast eastwards, limiting their demands, wherever they met with no hostile opposition, to the supplies necessary for their forces, enticing the people, both landmen and sailors, into their service, and seizing on all the ships which lay at Romney, Hythe, and Folkestone. At Dover also and Sandwich they seized on the ships and received hostages and supplies, and thence directed their course up the Thames towards London, till they arrived at Southwark, where, while waiting for the flood-tide, Godwin treated with the townspeople, who were all favourably disposed towards him. Then passing through the bridge, he arrayed both his land and sea forces along the southern bank of the river, inclining his ships towards the opposite shore, as if he would hem in the royal fleet, which consisted of fifty ships under Edward and his earls, who had, moreover, a considerable land army, but all of whom were ill-disposed to fight against their own countrymen, for the sake of the foreign favourites. Godwin and his party now demanded the restoration of their possessions and honours, which Edward at first sternly refused; but at length, finding that his people were excited against him, and through the interposition of Stigand, Bishop of Winchester, with other prudent counsellors, it was settled that hostages should be mutually given. On receiving this intelligence the Frenchmen immediately mounted their horses and fled, some to Osbern Pentecost's castle, others northwards to Earl Robert's; while Robert the archbishop, William Bishop of London, and Ulf Bishop of Dorchester, with many followers, escaped out at the east gate, and injuring many in their flight proceeded to the coast, where at Eadulf's-ness, they threw themselves into a crazy boat and reached the shores of Normandy, leaving behind the archiepiscopal pall and other valuables. Bishop William was, on account of his excellent character, afterwards recalled and reinstated in his diocese. Pentecost and Hugo, having surrendered their castles,

received premission from Leofric to pass through his earldom on their way to Scotland, where they entered into the service of Macbeth. But archbishop Robert proved a dangerous foe to the Anglo-Saxons: he hurried to Rome for the purpose of preferring bitter complaints, on account of his deposition, but more particularly against his successor Stigand; and an appearance of right on his side was not without a prejudicial influence on subsequent transactions, though it operated most unfavourably for the Anglo-Saxons, in having cherished, if it did not inspire, the thought in William of Normandy of securing the succession to the throne of England. At a great witenagemot, holden without the gate of London, Godwin, as a matter of course, fully succeeded in establishing his own and his sons' innocence of all that had been charged against them, whereupon they were received again into the king's full friendship, and restored to their possessions and honours. Queen Edith was also reinstated in her former station. Of Sweyn we are informed that he died on his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which he had undertaken as an atonement for the murder of his cousin Biorn. The Frenchmen, including Archbishop Robert, both ecclesiastics and laymen, because they had introduced odious measures and widened the breach between the king and the family of Godwin, were outlawed, with a few exceptions in favour of some relations of the king. Thus was a complete reconciliation effected, and the universal joy of the people must have convinced the king that his weak partiality for Norman courtiers, and Norman customs and manners might inflict irreparable injury on his kingdom.

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It may be regarded as a great misfortune for England that soon after the restoration of tranquillity Godwin died. He had laboured long and zealously, and felt that the close of his day was at hand. His indisposition had been remarked in the preceding year, and he had retired to his earldom. On the second day of the Easter festival, while sitting at table with the king at Winchester, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and fell speechless to the ground. By his sons, Harold and Tostig, he was borne from the apartment, and on the fifth day in great agony expired. By the Norman writers, those deadly enemies of the house of Godwin, the tale was propagated, that one of the royal cupbearers, while in the act of presenting wine, happening to make a false step, saved himself from falling with the aid of the other foot, whereupon Godwin exclaimed, "Thus brother helps brother." "Yes," said the king looking on him sternly, "and had Alfred lived he might have helped me." Feeling himself called upon to assert his innocence of the murder of Alfred, Godwin answered, "I know that you suspect me of your brother's murder but may God, who is true and just, not permit this morsel of bread to enter my throat without choking me, if your brother suffered death or injury from me or by my counsel." Having said thus the king blessed the bread, which, on Godwin putting it into his mouth, instantly choked him. Thus did Providence expose and punish the traitor and murderer. This story seems to be the last attempt of the Norman party to avenge themselves on the lion's skin of their dearest enemy. Trustworthy and circumstantial accounts of Godwin's personal character are wholly wanting, the authors who wrote a few years after his death being all in the interest of the Normans, or inoculated with their views. So intense was their hate of him that they could not acknowledge one of his merits; while, on the other hand, the Anglo-Saxons would have borne and forgotten his failings, could they have had him again to lead them to victory over their Norman oppressors. His parsimony towards churches that had been pampered by other nobles, has undoubtedly contributed to bereave him of his due meed of praise. Eloquence in the national assemblies, activity and skill in public affairs, were the qualities acknowledged in Godwin, and which mainly contributed to his advance-

ment, though it was the iron arms of the warrior which, under Canute, first carved out the fame of the son of the "child of Sussex." His greatest glory is, that his interests were in general closely combined with those of his countrymen.

28—HAROLD IN NORMANDY.

REV. J. WHITE.

INTRODUCTION.

Earl Godwin had delivered his son and grandson to Edward the Confessor as hostages for his fidelity. These, the king had sent over for safe keeping to his kinsman William of Normandy. Harold was anxious, after the death of his father, to release his brother and nephew from the custody—almost amounting to imprisonment—in which they were detained, and for this purpose determined to visit William, with whom he had formed a friendship during his residence in England a short time before. Accompanied by a gay and numerous retinue, he took his way to the ships, and was driven by stress of weather on the coast of France not far from the present Boulogne. There, with the inhospitable cruelty and meanness of the feudal character, he was seized as prisoner by the Earl of Ponthieu and set to ransom.

William however heard of the misfortune of his intending visitor, and by threats and promises procured his release. On the arrival of Harold at Rouen no effort was spared to win his assistance to the designs upon England, which William already entertained. Among other devices to gain this end William offered him the hand of his daughter Adela, and prevailed on him to promise that in the event of Edward's death he would offer no opposition to his accession to the English throne. Harold held out his hand to make this promise, but care had been taken by the Norman priests to place, upon a table in the apartment, a basket filled with the bones and other relics of saints and martyrs. Harold, who probably had merely intended his acquiescence as a means of delivering himself from danger, was struck with horror when he perceived the sanctions under which his oath was given. It was the remembrance of this oath that weakened his resistance when the conqueror made his descent; for the superstition of the time led even the supporters of Harold's cause to consider him under the curse denounced on perjury.

WILLIAM . . . Duke of Normandy
 HAROLD
 LANFRANC . . . A monk
 u Envoys from the Earl of Ponthieu
 Priests, choristers, &c.
 ADELA . . . Daughter of William.

*An apartment in the Palace at Rouen.**William—Lanfranc.*

William. I tell you, if I chained
 The wolf they've roused within my heart, 'twould tear me. .
 I cannot wear a mask,—I am no Priest.

Lanfranc. You are a Squire, Sir, and may be King.

William. The old lesson still,—and still the selfsame bribe!
 Have I not learn'd the priestly art of fawning,
 Concealing, courting? But how long will last
 This close-mewed perching on a churchman's wrist?

Lanfranc. Till the game springs.

William. How often must it spring

And 'scape me ? England with slow, aimless flight,
 Lazily flapping on unwieldy wings,
 Tempted the stroke,—when soaring o'er its head
 Rose this proud Harold, circling round the prey
 To guard it from our swoop.

Lanfranc (smiles). He hears the lure,—
 He will be here anon.

William. What use of words
 To one that to his lip can call a smile
 Brimful of meaning, like the good Lanfranc ?
 You're over hasty, priest.—Weave in your cells
 Nets, thick in the mesh, to catch the vulgar shoal ;
 Dig pitfalls for the careless ; mix strange draughts
 To sooth the watchful ;—Leave to a prince and knight
 To win the noble. Harold is my guest,
 And rich and royal shall his welcome be.

Lanfranc. Count Guido of Ponthieu gives fitter thanks
 To Heaven that sent him, than to scorn its bounty.

William. A base, unknighly churl !

Lanfranc. He guards his prize
 As 'twere some stranded monster cast on his shore,
 Rich in thick oils and aromatic balms.

William. He shall yield up the prize,—or, by my sword,
 —Fit oath—fit instrument,—he'll mourn the hour
 That sent Earl Harold to his donjon tower.

Lanfranc. You'll fight to rescue Harold !

William Fight ? Aye, die
 Rather than leave him for an hour in duance !—
 Half our estates, nay, all this Norman land,
 Our crown—our name we'd rather cast away
 Than leave our guest unhonoured.—Have they come,
 Those Envoys from Ponthieu ?

Lanfranc opens a door. Enter Envoys.

Lanfranc. They have—They're here.

William. No greeting, till I hear what you reply !
 Harold of England, driven by Neptune's rage
 Into your harbour, was unknighly seized
 Tho' on his front he bore the sacred name
 Of William's friend. Have you set free that earl ?

Envoy. No, Sir. Our master has some ancient feud
 To settle with his visitor.

William. Not so—
 He is no visitor,—but foully stayed
 In his approach to us. Whene'er he left
 The English shores, his foot, in knighly thought
 Trod on our soil,—his hand was grasped in ours ;
 He was ourself. Go, tell the man you serve,
 The jailor of a noble—not his host—
 His feud is now with me.—Or if he is won
 With wealth, with counties, let him name the price,
 Harold is worth them all.

Envoy. Beside the Aune

Lies a rich strath, once in the Ponthien bounds ;
Our master claims it for his crown again.

William. 'Tis his. What more ?

Envoy. Certain arrears of rents
Kept back by Robert, your great ancestor—

William. Take them,—and multiply by ten what else
Your master claims,—but give me Harold here
In safety—honour—as befits the man
Who is my friend.

Lanfranc. Pause, I beseech, Sir—

William. No—I'll not pause. I tell you, Policy
Leaps sometimes safest when it plants its foot
In what fools think profusion.

Lanfranc. If you look
Your Grace will see the smile that moved your scorn
Sitting again upon these lips.—My Lords,
His grace will give you answer more at large
When half the hour glass sands have sunk to the end.

Exeunt Envoys.

William. Why, priest—knave—or whatever name you own—

Lanfranc. Both—either. By this humble garb I'm warned
To endure contempt.

William. And yet your eye-balls glow
With pride might fit a warhorse, when the spears
Are levelled and the cry is in his ear.

Lanfranc. Give them no counties—no arrears of rent—
I sent a message by a barefoot brother
To Guido of Ponthieu to claim his prisoner.

William. Well ?

Lanfranc. There's a bolt that makes no noise, yet slays
Held by a feeble hand, of deadlier weight
Than mounted myriads ;—'tis the curse of Heaven.
'Neath that black shadow pride dissolves in ruin.
Ponthieu is on his knee.—Harold is here.

Exit.

William. That priestly voice—that smile—that tranquil eye,
They quell me like a moonlight among graves ;
Like the great gulfs of the tremendous sea
Which thrall not to the tempest blow that shakes
The upper waves to fury, and sends 'down
Ships in their bravery,—knight and burnished arms,—
A nation's strength ;—yet in their sunless depths
Move not, but heavy cling around the globe
And chain it to their will.—A dangerous friend
This Rome, which grows our master in the end.

Enter HAROLD.

Welcome at last ! the heartier for delay.

Harold. Double all thanks I ever paid before,
And take them from my heart !

William. What ! you've not pined
In Guido's fetters ? There's a freeborn air
About those English limbs, as if no chain
Could bind them.

Harold. And it shall not ! Chains from him
A skipping foreigner ! If he had dared
To talk of chains,—you see these sinewy five,
They would have clutched him, till his Frenchman's tongue
Had howled for mercy—*àie mesericorde !*

William (smiles). It trips not as your tongue were native soil,
But halts and boggles like a horse half swamp'd
In a Dutch marsh. Speak Saxon, noble Harold !

Harold. I do, and thank you, William ; tho', by 'r lady,
My thanks are elsewhere due. Two shaveling priests
Broke prison bars, that might have stood unmoved
By Normandy in arms ;—a word or two
They said in Guido's ear ; when, quick ! begone !
I found myself with reverence helped to horse,
Girt with a sword, encased in silken robe,
A purse at girdle, and the two bald friars
Crossing them, as I swore some English oaths
At Guido's baseness,—looking if I might spy
A cudgel to requite his highness' care,
And lacking that, doubling my fist in rage
To smite the villain's ear. But ever they prayed
And claimed me as a waf and stray of the church ;
A sort of foundling taken to by the Pope,—
And so I bore me like a Christian lamb
And slew not Guido,—till it please the Saints
To bring me to close reach of him again.

William. They were my holy chaplain's messengers.

Harold. I like not chaplains with more power than mine,
I'd strip them of it all.

William. He is in vows
Of poverty, and meekness, and submission.

Harold. Hang him,—I like not vows, that whet us more
To gain what we abjure. 'T has often chanced,
When labouring with sharp aches from too much wine,
I've vowed to abstain ; no sooner slips the vow
Out of my lips, than—as its words were fire,
And made a sandy desert of my throat,
Parch'd with hot winds—nothing can quell my thirst
But five times more than, if I had made no vow.
I know it well.

William. I trust, then, cousin, no vow
Of love to me shall make you turn to hate.

Harold. Tush ! 't is of priests I spoke ; for you this heart
Beats as of old with love and reverence.

William. And mine to you. Ah ! they were happy times
When we went hawking over all that plain—
Its name escapes me—where the Druid stones
Weigh in such mass upon the flight of Time
That he seems moveless since a thousand years.

Harold. Salisbury,—'t is a ground to try a hawk.
'T might task an eagle's wing.

William. And you remember

How chafed the gallant steed that bore my child,
My little Adela; and how she pressed
Ever for safety to your side? Your voice
Soothing both horse and rider?

Harold. I remember.

William. She hath oft spoke your name since the report
Of Guido's wrong arrived. You'd scarcely think
How fiercely she could clasp her little hand,
And beat the pavement with her passionate foot,
And fling hot threatenings from her fiery lips,
On the false traitor who retained her friend.

Harold. Heaven send its blessings on her childish head!
I see her fairy form before me still,
A lighter never trampled into rings
The green tops o' the grass.

William. You wrong her, Harold,
Two years have worn the fairy circles out
And put full woman's weight upon her limbs
And yet not changed her heart. E'en now she waits
Our coming in her bower.—Come, see her, Harold. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A fortnight has passed amid the amusements of the Court of Rouen. Adela has been compelled by her Father and Lanfranc to extort a promise from her lover Harold, under threat, if she refuses, of being sent to a Convent.

Lanfranc—Adela.

Lanfranc. 'Tis needful, lady—that suffices.

Adela. No,

I will not play the traitress to brave Harold,
And wile from the fond heart what the strong will
Would guard for ever. If he loves my father,—
Nay, if he loves—I mean not what I say—
But if he loves his friend, and in the truth
Of his full kindness promises to aid
A stranger to ascend his native throne,
Think it but words of courtesy,—the payment
Of present gratitude,—ne'er to be prest
Into the actual deed.

Lanfranc. Leave the result
To me—to Heaven—and to our Lord the Pope.

Adela. What makes the Pope with Harold? Is his voice
So powerful it can reach the walls of Rome?

Lanfranc. Rome's walls receive the lightest whispered word
That e'er left dying lips in farthest Isle.
Or loneliest desert. Harold's voice she hears;
And your's dear lady, as with eloquent lip,
You ask him to make promise of his aid
To our great duke.

Adela. And leave the path himself
That leads to greatness?

Lanfranc. But to happiness
The path is left more free. The first of subjects
Haply may lead a life of sweeter joy
With her he loves beside him, than if raised
To a cold barren throne,—and her he loves
Doomed to a Convent's holy solitude.

Adela. Is that her doom ?

Lanfranc. Who will not serve the church
In Prince's court, shall serve her in Nun's cell.

Adela. I see there is no mercy in that eye.
Face me to Harold.

Lanfranc, (calls).

Come !

Enter Harold.

Harold.

Remember lady !

Exit Lanfranc.

Harold. That man moves ever like a silent cloud,
And casts a shivering shadow ;—but he's gone.
And there is sunshine where sweet Adela smiles.

Adela. How know you that she smiles ?

Harold. I feel it, lady,
Even when I look not on your face, the glow
Reaches my heart ;—as in June's balmy days
We know 'tis summer, tho' the flowers are hidden,
And live but by their fragrance.

Adela. Ah ! kind Harold,
How sweet are words of praise from honest lips !

Harold. I meant them not for praise. Praise is but foam
From shallow streams,—the deeps hold still the pearl.

Adela. And yet my father doubts what truth there lies
Within that not- heart !

Harold. Doubt it who likes,
So Adela doubts 't not You doubt not, lady,
How you have filled this niche, like a fair saint
That never leaves the shrine.—We may be rude,
We of hot Saxon blood,—and not so quick
In valorous speech and trim built compliment,
As scholarly Normans,—but when once we have said
We love—that short, stout manly word—we love,
Why, till our death we do it.

Adela. Other thoughts
Come in to choke it,

Harold. Which be they ?

Adela. Ambition's.

Harold. Not so ; we can aspire and love unchanged,
As eagles seek the sun, yet gaze on earth.

Adela. Soar not too high, dear Harold, or poor earth
Grows to a speck—a point—then disappears.

Say you'll forswear all greatness—but your own—

Say when this Edward gains his heavenly crown,
You'll scorn the earthly bauble he has worn.

Harold. Who calls the circlet woven by England's might
By name so vile ?

Adela. My father—

Harold. Let him scorn it
Since 'tis a bauble. 'Tis to me a crown,
The sacreddest of the earth.

Adela. Farewell, then, Harold !
It may be death to say such words as these.

Harold. Death—

Adela. Aye, to both.

Harold. What words of mine have power
To bring such ill to Adela ?

Adela. Her life
Grows as your's grows—and fades with yours.

Harold (aside). My life
Hangs then on William's liking?—As I thought !—
'Twas safer in the dungeons of Panthieu.

Adela. You hesitate—Oh ! Harold, give your hand
That you will aid my father in his aims.

Will you not, Harold ?—he is Adela's father—
Your's too—dear Harold ;—say you'll give your aid !

Harold. Why, what are oaths when given in guise like this,
With a sharp sword within an inch of my throat ?

Adela. No, not a sword,—a loving—trusting heart.

Harold. Ah ! eyes like these shall never plead in vain.

Adela. Swear, then—

Harold. What boots it swearing ?

Adela. Will you swear ?

Harold. Aye—that I love you.

Adela. That you slay me rather !

Harold. That were false oathing.

Adela. Lift your hand, dear Harold—

Harold (lifts his hand) There—

Adela. You will swear to aid my father's claims
To England's throne,—say but the words "I swear."

Harold. And it will please you, gentle Adela,—
And smooth the furrowed brow of that grave priest,
And win Duke William ?

Adela. All—all !

Harold. Then I swear—

*Folding doors open, and display an Altar covered as if for Mass. Choristers—
Priests, &c. Lanfranc in front.*

Lanfranc. Heaven and the saints have heard you ! If you change
Or break the compact firmness of this vow,
Earth, heaven and hell shall join to blast your name.
A curse shall weigh upon your sword,—your arm
Shrivel beneath it, in the day of battle.
Angels shall turn their eyes from off your face,
And love desert you like a tainted thing.
Such fate be his that breaks a sacred vow,
Vowed where all Holy Martyrs bend the ear.—
—Earl Harold ! such the vow they witness here.

29.—THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

C. MAC FARLANE.

William was hunting in the forest near Rouen, with a great company of knights, esquires, and noble dames and damsels, when a messenger just arrived from England accosted him, and announced the death of the Confessor and the coronation of Harold. The bow dropped out of the hand of the Norman duke, and he stood for a space like one petrified. He then fastened and undid his mantle, speaking no word, and looking so troubled and fierce that none durst speak to him. Then throwing himself into a skiff, he crossed the Seine, and went into his palace, still silent. Striding into the great hall, he threw himself into a chair, and, wrapping his head in his mantle, he bent his body towards the earth. The courtiers gazed upon him with amazement and alarm, and asked one another in whispers what this could mean. "Sirs," said William de Breteuil, the seneschal, "ye will soon know the cause of our lord's anxiety." At a few words spoken by the seneschal, the duke recovered from his reverie, removed the mantle from his face, and listened to one of his barons, who advised him to remind Harold of the oaths he had sworn, and demand from him the immediate surrender of the Confessor's crown.

Harold replied, that the crown of England was not his to give away.

When William the Norman prepared to invade England (which he did forthwith), he had reached the mature age of forty-two. He called to his aid not only his subjects of Normandy, but men from Maine and Anjou, from Poictou and Brittany, from the country of the French king and from Flanders, from Aquitaine and from Burgundy, from Piedmont beyond the Alps, and from the German countries beyond the river Rhine. The idle adventurers of one-half of Europe flocked to his standard. Some of these men demanded regular pay in money, others nothing but a passage across the Channel, and all the booty they might make; some of the chiefs demanded territory in England, while others simply bargained to have a rich English wife allotted to them. William sold beforehand a bishopric in England for a ship and twenty men-at-arms. The pope gave the Conqueror a holy licence to invade England, upon condition that the Norman duke should hold his conquest as a fief of the church; and, together with a bull, a consecrated banner, and a ring of great price, containing one of the hairs of St. Peter, were sent from Rome into Normandy. So formidable an armament had not been collected in Western Europe for many centuries. The total number of vessels amounted to about three thousand, of which six hundred or seven hundred were of a superior order. When the expedition set sail, William led the van in a vessel which had been presented to him for the occasion by his wife Matilda: the vanes of the ship were gilded, the sails were of different bright colours, the three lions—the arms of Normandy—were painted in divers places, and the sculptured figure-head was a child with a bent bow, the arrow seeming ready to fly against the hostile and perjured land of England. The consecrated banner sent from Rome floated at the main-top-mast. This ship sailed faster than all the rest, and in the course of the night it left the whole fleet far astern. Early in the morning the duke ordered a sailor to the mast-head to see if the other ships were coming up. "I can see nothing but the sea and sky," said the mariner; and thereupon they lay-to. To keep the crew and the soldiers on board in good heart, William ordered them a sumptuous breakfast, with warm wine strongly spiced. After this refection the mariner was again sent aloft, and this time he said he could make out four vessels in the distance; but mounting a third time, he shouted out with a merry voice, "Now I see a forest of masts and sails." Within a few hours the re-united Norman fleet came to anchor on the Sussex coast. At that particular point the coast was flat, and the country behind it marshy and unpicturesque; but a little to the left stood the noble Roman walls

and other ancient remains of Pevensey, and a little to the right the bold cliffs and sloping downs of Hastings.

As day dawned, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, a half-brother of Duke William, celebrated mass in the field on a portable altar, and gave his benediction to the troops, being armed the while in a coat of mail, which he wore under his episcopal rochet; and when the mass and the blessing were over, he mounted a very large and white war-horse, took a lance in his hand, and marshalled his brigade of cavalry. William rode a fine Spanish horse, which a rich Norman had brought him on his return from a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Iago in Galicia: he wore suspended round his neck some of those relics upon which Harold had sworn; the pride of the Norman nobility were formed in column behind him; and the standard blessed by the pope was carried at his side by one Tonstain, surnamed "the White," who accepted the honourable but dangerous office after two Norman barons had declined it. Before the onslaught, the Duke, from the back of his Spanish steed, harangued the collected host, telling them that a great booty was before them, and that if they could conquer this land, they should have it all in lots among them. Then Taillefer, a gigantic Norman, who was minstrel, juggler, and champion, spurred his horse to the front of the van, and sung with a loud voice the popular ballads which immortalized the valour of Charlemagne and Roland, and all that flower of chivalry that fought in the great fight of Roncesvalles; and as Taillefer sang he performed feats with his sword, throwing it into the air with great force with one hand, and catching it as it fell with the other. The Normans repeated the burden of his song, or cried "Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" This accomplished champion craved permission to strike the first blow: he ran one Saxon through the body, and threw a second to the ground; but in attacking a third, he was himself mortally wounded; and having sung his last war-song, he crossed himself and was at peace for ever. The Saxon host remained in their position on the ridge of a hill, fortified by trenches and palisades: they were marshalled after the fashion of the Danes, shield against shield, presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy's lances; and in response to the "Dieu aide!" or "God is our help!" of the Normans, they shouted, "Christ's rood! The holy rood!" According to ancient privilege, the brave men of Kent stood in the first line, and the burgesses of London formed the body-guard of the sovereign, and were drawn up close round the royal standard. At the foot of this standard stood bold Harold, with his two stout brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, and a few of the noblest and bravest thanes of all England.

Many were the checks and reverses, and fearful the losses sustained by the invaders. At one term the pride of the Norman cavalry were driven pell mell into a deep trench which had been artfully covered over and concealed by the Saxons, and in which men and horses perished in great numbers: and at this disastrous moment the cry was spread that the duke himself was slain, and a panic and headlong flight was begun. William, whose horse had been killed, but who was himself unhurt, mounted a fresh steed, got before the fugitives, and endeavoured to stop them, first by threatening them and striking them with his lance, and then by uncovering his face and head, and crying, "Here I am! Look at me! I am still alive, and will conquer by God's help!" At last, near upon six o'clock of the evening, when the battle had lasted nine hours, and when the sun was setting in the sea beyond the headland of Beachy Head, victory alighted upon the proud crest of the Norman. Harold was shot through the brain by a random arrow, and the foe made a dash and hemmed in the spot, exerting themselves in the most desperate manner to seize the royal Saxon banner. Robert FitzErnest had almost grasped it when a Saxon battle-axe laid him low for ever. Twenty Norman knights of name then undertook the task, and this attempt succeeded after ten of their

number had perished. The Saxon standard was then lowered, and the consecrated banner sent by the pope from Rome was raised in its stead, in sign of victory. Gurth and Leofwin, the brothers of Harold, died before the standard was taken, and all the hill-side where it stood was covered thick with the Saxon dead and dying. William himself had lost not one but three horses that were killed under him, and at one moment he was well nigh laid prostrate by a blow struck upon his steel cap by a Saxon knight.

Scenes of the most striking kind followed closely upon the battle of Hastings. Before leaving Normandy, William had caused a muster-roll to be drawn up, specifying the names and quality of all his followers. The morning after the battle all those who survived it were drawn up in line, and this muster-roll was called over. To a fourth of the names no answer was returned; and among the missing, who were all dead, were many of the noblest lords and bravest knights of Normandy. Those who had been more fortunate gathered round the Duke, and, with eager looks and their swords and lance-heads yet wet with the blood of the conquered, demanded possession of the houses and lands of the Saxons. A new roll was prepared, on which were inscribed the names of all the noblemen and gentlemen who had survived; and this roll was deposited in Battle Abbey, which, in the accomplishment of a solemn vow, the Conqueror afterwards erected on the hill which Harold had occupied and so gallantly defended. The high altar of this abbey church stood on the very spot where the standard of the last of our Saxon kings had floated.

The aged mother of Harold, who lost three brave sons in the battle of Hastings, offered its weight in gold for the dead body of the king. Two monks, who were allowed by William to search for the body, were unable to distinguish it among the heaps of the slain, who had all been stripped naked by the Norman soldiery; but the monks sent for a beautiful young Saxon lady to whom Harold had been fondly attached, and the fair Editha—"the swan-necked" as she is called by some of the chroniclers—came to that scene of slaughter and horror, and went groping and peering with weeping and half-blinded eyes among the dead, nor ceased her search until she found the disfigured body of King Harold. The body was conveyed to Waltham Abbey, on the banks of the river Lea, a house and a country which he had much loved while alive. He was there honourably interred, the Waltham monks putting over his tomb the simple inscription "Here lies the unfortunate Harold!"

30.—BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

C. KNIGHT.

The most extraordinary memorial of that eventful period of transition, which saw the descendants of the old Saxon conquerors of Britain swept from their power and their possessions, and their places usurped by a swarm of adventurers from the shores of Normandy, is a work not of stone or brass, not of writing and illumination more durable than stone or brass, but a roll of needlework, which records the principal events which preceded and accompanied the Conquest, with a minuteness and fidelity which leave no reasonable doubt of its being a contemporary production. This is the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry. When Napoleon contemplated the invasion of England in 1803, he caused this invaluable record to be removed from Bayeux, and to be exhibited in the National Museum at Paris; and then the French players, always ready to seize upon a popular subject, produced a little drama in which they exhibited Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror, sitting in her lonely tower in Normandy, whilst her husband was fighting in England, and thus recording, with the aid of her needlewomen, the mighty acts of her hero, portrayed to the life in this immortal worsted-work. But there is a more affecting theory of the

accomplishment of this labour than that told in the French vaudeville. The women of England were celebrated all over Europe for their work in embroidery; and when the husband of Matilda ascended the throne of England, it is reasonably concluded that the skilful daughters of the land were retained around the person of the queen. They were thus employed to celebrate their own calamities. But there was nothing in this tapestry which told a tale of degradation. There is no delineation of cowardly flight or abject submission. The colours of the threads might have been dimmed with the tears of the workers, but they would not have had the deep pain of believing that their homes were not gallantly defended. In this great invasion and conquest, as an old historian has poetically said, "was tried by the great assise of God's judgment in battle the right of power between the English and Norman nations—a battle the most memorable of all others; and, howsoever miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England." There was nothing in this tapestry to encourage another invasion eight centuries later. In one of the compartments of the tapestry were represented men gazing at a meteor or comet, which was held to presage the defeat of the Saxon Harold. A meteor had appeared in the south of France, at the time of the exhibition of the tapestry in 1803; and the mountebank Napoleon proclaimed that the circumstances were identical. The tapestry, having served its purpose of popular delusion, was returned to its original obscurity. It had previously been known to Lancelot and Montfaucon, French antiquaries; and Dr. Ducarel, in 1767, printed a description of it, in which he stated that it was annually hung up round the nave of the church of Bayeux on St. John's day. During the last thirty years this ancient work has been fully described, and its date and origin discussed. Above all, the Society of Antiquaries rendered a most valuable service to the world, by causing a complete set of coloured fac-simile drawings to be made by an accomplished artist, Mr. Charles Stothard, which have since been published in the 'Vetusta Monumenta.'

In the Hôtel de la Prefecture at Bayeux is now preserved this famous tapestry. In 1814, so little was known of it in the town where it had remained for so many centuries, that Mr. Hudson Gurney was coming away without discovering it, not being aware that it went by the name of the "Toile de St. Jean." It was coiled round a windlass; and drawing it out at leisure over a table, he found that it consisted of "a very long piece of brownish linen cloth, worked with woollen thread of different colours, which are as bright and distinct, and the letters of the superscriptions as legible, as if of yesterday." The roll is twenty inches broad, and two hundred and fourteen feet in length. Mr. Gurney has some sensible remarks upon the internal evidence of the work being contemporaneous with the Conquest. In the buildings portrayed there is not the trace of a pointed arch; there is not an indication of armorial bearings, properly so called, which would certainly have been given to the fighting knights had the needlework belonged to a later age, and the Norman banner is invariably *Argent*, a cross *Or* in a border *Azure*, and not the latter invention of the Norman leopards. Mr. Gurney adds, "It may be remarked, that the whole is worked with a strong outline; that the clearness and relief are given to it by the variety of the colours." The likenesses of individuals are preserved throughout. The Saxons invariably wear moustaches; and William, from his erect figure and manner, could be recognised were there no superscriptions. Mr. Charles Stothard, who made the drawings of the tapestry which have been engraved by the Society of Antiquities, communicates some interesting particulars in a letter written in 1819. He adds to Mr. Gurney's account of its character as a work of art, that "there is no attempt at light and shade, or perspective, the want of which is substituted by the use of different coloured worsteds. We observe this in the off-legs of the horses, which are distinguished alone from the near-legs by

being of different colours. The horses, the hair, and mustachios, as well as the eyes and features of the characters, are depicted with all the various colours of green, blue, red, &c., according to the taste or caprice of the artist. This may be easily accounted for, when we consider how few colours composed their materials."

The first of the seventy-two compartments into which the roll of needlework is divided, is inscribed "Edward Rex." The crowned king, seated on a chair of state, with a sceptre, is given audience to two persons in attendance; and this is held to represent Harold departing for Normandy. The second shows Harold, and his attendants with hounds, on a journey. He bears the hawk on his hand, the distinguishing mark of nobility. The inscription purports that the figures represent Harold, Duke of the English, and his soldiers, journeying to Bosham. The third is inscribed "Ecclesia," and exhibits a Saxon church, with two bending figures about to enter. The fourth compartment represents Harold embarking; and the fifth shows him on his voyage. The sixth is his coming to anchor previous to disembarking on the coast of Normandy. The seventh and eight compartments exhibit the seizure of Harold by the Count of Ponthieu. The ninth shows Harold remonstrating with Guy, the Count, upon his unjust seizure.

The compartments from ten to twenty-five, inclusive, exhibit various circumstances connected with the sojourn of Harold at the court of William. Mr. Stothard has justly observed, "That whoever designed this historical record was intimately acquainted with whatever was passing on the Norman side, is evidently proved by that minute attention to familiar and local circumstances evinced in introducing, solely in the Norman party, characters certainly not essential to the great events connected with the story of the work." The twenty-sixth compartment represents Harold swearing fidelity to William, with each hand on a shrine of relics. All the historians appear to be agreed that Harold did take an oath to William to support his claims to the crown of England, whatever might have been the circumstances under which that oath was extorted from him. The twenty-seventh compartment exhibits Harold's return to England; and the twenty-eighth shows him on his journey after landing. The twenty-ninth compartment has an inscription purporting that Harold comes to Edward the King. The thirtieth shows the funeral procession of the deceased Edward to Westminster Abbey, a hand out of heaven pointing to that building as a monument of his piety. The inscription says, "Here the body of Edward the King is borne to the church of St. Peter the Apostle." The thirty-first and thirty-second compartments exhibit the sickness and death of the Confessor. The thirty-third shows the crown offered to Harold. The thirty-fourth presents us Harold on the throne, with Stigant the Archbishop. Then comes the compartment representing the comet already mentioned; and that is followed by one showing William giving orders for the building of ships for the invasion of England. We have then compartments, in which men are cutting down trees, building ships, dragging along vessels, and bearing arms and armour. The forty-third has an inscription, "Here they draw a car with wine and arms." After a compartment with William on horseback, we have the fleet on its voyage. The inscription to this recounts that he passes the sea with a great fleet, and comes to Pevensey. Three other compartments show the disembarkation of horses, the hasty march of cavalry, and the seizure and slaughter of animals for the hungry invaders. The forty-ninth compartment bears the inscription "This is Wadard." Who this personage on horseback, thus honoured, could be, was a great puzzle, till the name was found in Domesday-Book as a holder of land in six English counties, under Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's half-brother. This is one of the circumstances exhibiting the minute knowledge of the designers of this needlework. The fiftieth and fifty-first compartments present us the cooking and feasting of the Norman

army. We have then the dining of the chiefs; the Duke about to dine, whilst Odo blesses the food; and the Duke sitting under a canopy. The fifty-fifth shows him holding a banner, and giving orders for the construction of a camp at Hastings.

Six other compartments show us the burning of a house with firebrands, the march out of Hastings, the advance to the battle, and the anxious questioning by William of his spies and scouts as to the approach of the army of Harold. The sixty-third presents a messenger announcing to Harold that the army of William is near at hand. The sixty-fourth bears the inscription, that Duke William addresses his soldiers that they should prepare themselves boldly and skilfully for the battle. We have then six compartments, each exhibiting some scene of the terrible conflict. The seventy-first shows the death of Harold. The tapestry abruptly ends with the figures of flying soldiers.

We have probably been somewhat too minute in the description of this remarkable performance. If any apology be necessary, it may be best offered in the words of Mr. Amyot, in his 'Defence of the Early Antiquity of the Bayeux Tapestry,' which is almost conclusive as to the fact of its being executed under the direction of Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror ('Archæologia,' vol. xix). "If the Bayeux Tapestry be not history of the first class, it is perhaps something better. It exhibits genuine traits, elsewhere sought in vain, of the costume and manners of that age which, of all others, if we except the period of the Reformation, ought to be the most interesting to us; that age which gave us a new race of monarchs, bringing with them new landholders, new laws, and almost a new language. As in the magic pages of Froissart, we here behold our ancestors of each race in most of the occupations of life—in courts and camps—in pastime and in battle—at feasts, and on the bed of sickness. These are characteristics which of themselves would call forth a lively interest; but their value is greatly enhanced by their connection with one of the most important events in history, the main subject of the whole design."

31.—BATTLE ABBEY.

C. KNIGHT.

IN MAGNO NAVIGIO MARE TRANSIVIT, ET VENIT AD PEVENSÆ.

Such is the inscription to the forty-fifth compartment of the Bayeux Tapestry—in a great ship he passes the sea, and comes to Pevensay. The Bay of Pevensay is not now as it was on the 28th of September, A.D. 1066, when this great ship sailed into it, and a bold man, one whose stern will and powerful mind was to change the destiny of England, leaped upon the strand, and, falling upon his face, a great cry went forth that it was an evil omen;—but the omen was turned into a sign of gladness when he exclaimed, with his characteristic oath, "I have taken seisin of this land with both my hands." The shores of the bay are now a dreary marsh, guarded by dungeon-looking towers, which were built to defend us from such another seisin. The sea once covered this marsh, and the Norman army came a mile or so nearer to the chalk hills, beyond which they knew there was a land of tempting fertility. It must have been somewhat near the old Roman castle that the disembarkation took place, whose incidents are exhibited in the Bayeux Tapestry. Here were the horses removed from the ships: here each horseman mounted his own, and galloped about to look upon a land in which he saw no enemy; here were the oxen and the swine of Saxon farmer slaughtered by those for whom they were fatted not; here was the cooking, and the dining, and the rude pomp of the confident Duke, who knew that his great foe was engaged in a distant conflict. The character of William of Normandy was so remarkable, and indeed was such an

element of success in his daring attempt upon the English crown, that what is personally associated with him, even though it be found not in our own island, belongs to the antiquities of England. He was a *stark* man, as the Saxon chronicler describes him from personal knowledge, a man of unbending will and ruthless determination, but of too lofty a character to be needlessly cruel or wantonly destructive. Of his pre-eminent abilities there can be no question. Connected with such a man, then, his purposes and his success, the remains of his old Palace at Lillebonne, which may be readily visited by those who traverse the Seine in its steamboats, is an object of especial interest to an Englishman. For here was the great Council held for the invasion of England, and the attempt was determined against by the people collectively, but the wily chief separately won the assent of their leaders, and the collective voice was raised in vain. More intimately associated with the memory of the Conqueror is the Church of St. Etienne at Caen, which he founded; and where, deserted by his family and his dependants, the dead body of the sovereign before whom all men had trembled was hurried to the grave, amidst fearful omens and the renunciations of one whom he had persecuted. The mutilated statue of William may be seen on the exterior of the same church. In England we have one monument, connected in the same distinct manner with his personal character, whilst it is at the same time a memorial of his great triumph and the revolution which was its result—we mean Battle Abbey. When Harold heard—

“That due Wyllam to Hastinges was ycome,”

he gallantly set forward to meet him—but with an unequal force. He knew the strength of his enemy, but he did not quail before it. The chroniclers say that Harold's spies reported that there were more priests in William's camp than fighting men in that of Harold; and they add that the Saxon knew better than the spies that the supposed priests were good men-at-arms. Mr. Stothard, in his ‘Account of the Bayeux Tapestry,’ points out, with reference to the figures of the Normans, that “not only are their upper lips shaven, but nearly the whole of their heads, excepting a portion of hair left in front.” He adds, “It is a curious circumstance in favour of the great antiquity of the Tapestry, that time has, I believe, handed down to us no other representation of this most singular fashion, and it appears to throw a new light on a fact which has perhaps been misunderstood: the report made by Harold's spies that the Normans were an army of priests is well known. I should conjecture, from what appears in the Tapestry, that their resemblance to priests did not so much arise from the upper lip being shaven, as from the circumstance of the complete tonsure of the back part of the head.” Marching out from their entrenched camp at Hastings, the Normans, all shaven and shorn, encountered the moustached Saxons on the 14th of October. The Tapestry represents the Saxons fighting on foot, with javelin and battle-axe, bearing their shields with the old British characteristic of a boss in the centre. The Normans are on horseback, with their long shields and their pennoned lances. Harold and his two brothers fell at the foot of their standard which they had planted on the little hill of Senlac, and on this spot, whose name was subsequently changed to *Bataille*, was built Battle Abbey. It was not the pride of the Conqueror alone that raised up this once magnificent monument. The stern man, the hot and passionate man, the man who took what he could get by right and unright, “was mild to good men who loved God.” And so he built Battle Abbey.

Robert of Gloucester has thus described, in his quaint verse, the foundation of Battle Abbey:—

“King William bithought him alsoe of that
Folke that was forlorne,

And slayn also thorurȝ him
 In the bataile biforne.
 And ther as the bataile was,
 An abbey he lete rere
 Of Sent Martin, for the soules
 That there slayn were.
 And the monks wel ynoug
 Feffed without fayle,
 That is called in Englonde
 Abbey of Batulle."

Brown Willis tells us that in the fine old parish-church of Battle was formerly hung up a table containing certain verses, of which the following remained :—

"This place of war is Battle called, because in battle here
 Quite conquered and overthrown the English nation were.
 This slaughter happened to them upon St. Ceelie's day,*
 The year whereof . . . this number doth array."

The politic Conqueror did wisely thus to change the associations, if it were possible, which belonged to this fatal spot. He could not obliterate the remembrance of "the day of bitterness," the "day of death," the "day stained with the blood of the brave" (Matthew of Westminster). Even the red soil of Senlac was held, with patriotic superstition, to exude real and fresh blood after a small shower, "as if intended for a testimony that the voice of so much Christian blood here shed does still cry from the earth to the Lord" (Guilielmus Neubrigensis). This Abbey of Bataille is unquestionably a place to be trod with reverent contemplation by every Englishman who has heard of the great event that here took place, and has traced its greater consequences. He is of the mixed blood of the conquerors and the conquered. It has been written of him and his compatriots—

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by."

His national character is founded upon the union of the Saxon determination and the Norman energy. As he treads the red soil of Senlac, if his reformed faith had not taught him otherwise he would breathe a petition for all the souls, Saxon and Norman, "that there slain were." The Frenchman, whose imagination has been stirred by Thierry's picturesque and philosophical history of the Norman Conquest, will tread this ground with no natural prejudices; for the roll of Battle Abbey will show him that those inscribed as the followers of the Conqueror had Saxon as well as Norman names, and that some of the most illustrious of the names have long been the common property of England and of France. Yet the sight of this place is a mortifying one. The remains of the ancient cloisters have been turned into a dining-room, and, to use the words of the 'Guide-Book,' "Part of the site of the church is now a parterre which in summer exhibits a fine collection of Flora's greatest beauties." This was the very church whose high altar was described by the old writers to have stood on the spot where the body of Harold was found, covered with honourable wounds in the defence of his tattered standard. "Flora's greatest beauties!" Those who can look upon this desecration of a spot so singularly venerable without a burning blush for some foregone barbarism, must be made of different stuff from the brave who here fought to the death because they had a country which not only afforded them food and shelter, but the memory of

* St. Calixtus, October the 14th.

great men and heroic deeds, which was to them an inheritance to be prized and defended.

The desecration of Battle Abbey of course began at the general pillage under Henry the Eighth. The Lord Cromwell's Commissioners write to him that they have "cast their book" for the dispatch of the monks and household. They think that very small money can be made of the vestry, but they reckon the plunder of the church plate to amount to four hundred marks. Within three months after the surrender of the Abbey it was granted to Sir Anthony Browne; and he at once set about pulling down the church, the bell-tower, the sacristy, and the chapter-house. The spoiler became Viscount Montacute; and in this family Battle Abbey continued, till it was sold, in 1719, to Sir Thomas Webster. Brown Willis who wrote at the beginning of the last century, thus describes it in his day:—"Though this abbey be demolished, yet the magnificence of it appears by the ruins of the cloisters, &c., and by the largeness of the hall, kitchen, and gate-house, of which the last is entirely preserved. It is a noble pile, and in it are held sessions and other meetings, for the peculiar jurisdiction, which hath still great privileges belonging to it. What the hall was, when in its glory, may be guessed by its dimensions, its length above fifty of my paces; part of it is now used as a hay-barn; it was leaded, part of the lead yet remains, and the rest is tiled. As to the kitchen, it was so large as to contain five fire-places, and it was arched at top; but the extent of the whole abbey may be better measured by the compass of it, it being computed at no less than a mile about. In this church the Conqueror offered up his sword and royal robe, which he wore on the day of his coronation. The monks kept these till the suppression, and used to show them as great curiosities, and worthy the sight of their best friends, and all persons of distinction that happened to come thither: nor were they less careful about preserving a table of the Norman gentry which came into England with the Conqueror."

32.—SPEECHES BEFORE THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

WARNER'S ALBION'S ENGLAND.

HAROLD'S SPEECH.

"See, valiant war-friends, yonder be the first, the last, and all
The agents of our enemies, they henceforth cannot call
Supplies; for weeds at Normandy by this in porches grow:
Then conquer these would conquer you, and dread no further foe
They are no stouter than the Brutes, whom we did hence exile:
Nor stronger than the sturdy Danes, our victory ere while:
Not Saxony could once contain, or scarce the world beside
Our fathers, who did sway by sword where listed them to bide:
Then do not ye degenerate, take courage by descent,
And by their burials, not abode, their source and flight prevent.
Ye have in hand your country's cause, a conquest they pretend,
Which (were ye not the same ye be) even cowards would defend.
I grant that part of us are fled, and linked to the foe,
And glad I am our army is of traitors cleared—so:
Yea, pardon hath he to depart, that strayeth mal-content;
I prize the mind above the man, like zeal hath like event.
Yet truth it is, no well or ill this Island ever had,
But through the well or ill support of subjects good or bad:
Not Cæsar, Hengist, Sweyn, or now (which ne'ertheless shall fail),
The Norman Bastard, Albion true, old, could, or can prevail.

But to be self-false in this Isle a self-foe ever is,
 Yet wot I, never traitor did his treason's stipend miss.
 Shrink who will shrink, let armour's weight press down the burd'ned earth,
 My foes, with wond'ring eyes shall see I over-prize my death.
 But since ye all, (for all, I hope, alike affected be,
 Your wives, your children, lives, and land, from servitude to free)
 Are armed both in show and zeal, then gloriously contend,
 To win and wear the home-brought spoils, of Victory the end.
 Let not the Skinner's daughter's son possess what he pretends,
 He lives to die a noble death that life for freedom spends."

DUKE WILLIAM'S SPEECH.

"To live upon or lie within this is my ground or grave,
 (My loving soldiers), one of twain your Duke resolves to have.
 Nor be ye Normans now to seek in what ye should be stout,
 Ye come amidst the English pikes to hew your honours out,
 Ye come to win the same by lance, that is your own by law,
 Ye come, I say, in righteous war revenging swords to draw.
 Howbeit of more hardy foes no passed flight hath sped ye,
 Since Rollo to your now-abode with bands victorious led ye,
 Or Turchus, son of Troilus, in Scythian Fazo bred ye.
 Then worthy your progenitors ye seed of Priam's son,
 Exploit this business, Rollons, do that which ye wish he done.
 Three people have as many times got and foregone this shore,
 It resteth now ye conquer it, not to be conquered more.
 For Norman and the Saxon blood conjoining, as it may,
 From that consorted, seed the crown shall never pass away.
 Before us are our armed foes, behind us are the seas,
 On either side the foe hath holds of succour and for ease :
 But that advantage shall return their disadvantage thus,
 If ye observe no shore is left the which may shelter us,
 And so hold out amidst the rough whilst they hail in for lee,
 Whereas, whilst men securely sail, not seldom shipwrecks be,
 What should I cite your passed acts, or tediously incense
 To present arms ; your faces show your hearts conceive offence,
 Yea, even your courages divine a conquest not to fail.
 Hope then your Duke doth prophecy, and in that hope prevail.
 A people brave, a terren Heaven, both objects worth your wars,
 Shall be the prizes of your prow's, and mount your fame to stars.
 Let not a traitor's perjur'd son exclude us from our right :
 He dies to live a famous life, that doth for conquest fight."

33.—INDUSTRY OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

C. KNIGHT.

AGRICULTURE.

The opening of the year was the time in which the ground was broken up, and the seed committed to the bounty of heaven. We cannot with any propriety assume that the seed was literally sown in the coldest month, although it is possible that the winter began earlier than it now does. December was emphatically called Winter-monat, winter-month. The Anglo-Saxon name of January was

equally expressive of its fierce and gloomy attributes ; its long nights, when men and cattle were sheltering from the snow-storm and the frost, but the hungry wolf was prowling around the homestead. Verstegan says, "The month which we now call January, they called Wolf-monat, to wit, wolf-month, because people are wont always in that month to be in more danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season else of the year ; for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, these ravenous beasts could not find of other beasts sufficient to feed upon." There are preserved in the Cotton Library some very curious dialogues composed by Alfric of Canterbury, who lived in the latter part of the tenth century, which were for the instruction of the Anglo-Saxon youth in the Latin language, upon the principle of interlinear translation ; and in these the ploughman says, "I labour much. I go out at daybreak, urging the oxen to the field, and I yoke them to the plough. It is not yet so stark winter that I dare keep close at home, for fear of my lord." (Turner's 'Anglo-Saxons.') We thus see that the ploughing is done after the harvest, before the winter sets in. The ploughman continues, "But the oxen being yoked, and the shear and coulter fastened on, I ought to plough every day one entire field or more. I have a boy to threaten the oxen with a goad, who is now hoarse through cold and bawling. I ought also to fill the bins of the oxen with hay, and water them, and carry out their soil." The daily task of the ploughman indicates an advanced state of husbandry. The land was divided into fields ; we know from Saxon grants that they had hedges and ditches. He was as careful, too, to carry upon the land the ordure of the oxen, as if he had studied a modern 'Muck-Manual.' He knew the value of such labour, and set about it probably in a more scientific manner than many of those who till the same land nine hundred years after him. Mr. Sharon Turner has given a brief and sensible account of the Anglo-Saxon husbandry, from which the following is an extract :—

"When the Anglo-Saxons invaded England, they came into a country which had been under the Roman power for about four hundred years, and where agriculture, after its more complete subjection by Agricola, had been so much encouraged, that it had become one of the western granaries of the empire. The Britons, therefore, of the fifth century may be considered to have pursued the best system of husbandry then in use, and their lands to have been extensively cultivated with all those exterior circumstances which mark established proprietorship and improvement : as small farms ; inclosed fields ; regular divisions into meadow, arable, pasture and wood ; fixed boundaries ; planted hedges ; artificial dykes and ditches ; selected spots for vineyards, gardens, and orchards ; connecting roads and paths ; scattered villages and larger towns ; with appropriated names for every spot and object that marked the limits of each property, or the course of each way. All these appear in the earliest Saxon charter, and before the conquering invaders had time or ability to make them, if they had not found them in the island. Into such a country the Anglo-Saxon adventurers came, and by these facilities to rural civilization soon became an agricultural people. The natives, whom they despised, conquered, and enslaved, became their educators and servants in the new arts, which they had to learn, of grazing and tillage ; and the previous cultivation practised by the Romanised Britons will best account for the numerous divisions, and accurate and precise descriptions of land which occur in almost all the Saxon charters. No modern conveyance could more accurately distinguish or describe the boundaries of the premises which it conveyed." ('History of the Anglo-Saxons,' Vol. III., Appendix, No. 2.)

FISHING.

The great season of abstinence from flesh, and the regular recurrence through the year of days of fasting, rendered a provision for the supply of fish to the

population a matter of deep concern to their ecclesiastical instructors. In the times when the Pagan Saxons were newly converted to Christianity, the missionaries were the great civilizers, and taught the people how to avail themselves of the abundant supply of food which the sea offered to the skilful and the enterprising. Bede tells us that Wilfred so taught the people of Sussex. "The bishop, when he came into the province, and found so great misery of famine, taught them to get their food by fishing. Their sea and rivers abounded in fish, and yet the people had no skill to take them, except only eels. The bishop's men having gathered eel-nets everywhere, cast them into the sea, and by the help of God took three hundred fishes of several sorts, the which being divided into three parts, they gave a hundred to the poor, a hundred to those of whom they had the nets, and kept a hundred for their own use." The Anglo-Saxons had oxen and sheep; but their chief reliance for flesh meat, especially through the winter season, was upon the swine, which, although private property, fed by thousands in the vast woods with which the country abounded. Our word *Bacon* is "of the beechen-tree, anciently called *bucon*, and whereas swine's flesh is now called by the name of bacon, it grew only at the first unto such as were fattened with *bucon* or beech mast." As abundant as the swine were the eels that flourished in their ponds and ditches. The consumption of this species of fish appears from many incidental circumstances to have been very great. Rents were paid in eels, boundaries of lands were defined by eel-dykes, and the monasteries required a regular supply of eels from their tenants and dependents. We find, however, that the people had a variety of fish, if they could afford to purchase of the industrious labourers in the deep. In the 'Dialogues of Alfric,' there is the following colloquy with a fisherman: "What gettest thou by thine art?—Big loaves, clothing, and money. How do you take them?—I ascend my ship, and cast my net into the river; I also throw in a hook, a bait and a rod. Suppose the fishes are unclean?—I throw the unclean out, and take the clean for food. Where do you sell your fish?—In the city. Who buys them?—The citizens; I cannot take so many as I can sell. What fishes do you take?—Eels, haddocks, minnies, and eel-pouts, skate and lampreys, and whatever swims in the river. Why do you not fish in the sea?—Sometimes I do; but rarely, because a great ship is necessary there. What do you take in the sea?—Herrings and salmon, porpoises, sturgeons, oysters and crabs, muscles, winkles, cockles, flounders, plaice, lobsters and such like. Can you take a Whale?—No, it is dangerous to take a whale; it is safer for me to go to the river with my ship than to go with many ships to hunt whales. Why?—because it is more pleasant for me to take fish which I can kill with one blow; yet many take whale: without danger, and then they get a great price; but I dare not from the fearfulness of my mind." We thus see that three centuries after Wilfred had taught the people of Sussex to obtain something more from the waters than the rank eels in their mud-ponds, the produce of the country's fishery had become an article of regular exchange. The citizens bought of the fisherman as much fish as he could sell; the fisherman obtained big loaves and clothing from the citizens. The enterprise which belongs to the national character did not rest satisfied with the herrings and salmon of the sea. Though the little fisherman crept along his shore, there were others who went with many ships to hunt whales. We cannot have a more decisive indication of the general improvement which had followed in the wake of Christianity, even during a period of constant warfare with predatory invaders.

CLOTHING.

The shepherd describes his duty in the Colloquy of Alfric: "In the first part of the morning I drive my sheep to their pasture, and stand over them in heat and in

cold with dogs, lest the wolves destroy them. I lead them back to their folds and milk them twice a day, and I move their folds, and make cheese and butter; and I am faithful to my lord." The garments of the Anglo-Saxons, both male and female, were linen as well as woollen; but we can easily judge that in a country whose population was surrounded by vast forests and dreary marshes, wool, the warmer material for clothing, would be of the first importance. The fleece which the shepherd brought home in the pleasant summer season was duly spun throughout the winter, by the females of every family, whatever might be their rank. King Edward the Elder commanded that his daughters should be instructed in the use of the distaff. Alfred, in his will, called the female part of his family the spindle side. At this day, true to their ancient usefulness (the form of which, we hope not the substance, has passed away), unmarried ladies are called spinsters. But the Anglo-Saxon ladies attained a high degree of skill in the ornamental work belonging to clothing. The Norman historians record their excellence with the needle, and their skill in embroidery.

BREAD.*

"August they call Arn-monat, more rightly Barn-monat, intending thereby the then filling of their barns with corn." The arable portion of an estate was probably comparatively small. The population of the towns was supplied with corn from the lands in their immediate vicinity. There was no general system of exchange prevailing throughout the country. In the small farms enough corn was grown for domestic use; and when it failed, as it often did, before the succeeding harvest, the cole-wort and the green pulse were the welcome substitutes. Wheaten bread was not in universal use. The young monks of the Abbey of St. Edmund ate the cheaper barley bread. The baker, in Alfric's Colloquy, answers to the question of "What use is your art? we can live long without you:"—"You may live through some space without my art, but not long nor so well; for without my craft every table would seem empty, and without bread all meat would become nauseous. I strengthen the heart of man, and little ones could not do without me." In a picture representing a dinner party, some food is placed on the table; but the kneeling servants offer the roasted meat on spits, from which the guests cut slices into their trenchers. We smile at these primitive manners, but they were a refinement upon those of the heroes of Homer, who were their own cooks.

"Patroclus did his dear friend's will: and he that did desire
To cheer the lords (come faint from night) set on a blazing fire
A great brass pot, and into it a chine of mutton put,
And fat goat's flesh; Antenor held, while he pieces cut
To roast and boil, right cunningly; then of a well fed swine,
A huge fat shoulder he cut out, and spits it wondrous fine.
His good friend made a goodly fire; of which the force once past,
He laid the spit low near the coals, to make it brown at last.
Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and took it from the racks
This roasted and on dresser set, his friend Patroclus takes
Bread in fair baskets; which set on, Achilles brought the meat,
And to divinest Ithacus took his opposed sea
Upon the bench: then did he will his friend to sacrifice;
Who cast sweet incense in the fire, to all the Deities.
Thus fell they to their ready food."

CHAPMAN'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD, Book ix.

- An illumination amongst the Harleian Manuscripts exhibits to us an interesting

part of the economy of a lord's house in the Saxon times. In the foreground are collected some poor people, aged men, women, and children, who are storing in their vessels, or humbly waiting to receive, the provisions which the lord and the lady are distributing at their hall door. It was from this highest of the occupations of the rich and powerful, the succour of the needy, that the early antiquaries derived our titles of Lord and Lady. The modern etymologists deny the correctness of this derivation, and maintain that the names are simply derived from a Saxon verb which means to raise up, to exalt. Horne Tooke, in his 'Divisions of Purley,' maintains this opinion; and our recent dictionary-makers adopt it. Nevertheless, we shall transcribe old Verstegan's ingenious notion of the origin of the terms, which has something higher and better in it than mere word-splitting: "I find that our ancestors used for Lord the name of Laford, which (as it should seem) for some aspiration in the pronouncing, they wrote Hlaford, and Hlafurd. Afterward it grew to be written Lovedr, and by receiving like abridgement as other of our ancient appellations have done, it is in one syllable become Lord. To deliver therefore the true etymology, the reader shall understand, that albeit we have our name of bread from Breod, as our ancestors were wont to call it, yet used they also, and that most commonly, to call bread by the name of Hlaf, from whence we now only retain the name of the form or fashion wherein bread is usually made, calling it a loaf, whereas loaf, coming of Hlaf or Laf, is rightly also bread itself, and was not of our ancestors taken for the form only, as now we use it. Now was it usual in long foregoing ages, that such as were endued with great wealth and means above others, were chiefly renowned (especially in these northern regions) for their house-keeping and good hospitality; that is, for being able, and using to feed and sustain many men, and therefore were they particularly honoured with the name and title of Hlaford, which is as much to say, as an afforder of Laf, that is, a bread-giver, intending (as it seemeth) by bread, the sustenance of man, that being the substance of our food the most agreeable to nature; and that which in our daily prayers we especially desire at the hands of God. The name and title of Lady was anciently written Hleafdian, or Leafdian, from whence it came to be Lady, and lastly Lady. I have showed here last before how Hlaf or Laf was sometime our name of bread, as also the reason why our noble and principal men came to be honoured in the name of Laford, which now is Lord, and even the like in correspondence of reason must appear in this name of Leafdian, the feminine of Laford; the first syllable whereof being anciently written Hleaf, and not Hlaf, must not therefore alienate it from the like nature and sense, for that only seemeth to have been the feminine sound, and we see that of Leafdian we have not retained Leady, but Lady. Well then both Hlaf and Hleaf, we must here understand to signify one thing, which is bread; Dian is as much to say as serve; and so is Leafdian a bread-server. Whereby it appeareth that as the Laford did allow food and sustenance, so the Leafdian did see^d served and disposed to the guests. And our ancient and yet continued custom that our ladies and gentlewomen do use to serve and serve their guests at the table, which in other countries is altogether strange and unusual, doth for proof hereof well accord and correspond with this our ancient and honourable feminine appellation."

WINE.

Much has been written upon the ancient culture of the vine in England. Bede says, "The island excels for grain and trees, and is fit for feeding of beasts of burden and cattle. It also produces vines in some places." The later chroniclers, who knew the fact, quote Bede without disputing his assertion. Winchester, according to some of the earlier antiquaries, derived its name from Vintonia, the city of the vine; but this is very questionable. The Bishop of Rochester had a

vineyard at Halling; and one of the bishops, as Lambarde tells us, sent to Edward II. "a present of his drinks, and withal both wine and grapes of his own growth in his vineyard at Halling, which is now a good plain meadow." The same authority says, "History hath mention that there was about that time [the Norman invasion] great store of vines at Santlac [Battle]." He has a parallel instance of the early culture of the vine:—"The like whereof I have read to have been at Windsor, insomuch as tithe of them hath been there yielded in great plenty; which giveth me to think that wine hath been made long since within the realm, although in our memory it be accounted a great dainty to hear of." Lambarde then particularly describes the tithe of the Windsor vineyard, as "of wine pressed out of grapes that grew in the little park there, to the Abbot of Waltham; and that accompts have been made of the charges of planting the vines that grew in the said park, as also of making the wines, whereof some parts were spent in the household, and some sold for the king's profit." This is an approach to a wine-manufacture upon a large scale. There can be little doubt that many of the great monasteries in the South of England had their vineyards, and made the wine for the use of their fraternities. They might not carry the manufacture so far as to sell any wine for their profit; but the vineyard and the wine-press saved them the cost of foreign wines, for their labour was of little account. The religious houses founded in the Anglo-Saxon period had probably, in many cases, their vineyards as well as their orchards. There is an express record of a vineyard at Saint Edmundsbury; Martin, Abbot of Peterborough, is recorded in the Saxon Chronicle to have planted a vineyard; William Thorn, the monastic chronicler, writes that in his abbey of Nordhome the vineyard was "ad commodum et magnum honorem"—a profitable and celebrated vineyard. Vineyards are repeatedly mentioned in Domesday-Book. William of Malmesbury thus notices vineyards in his description of the abundance of the County of Gloucester:—"No county in England has so many or so good vineyards as this, either for fertility or sweetness of the grape. The vine has in it no unpleasant tartness or eagerness [sourness, from *aigre*], and is little inferior to the French in sweetness." Camden, in quoting this passage, adds, "We are not to wonder that so many places in this country, from their vines are called vineyards, because they afforded plenty of wine; and that they yield none now is rather to be imputed to the sloth of the inhabitants than the indisposition of the climate." This question of the ancient growth of the vine in England was the subject of a regular antiquarian passage-at-arms in 1771, when the Honourable Daines Barrington entered the lists to overthrow all the chroniclers and antiquaries, from William of Malmesbury to Samuel Pegge, and to prove that the English grapes were currants—that the vineyards of Domesday-book and other ancient records were nothing but gardens—that the climate of England would never have permitted the ripening of grapes for wine. The throng of partisans to this battle-field was prodigious. The Antiquarian Society inscribed the paper pellets shot on this occasion as "The Vineyard Controversy."

We have no hesitation in believing that those who put faith in the truth of the ancient records were right;—that vineyards were plentiful in England, and that wine was made from the English grapes. It was not a change in the climate, not the sloth of the people, that rendered the vineyards less and less profitable in every age, and finally produced their complete extinction. The wine of France was largely imported into England soon after the Norman Conquest. It is distinctly recorded that a passion for French wines was a characteristic of the court and the nobility in the reign of Henry III. The monks continued to cultivate their vines,—as in the sunny vale of Beaulieu, where the abbey, which King John founded, had its famous vineyard; but the great supply of wine, even to the diligent monks, was from the

shores of France, where the vine could be cultivated upon the commercial principle. Had the English under the Plantagenets persevered in the home cultivation of the vine for the purpose of wine-making, whilst the claret of a better vine-country, that could be brought in a few hours across the narrow sea, was excluded from our ports, the capital of England would have been fruitlessly wasted in struggles against natural disadvantages, and the people of England would have been for the most part deprived of the use and enjoyment of a superior drink to their native beer. The English vineyards were gradually changed into plain meadows, as Lambarde has said, or into fertile corn-fields. Commercially the vine could not be cultivated in England, whilst the produce of the sunny hills of France was more accessible to London and Winchester than the corn which grew in the nearest inland county. The brethren of a monastery, whose labour was a recreation, might continue to prune their vines and press their grapes, as their Saxon ancestors had done before them; but for the people generally, wine would have been a luxury unattainable had not the ports of Sandwich and Southampton been freely open to the cheap and excellent wine of the French provinces. This is the course of every great revolution in the mode of supplying the necessities, or even the luxuries, of a people amongst whom the principle of exchange has been established. The home growth for a while supplies the home consumption. A cheaper and better supply is partially obtained through exchange and easy communication—from another parish, another county, another province, and finally from another country. Then the home growth lingers and declines; capital is diverted into other channels, where it can be more profitably employed. Governments then begin to strive against the natural commercial laws, by the establishment of restrictive or prohibitory duties. A struggle goes on, perhaps prolonged for centuries, between the restrictions and the principle of exchange. The result is certain. The law of exchange is a law of progress; the rule of restriction is a rule of retrogression. The law of exchange goes on to render the communications of mankind, even of those who are separated by mighty oceans, as easy as the ancient communications of those who were only separated by a river or a mountain. The rule of restriction, generation after generation, and year after year, narrows its circle, which was first a wide one, and held a confiding people within its fold; but, as it approaches to the end, comes to contain only a class, then a few of the more prejudiced of a class, and lastly, those who openly admit that the rule is for their exclusive benefit. The meadows and the corn-fields of England have profitably succeeded her unprofitable vineyards; and the meadows and the corn-fields will flourish because the same law of exchange that drove out the vineyards will render the home exchange of corn and meat more profitable, generally, to producer and consumer than the foreign exchange. England is essentially a corn-growing and a mutton-growing country; and we have no fear that her fields will have failing crops, or her downs not be white with flocks, if the law of exchange should free itself from every restriction. England was not a wine-growing country, and therefore her vineyards perished before the same natural laws that will give the best, because the most steady, encouragement to her bread-growing and beer-growing capacity.

HANDICRAFTS.

Verstegan says, "Touching such, as have their surnames of occupations, as Smith, Taylor, Turner, and such others, it is not to be doubted but their ancestors have first gotten them by using such trades; and the children of such parents being content to take them upon them, their after-coming posterity could hardly avoid them, and so in time cometh it rightly to be said,—

'From whence came Smith, all be he knight or squire,
But from the smith that forgeth at the fire.'

But the author of an ingenious little book, on "English Surnames," Mr. Lower, points out that the term was originally applied to all smelters in general. The Anglo-Saxon Smith was the name of any one that struck with a hammer,—a carpenter, as well as a worker in iron. They had specific names for the ironsmith, the goldsmith, the coppersmith; and the numerous race of the Smiths are the representatives of the great body of artificers amongst our Saxon ancestors. The monks themselves were smiths; and St. Dunstan, the ablest man of his age, was a worker in iron. The ironsmith could produce any tool by his art, from a ploughshare to a needle. The smith in Alfric's Colloquy says, "Whence the share to the ploughman, or the goad, but for my art? Whence to the fisherman an angle, or to the shoewright an awl, or to the sempstress a needle, but for my art?" No wonder then that the art was honoured and cultivated. The antiquaries have raised a question whether the Anglo-Saxon horses were shod; and they appear to have decided in the negative, because the great districts for the breed of horses were fenny districts, where the horses might travel without shoes (See '*Archæologia*,' vol. iii.). The crotchets of the learned are certainly unfathomable. Mr. Pegge, the writer to whom we allude, says, "Here in England one has reason to think they began to shoe soon after the Norman Conquest. William the Conqueror gave to Simon St. Liz, a noble Norman, the town of Northampton, and the whole hundred of Fakley, then valued at forty pound per annum, to provide shoes for his horses." If the shoes were not wanted, by reason of the nature of the soil in Anglo-Saxon times, the invading Normans might have equally dispensed with them, and William might have saved his manor for some better suit and service. Montfaucon tells us, that when the tomb of Childeric, the father of Clovis, who was buried with his horse in the fifth century, was opened in 1653, an iron horse-shoe was found within it. If the horse of Childeric wore iron horse-shoes, we may reasonably conclude that the horses of Alfred and Athelstan, of Edgar and Harold, were equally provided by their native smiths. There is little doubt that the mines of England were well worked in the Saxon times. "Iron-ore was obtained in several counties, and there were furnaces for smelting. The mines of Gloucestershire in particular are alluded to by Giraldus Cambrensis as producing an abundance of this valuable metal; and there is every reason for supposing that these mines were wrought by the Saxons, as indeed they had most probably been by their predecessors the Romans. The lead-mines of Derbyshire, which had been worked by the Romans, furnished the Anglo-Saxons with a supply of ore; but the most important use of this metal in the Anglo-Saxon period, that of covering the roofs of churches, was not introduced before the close of the seventh century." ('*Pictorial History of England*,' Book II. Chap. VI.) It is not impossible that something more than mere manual labour was applied to the operations of lifting ore from the mines, and freeing them from water, the great obstacle to successful working. In the Cotton Manuscripts we have a representation of the Anglo-Saxon mode of raising water from a well with a loaded lever. At the present day we see precisely the same operation carried on by the market-gardeners of Isleworth and Twickenham. A people that have advanced so far in the mechanical arts as thus to apply the lever as a labour-saving principle, are in the direct course for reaching many of the higher combinations of machinery. The Anglo-Saxons were exporters of manufactured goods in gold and silver; and after nine hundred years we are not much farther advanced in our commercial economy than the merchant in Alfric's Colloquy, who says, "I send my ship with my merchandise, and sail over the sea-like places, and sell my things, and buy dear things, which are not produced in this land. . . . Will you sell your things here as you bought them there?—I will not, because what would my labour benefit me? I will sell them here dearer than I bought them there, that I may get some profit to feed me, my wife, and children."

34.—CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

FROM EGBERT TO THE DEATH OF HAROLD, 1066.

(From Chronology of History, by Sir Harris Nicolas.)

- 827 EGBERT, or EGBRYHT, king of Wessex. He defeated and slew the king of Mercia in 825, and conquered that kingdom and all south of the Humber in 827, when he became the first sole monarch of England. He died 836-7.
- 837 ÆTHELWULF, son of king EGBERT, succeeded his father in February, 839. Died 857, "having reigned eighteen years and a half."*
- 858 ÆTHELBALD II, eldest son of king Æthelwulf, succeeded his father in the kingdom of Wessex in 858. Died 860.
- 861 ÆTHELBERT, or ÆTHELBRIGHT II., second son of Æthelwulf, succeeded his father in the kingdoms of Kent, Essex, Surrey, and Sussex, and in 860 he succeeded his brother in the kingdom of Wessex. Died 866, "having reigned five years."*
- 866 ÆTHELRED, or ÆTHERED, third son of king Æthelwulf, succeeded his brother Æthelbert in 866. Died 871, "having reigned five years."*
- 872 ALFRED THE GREAT, fourth son of king Æthelwulf, succeeded his brother in 871. Died "six nights before the feast of All Saints," viz., the 25th or 26th of October, 901, having reigned twenty eight years and a half.
- 901 EDWARD I., THE ELDER, eldest surviving son of king Alfred, succeeded his father in 901. Died 925.
- 925 ÆTHELSTAN, or ÆTDESTAN, natural son of king Edward the Elder, elected by the Witan on the death of his father in 925. Died 27th of October, 940, "having reigned fourteen years and ten weeks."*
- 940 EDMUND I., THE ELDER, fifth son of king Edward the Elder, succeeded king Æthelstan in 940. Died 26th of May, 947, "having reigned six years and a half."*
- 947 EDRÆD, brother of king Edmund I., whom he succeeded in 947. Died 23d of November, 955, "having reigned nine years and a half."*
- 955 EDWY, or EDWIN, eldest son of king Edmund I., succeeded his uncle, and was crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames in 955. Died 1st of October, 957 or 959.
- 959 EDGAR, THE PEACEABLE, succeeded his brother king Edwy in 959. "Consecrated as king with great pomp at Bath," 11th of May, 973. Died July 18th, 975.
- 975 EDWARD II., THE MARTYR, eldest son of king Edgar, succeeded his father in 975. Died 11th of March, 978.
- 978 ÆTHELRED II., THE UNREADY, half-brother of king Edward the Martyr, whom he succeeded in 978. Abdicated the throne in 1012, but was restored in 1015. Died 23d of April, 1016.
- 1010 EDMUND IRONSIDES, natural son of king Æthelred, elected by the Witan in London, and the citizens, on the death of Æthelred; crowned April, 1016, but was defeated by Canute, with whom he divided the realm, Edmund taking Wessex, and Canute Mercia. Died 30th of November, 1016.
- 1013 SWAIN, or SWEYN, king of Denmark, brother of king Æthelred II., usurped the crown, and was proclaimed king in the autumn of 1013. Died 3d of February, 1014.
- 1014 CANUTE, or CNUT, son of king Swain, was elected king of England by the fleet, in February, 1014. He defeated Edmund Ironsides in 1016, and divided the realm with him, Canute taking Mercia, and Edmund Wessex. That prince died 30th of November, 1016, and in 1017 Canute became sole monarch of England; or, as one copy of the Saxon Chronicle expresses it, "took to himself the whole kingdom of England," whilst another copy says, "this year [1017] Cnut was chosen king." Died 1036.

* Saxon Chronicle. It will be seen that the length assigned to several reigns in that work does not agree with the date assigned to the accession of the kings.

- 1036 HAROLD I., son of king Canute, succeeded his father, by election of the Witan, in 1036, and died 16th of April, 1039, "having reigned four years and sixteen weeks."*
- 1039 HARCANUTE, or HARCINUT, king of Denmark, half brother of king Harold I., succeeded to the throne about Midsummer, 1039. Died 8th of June, 1041. "He was king over all England two years all but ten days."
- 1041 EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, son of king Etheldred II., and half brother of king Harcanut; elected to the throne before the funeral of Harcanut, in June, 1041, and was crowned at Winchester on Easter-day, 3d of April, 1043. Died 5th of January, 1066.
- 1066 HAROLD II., son of Godwin, earl of Kent, succeeded under a grant of the kingdom by Edward the Confessor. He was crowned on the 6th of January, 1066, but was slain at the battle of Hastings, 14th of October in the same year.

* Saxon Chronicle.

The following Chronology of English History to the Battle of Hastings, is taken from the
'Chronological Index to the Pictorial History of England.'

B.C.

- 55 JULIUS CÆSAR lands in Britain; gains several battles, and returns the same year to Gaul.
- 54 Julius Cæsar lands a second time in Britain; fights Cassivellaunus; forces the passage of the Thames; takes the capital of Cassivellaunus; appoints a yearly tribute, and again returns to Gaul.

A.D.

- 43 Aulus Plautius lands in Britain; defeats Caractacus and Togodumnus, and compels some of the tribes to submit. Claudius arrives in Britain, receives the submission of some of the tribes, and returns to Rome after being in the island six months.
- 50 Ostorius Scapula, proprætor, arrives in Britain; carries on the war nine years; erects forts and lines; defeats the Sceni, captures Caractacus, and sends him to Rome.
- 59-61 Paulus Suetonius takes Mona (Anglesey). Boadicea defeats the Romans, and is afterwards defeated by Suetonius, and poisons herself.
- 75-78 Julius Frontinus subdues the Silures.
- Agricola completes the conquest of South Britain, and reconquers Mona.
- 79 He pursues his operations in the south-west.
- 80, 81 He builds Agricola's wall; erects a chain of forts from Solway Frith to the Friths of Clyde and Forth.
- 82 Agricola subdues the Novantæ, Selgovæ, and Damnii, and clears the south west of Scotland.
- 83 Crosses the Frith of Forth, and defeats the Caledonians.
- 84 Again defeats them at the Grampians under Galgacus. Britain discovered to be an island. Agricola recalled to Rome by Domitian.
- 120 Hadrian arrives in Britain; raises a rampart between Solway Frith and the German Ocean.
- 121 He repairs the wall of Agricola.
- 138 Lollius Urbicus drives the Caledonians beyond the Clyde and Forth, and there fixes the
- 140 Roman frontier; erects a rampart on the line of Agricola's forts.
- 183 The Caledonians lay waste the country between the lines of Agricola and the wall of Hadrian.
- 207 Severus lands in South Britain; penetrates into Caledonia; builds a wall parallel with those of Agricola and Hadrian.
- 211 He marches against the Caledonians, but dies at Eboracum (York). Caracalla yields the ground between the Solway and Tyne and the Friths of Clyde and Forth to the Caledonians.
- 288 Carausius defeats the Scandinavian and Saxon pirates; is made emperor of Britain, &c. Britain a naval power.
- 297 He is murdered at Eboracum by Allectus, who succeeds him.
- 300 Allectus defeated and slain.

A.D.

306 Constantius Chlorus dies at Eboracum.

337 The Emperor Constantine the Great dies.

367 The Picts and Scots pillage Augusta (London) and make the inhabitants slaves.

382 Maximus becomes emperor of Britain, Gaul, Spain, and Italy.

388 He is defeated and put to death by the Emperor Theodosius the Great.

395 Theodosius dies, bequeathing the empire of the west to Honorius, over whom he appoints Stilicho guardian.

Stilicho repels the Picts, Scots, and Saxons.

403 The Roman empire dismembered; part of the Roman troops recalled.

407 Marcus elected emperor of Britain; dethroned and murdered.

Constantine elected emperor of Britain; conquers a great part of Gaul; gives Spain to his son Constans; dies.

420 The Romans finally abandon Britain.

428 Leogaire MacNeil, first Christian King of Ireland, began to reign.

441 The Roman party in Britain petition Aëtius for aid. Germanus, a Gallic bishop, defeats the Picts.

449 Vortigern calls in the aid of the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa, whom he places in the Isle of Thanet.

463 Leogaire MacNeil, first Christian king of Ireland, dies.

Hengist and Horsa drive out the Picts and Scots. Vortigern marries Rowena.

The Saxons fortify Thanet. Vortigern is deposed, and Vortimer elected king. The Saxons massacre the Britons at Stonehenge. Hengist founds in Kent the first Saxon kingdom.

470 Riothamus, a king of Cornwall, embarks with 12,000 British to assist the Gauls.

477 Ella, the Saxon, with his three sons, lands in Sussex; defeats the Britons, and founds the kingdom of the South Saxons.

510 He dies, having been the first Bretwalda.

527-9 Ecgwine takes possession of Essex, and founds the kingdom of the East Saxon.

547 Ida, the Angles, lands at Flamborough head, and settles between the Tees and the Tyne, and founds the kingdom of Bernicia.

568 Cædwllan, king of Wessex, begins to reign.

593 Ethelbert, king of Kent, becomes Bretwalda.

616 He dies, and is succeeded as king of Kent by his son Eadbald.

617 Redwald, king of East Angles, becomes Bretwalda.

The Angles of Bernicia and Deira united, and called Northumbrians.

621 Edelfrid, king of Northumbria, is slain, and Edwin, fifth Bretwalda, succeeds to his kingdom.

625 Edwin styled "Rex Anglorum."

634 Penda, prince of Mercia, and Cadwallader, king of North Wales, defeat and slay Edwin.

Oswald defeats and slays Cadwallader at Hexham.

He is acknowledged Bretwalda.

642 He is slain in battle by Penda, and is succeeded in his kingdom by Oswy.

647 The Britons of Cornwall and Devonshire submit to the Anglo-Saxons.

651 The kingdom of Northumbria again divided.

652 Penda ravages Northumberland. Oswy sues for peace. The families of Penda and Oswy intermarry.

651 Penda is defeated and slain near York.

655 Oswy conquers Mercia, and assumes the title of Bretwalda.

656 Wulfere made king of Mercia, and becomes Bretwalda of parts south of the Humber.

Alefild obtains part of Northumbria.

The yellow plague rages over Britain.

670 Oswy dies, and Egfrid, his son, succeeds.

Egfrid defeats the Picts.

679 Egfrid invades Mercia.

685 He is slain in a war with Brude, King of the Picts.

737 Ethelbald, king of Mercia, rules the country south of the Humber, except Wales.

742 Wessex again becomes independent.

748 The Danes make their first incursion into Ireland.

A.D.

- 757 Offa, king of Mercia, makes conquests in Sussex, Kent, and Oxfordshire; takes part of Mercia; defeats the Welsh; exacts tribute from the Northumbrians; builds a palace at Tamworth; and defeats the Danes, who invade England.
- 791 Constantine, a Pictish king, reigns in Scotland.
- 795 Offa the Terrible dies.
- 800 Beorhtic, king of Wessex, is poisoned by his wife Eadburgha, who is expelled the kingdom and the title of queen abolished.
Egbert becomes king of Wessex; defeats the Mercians, and takes possession of their kingdom; establishes sub-kings of Kent and East Anglin
- 825 Egbert subdues Northumbria and makes King Eanred his vassal; assumes the title of Bretwalda.
- 830 Ungus, king of Scots, dies.
- 832 The Danish pirates land and ravage the Isle of Sheppey.
- 833 They land again and are fought by Egbert at Charmouth.
- 834 Egbert defeats the Danes and Britons of Cornwall and Devon at Hengsdown Hill.
- 836 Kenneth II, Pictish king of Scots, begins to reign.
Egbert dies, and is buried at Winchester.
- Accession of Ethelwulf, who gives Kent, Sussex, and Essex to Athelstane.
- 843 Kenneth II. acknowledged king of the Picts and Scots.
- 845 Turgesius, the Dane, proclaimed king of all Ireland.
- 851 The Danes defeated at Okeley by Ethelwulf and Ethelbald. Barhulf, king of Mercia, is slain. The Danes are again defeated at Wenbury, in Devon.
- 853 Ethelwulf goes to Rome and stops a year; Alfred, his son, is anointed king by the pope. Ethelwulf marries Judith, daughter of the king of the Franks, and revives the title of queen.
He returns to England, and divides the kingdom with Ethelbald.
- 857 Ethelwulf dies.
Ethelbald succeeds, and marries his father's widow.
- 859 He dies and is succeeded by Ethelbert.
- Kenneth Mac-Alpine, king of Scots, dies at Forteviot.
- 863 Donald III., successor of Kenneth, dies, and is succeeded by Constantine II.
- 866-7 Ethelbert dies, and is succeeded by Ethelred, who fights nine battles against the Danes.
- 871 Accession of Alfred the Great.
- 875 The Danes under Hulfen settle Northumbria.
- 876 They invade Wessex, land in Dorsetshire, and take Wareham. Alfred beats their ships at sea, and they evacuate Wessex.
A Saxon fleet destroys the Danish ships at the mouth of the Exe. Guthrun capitulates at Exeter, and gives hostages.
- 878 Alfred is surprised at Chippenham by the Danes under Guthrun, and is obliged to fly, and the Danes overrun Wessex. Alfred takes refuge in Athelney.
He fights the battle of Ethandune; defeats the Danes; and Guthrun embraces Christianity; and England is then divided between him and Alfred.
Asser made bishop of Sherburn.
- 879 Guthrun the Dane baptized. An army of pagans land and winter at Fulham.
- 882 Constantine II., king of Scots, is defeated and slain by the Danes.
Accession and dethronement of Hugh, king of Scots.
Alfred gains a naval victory over the Danes.
- 885 He gains another naval victory, and the same year he drives the Danes from before Rochester, and compels them to retreat to their ships.
- 886 He rebuilds and fortifies London.
The Danes besiege Paris during this and the two following years.
- 893 Grig and Etha, kings of Scots, dethroned, and Donald IV. succeeds.
- 893-6 The Danes invade England and land at Romney Marsh. Another division under Hasting land at Milton. The Danes of England rise in their favour; Alfred defeats them at Farnham; he raises the siege of Exeter. Ethelred, earl of the Mercians, takes Hasting prisoner, whom Alfred liberates. The Danes are routed at Buttington and in various other battles. Hasting, abandoned by his followers, leaves England.

A.D.

- 901 Alfred dies at the age of fifty-three, and is buried at Winchester.
Edward and Ethelwald dispute the succession; the latter flies to Danelagh, and becomes king of the Danes.
- 904 Donald IV., king of Scots, killed in battle near Forteviot, and is succeeded by Constantine III.
- 905 Ethelwald is slain in battle by Edward.
- 911 Edward gains a signal victory over the Danes.
- 912 Ethelred dies, and leaves the care of Mercia to his widow Ethelfleda; she drives the Danes out of Derby and Leicester, compels many of the tribes to submit, and takes the wife of the Welsh king prisoner.
- 920 Ethelfleda dies; is succeeded in Mercia by Edward, who dies, and is succeeded by Athelstane.
- 925 Accession of Athelstane; reduces nearly all Wales; compels the Welsh to pay tribute, and drives the Cornish out of Devon.
- 934 North Britain called for the first time Scotland.
- 937 Athelstane defeats Anlaf the Dane, and Constantine, king of Scots, at Brunnsburgh; assumes the title of king of the Anglo Saxons.
- 940 He dies and is buried at Malmesbury.
Anlaf again invades England; takes a great part; Edmund Atheling recovers possession of it.
- 941 Constantine III., king of Scots, becomes Abbot of the Culdees of St. Andrews, and Malcolm I. succeeds.
Kenneth is murdered by Fenella at Fettercairn.
- 946 Edmund Atheling expels Dunmail, king of Cumbria, and gives the country to the king of Scots; puts out the eyes of Dunmail's sons; is stabbed by Leof; dies, and is buried at Glastonbury.
Accession of Edred. The Danes again infest England; are beaten; Edred obliges the Danes of England to pay a fine, and incorporates Northumbria with the rest of the kingdom; he dies.
- 948 The Danes of Ireland embrace Christianity.
- 953 Malcolm I., king of Scots, is killed, and succeeded by Indulf.
- 955 Accession of Edwy; appoints Edgar sub regulus of part of England; marries Elgiva; Dunstan insults him, and is banished. The Northumbrians and Mercians rise and declare Edgar king of England north of the Thames.
- 956 Dunstan returns. Elgiva cruelly treated and murdered.
- 958,9 Edwy dies, and is succeeded by Edgar. Dunstan is made archbishop of Canterbury. Edgar is styled emperor of Albion and king of England.
He causes the extirpation of wolves.
- 961 Indulf, king of Scots, killed at the battle of the Bards, and is succeeded by Duff.
- 964 Edgar issues a new coinage. Athelwold marries Elfrida; he is murdered; Edgar marries the widow.
- 965 Duff, king of Scots, is assassinated, and Culen succeeds.
- 978 Culen is killed in battle, and is succeeded by Kenneth III.
- 973 Kenneth overcomes Dunwallon, king of Strathclyde, at the battle of Vacornar, and incorporates his kingdom with the rest of Scotland.
- 975 Edgar dies, and is buried at Glastonbury.
Accession of Edward the Martyr.
- 978 He is murdered near Corfe Castle by an attendant of Elfrida.
- 979 Ethelred is crowned at Kingston by Dunstan.
- 981 Southampton is plundered and its inhabitants taken for slaves by Sweyn, a prince of Denmark, who afterwards takes Chester, London, and attacks many other places.
- 991 The Danes ravage all between Ipswich and Maldon, and slay Earl Brithnot.
- 992 A large fleet is collected at London, but Alfric, the principal commander, goes over to the Danes; the eyes of Elfgar, his son, are put out by Ethelred.
- 993 A Danish host land and take Bamborough Castle by storm.
- 994 Sweyn, king of Denmark, and Olave, king of Norway, ravage the south, and are bought off by the payment of 10,000 pounds of silver.
- 998 Ethelred prepares a large fleet.

A.D.

- 1001 The Danes again land and ravage the whole country; they are paid 24,000*l.* to depart. The Dane-geld becomes permanent.
- 1002 Ethelred marries Emma, the Flower of Normandy, the sister of Duke Richard.
Nov. 13. The Danes throughout England are massacred in the feast of St. Brice; Gunhilda, sister of Sweyn is murdered.
Sweyn invades England; lands near Exeter, which city he plunders and ravages Wiltshire.
- 1003 Malcolm II. of Scotland defeats and slays Kennet the Grum, at the battle of Monvaird. The Danes take, plunder, and burn Norwich, and destroy the other towns in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and Lincolnshire.
Bryan the Brave, king of Ireland, begins to reign.
- 1004 The Danes return to the Baltic.
- 1006 Sweyn again ravages the kingdom, and is paid 36,000*l.* to retire.
- 1008 A large fleet is built and equipped, but rendered useless by treachery of the commanders; Wulfnoth takes twenty and ravages the south coast, and eighty are destroyed by a storm.
- 1009, The Danes called "Thurkill's host" land in England and ravage the country; Alphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, defends that city, but it is taken and the Archbishop is murdered.
- 1011 Thurkill accepts 48,000*l.* and the cession of some counties, and enters the service of Ethelred.
The Danes under Sweyn sail up the Humber, and landing, devastate the country; many counties submit, and some of the Thanes do homage to him. Ethelred retires to Normandy.
- 1013 Sweyn is declared "Full King of England." He dies suddenly at Gainsborough, and Ethelred returns, but Canute is declared king by his Danish followers.
- 1014 Bryan the Brave, king of Ireland, is killed by the Danes at the battle of Clontarf.
- 1016 Ethelred dies, and Edmund Ironside is chosen king by the Saxons. England is again divided, Canute reigning over the north and Edmund the south. Edmund dies suddenly.
- 1017 Canute succeeds to the whole kingdom of England: murders all the Saxon princes he can, except Edmund and Edward, who are sent to Sweden; he marries Emma, the widow of Ethelred; engages in foreign wars.
- 1019 Compels the Cumbrians and Scots to submit.
- 1020 Eadulf cedes to Malcolm, king of Scots, part of his dominions called Lothian.
- 1030 Canute goes on a pilgrimage to Rome; visits Denmark; and after two years' absence returns to England.
- 1033 Malcolm II., king of Scots, dies, and is succeeded by Duncan.
- 1034 Robert, Duke of Normandy, dies.
- 1035 Canute dies and is buried at Winchester.
The Wittenagemote declare that the kingdom shall be divided between Harold and Hardicanute.
Hardicanute remains in Denmark; Edward lands, but returns to Normandy; Alfred lands at Herne Bay, and is received by Earl Godwin; he is captured and cruelly treated; he dies.
Harold is declared full king over all the Island.
- 1039 Duncan, king of Scots, is murdered at Bothgouanan by Macbeth, who succeeds to the throne.
- 1040 Harold dies and is buried at Westminster. Hardicanute arrives in England, and is accepted as king.
- 1041 He dies at a feast, and is buried at Winchester.
Accession of Edward the Confessor.
He marries Editha, the daughter of Earl Godwin.
- 1043 The Danes, under King Magnus, threaten to invade England, but retire.
- 1044 Sweyn II., son of Earl Godwin, violates an abbess and is exiled; he becomes a pirate and murders his cousin Beorn; he is pardoned and restored to his government.
- 1051 A retainer of Eustace, Count of Bologne, kills an Englishman at Dover, and the count and his followers are driven out; Earl Godwin is disgraced; he flies to Flanders; his sons Harold and Leofwin go to Ireland.

A.D.

Edward seizes the jewels and money of his queen Editha, and confines her in the monastery of Wherwell; William, Duke of Normandy, visits England at the king's invitation.

- 1052 Earl Godwin lands on the south coast; he and his sons Harold and Leofwin sail up the Thames and stop at Southwark; the Normans and French are banished; the queen set at liberty; Wilnot, one of the sons, and Haco, a grandson of the earl, are given as hostages, and sent to Normandy; Sweyn is banished and goes on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; the Saxon authority is rendered supreme.

Earl Godwin dies at Windsor, and is succeeded in his titles and possessions by Harold, his eldest son.

- 1054 Siward, Earl of Northumbria, defeats Macbeth near Dunsinane.

- 1056 Dec. 5. Macduff and Malcolm defeat and slay Macbeth.

- 1057 April 3. Lulach, successor of Macbeth, is defeated and slain at the battle of Flassie by Malcolm III.

- 1063 Harold with his brother Tostig overcome the Welch, who decapitate their king Gruffith, and send his head to Harold; the Welch give hostages and engage to pay the ancient tribute.

Edward, the outlaw, arrives in London and dies soon after, and is buried in St. Paul's.

- 1065 Harold is wrecked on the French coast; is taken prisoner; is ransomed by the Duke of Normandy; Harold swears to aid William to get possession of the English crown after Edward's death.

Tostig is expelled from Northumbria, and Morecar is appointed Earl in his stead; he flies to Bruges.

Nov. 30. Harold arrives in London.

- 1066 Jan. 5. Edward the Confessor dies and is buried at Westminster.

Harold is proclaimed king; the foreign favourites are dismissed; Duke William demands by his ambassadors the fulfilment of Harold's oath; he refuses; the Pope sanctions the invasion of England.

Tostig ravages the Isle of Wight and the coast of Lincolnshire; sails up the Humber, but is beaten off; Hardrada, king of Norway, invades England, and with Tostig defeats Earls Morecar and Edwin, and takes York; Harold fights and beats them at Stamford bridge, and Hardrada and Tostig are slain.

Sept. 28. The Normans land at Bulverhithe, march to Hastings, and form a fortified camp.

They ravage the surrounding country.

Harold arrives in London from the north, and in six days marches against the Normans.

Oct. 14. The battle of Hastings; Harold is slain.

BOOK III.

WILLIAM I. TO HENRY III.

35.—THE CONQUEROR'S MARCH TO LONDON.

THIERRY.

WHILST the army of the king of the Anglo-Saxons, and that of the invader were confronting each other, a fresh detachment of vessels from Normandy had crossed the channel to rejoin the great fleet stationed in the roads of Hastings. Their commanders landed, by mistake, several miles farther north, at a place called Rumen-ey, now Romney. The inhabitants of the coast received the Normans as enemies, and a battle took place, in which the foreigners were vanquished. William learnt their defeat, a few days after his victory, and, to spare a similar misfortune to the recruits that he still expected from across the strait, he resolved, first of all, to secure possession of the south-eastern coast. Instead, therefore, of advancing towards London, he marched back to Hastings, and remained there for some time, in order to try if his presence might not induce the people of the neighbouring country to submit themselves voluntarily. But, receiving no peaceful advances, the conqueror resumed his march, with the remains of his army, and the fresh troops which had arrived, in the interval, from Normandy. He proceeded along the shore, from south to north, devastating all in his course. At Romney he avenged the defeat of his soldiers by burning the houses and massacring the inhabitants. From Romney he marched towards Dover, the strongest place on the coast, of which he had formerly attempted to obtain peaceful possession by means of the oath which he extorted from Harold. The fortress of Dover, recently finished by the son of Godwin, under happier auspices, was situated on a rock which naturally rose precipitously from the sea that washed its base, and on which much pains and labour had been expended, in trimming it on all sides, so as to render it as smooth as a wall. The details of the siege by the Normans are not known; all that we learn from historians is, that the town of Dover was burnt down, and that, influenced either by terror or treason, the garrison of the fortress surrendered it. William passed eight days at Dover, in constructing new walls and works of defence; then, changing his route, and discontinuing his course along the coast, he marched towards the metropolis.

The Norman army advanced by the great Roman way, called by the English *Walling-street*, the same which had so often served as a common boundary in the divisions of territory between the Saxons and the Danes. This road led from Dover to London through the middle of the province of Kent; the conquerors traversed a portion of it without their passage being disputed; but in one place, where the road approached the Thames, on the border of a forest well adapted for an ambuscade, a large body of armed Saxons suddenly appeared. They were commanded by two priests, Egelsig, abbot of the monastery of St. Augustine, at Canterbury, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Stigand, the same who had crowned king Harold. It is not exactly known what occurred in this encounter, whether there was a battle, followed by a treaty between the two armies, or whether the capitula-

lation was concluded without fighting. It appears, however, that the army of Kent stipulated for all the inhabitants of that province, who engaged to offer no further resistance to the conquerors, on condition that they should remain as free, after the conquest, as they had been before it.

In thus treating for themselves, and separating their own fate from that of their country, the men of Kent, (if indeed it be true that they entered into this compact), acted in a manner more hurtful to the common cause than advantageous to themselves; for no edict of the time gives any evidence that the foreigner kept faith with them, or distinguished them from the rest of the English in his oppressive measures and laws. Archbishop Stigand, either having joined in this capitulation, or vainly opposed it (which is the most probable conjecture, considering his proud and intrepid character), quitted the province which had laid down its arms and repaired to London, where submission had not yet been thought of. The inhabitants of this great town, and the chiefs who were assembled there, had resolved to fight a second battle, which, well ordered and ably commanded, would be, to all appearance, more fortunate than the first.

But a supreme commander was needed, under whom all the troops and all volunteers might rally, and the national council, which ought to have named this commander, delayed making a decision, agitated and divided as it was by divers intrigues and pretensions. Neither of the brothers of the late king, who were men capable of worthily filling his place, had survived the battle of Hastings. Harold had left two sons, who were still very young, and too little known to the people; it does not appear that they were then proposed as claimants to the throne. Amongst all the candidates, the most powerful from their wealth and renown were Edwin and Morkar, brothers-in-law of Harold, the chiefs of Northumbria and Mercia. They had the suffrages of all the men of the north of England; but the citizens of London, the inhabitants of the south, and some others, set up in opposition to them, Young Edgar, the nephew of king Edward, who was surnamed Ætheling, or the illustrious, on account of his descent from several kings. This young man, feeble minded, and without any acquired reputation, had been unable, a year before, to stand against the popularity of Harold; but he now outweighed that of the sons of Alfgar, and was supported against them by Stigand himself, and by Eldred, Archbishop of York.

Among the rest of the bishops there were several who were neither in favour of Edgar nor of his competitors, but demanded that submission should be made to him who had brought the pope's bull and the consecrated standard. Some of these men were influenced by a sentiment of blind obedience to ecclesiastical power, others by political cowardice; and others, of foreign origin, and bought beforehand by the foreign pretender, played the part for which they had been paid either in money, or in promises. They did not, however, prevail, the majority of the great national council fixed their choice on a Saxon, but on the one least fit to command in these trying circumstances, the young nephew of Edward. He was proclaimed king, after long hesitation, during which much previous time was lost in useless disputes. His accession did not conduce to rally the unsettled spirits of the nation; Edwin and Morkar, who had engaged to put themselves at the head of the troops assembled in London, retracted their promise, and retired to their governments in the north, taking with them the soldiers of these countries, over whom they had entire influence. They vainly hoped to be able to defend the northern provinces distinct from the rest of England. Their departure weakened and discouraged those who remained in London with the new king; depression, the fruit of civil discord, succeeded the first ebullition of spirit and enthusiasm excited by the foreign invasion.

Meantime, the Norman troops were approaching at several points, and traversing in all directions the provinces of Surrey, Sussex, and Hants, plundering and burning the towns and hamlets, and massacring the men, whether armed or unarmed. Five hundred horse advanced as far as the southern suburb of London, came to an engagement with a body of Saxons who opposed them, and in retreating, burnt all the buildings on the right bank of the Thames. William, judging from this proof, that the citizens had not yet renounced all intention of defending themselves, instead of approaching and laying siege to London, proceeded towards the west, and passed the Thames at the ford of Wallingford, in the province of Berks. He established an intrenched camp in this place, and left troops there, to intercept any succours from the western provinces : then, directing his course towards the north-east, he himself encamped at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, to cut off in the same manner all communication between London and the north, and to prevent the return of the sons of Alfgar, in case they should repent of their inaction. By this manœuvre the Saxon metropolis was hemmed in on all sides ; numerous foraging parties ravaged the environs, and intercepted the supplies, without engaging in any decisive battle. More than once the Londoners gave battle to the Normans ; but by degrees they were wearied out, and succumbed, not so much to the strength of the enemy, as to the fear of famine, and to the discouraging thought that they were cut off from all succour. King Edgar, the Archbishops Stigand and Eldred, Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester, several other priests, chiefs of high rank, and the principal citizens of the town, obeying necessity, says a contemporary Saxon Chronicle, repaired to the Norman camp, at Berkhamstead, and there tendered their submission, to the misfortune of their country. They gave hostages to the foreigner, and took the oaths of peace and fidelity to him, and, in return, he promised to be kind and clement towards them. Then he marched towards London, and, regardless of his promise, permitted everything in his course to be devastated.

36.—THE CORONATION OF THE CONQUEROR.

THIERRY.

Upon the road from Berkhamstead to London there was a rich monastery called the Abbey of St. Alban, situated near the vast ruins of an ancient Roman municipal town. On approaching the estates of this convent, William observed with surprise large trunks of trees, arranged so as to intercept his passage, or render it difficult. He had Frithric, the Abbot of St. Albans, brought before him ; "Why," demanded the conqueror, "hast thou had thy timber felled in this manner ?"—"I have done my duty," replied the Saxon monk ; "and if all those of my order had acted in the same way, as they might and should have done, perhaps thou would'st not have penetrated so far into our country." William did not go on to London, but stopping some miles distant, he sent forward a strong detachment of soldiers with orders to erect a fortress in the heart of the city, for his residence. Whilst these works were rapidly proceeding, the Norman council of war were discussing, in the camp near London, the means of completing the conquest, so successfully commenced. The intimate friends of William said, that, in order to render the inhabitants of the yet unsubdued provinces less stubborn in their resistance, it was desirable that, previous to any further invasion, the chief of the conquest should take the title of king of the English. This proposition was, undoubtedly, the most agreeable to the Duke of Normandy, but, always politic, he feigned indifference to it, and concealed his own wishes, for fear of appearing to his companions in fortune too ambitious of a dignity which would give him the pre-eminence over them, as well as over the

conquered nation, and destroy the kind of military equality and brotherhood which in the camp, put them on the same footing with their chief. William made modest excuses, and demanded at least some delay, saying, that he had not come to England for the purpose of making his own fortune, but that of the whole Norman people; that, moreover, were it the will of God that he should be king, the time to take this title had not yet arrived, as too many provinces and too many men were still to be brought to submission.

The majority of the captains of the Norman race were disposed to take these hypocritical scruples literally, and to decide, that in fact it was not yet time to elect a king, when a chief of the auxiliary bands, Aimery de Thouars, who had less cause to take umbrage at William's elevation than the natives of Normandy, addressed them with warmth, saying in the style of a flatterer and a mercenary soldier:—"It is an excess of modesty to ask men-at-arms whether they desire that their lord should be king, soldiers are not expected to take part in discussions of this nature, and moreover, our debates only serve to retard that which we all wish to see accomplished without delay." Those among the Normans, who, after the feigned excuses of William, would have ventured to agree with him, quite changed their opinion when the Poitevin had spoken, for fear of appearing to be outdone by him in allegiance and devotion to the common chief. They therefore resolved unanimously that previous to proceeding any further with the conquest, Duke William should be crowned king of England by the little number of Saxons whom he had succeeded in terrifying or corrupting.

Christmas day, then approaching, was fixed on for the ceremony. Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had taken the oath of peace to the conqueror, in his camp at Berkhamstead, was invited to come and impose hands on, and crown him, according to ancient custom, in the church of the monastery of the West, in English, *West-mynster*, near London. Stigand refused to go and consecrate a man stained with human blood, and an invader of the rights of another. But Eldred, Archbishop of York, more circumspect and prudent, say the ancient historians, recognising the necessity of conforming to the times, and not acting contrary to the decrees of God, by whom the powers of the earth are exalted, consented to perform this office for the formidable foreigner. The West Minster was prepared and decorated as in the ancient days, when, in accordance with the free votes of the principal men of England, the king of their choice presented himself there, to receive the investiture of the power which they had committed to him. But this preliminary election, without which the title of king was nothing beyond a vain mockery, and a bitter insult from the stronger party, did not take place in the case of the Norman chief. He left his camp of foreigners, and marched through double rows formed by them, as far as the monastery, where he was received by some Saxons, who were overcome with terror, or, at most, affected a steady and unconstrained demeanour in their cowardly and servile office. At some distance, all the avenues leading to the church, the public places, and the streets of the suburb were filled with armed cavaliers, who, according to the ancient narratives, were to keep down the rebels, and guard the safety of those whose offices required them to be in the interior of the Minster; two hundred and sixty chiefs of the army, the staff of the conqueror, entered with their duke.

The ceremony commenced by Geoffrey, bishop of Coutances, asking the Normans in the French language, if they all desired that their general should take the title of king of the English; at the same time the Archbishop of York inquired of the English, in the Saxon tongue, if they would have the Norman for their king. On this, such vehement acclamations were raised in the church, that they resounded beyond the gates, and reached the ears of the cavaliers who filled the neighbouring

streets. They mistook this confused noise for a cry of alarm, and, in obedience to their secret orders, immediately set fire to the houses. Several rushed towards the church, and, at the sight of their drawn swords, and the flames of the conflagration, all the attendants, Normans as well as Saxons, dispersed. The latter hastened to extinguish the fire, the former to plunder during the trouble and disorder. The ceremony was interrupted by this unexpected tumult, and there only remained hastily to complete it, the duke, Archbishop Eldred, and some priests of both nations. Trembling they received from him whom they called king, and who, according to an ancient narrative, himself trembled as much as they, the oath to treat the Anglo-Saxon people as well as the best of the kings whom they had ever elected.

That very day, the town of London had reason to know the worth of such an oath from the mouth of a foreign conqueror ; an enormous war-tribute was imposed on the citizens, and their hostages were imprisoned. William himself, who could not in his heart believe that the benediction of Eldred, and the acclamations of a few cowards could suffice to make him a king of England, in the legal sense of the word, puzzled to find a suitable style to adopt in his manifestos, sometimes falsely entitled himself, King by hereditary succession, and at others, with great justice, King by the edge of the sword. But if he was doubtful about his formulas, he had no hesitation in his acts, and took his proper place by the attitude of hostility and defiance that he maintained towards the people. He did not yet venture into London, in spite of his garrison, and the fortified retrenchments which they had hastily constructed for him. He left the city, to wait in the neighbouring country until his engineers should have given more solidity to these works, and have laid the foundation of two other fortresses, to repress, says a Norman writer, the changeable spirit of a too numerous and fierce population.

37.—ARCHBISHOP ELDRED.

Leaving Lincoln, which by a kind of French euphony, they called *Nicole*, the invading army marched upon York, and, at a place where the streams, whose junction forms the great river Humber, approach each other, they encountered the confederated army of the Anglo-Saxons and the Welsh. There, as at the battle of Hastings, by their superiority in numbers and in armour, they drove the enemy from their position, which they vainly endeavoured to defend foot by foot. A great number of the English perished, the rest sought an asylum within the walls of York ; but the conquerors, closely pursuing them, made a breach in the walls and entered into the town, massacring all, say the chronicles, from infants to old men. The remains of the patriotic army, or (to use the language of the Norman historians), the army of the rebels and brigands, descended the river Humber in boats ; they then proceeded north, towards the country of the Scotch, or towards the English territories on the borders of Scotland. This became the rallying point for those who had been vanquished at York, "thither," says an old Chronicler, "the noble chiefs, Edwin and Morkar retired, as well as other men of great distinction, bishops, clerks, men of all conditions, saddened by seeing their cause the weakest, but not resigning themselves to slavery."

The conquerors built a citadel in the centre of the town of York, which thus became a Norman stronghold, and the bulwark of the conquest in the north. Its towers, filled with five hundred men in full armour, attended by several thousand esquires, and servants-at-arms, menaced the country of the Northumbrians. However, the invasion was not then carried into that country, and it is even doubtful

if the province of York was ever wholly occupied, from the ocean to the mountains. The capital, subdued before its territory, was the advanced post of the Normans, and a post still perilous they worked day and night in tracing their lines of defence; they forced the poor Saxons who had escaped the massacre, to dig trenches, and repair for their enemies the ruins which their enemies had made. Fearful of being besieged, in their turn, they collected food and provisions from all parts, and heaped them up in their dungeons. At this time, the Archbishop of York, Eldred, he who had officiated at the consecration of the foreign king, entered his metropolis to celebrate some religious solemnity. On his arrival he sent to his estates, situated at a short distance from York, for supplies for his own use; and his servants, bringing horses and waggons, laden with corn and other provisions, chanced to meet at one of the gates, the viscount, or Norman governor of the town, surrounded by a long escort. "Who are you," demanded the Norman, "and to whom are you taking these supplies?" "We are the servants of the Archbishop," they replied, "and these things are for the use of his house." "The viscount, caring little for the Archbishop and his household, signed to the men-at-arms who formed his escort, to convey the horses and waggons to the citadel of York, and to stow away the provisions in the Norman magazines.

When the pontiff, the friend of the conquerors, felt himself touched by the conquest, there arose in the depth of his soul an indignation hitherto unknown to his calm and prudent character. Eldred started off immediately to the Conqueror's quarters, and appeared before him, in his pontifical robes, and holding his pastoral staff; William rose to offer him, according to the custom of the times, the kiss of peace; but the Saxon prelate drew back, and said:—"Listen to me, king William: thou wast a foreigner, and nevertheless, it being God's will that our nation should be chastised, thou didst obtain, at the cost of much bloodshed, the kingdom of England; I anointed thee king; I crowned and blessed thee with mine own hands; but now I curse thee, thee and thy race; for thou hast merited it, having become the persecutor of the church of God, and the oppressor of his ministers."

The Norman king listened unmoved to the impotent malediction of the old priest; he even restrained the indignation of his flatterers, who, trembling with rage, and half unsheathing their swords, desired to revenge the insolence of the Saxon. He permitted Eldred to return to his church at York in peace and safety; but this adventure left in the heart of the Archbishop a feeling of deep sorrow, and perhaps of remorse for having contributed to the establishment of the foreign dominion. His dreams of ambition thus dispelled by actual experience, the melancholy conviction that he was neither exempt from the insults of the foreigner, nor from the general slavery, threw him into a slow malady, which, by degrees, wasted his strength. The following year, when the Saxons, having rallied anew, advanced to attack the town of York, Eldred's melancholy was redoubled, and, as if he feared death less than the presence of those men who still remained faithful to their country, he prayed to God, say the chronicles, to take him from this world, that he might not be a witness of the total ruin of his country, and the destruction of his church.

38.—DOOMSDAY BOOK.

THIERRY.

In order to give a fixed basis to the demands he made for contributions, or services of money (to use the language of the age), William had a great territorial inquiry made, and an universal register drawn up of all the changes of property caused in England by the conquest; he wished to know into what hands, through the whole extent of the kingdom, the possessions of the Saxons had passed; and how many of the conquered people still held their inheritances, in virtue of private treaties, concluded with himself or with his barons; how many acres were contained in each rural domain; what number of acres would suffice to maintain a man-at-arms, and how many men-at-arms there were in each county or shire of England; what was the gross amount of the produce of the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets; what was the exact property of each count, baron, knight, and serjeant-at-arms; how much land each one had, how many tenants in fee, how many Saxons, cattle, and ploughs.

This work, in which modern historians have seen evidence of genius, and a grand monument of national utility, was simply the result of the peculiar position of the Norman king, as head of the conquering army, and of the necessity of establishing some sort of order amidst the chaos caused by the conquest. So true is this, that in other conquests, of which the details have been transmitted to us, in that of Greece by the Latin crusaders in the thirteenth century, for example, we find the same kind of inquest made by the leaders of the invasion, on an entirely similar plan.

In accordance with the orders of King William, Henry de Ferrieres, Walter Giffard, Adam, brother of Eudes, the Seneschal, and Renie, bishop of Lincoln, with others chosen from among the law officers, and the keepers of the royal treasury, traversed all the counties of England, holding in every place of any importance, their assembly, or council of inquiry. They summoned before them the Norman Viscount of each Saxon province, or *shire*, to whom the Saxons still applied in their language, the ancient title of *shire-reeve*, or *sheriff*. They convoked, or ordered the viscount to convoke, all the Norman barons of the province, who stated the precise bounds of their possessions, and their territorial jurisdictions; then some of the officers of the inquiry, or commissioners delegated by them, visited each large domain, and each district or *hundred*, as the Saxons expressed it. There they made the French men-at-arms of each lord, and the English inhabitants of the hundred, declare on oath how many freeholders and farmers there were on each estate, what portion was occupied by each in their own right, or at will; the names of the actual tenants; the names of those who had held property before the conquest; and the divers mutations of the same consequent thereon; so that, say the narratives of the time, they exacted three declarations as to each estate, what they were in the time of King Edward, what they were when King William made grant of them, and what at the time of the inquiry. Below each return this formula was inscribed—*sworn to by all the French and all the English of the hundred*.

In each township inquiry was made what imposts the inhabitants had paid to former kings, and what the town yielded to the officers of the conqueror: it was also ascertained how many houses had been destroyed by the war of the conquest, or to make way for the construction of fortresses, how many the conquerors had taken, how many Saxon families, reduced to extreme indigence, were not in a position to pay any thing. In the cities the oaths were administered by the high Norman authorities, who assembled the Saxon citizens in their ancient council chamber, now the property of the king, or of some foreign soldier; and in places

of less importance the oaths were taken from the royal officer or provost, the priest, and six Saxons, or six villeins of each town, as the Normans termed them. This inquiry occupied six years, during which William's commissioners traversed the whole of England, with the exception of the mountainous country to the north and the west of Yorkshire, that is to say, the five modern counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster. Perhaps in this extent of country, so cruelly devastated at two several times, there was not sufficient cultivated land, the divisions of property were too unsettled, for it to be useful or possible to make the returns; perhaps, also, the commissioners of the Norman king feared that if they carried their assizes into the townships of Northumbria, the Saxon words might be rung in their ears which had been the signal for the massacre of Vaulcher the Lorrain, and his hundred men.

Be this as it may, the rent-roll, or, to use the ancient term, the *terrier* of the Norman conquest, makes no mention of the conquered domains beyond the province of York. The drawing-up of this roll for each province mentioned, was modelled on an uniform plan. The name of the king was placed at the head, with the list of his lands and revenues in the province; then followed the names of the chief and smaller proprietors, in the order of their military rank, and territorial wealth. The Saxons who had been spared, by special favour, in the general spoliation, were only found in the lowest ranks; for the small number of men of that race, who were still free proprietors, or *tenants in their own right* under the king, as the conquerors expressed it, were such only of very small estates; they were inscribed at the end of each chapter under the title of *thanes* of the king, or with divers qualifications of domestic offices in the household of the conqueror. The rest of the names of an Anglo-Saxon character, which are scattered here and there throughout the roll, belong to farmers of a few fractions, larger or smaller, of the estates of the Norman earls, knights, sergeants-at-arms, and bowmen.

Such is the authentic book, preserved to the present day, from which most of the instances of expropriation recorded in this narrative have been derived. This invaluable book, in which the entire conquest was registered, in order that the remembrance of it might never be effaced, was called by the Normans the Great Roll, the Royal Roll, or the Roll of Winchester, because it was kept in the treasury of Winchester Cathedral. The Saxons called it by a more solemn name, the book of the last judgment, *Doomsday-Book*, perhaps because it contained the sentence of their irrevocable expropriation. But if this book was a warrant of dispossession to the English nation, it was no less so to some of the foreign usurpers. Their commander cunningly availed himself of it to make the numerous mutations of property operate to his advantage, and to legitimate his personal pretensions to many of the lands seized and occupied by others. He claimed proprietorship, by inheritance, of all that had been in the possession of Edward, the last king but one of the Anglo-Saxons, of Harold the last king, and of all Harold's family: by the same title he laid claim to all public property, and to the supreme lordship of all towns unless he had expressly alienated them, wholly or partly, by an authenticated diploma, *per littere et scripsit*, as the Norman lawyers say.

In the moment of victory, at that time of brotherhood between the commander and his companions, no one had thought of the formalities of letters-patent and of seisin and each of those to whom William had said before the battle, "What I shall take, you will take," had made himself master of his portion, but, after the conquest, the soldiers of the invasion found that the power which they had raised over the heads of the English, weighed, in part at least, heavily on their own. It was thus that William de Warrenne's right to the lands of two free Englishmen in the county of Norfolk, was contested, because they had formerly been

dependancies of a royal manor of Edward ; it was the same with one of Eustace's domains, in the province of Huntingdon, and also with fifteen acres of land held by Miles Crispin, in that of Berks. An estate occupied by Engelry in the county of Essex, was, in the words of the Great Roll, seized into the king's hands, because Engelry had not sent to give an account of his title. The king seized in the same manner all the lands to which he laid claim, and of which the holders, though Normans, could not or would not *render account*.

Another pretension on his part, was, that each domain which, in the Saxon times had paid to king Edward any rent or service, should, although held by a Norman, pay the same rent or the same service. This claim, founded on succession to the rights of an English king, which could not be recognised by those who had disinherited the English race, was, from the first, badly received by the conquerors. Freedom from imposts or services in money, except some voluntary contributions, appeared to them the inviolable prerogative of their victory ; and they looked upon the condition of customary tax-payers as wholly confined to the conquered nation. Many resisted the claims of their commander, disdaining to bear the imposition of personal servitude for the land which they had conquered. But there were some who weakly yielded, and their concession, whether voluntary, or bought by King William, weakened the opposition of the others. Raoul the Combespine refused for a long time to pay any rent for the houses that he had taken in the town of Canterbury, and Hugh de Montfort for the lands that he occupied in the county of Essex. These two chiefs could indulge their haughty tempers with impunity, but the pride of men of less power and importance was sometimes severely punished. One Osbert called the Fisherman, not choosing to pay the rent that his land had formerly given to king Edward, as a dependance of his domain, was expropriated by the royal agents, and his estate offered to whoever would pay for him. Raoul Taille-bois paid, says the Great Roll, and took possession of the land as forfeited by Osbert the Fisherman.

The Norman King also endeavoured to levy on his own countrymen, in the towns and the estates in his dominions, the ancient duty established by the Saxon law. As regards the English inhabitants of these towns and estates, besides this tax, rigorously exacted under the title of local custom and often doubled or tripled, they were further subject to a casual, arbitrary, and unequal contribution, capriciously and harshly levied, which the Normans called *taille* or *taillage*. The Great Roll gives a list of the king's burgesses liable to this tax, in the order of the cities, towns, and boroughs : "These are the burgesses of the king at Colchester :—Keolman, who holds one house and five acres of land : Leofwin, who holds two houses and twenty-five acres, Ulfrie, Edwin, Wulfstan, Manwin," etc. The Norman chiefs and soldiers also levied *taille* on the Saxons, who had fallen to them, either in the towns, or the rural districts. This is what was called in the language of the conquerors, *having* a burgess, or a free Saxon ; and in this sense freemen were counted by the head, sold given, engaged, lent, or even divided into half-shares by the Normans. The great Roll says that a certain Viscount *had* in the town of Ipswich two Saxon burgesses, one in pledge, and the other for debts ; and that King William had, by an authentic act, *lent* the Saxon Edwig to Raoul Taille-bois, to keep him as long as he lived.

Many quarrels amongst the conquerors for the spoil of the conquered, many *invasions* of Normans upon Normans, as the roll of inquiry has it, were also registered in every corner of England. For example, William de Warenne, in the county of Bedford, had disseized Walter Espee of half a hyde, or half an acre of land, and had taken from him two horses. Elsewhere, it was Hugh de Corbon who had usurped from Roger Bigot, *half of a free Englishman*, that is to say five acres of

land. In the county of Hants, William de la Chesnage claimed from Prior a certain piece of land, on the pretext that it belonged to the Saxon, whose possessions he had taken. This latter instance, and many others of the same nature, prove that the Normans regarded as their legitimate property all that the former proprietor might legally have claimed; and that the foreign invader, considering himself as a natural successor, made the same investigations, and instituted the same civil prosecutions, as the Saxon's heir might have done. He called upon the English inhabitants of the district, as witnesses, to attest the extent of the rights given him by his substitution in the place of the man whom he had killed or expelled. The memory of the inhabitants, disturbed by the sufferings and tumult of the conquest, often responded imperfectly to these inquiries; the Norman, also, who wished to dispute the right of his countrymen, refused to abide by the deposition of this *vile populace* of the vanquished nation. In this case, the only means of terminating the dispute was either a trial by single combat, or a judgment in the King's court.

The Norman *terrier* speaks, in many places, of *unjust* invasions, seizures, and claims. It is certainly a strange thing to meet with this word *justice* in the register of the expropriation of an entire people; and it would be impossible to understand this book, if we did not reflect, at each sentence, that in it *inheritance* signifies the spoliation of an Englishman, that every Englishman despoiled by a Norman is there termed the *predecessor* of the Norman; that for a Norman to be *just* is to have abstained from taking the possession of an Englishman, who had been killed, or driven out by any other Norman; and that to act otherwise is called *injustice*: which is proved by the following passage. "In the county of Bedford, Raoul Taille-bois has unjustly disseized Nigel of five hydes of land, which are well known to have formed part of the inheritance of his *predecessor*, and part of which is still occupied by the concubine of Nigel."

Some of the dispossessed Saxons ventured to present themselves before the Commissioners of the Inquiry to claim their rights; there were some even whose names were enrolled in the register, with terms of humble supplication, never employed by a Norman. These men declared that they were poor and wretched; and appealed to the clemency and mercy of the king. Those who, after much cringing, were suffered to retain some small portion of their paternal inheritance, were forced to pay for this favour by degrading and absurd services, or to receive it under the no less humiliating title of *alms*. In the roll, sons are said to hold the possessions of their fathers as *an alms*. Free women keep their fields as *an alms*. Another woman remains in the enjoyment of her husband's estate, on condition of feeding the king's dogs. And, lastly, a mother and son receive their ancient inheritance as *a gift*, on condition of their offering up prayers daily for the soul of the king's son, Richard.

39.—SAXONS AND NORMANS.

From the 'Penny Magazine.'

The Norman conquerors of England were rapidly absorbed by the conquered people : and the union of the two races took place at a period much earlier than has generally been stated by our historians. Though beaten in the field, after a long and stern struggle for their independence, and though perhaps decimated by seven dreadful years of war and carnage, the Saxons remained incomparably more numerous than their invaders, and it was considered an easier and a wiser task to conciliate them than to exterminate them. From his first coming into England, and, indeed, before his arrival, William the Conqueror had a strong party among the Saxon and Dano-Saxon thanes ; this party rejoiced at his coming, and grew in numbers and strength after the battle of Hastings. To keep it steady to his interests, William at a very early period began to give these great thanes Norman wives. Several of these brides were of the highest rank. Thus the Conqueror gave his own niece Judith in marriage to the great Saxon earl Waltheof, whose warlike qualities, and great popularity with the Saxon people, might have made him formidable as an enemy many years after the catastrophe at Hastings. William even promised one of his own daughters to Edwin, Earl of Mercia, brother-in-law to the late King Harold ; and it appears that this marriage would have taken place, if suspicions had not been excited by the conduct of Edwin, who soon after fled from the Conqueror's court to put himself at the head of a formidable insurrection in the north country. Other young maidens from beyond sea, sisters or daughters to some of the noblest of the Conqueror's followers, were affianced to the sons of rich Saxons who had hoped to preserve their wealth by remaining quiet. But the more frequent inter-marriages among the chiefs of the two nations were those in which Norman barons and knights espoused Saxon heiresses. The fathers and brothers of many noble thanes, and of many great holders of land, perished in battle, either at Hastings or in the course of the seven years' war which followed that event ; and by the ordinary dispositions of nature there was many a rich Saxon family that had daughters and no sons. By right of his feudal supremacy and kingly prerogative, William became guardian to all these Saxon orphans, and disposed of their lands and fortunes as he chose ; and over such heiresses as were not orphans he could exercise a control through their peace-seeking fathers. It was better to please the Saxon people by marrying these heiresses to his barons and knights, than to keep up a constant exasperation by forcibly seizing and giving away their estates ; and it should appear, in spite of the frequent bravadoes about the rights of conquest, that the Norman chiefs considered the best rights to such estates, or the title least likely to be questioned, to be the hands of the Saxon heiresses whose ancestors had held them for ages. It is mentioned by several of the chroniclers, who were either contemporary or lived near the time, that many of the Norman and foreign adventurers who made part of William's first army of invasion, made no other bargain with him than that they should be married to Saxon heiresses, or to other rich young women in England. These chroniclers could not be expected to record all the marriages which took place between the two races (such a piece of family history would throw great light upon an important part of our national history), but they mention cases enough to prove the frequency of such alliances, and they speak of them as a fixed principle in the Conqueror's polity. In one generation the children proceeding from these marriages were numerous, and in these children the distinction between Norman and Saxon was already lost. But other and far more numerous inter-marriages took place among those classes that were too poor or obscure to attract the notice of King William's

historians. The home marriage-market was thinned by the long wars in the south and the north, the east and the west. The young Saxon women were fair and florid, and the young soldiers and camp-followers that came from Normandy and other parts of France seldom, if ever, brought wives with them: the circumstances and natural feelings of these parties would be decisive of the matter; but, no doubt, it would enter into the policy of the Conqueror to keep these young soldiers (many of whom were not his own subjects) in England, and in his own service, by encouraging and promoting their marriages with the unprovided Saxon maidens. Although not specifically mentioned by the monkish writers, the only annalists of those times, we can glean incidentally that these matches became very common shortly after the battle of Hastings, that they continued throughout the long war, and that they became still more frequent when the Conqueror crushed the last great insurrection in the country north of Trent, and finally subdued the Saxon spirit of independence. And these marriages among the commonalty contributed more than any other single cause to the disarming of mutual animosities, and to the tranquillizing of the kingdom.

William of Poitiers, the Conqueror's chaplain and chronicler, who is believed to have accompanied his hero and patron on his expedition to England, speaks with something like rapture of the beauty of countenance, the fair complexion, and long flowing hair of the Saxons. There is, however, no good reason to doubt the long-established opinion, that physically, as well as morally, the fusion of new brisk blood in the great but somewhat sluggish Anglo-Saxon stream was highly advantageous. If the Northmen, or Normans, had achieved the conquest of England on their first starting from Norway and the other shores of the North Sea, they would have differed very little in race or breed from the Saxons and Danes; but during the century and a half or more that these Scandinavian followers of Rollo had been settled in the north-west of France, or in those regions to which they imparted the name of Normandy, they had been greatly intermixed with Frankish, and Celtic, and other blood; their princes and chiefs had intermarried with royal or noble Franks, their followers with the common people of the country or of the states adjacent to it. Hence black hair and black eyes, and hands and feet of comparatively small size, were common among the real Normans who first came to England with the Conqueror, and long before that event the Normans had entirely lost their original Scandinavian language, and spoke nothing but a dialect of the French, as afterwards in England the mixed race lost the use of the French language, and spoke nothing but English. If it took a longer time in England than it had taken in France to identify the language of the conquerors with the conquered, and if a good deal of the French dialect the Normans brought with them into England was fused and mixed with the staple of the growing English language, it was certainly not owing to the slow mixture of the two races, but to other powerful causes, such as the close and long-continued connection between England and Normandy and the adjacent countries, the infant and transition state of our language at the time of the Conquest, the somewhat more advanced state of language and civilization in France, the great influx of foreign churchmen, and the tendency of the Latin (the language of the Church) to promote the use of words that sprung from Latin roots, and that were taken from dialects which were but derivatives of the Latin. When Rollo obtained an undisturbed possession of his duchy of Normandy he retained no dominion elsewhere, and he appears to have given up almost immediately every connection with the country from which he had come; but the Conqueror and his descendants retained possession of Normandy and of other French-speaking states for more than one hundred and sixty years; and during all this period our kings were frequently on the continent for long periods at a time, and many of

our barons held fiefs in Normandy, Maine, and Anjou, as well as in England, and passed a portion of their time in their castles abroad. Even after this period, or when King John and Henry III. had lost nearly every foot of territory in France, there was an intimate connection between the two people on the opposite sides of the Channel, and the conquests contemplated by Edward I. and achieved by Edward III. contributed to keep alive the use of the French language in England, and to engraft so much of it upon the Anglo-Saxon stock.

But besides the real Normans, or the men of mixed race, who came over with the Conqueror, there were numerous adventurers from other parts of the continent, that came with the first expedition, or that repaired to his standard afterwards; for during the seven years' war he was frequently hard pressed by the Saxons, and compelled to bring over numerous bodies of recruits. In the first expedition there were men that came from Maine and Anjou, from Poitou and Bretagne, from central France and from southern France, from Burgundy and from Aquitaine; and to these were added volunteers and soldiers of fortune from the great plains of Italy at the foot of the Alps. All this enlarged and varied—and no doubt advantageously—the new blood which was mixed with the Anglo-Saxon. Of these more southern adventurers, many who had brought little else with them than a suit of chain armour, a lance, and a few hungry and bold followers, attained to high rank and command, married Saxon women, and became the founders of noble families.

40.—THE DEATH OF THE CONQUEROR.

From the 'Penny Magazine.'

At the end of the year 1086, when he had been seated nineteen years upon the throne of England, William went over to the Continent with a mighty army to wage war with Philip, king of France, for the possession of the city of Mantes and the country of the Vexin. But shortly after his arrival in Normandy he fell sick and kept his bed. As he had advanced in years he had grown excessively fat. King Philip said, as a good joke among his courtiers, that his cousin William was a long while lying in, but that no doubt there would be a fine churching as soon as he should be delivered. On hearing this coarse and insipid jest the Conqueror of England swore by the most terrible of his oaths—by the splendour and birth of Christ—that he would be churching in Notre Dame, the cathedral of Paris, and present so many wax torches that all France should be set in a blaze.* It was not until the end of July, 1087, that he was in a state to mount his war-horse. He soon came with fire and sword into the Vexin country. The corn was almost ready for the sickle, the grapes for the wine-press, when he marched his cavalry through the corn-fields and made his soldiery tear up the vines by the roots and cut down the pleasant trees. Mantes was soon taken, and consigned to the flames. Neither house nor cottage, nay, neither church nor monastery was spared. As the conqueror rode up to view the ruin he had caused, his war-horse put his fore feet on some embers, or hot cinders, and then swerved or plunged so violently that the heavy rider was thrown upon the high pommel of the saddle, and grievously bruised. The king dismounted in great pain, and never more put foot in stirrup. Forthwith quitting the burning town, he was carried slowly in a litter to Rouen, and again laid in his bed. It was soon evident to all, and even to himself, that his last hour was approaching. Being troubled by the noise and bustle of Rouen, and desirous of dying in a holy place, he made his people carry him to the monastery of St Gervas

* It was the custom for women at their churching to carry lighted tapers in their hands and present them at the altar.

outside the city walls. He lingered for six weeks, during which he was surrounded by doctors, priests, and monks. On the nearer approach of death his heart softened, and though he preserved the kingly decorum and conversed calmly on the wonderful events of his life, he is said to have felt the vanity of all human grandeur, and a keen remorse for the crimes and cruelties he had committed. He sent money to Mantes to rebuild the churches and houses of religion he had burned, and he ordered large sums to be paid to the churches and monasteries in England, which he had plundered and impoverished. He released all his state prisoners, as well Saxons as others, some of whom had pined in dungeons for more than twenty years. Robert, his eldest son, who had had many violent quarrels with his father, was absent, but his two younger sons, William and Henry, who were successively kings of England, were assiduous round the death-bed, waiting impatiently for the declaration of his last will. A day or two before his death the conqueror assembled some of his prelates and chief barons in his sick chamber, and raising himself in his bed, he with a solemn and ghastly countenance declared in their presence that he bequeathed the duchy of Normandy and its other dependences to his eldest son Robert. "As to the crown of England," said the dying monarch, "I bequeath it to no one, as I did not receive it, like the duchy of Normandy, in inheritance from my father, but acquired it by conquest and the shedding of blood with mine own good sword. The succession to that kingdom I therefore leave to the decision of God, only desiring most fervently that my son William, who hath ever been dutiful to me, may obtain it, and prosper in it." "And what do you give unto me, oh my father?" eagerly cried Prince Henry. "Five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my treasury." "But what can I do with five thousand pounds of silver, if I have neither lands nor a home?" Here the dying king put on the look of a prophet, and said, "Be patient, O Henry! and have trust in the Lord: suffer thy elder brothers to precede thee, and thy time will come after theirs." Henry the Beauclerc, and the craftiest and cleverest of the unloving brotherhood, went straight and drew the silver, which he weighed with great care, and then furnished himself with a strong coffer to keep his treasure in. William Rufus left the king's bedside at the same time, and, without waiting to see his father breathe his last, hastened over to England to seize the royal treasures deposited in Winchester castle and to look after his crown.

About sunrise, on the 9th of September, the conqueror was roused from a stupor into which he had fallen by the sound of bells. He eagerly inquired what the noise meant, and was told that they were ringing the hour of prime in the church of St. Mary. He lifted his clasped hands to heaven, and saying "I recommend my soul to my Lady Mary, the holy mother of God," instantly expired. His last faint sigh was the signal for a general flight and scramble. The knights, priests, and doctors, who had passed the night near him, put on their spurs, mounted their horses, and galloped off to their several homes to have an eye to their own interests. The king's servants and some vassals of inferior rank proceeded to rifle the apartments of the arms, silver vessels, linen and royal dresses, and then were to horse and away like their betters. Some took one thing, some another; nothing worth the carrying was left behind—no, not so much as the bed-clothes. From prime to tierce, or for about three hours, the corpse of the mighty conqueror, abandoned by sons, friends, servants and all, lay in a state of almost perfect nakedness on the bare boards of the chamber in which he had expired. The citizens of Rouen either ran about the streets asking news and advice from every one they met, or busied themselves in concealing their money and valuables. At last the clergy and the monks recovered the use of their faculties, and thought of the decent duties owing to the mortal remains of their sovereign; and, arraying themselves in their best

habits, and forming in order of procession they went with crucifix, burning tapers, and incense, to pray over the abandoned and dishonoured body for the peace of its soul. The archbishop of Rouen ordained that the king should be interred at Caen in the church of St. Stephen, which he had built and royally endowed. But even now there was none to do it honour : his sons, his brothers, his relations, were all absent, and of all the Conqueror's officers and rich vassals not one was found to take charge of the obsequies. At length a poor knight named Herluin, who lived in the neighbourhood, charged himself with the trouble and expense of the funeral. "out of his natural good nature and love of God." This poor and pious knight engaged the proper attendance and a wain ; he conveyed the king's body on the cart to the banks of the Seine, and from thence in a barge down the river and its estuary to the city of Caen. Gilbert, Abbot of St. Stephen's, with all his monks, came out of Caen to meet the body, and other churchmen and the inhabitants of the city joining these, a considerable procession was formed. But as they went along a fire suddenly broke out in the town ; laymen and clerks ran to extinguish it, and the abbot and his monks were left alone to conduct the remains of the king to the church which he had founded. Even the last burial service did not pass undisturbed. The neighbouring bishops and abbots assembled for this solemn ceremony. The mass and requiem had been said ; the incense was filling the church with its holy perfume, the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric, and the body was about to be lowered into the grave prepared for it in the church between the altar and the choir, when a man, suddenly rising in the crowd, exclaimed with a loud and angry voice which made the prelates and monks to start and cross themselves—"Bishop, the man whom thou hast praised was a robber ! The very ground on which we are standing is mine, and is the site where my father's house stood. He took it from me by violence, to build this church on it. I reclaim it as my right ; and in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him here, or cover him with my glebe." The man who spoke thus boldly was Asseline Fitz Arthur, who had often asked a just compensation from the king in his lifetime. Many of the persons present confirmed the truth of his statement ; and, after some parley and chaffering, the bishop paid him sixty shillings for the grave alone, engaging to procure him hereafter the full value of the rest of his land. The body, dressed in royal robes, but without a coffin, was then lowered into the narrow tomb ; the rest of the ceremony was hurried over, the people dispersed, the prelates went to their homes, and the abbot and monks of St. Stephen's went to their cloisters, leaving only one brother of the house to sprinkle holy water over the flat stone that covered the grave and to pray for the soul of the departed. The traveller may yet stand and muse over that grave in the quaint old Norman church at Caen ; but the equestrian statue of the Conqueror, placed against one of the external pillars of the church, has been wantonly and barbarously mutilated.

41.—DEATH AND BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

REV. J. WHITE.

WILLIAM.

WOLFSTAN, a Saxon monk.

ASSELYN FITZARTHUR.

TOWNSMEN.

FRIAR.

Abbot, Peasants, &c.

The Church of Saint Gervas, near Rouen.

Wolfstan, a monk, stands absorbed in thought. His hands clasped. Two townsmen observing him.

First Townsman. He'll stand you thus whole days ; his eyeballs fixed
On one sole spot ; his hands close clenched in prayer.

Second Townsman. They look as if they clutch'd a sword, so swoll'n
The veins, so tight the grasp. " I'll speak to him.

First Townsman. Nay, 'tis of evil omen ; if he speaks
'Tis well, but not the Abbot's self has courage
To address him first. Crazed with such grief he is
That like a crumbling ruin he may fall,
'Neath the mere sound that shakes the circling air,
And bury rash intruders.

Second Townsman. Ruin indeed—

So wan with misery, so sunk in gloom
No face has met my eyes. What is his name ?

First Townsman. Wolfstan, an English monk. I know no more ;
Save that he left his English monastery
Six years since, and, they say, has secret arts
Known only to himself, whereby the Future
Lifts its thick curtain up, and at set times,
After lone Vigils, he can see in the sky
—Viewless to all beside,—strange sights as clear
As needled pictures on the Arras cloths
That hang Duke William's walls.

Wolfstan—(mutter). It tarries long !
Yet it will come. Onward in thickening gloom
It rolls the lurid cloud, in whose deep folds
Vengeance lies blind yet watchful. Let it come !

Second Townsman. Is it a prayer he mutters, or a curse ?
I shudder at his words—*(goes near)*—Your blessing, Father.

Wolfstan. I have no blessing. You are young and strong ;
Go forth into the sunshine ; hear the birds ;
Look on the skies ; wander amid the trees ;—
Blessing may reach your heart from sight and sound,
From motion and the pleasant summer air,
But on my tongue, it dies, like rain in sand.

[The two townsmen retire.]

Asselyn Fitzarthur—(in rags and misery)—I pray you, father, give your
ear to me,—

A broken man am I ; wasted with grief,—

Wolfstan—(lays his hand on Asselyn's shoulder). I know. I feel through
all my sense a glow,

As if we two were partners of one Thought ;—
 As if our souls were two half-darken'd rooms
 In one lone house, and on the noiseless floor
 Played with grim joy the Hellchild, Hate—

Asselyn. I feel it !

And many a year have thrill'd beneath its feet.
 How is't you know my thought ?

Wolfstan. Man's covering
 Grows crystal when the heart it holds is fire.
 I fix my spirit on your's, and draw it forth
 Like dew drops from the grass.

Asselyn. Help me, oh father,
 For I am choked with meaning, and my lips
 Close, as if barr'd in iron !

Wolfstan. —This is one
 Whose soul is as my own.—The man you hate
 Is powerful.

Asselyn. Powerful.

Wolfstan. He shall die !

Asselyn. (eagerly.) How soon ?

Wolfstan. I know not ; but a Vision night by night
 Comes to my pallet, pointing to a tomb
 Where oozing slowly from the broken grave-stone
 Comes blood, and trickles, dark, among the weeds.

Asselyn. I would not he should thus escape my voice,
 Or hide him from my eye ; once, face to face
 We stood, and I would see him once again !
 Have I not starved since then, from year to year
 And felt the hunger like a lightning grasp
 Fold on my heart ? He wrong'd me of my lands,
 My house, my name ; and left me the sole wealth
 Of Hatred for my covering, food and rest.
 Oh ! father, let me lift your shrunken hand
 High up, and hear you curse him ere he dies !

Wolfstan. Nor for your wrongs I curse him ; not for mine ;
 Not for the land's he tramples into ruin :
 Nor for my native England's fettered grief—
 Yet I will curse him.

Enter Friar.

Friar. Father, hear my speech.
 Fever hath struck Duke William to the ground
 And death sits at his bed.

Wolfstan. (smiles.) He speaks old words
 That have been in my ears these many days.

Asselyn. How ? He we spoke of—

Wolfstan. Hush—

Friar. And hither came
 His Highness that he breathe the sacred air
 Of Holy Gervas till he breathe no more.

Asselyn. May I not dash into his ghastly room
 And hear him groan his last !

Wolfstan. No—to your home,

Go while you may. Vengeance will reach him yet.

[*Exit Asselyn.*]

Friar. And now he summons to his couch of pain
Your ministering prayer.

Wolfstan.

I come to him.

SCENE SECOND.

Chamber in St. Gervas Monastery. William dying.

William—Attendant.

William. Where is my sou—my William ?

Attendant. Gone in haste

To cross to England and to seize the Crown.

William. The Crown ! and I alive ? Call Henry hither.

Attendant. He's gone, sire, with the coin your Highness gave.

William. And left me thus ! Bear witness, noble Knights,—
Come nearer, I would see you while I speak,

Why come you not, and stand before my sight ?

Attendant. Sire, all have left you : all but only I.

William. I could have borne it all—but my two sons !

If they had left my side in battle thus,
The Headsman had unspurred them with his axe !

And now I face this Enemy alone !

This Death, whose icy hand is on my throat,
And none comes to the rescue.—Arms ! Sir Knave,

My cuirass of bright steel ; my shining greaves

My sword, my gauntlets. Let me meet the foe

As fits my name, not idly, like a monk

Dreaming his dream of life till death awakes him.

Quick !—or I perish.—See you how he stands

With eyeless socket fixed upon my face,

And a proud smile upon his bony lips ?

Yield me to ransom ? Ha ! my arm is chilled,—

I cannot fight, but I've no craven cry,

I yield not—

Wolfstan (who has entered noiselessly). William—

William. Soh ! The fantom fades,

I breathe again. Who speaks ?

Attendant. The holy priest

Rich with deep prayer from Gervas inner shrine.

William. Why came you not ere this ? Your solemn presence

Might have dispelled these shadows, like the sun.

Wolfstan. They are not shadows.

William. There's a tone i' the voice,

That racks me. There is English on your tongue.

Wolfstan. And in my heart.

William. I will not have your prayers !

They will not reach to heaven, clogged with the hate

That weighs them down.

Wolfstan. How know you that I hate ?

William. All hate me—all ; the ruddy cheeked young child

That lisps its broken words, the grey haired man

That staggers in his speech from weary age,

All join in hate to me. The very maids
Who love all else by the compelling force
Of sixteen summers mellowing all their thoughts
Curse me,—and call me tyrant.

Wolfstan. Say they falsely
Who name you thus ? Look inward ere you speak.

William. There is a bitter taunting in your words,—
Have you no comfort for a tortured man,
Whose soul is sick to death, and needs your help ;
Not that you sting him with those maddening eyes !

Wolfstan. What ! you'd have soothing words to clear your path
To heaven, as heralds to your kingly state ?
Think, king ! now reft of crown ! Think, bloody man,
Of what a naked grovelling thing you are !
And ask no pardon till you've purchased peace.

William. I have enriched our holy mother church,
With wealth so vast that gold fills every shrine.

Wolfstan. Blasphemous gold, that fills the shrine with curses.

William. There's not a plain in all our English realm
But shall be studded with majestic towers,
To watch upon its peace. Chuntries shall rise
In every dell ; I've poured my guarded wealth
In a rich flood, at shrine of every saint
Whoe'er drew English breath.

Wolfstan. They'll spurn the wealth
Wring from their country's blood. Have you no thought
Of sins no gold can cover ? Life fleets fast
From you—from me—this meeting is our last,
Answer me quickly.

William. A film is on my eye,
I cannot see you, yet I hear your voice
And shake beneath it. Have we met ere now ?

Wolfstan. Yes !

William. Where ?

Wolfstan. Where a red flame rose up to heaven
From a lone cottage in a forest dell,
And lust and murder held their revelry.

William. I would that Forest ne'er had stretched its bounds,
Nor trenched upon the homes of living men.

Wolfstan. Have you forgot that pleasant eve in June,
When your array burst in with jubilant cries
On the small circle, cleared from bush and tree,
Where stood a cottage near a babbling brook ?

William. There were so many—and I fired them all.

Wolfstan. But this the blackest of your deeds of shame.
When rose from his stone bench beside the door
A grey haired man, and held his withered hands
To pray for pity, and with faltering voice
Claimed for his own the land where he was born,
Where all his fathers lived, from Alfred's days,—
With a brief nod you cut his pleadings short,
And a fierce Norman murderer earned your thanks,

By pitiless stabs in that old grandsire's breast.
 Then from the cottage rushed a maiden forth,
 As if the bursting flames had leapt to shape,
 And clothed an angel in their blinding glow,
 So bright, so dazzling in her beautiful fear,
 That there was pause among the murderous crew,—
 Till with a cry she saw her grandsire slain,
 And fell, a white insensate form of snow,
 Prone on his breast, till all the oozing blood
 Dabbled her stainless robes and sunbright hair.
 Then—William,—Conqueror,—tyrant,—fiend of hell !
 What then ?—You still have memory of that time ?

William. Pardon—oh ! pardon—let me die in silence.

Wolfstan. No—the last sound that fills your failing ear
 Shall be my voice. Your hapless victim died,
 By heaven's great gift, unconscious of her wrong,
 Spotless in soul, and by her corpse I knelt,
 Lifting my hands in the great eye of heaven,
 And swore to be revenged. Day after day
 In my lone cell I've thought upon that oath,
 And nearer, nearer my revenge approached.
 I heard it coming in the silent hours ;
 I felt its breath upon me as I lay
 In lonely vigils. And my sister's voice,
 Her's—that lone girl's—was mingled with its words.
 We are alone, oh ! King—

William. Have mercy, father !

Wolfstan. No ! 'Tis for this I've waited ; here we stand
 In presence, as we stood, a stripling I,
 You a great king, gorged with success and blood ;
 You spurned me, you denied the pity I claimed.
 Once more we are together,—a foul thing,
 Hated, deserted, lonely, powerless, you—
 I, the relentless angel of your doom !
 Unpitied, unforgiven, unconfessed,
 Hopeless, despairing you descend to dust ;
 And I, that in this hand can lift the blessing
 Of Holy Church, and shrive you of your sins,
 That in this palm carry the peace of heaven—

William. Oh ! pardon—priest, or leave me. Let that peace
 Fall on my head !

Wolfstan. I clutch my fingers thus,
 And keep that blessing in my sinewy grasp.
 See ! my shut fingers doom you to despair.

William. Is there no hope ? give but one little sign,
 My eyes are failing, spread your pardoning fingers,—
 I shudder at your close shut hand.—

[Dies.]

SCENE THIRD.

Burial Ground at Caen. A Coffin lying beside an open Grave.

Enter Friar Eustace and four Peasants.

Friar. Death sheds no holiness around this man,

Toil-wearied boors who met us on the way
 Cross'd them, in terror of his evil name ;
 But not a bonnet rose in reverence
 To him that was a king.

1st. Peasant. Father, we hope
 You've not been sparing of the holy water
 Upon these coffin boards.

2nd. Peasant. I fear to touch them,
 They say the dead man was a murderer.

Friar. He was the mightiest Conqueror earth e'er saw,
 And ruled the greatest kingdoms of the world.

Peasant. Howbeit he was a murderer I've heard tell
 And little good his conquests do him now.

Friar. The Holy Abbot promised to be here
 At noon—to bless the grave. Draw near, my friends,
 And lift the bier.

Enter Asselyn.

Asselyn. Woe ! woe to all ! forbear !

Peasant. 'Tis Asselyn Fitzarthur crazed and poor,
 Speak to him, father.

Asselyn. Look where curls the smoke
 Down in the dell,—see how in snaky folds
 It coils around the hamlet, pushing forth
 A lapping tongue of flame from roof and window.

Peasant. 'Tis truth he speaks, there's fire o'er all the town.

[An alarm bell is rung.]

Asselyn. Aye, ring the alarm, 'tis a jubilee day,
 And flames are but the ministers of heaven,
 To purify the air from so much woe,
 As this foul murderer brings,—burst forth, ye fires,
 Upsent from the abyss, to write his name
 In scorching ruin on the blackened sky !
 Come vultures, sit upon his breast and croon
 Your songs of rapine ! Leave the bloated corpse
 To waste into the elements, nor stain
 Earth's bosom with its noisome pestilence.
 Fly ! for your dwellings burn,—roof, wall, and floor,
 You cannot quench them, not if all the blood
 Shed by this Conqueror, gushed in one full tide
 Mid the hot embers.

[Exeunt Peasants.]

May I lift the lid

And gaze upon the dead ?

Friar. No—back a space,—

[The reflection of the flame is seen. The bell tolls continually.]
 Here comes the Abbot—scarce his holy words
 Can reach us mid the clamours of that bell.

Abbot. Quick ! brother Eustace, into sacred earth
 Lay the deserted body of the king.

Death has assoiled him of the darkening crimes,
 That barred the Church's blessing while he breathed.

Asselyn. Stop ! I command you. Here I plant my foot
 On soil that was my own,—it held my cradle,

It held my fathers' graves ; but swollen in pride,
The man you'd bury, dashed me from my home,
Seized my rich fields, and raised this hallowed fane
As if in mockery on my ravaged land.

I claim it—I debar you from the grave,
Till Justice makes it his, and his heaped treasures
Ransom the soil from Asselyn and his line.

Abbot. This is no time for bargain and for sale,
Let dust, I pray, return to dust in peace,
And take this purse in quittance of your claim.

Asselyn. 'Tis but these narrow feet of burial soil
I quit for this poor coin. These fields are mine,
These upland levels—these ancestral trees,
Are Asselyn's again !—Unwept, unhonoured,
Sink'! a forgotten thing into the ground,
Where once your step was predest.—

Abbot. Friends, proceed.
After long tempest let him rest at last,
And Heaven in mercy look upon his sins.

[They put the coffin hurriedly into the grave and disperse.]

42.—CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

From the ' Penny Cyclopædia.'

The character of the Conqueror has been graphically sketched by the Saxon chronicler from personal knowledge—'For we looked on him,' says the writer, 'and some while lived in his herd (on his hirede).' The feature that had chiefly impressed itself upon this close observer was what he calls his starkness, by which he seems to mean his unbending strength of will and firmness or tenacity of purpose. Three times in the course of his description he remarks this. But while he was stark beyond all measure, and very savage to those who withstood him, the honest chronicler states, on the other hand, that he was mild to good men who loved God, and that he was a very wise man, as well as very rich, and more worthful and strong than any of his ancestors. William indeed was far from being all devil, any more than his father (Robert le Diable), whom he seems to have a good deal resembled, and who was complimented by his contemporaries with the epithet of the Magnificent, as well as with the other expressive surname by which he is commonly remembered. With all his ferocity, William evinced throughout his life a reverence both for the ordinances and the ministers of religion ; and, although he would not suffer either his clergy or the pope to erect within his kingdom an ecclesiastical dominion separate from and independent of that of the crown, he showed himself anxious on all occasions to maintain the respectability of the church by promoting able men to the chief places in it, as well as by upholding it in its legal rights and powers. That he was eminently endowed with the qualities, both moral and intellectual, that raise men above their fellows, is abundantly proved by what he did. Few men have projected the influence of their genius across so wide an expanse both of time and space as the founder of the Norman dynasty in England. In moral disposition William was passionate and ruthless ; but he does not appear to have been vindictive, nor even, properly speaking, cruel or blood-thirsty, notwithstanding the destructive character of some of his military operations. There was nothing weak, nothing little about this great king. In his latter

days, the chronicler intimates, he fell into the vices of avarice and greediness ; but this love of money was only one of the forms assumed by his love of power, the natural passion of all superior minds. So one of the forms in which the energy and ardour of his character were displayed was his passion for the chase. "So much he loved the high-deer (*hea deer*)," naïvely writes the Saxon annalist, 'as if he had been their father. It is plain indeed that the deer and other *ferae naturae* had quite as much of his affection as his children, and somewhat more than his subjects. 'He made laws,' says the chronicler, 'that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him man should blind. As he forbade the slaying of harts, so also did he of boars. He also decreed about hares, that they should go free.'

The principal portion of the laws of the Conqueror that has come down to us consists of a capitulary which is said to have been drawn up and agreed upon in an assembly of the principal persons of the realm whom he called together about the year 1070. It is for the most part a selection of the laws previously in force in the Saxon times, according to their last general revision by Canute the Great. It exists both in Latin and in Romance, or old French ; and the Latin version, which is preserved in the history attributed to Ingulphus, has usually been reckoned the original ; but Sir Francis Palgrave, who has printed both versions from better manuscripts than had been before employed, in his 'Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth,' Proofs and Illustrations, lxxxviii.-civ., has advanced some reasons for believing that these laws of the Conqueror were most probably originally written in Latin, which was the language in which legal documents were commonly drawn up in England for some ages after this date. The common statement that William attempted to abolish the English tongue and to substitute the French, whether in the courts of law or in the ordinary intercourse of life, rests upon no good authority, and is irreconcilable with well-ascertained facts.

The wife of William the Conqueror was Matilda, daughter of Baldwin V., Earl of Flanders, surnamed the Gentle. He married her before he acquired the crown of England, and she died 2nd November, 1083. Their children were, Robert, whom his father called Gambaron (Roundlegs) and Courthose (Shorthose), who died a prisoner in the castle of Cardiff in 1134 ; Richard, who was gored to death by a stag in the New Forest ; William, by whom he was succeeded on the English throne ; Henry, who succeeded William ; Cecilia, who became abbess of the monastery of the Holy Trinity at Caen, and died there 13th July, 1126 ; Constance, who was married to Alan, Earl of Bretagne and Richmond, but died without issue ; Adeliza, who died young before the Conquest ; Adela, who married Stephen, Earl of Blois, by whom she became the mother of Stephen, king of England, and who afterwards took the veil, and died in the nunnery of Mareigny in France about 1137 ; Gundred, who married William de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, and died in childhood at Castleacre in Norfolk, 27th May, 1085 ; and Agatha, who was contracted to Alphonso, king of Leon and Castile, but died before her marriage. He had also a natural son, William de Peveril, by Maud, daughter of Ingelric, a Saxon nobleman, who afterwards married Ranulph de Peveril.

43.—WILLIAM RUFUS.

THERRY.

William Rufus, on his road to England, had been apprised of his father's death, at the port of Wissant, near Calais. He hastened to Winchester, where the royal treasure was deposited, and gaining over William de Pont-de-l'Arche, the keeper of the treasury, by his promises, he got possession of the bags. He had it carefully

weighed, and an inventory taken; it was found to consist of sixty thousand pounds of fine silver, besides a quantity of gold and precious stones. He then assembled all the Norman barons then in England, announced to them the death of the Conqueror, was chosen king, and crowned by Archbishop Lanfranc, in Winchester Cathedral, whilst the barons remaining in Normandy were deliberating on the succession. His first act of royal authority, was to imprison anew the Saxons Ulfnoth, Morkar, and Siward Beorn, whom his father had liberated; next he drew from the treasury a large quantity of gold and silver, which he placed in the hands of Otho, the goldsmith, with orders to make it into ornaments for the tomb of him, whom he had forsaken on his death-bed. The name of the goldsmith, Otho, merits a place in this history, for the territorial register of the Conquest, mentions him as one of the great newly-created proprietors. Perhaps he had been the banker of the invasion, and had advanced part of the cost or mortgage of English estates; this is not unlikely, for the goldsmiths of the middle ages were also bankers, or, perhaps, he had merely entered into commercial speculations upon the domains acquired by the lance and the sword, and given gold in exchange for their estates to the roving men-at-arms—a class common to that age.

A kind of literary competition now sprang up between the Latin versifiers of England and Normandy, in the composition of the epitaph that was to be engraved on the tomb of the late king; and Thomas, Archbishop of York, carried off the palm. Several pieces of verse and prose in praise of the Conqueror, have been handed down to us, and among the eulogies bestowed on him by the clerks and literary men of the age, there are some exceedingly curious: "English nation," exclaims one of them, "why hast thou disturbed the repose of this prince, who was the friend of virtue?" "Oh England," says another, "thou would'st have loved, thou would have esteemed him most highly, but for thy folly and thy malice." "His rule was pacific," says a third, "and his soul benevolent." None of the *viva voce* epitaphs and panegyrics bestowed on him by the conquered nation remain to us, unless we regard as a sample of the popular exclamations called forth by the death of the foreign tyrant, these lines of an English poet of the thirteenth century: "The days of King William were days of suffering, and many thought his life too long."

The Norman barons, who had not concurred in the election of William Rufus, returned to England, enraged at his having become king without their consent; they resolved to depose him, and to place on the throne in his stead his eldest brother, Robert, Duke of Normandy. At the head of this party figured Odo of Bayeux, the brother of the Conqueror, who had just been released from prison, and many rich Normans, or Frenchmen of England, as the Saxon chronicle expresses it. The Red King, (so the historians of that time name him), seeing that his countrymen conspired against him, called to his aid his subjects of the English race, inducing them to support his cause, by holding out to them hopes of thereby obtaining relief from their burdens. He assembled around him several of those who, in memory of their past power were still regarded by the Anglo-Saxon nation as their natural chiefs; he promised them the best laws that they could choose, the best that had ever been observed in the country; he restored to them the right of bearing arms, and the enjoyment of the forests. He put a stop to the levying of the poll-tax and all the other odious taxes; but all this did not last long, say the contemporary annals.

Influenced by these concessions, which lasted a few days, and, perhaps, also by a secret desire to fight the Normans, the Saxon chiefs agreed to embrace the cause of the king, and promulgated in their name, and in his, the ancient proclamation of war, which had formerly rallied around them every Englishman capable of bear-

ing arms. "Let him who is worth anything, either in the towns, or out of the towns, leave his house and come." Thirty thousand Saxons spontaneously repaired to the place assigned, received arms, and enrolled themselves under the king's banner. They were nearly all on foot; William led them in great haste, with his cavalry, composed of Normans, towards the maritime town of Rochester, where Bishop Odo, and the other chiefs of the opposite party had fortified themselves, awaiting the arrival of their candidate, Duke Robert, to march upon Canterbury and London.

It seems that the Saxons in the royal army showed great spirit at the siege of Rochester. The besieged, hard pressed, soon demanded to capitulate, on condition of their recognizing William as king, and retaining under him their lands and honours. William at first refused this; but the Normans of his army, not entering with the same zeal as the Saxons, into this, which was to them a civil war, and not wishing to reduce their fellow-countrymen and relatives to the last extremity, thought the king too inveterate against the defenders of Rochester. They strove to appease him. "We, who have assisted thee in danger," they said to him, "we implore thee to spare our countrymen, our kinsmen, who are also thine, and who aided thy father in conquering England." The king relented, and at length granted the besieged free exit from the town, with their arms and horses. Bishop Odo attempted further to stipulate, that the military music of the king should not play in token of triumph at the evacuation of the garrison; but William angrily refused, exclaiming that he would not make this concession for a thousand marks of gold. The Normans of Robert's party quitted the town which they had been unable to defend, with lowered ensigns, and to the sound of the king's trumpets. At this moment loud clamours arose from amidst the English of the royal army. "Bring ropes," they cried, "let us hang this traitor of a bishop, with all his accomplices. Oh king! why dost thou thus allow him to retire in safety? He is not worthy to live! the crafty villain! the assassin! the murderer of so many thousands of men!"

At the sound of these imprecations, the priest who had blessed the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, left England, never to return. The war between the Normans lasted some time longer; but this family quarrel subsided little by little, and ended in a treaty between the two parties and the two brothers. The domains that the friends of Robert had lost in England, for having embraced his cause, were restored to them, and Robert himself abandoned his claims to the throne on receiving some landed estates. It was agreed between the two parties that the king, if he survived the duke, should have the duchy of Normandy, and that, in the contrary case, the duke should have the kingdom of England; twelve men on the side of the king, and twelve on that of the duke confirmed this treaty by oath. Thus terminated the Norman civil war, and at the same time the alliance which it had occasioned between the English and the king. The concessions that the latter had made were all revoked, his promises belied, and the Saxons returned to their former state of subjection and oppression.

44.—THE CASTLES OF THE NORMAN KINGS.

C. KNIGHT.

From 'Old England.'

There are few prospects in England more remarkable, and, in a certain degree, more magnificent, than that which is presented on the approach to Rochester from the road to London. The highest point on the road from Milton is Gadshill, of "men-in-buckram" notoriety. Here the road begins gradually to descend to the valley of the Medway; sometimes, indeed, rising again over little eminences, which in the hop season are more beautifully clothed than are "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," but still descending, and sometimes precipitously, to a valley whose depth we cannot see, but which we perceive from the opposite hills has a range of several miles. At a turn of the road we catch a glimpse of the narrow Medway on the south; then to the north we see a broader stream where large dark masses, "our wooden walls," seem to sleep on the sparkling water. At last a town presents itself right before us to the east, with a paltry tower which they tell us is that of the Cathedral. Close by that tower rises up a gigantic square building, whose enormous proportions proclaim that it is no modern architectural toy. This is the great keep of ROCHESTER CASTLE, called Gundulph's Tower, and there it has stood for eight centuries, defying siege after siege, resisting even what is more difficult to resist than fire or storm, the cupidity of modern possessors. Rochester Castle is, like the hills around it, indestructible by man in the regular course of his operations. It might be blown up, by modern science; but when the ordinary workman has assailed it with his shovel and mattock, his iron breaks upon the flinty concrete; there is nothing more to be got out of it by avarice,—so c'en let it endure. And worthy is this old tower to endure. A man may sit alone in the gallery which runs round the tower, and, looking either within the walls or without the walls, have profitable meditations. He need not go back to the days of Julius Cæsar for the origin of this castle, as some have written, nor even to those of Egbert, King of Kent, who "gave certain lands within the walls of Rochester Castle to Eardulf, then Bishop of that see." It is sufficient to believe with old Lambarde, "that Odo (the bastard brother to King William the Conqueror), which was at the first Bishop of Bayeux in Normandy, and then afterward advanced to the office of the Chief Justice of England, and to the honour of the Earldom of Kent, was either the first author or the best benefactor to that which now standeth in sight." Odo rebelled against William I., and was driven from his stronghold and from the realm. The history of the Castle from his time becomes more distinct:—"After this the Castle was much amended by Gundulphus, the Bishop: who (in consideration of a manor given to his see by King William Rufus) bestowed threescore pounds in building that great tower which yet standeth. And from that time this Castle continued (as I judge) in the possession of the Prince, until King Henry the First, by the advice of his barons, granted to William, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his successors, the custody, and office of Constable over the same, with free liberty to build a tower for himself, in any part thereof, at his pleasure. By means of which cost done upon it at that time, the castle at Rochester was much in the eye of such as were the authors of troubles following within the realm, so that from time to time it had a part (almost) in every tragedy." Lambarde, who writes this, tells us truly that in the time of the Conqueror "many castles were raised to keep the people in awe." Such kingly strongholds of oppression were like the "pleasant vices" of common men; they became "instruments to scourge" their makers. Thus, Odo held Rochester Castle against Rufus. The barons successfully maintained it against John. Simon de Montfort carried his victorious arms against its walls, which were

defended by the Constable of Henry III. These were some of the tragedies in which Rochester Castle had a part. But the remains of this building show that its occupiers were not wholly engrossed by feud and by fighting. The splendid columns, the sculptured arches, of its chief apartments proclaim that it was the abode of rude magnificence; and that high festivals, with luxurious feastings, might be well celebrated within these massive walls. This tower, each side of which at the base is seventy feet long, whilst its height is one hundred and twelve feet, has attached to its east angle a smaller tower (probably for domestics), between seventy and eighty feet in height. A partition wall runs up the middle of the larger tower; and the height was divided into four stories. The joists and flooring-boards have been torn from the walls, but we see the holes where the timbers were inserted, and spacious fireplaces still remain. Every floor was served with water by a well, which was carried up through the central partition. This division of the central tower allowed magnificent dimensions to the rooms, which were forty-six feet in length by twenty-one in breadth. The height of those in the third story is thirty-two feet; and here are those splendid columns, with their ornamented arches, which show us that the builders of these gloomy fortresses had notions of princely magnificence, and a feeling for the beauty of art, which might have done something towards softening the fierceness of their warrior lives, and have taught them to wear their weeds of peace with dignity and grace. Thomas Warton has described, in the true spirit of romantic poetry, such a scene as might often have lighted up the dark walls of Rochester Castle:—

“Stately the feast, and high the cheer;
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate,
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream;
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty window'd hall
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright.”

Fenced around with barbican and bastion on the land side, and girded by high walls towards the river, the legal and baronial occupiers of Rochester Castle sat in safety, whether dispensing their rude justice to trembling serfs, or quaffing the red wine amidst their knightly retainers. Even Simon de Montfort, a man of wondrous energy, could make little impression upon these strong walls. But the invention of gunpowder changed the course of human affairs. The monk who compounded sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, in their just proportions, made Rochester Castle what it is now.

Gundulphus the bishop, the builder or the restorer, we know not which, of the great keep at Rochester, was the architect of the most remarkable building of the Tower of London. Stow tells us, “I find in a fair register-book of the acts of the

Bishops of Rochester, set down by Edmund of Hadenham, that William I., surnamed the Conqueror, builded the Tower of London, to wit, the great white and square tower there, about the year of Christ 1078, appointing Gundulph, then Bishop of Rochester, to be principal surveyor and overseer of that work, who was for that time lodged in the house of Edmere, a burgess of London." Speaking of this passage of Stow, the editor of 'London' says, "We see the busy Bishop (it was he who built the great keep at Rochester) coming daily from his lodgings at the honest burgess's to erect something stronger and mightier than the fortresses of the Saxons. What he found in ruins, and what he made ruinous, who can tell? There might have been walls and bulwarks thrown down by the ebbing and flowing of the tide. There might have been, dilapidated or entire, some citadel more ancient than the defences of the people the Normans conquered, belonging to the age when the great lords of the world left every where some marks upon the earth's surface of their pride and their power. That Gundulph did not create this fortress is tolerably clear. What he built, and what he destroyed, must still, to a certain extent, be a matter of conjecture." And this is precisely the case with the great tower at Rochester. The keep at Rochester and the White Tower at London have a remarkable resemblance in their external appearances. But we have no absolute certainty that either was the work of the skilful Bishop, who, with that practical mastery of science and art which so honourably distinguished many of the ecclesiastics of his age, was set by his sovereign at both places to some great business of construction or repair. We must be content to leave the matter in the keeping of those who can pronounce authoritatively where records and traditions fail, taking honest Lambard for our guide, who says, "Seeing that by the injury of the ages between the monuments of the first beginning of this place and of innumerable such, other be not come to our hands, I had rather in such cases use honest silence than rash speech."

The ruined walls of the Castle of HASTINGS, and the remains of the pretty chapel within those walls, are familiar objects to the visitors of the most beautiful of our watering-places. The situation of this Castle is singularly noble. It was here, according to Eadmer, that almost all the bishops and nobles of England were assembled in the year 1090, to pay personal homage to King William II. before his departure for Normandy. Grose has given a pretty accurate description of this castle, which we abridge with slight alteration. What remains of the castle approaches nearest in shape to two sides of an oblique spherical triangle, having the points rounded off. The base, or south side next the sea, completing the triangle, is formed by a perpendicular craggy cliff about four hundred feet in length, upon which are no vestiges of walls or other fortification. The east side is made by a plain wall measuring near three hundred feet, without tower or defence of any kind. The adjoining side, which faces the north-west, is about four hundred feet long. The area included is about an acre and one-fifth. The walls, nowhere entire, are about eight feet thick. The gateway, now demolished, was on the north side, near the northernmost angle. Not far from it, to the west, are the remains of a small tower enclosing a circular flight of stairs; and still farther westward, a sally-port and the ruins of another tower. On the east side, at the distance of about one hundred feet, ran a ditch, one hundred feet in breadth at the top, and sixty feet deep; but both the ditch, and the interval between it and the wall, seem to have gradually narrowed as they approached the gate, under which they terminated. On the north-west side there was another ditch of the same breadth, commencing at the cliff opposite to the westernmost angle, and bearing away almost due north, leaving a level intermediate space, which, opposite to the sally-port, was one hundred and eighty feet in breadth.

THE Castle of **CARLISLE** was founded by William Rufus. He was the restorer of the city, after it had remained for two centuries in ruins through the Danish ravages. The Red King was a real benefactor to the people at this northern extremity of his kingdom. He first placed here a colony of Flemings, an industrious and skilful race, and then encouraged an immigration of husbandmen from the south, to instruct the poor and ignorant inhabitants in the arts of agriculture. We must not consider that these Norman kings were all tyrants.

The Castle of **ALNWICK**, the noble seat of the Percies, was a place of strength soon after the Norman Conquest. In the reign of Rufus it was besieged by Malcolm the Third, of Scotland, who here lost his life, as did his son Prince Edward. Before the Norman Conquest the castle and barony of Alnwick belonged to Gilbert Tyson, who was slain fighting against the invader, by the side of his Saxon king. The Conqueror gave the granddaughter of Gilbert in marriage to Ivo de Vesey, one of his Norman followers; and the Lords de Vesey enjoyed the fair possessions down to the time of Edward I. The Castle of **BAMBOROUGH**, in Northumberland, carries us back into a remoter antiquity. It was the palace, according to the monkish historians, of the kings of Northumberland, and built by king Ida, who began his reign about 559. Roger Hovenden, who wrote in 1192, describes it, under the name of Bebbu, as "a very strong city." Rufus blockaded the castle in 1085, when it was in the possession of Robert de Mowbray, earl of Northumberland. The keep of Bamborough is very similar in its appearance to the keeps of the Tower of London, of Rochester, and of Dover. It is built of remarkably small stones; the walls are eleven feet thick on one side, and nine feet on three sides. This castle, situated upon an almost perpendicular rock, close to the sea, which rises about one hundred and fifty feet above low water mark, had originally no interior appliances of luxury or even of comfort. Grose says, "Here were no chimneys. The only fire-place in it was a grate in the middle of a large room, supposed to have been the guard-room, where some stones in the middle of the floor are burned red. The floor was all of stone, supported by arches. This room had a window in it, near the top, three feet square, possibly intended to let out the smoke; all the other rooms were lighted only by slits or chinks in the wall, six inches broad, except in the gables of the roof, each of which had a window one foot broad." One of the most remarkable objects in this ancient castle is a draw-well, which was discovered about seventy years ago, upon cleaning out the sand and rubbish of a vaulted cellar or dungeon. It is a hundred and forty-five feet deep, and is cut through the solid basaltic rock into the sandstone below. When we look at the history of this castle, from the time when it was assaulted by Penda, the Pagan king of the Mercians, its plunder by the Danes, its siege by Rufus, its assault by the Yorkists in 1463, and so onward through seven centuries of civil strife, it is consoling to reflect upon the uses to which this stronghold is now applied. It was bought with the property attached to it by Nathaniel Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham, and bequeathed by him to charitable purposes in 1720. The old fortress has now been completely repaired. Its gloomy rooms, through whose loop-holes the sun could scarcely penetrate, have been converted into schools. Boys are here daily taught, and twenty poor girls are lodged, clothed, and educated till fit for service. The towers, whence the warder once looked out in constant watchfulness against an enemy's approach, are now changed into signal stations, to warn the sailor against that dangerous cluster of rocks called the Fern Islands; and signals are also arranged for announcing when a vessel is in distress to the fishermen of Holy Island. Life-boats are here kept, and shelter is offered for any reasonable period to such as may be shipwrecked on this dreary coast. The estates thus devoted to purposes of charity now yield a magnificent income of more than eight thousand a

year. Not only are the poor taught, but the sick are relieved in this hospitable fortress. In the infirmary, to which part of the building is applied, the wants of a thousand persons are annually administered to. Much is still left out of these large funds; and the residue is devoted to the augmentation of small benefices, to the building and enlarging of churches, to the foundation and support of schools, and to exhibitions for young men going to the Universities. When William Rufus besieged this rock of Bamborough, Robert de Mowbray had a steward within the walls, who would have defended it to the death, had not the king brought out the earl his master, who was a prisoner, with a threat that his eyes should be put out unless the castle surrendered. This was a faithful steward. Lord Crewe had an equally faithful steward, after a different fashion, in Dr. Sharpe, Archdeacon of Northumberland, who devised the various means of best applying this noble bequest, and resided on this stormy rock to see that those means were properly administered.

45—THE DEATH OF THE RED KING.

THIERRY.

The Saxons, persecuted for transgressions against the laws of the chase, even more vigorously by the Red King, than by his father, had no other means of revenge than by calling him, in derision the *keeper of the woods and of the deer*, and by spreading sinister reports about these forests, into which no man of the English race was allowed to enter, armed, under pain of death. They said that the devil, under all sorts of horrible forms, had there appeared to the Normans, and had told them of the dreadful fate that he had in reserve for the King and his councillors. This popular superstition was strengthened by the singular chance which rendered hunting in the forests of England, and above all in the New Forest, so fatal to the Conqueror's race. In the year 1081, Richard, the eldest son of William the bastard, had there mortally wounded himself; in the month of May of the year 1100, Richard, the son of Duke Robert, and nephew of the Red King, was killed there by an arrow imprudently drawn, and, by a most curious coincidence, the king perished there also, in the same manner, in the month of July of the same year.

On the morning of the last day of his life, he had a great feast with his friends in Winchester Castle, after which he prepared for the proposed chase. Whilst he was going on his horse and joking with his guests, a workman presented him with six new arrows; he examined them, praised the workmanship, took four for himself, and gave the other two to Walter Tyrrel, saying, "Good marksmen should have good arms." Walter Tyrrel was a Frenchman, who had great possessions in the county of Poix and in Ponthieu; he was the king's most familiar friend, and assiduous attendant. At the moment of starting, there entered a monk, from the convent of St. Peter at Gloucester, who brought William despatches from his abbot. This abbot, a Norman by birth, named Serlon, sent word to the king, in some anxiety, that one of his monks, (probably of the English race), had had in his sleep a vision of bad omen; that he had seen Jesus Christ seated on a throne, and at his feet a woman supplicating him in these words; "Saviour of the human race, look down with pity on thy people groaning under the yoke of William." On hearing this message the king laughed loudly: "Do they take me for an Englishman," he said, "with their dreams? Do they fancy that I am one of those fools who abandon their course and their business because an old woman dreams or sneezes? Come, Walter de Poix, to horse!"

Henry, the king's brother, William de Breteuil, and several other nobles accompanied him to the forest; the hunters dispersed; but Walter Tyrrel remained

beside him, and their dogs hunted together. They had taken up their station, opposite one another, each with his arrow in his cross-bow, and his finger on the trigger, when a large stag, tracked by the beaters, advanced between the King and his friend. William drew, but, his bowstring breaking, the arrow did not fly, and the stag, confused by the noise, stood still, looking around him. The King signed to his companion to shoot, but the latter took no notice, either not seeing the stag, or not understanding the signs: William then impatiently cried aloud: "Shoot, Walter, shoot, in the devil's name!" And at the same instant an arrow, either that of Walter, or some other, struck him in the breast; he fell without uttering a word, and expired. Walter Tyrrel ran to him; but, finding he had ceased to breathe, he re-mounted his horse, galloped the coast, crossed over to Normandy, and from thence to the French territory.

On the first rumour of the king's death, all who attended the hunt left the forest in haste to see after their interest. His brother Henry made for Winchester and the royal treasure, and the corpse of William Rufus remained on the ground, abandoned like that of the Conqueror had been. Some charcoal-burners, who found it, pierced by the arrow, put it on their cart, wrapped in old linen, through which the blood dropped all along the road. Thus were the remains of the second Norman king conveyed to Winchester, where Henry had already arrived, and imperiously demanded the keys of the royal treasure. Whilst the keepers were hesitating, William de Breteuil arrived in breathless haste from the forest, to oppose this demand. "Thou and I," he said to Henry, "ought loyally to keep the faith that we promised to thy brother, Duke Robert; he has received our oath of homage; and, absent or present, he has the right." A violent quarrel ensued; Henry drew his sword, and soon, with the help of the assembled crowd, took possession of the royal treasure and the regalia.

46.—THE NEW FOREST.

C. KNIGHT.

From 'Old England.'

The Saxon annalist quaintly writes of the first William, "so much he loved the high deer as if he had been their father; he made laws that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him man should blind." The depopulation and misery occasioned by the formation of the New Forest have been perhaps somewhat over-stated. A forest undoubtedly existed in this district in the Saxon times; the Conqueror enlarged its circuit and gave it a fresh name. But even William of Junieges, chaplain to the Conqueror, admits the devastation, in his notice of the deaths of William Rufus and his brother Richard in this Forest:—"There were many who held that the two sons of William the king perished by the judgment of God in these woods, since for the extension of the forest he had destroyed many towns and churches within its circuit." It is this circumstantial statement and popular belief which inspired Mr. William Stewart Rose's spirited little poem of the Red King:—

'Now fast beside the pathway stood
A ruin'd village, shagg'd with wood,
A melancholy place;
The ruthless Conqueror cast down
(Wo worth the deed) that little town
To lengthen out his chace.

Amongst the fragments of the church,
A raven there had found a perch,—

She flicker'd with her wing ;
 She stirr'd not, she, for voice or shout,
 She moved not for that revel rout,
 But croak'd upon the king."

But Mr. Rose does not rest the machinery of his ballad upon tradition alone, or the assertions of prejudiced chroniclers. Adverting to the disbelief of Voltaire in the early history of the New Forest, he points out, in his notes to the poem, what Voltaire did not know, that 'Domesday-Book' establishes the fact that many thousand acres were afforested after the time of Edward the Confessor. The testimony which Mr. Rose himself supplied from his local knowledge is exceedingly curious. "The idea that no vestiges of ancient buildings yet exist in the New Forest, is utterly unfounded, though the fact is certainly little known, and almost confined to the small circle of keepers and ancient inhabitants. In many spots, though no ruins are visible above ground, either the *enceinte* of erections is to be traced, by the elevation of the earth, or fragments of building-materials have been discovered on turning up the surface. The names also of these places would almost, if other evidence were wanting, substantiate the general fact, and even the nature of each individual edifice. . . . The total rasure of buildings, and the scanty remains of materials under the surface, appear at first a singular circumstance. But it is to be observed, that the mansions, and even the churches of the Anglo-Saxons, were built of the slightest materials, frequently of wood ; and that of all countries a forest is the least favourable to the preservation of ruins. As they are the property of the crown, neither the pride nor interest of individuals is concerned in their preservation. . . . This absence of remains of ruins above the surface need not, therefore, lead us to despair of further discoveries, and these are, perhaps, yet designated by the names of places. May we not consider the termination of *ham* and *ton*, yet annexed to some woodlands, as evidence of the former existence of hamlets and towns?" The historical truth, as it appears to us, may be collected from these interesting notices of Mr. Rose's local researches. The remains of buildings are few, and scattered over a considerable district. The names which still exist afford the best indication that the abodes of men were formerly more numerous. The truth lies between the scepticism of Voltaire as to any depopulation having taken place, and the poetical exaggeration of Pope, in his 'Windsor Forest':—

"The fields are ravished from industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
 'The levelled towns with weeds lie covered o'er ;
 'The hollow winds through naked temples roar."

The fact is, that from the very nature of the soil no large population could have been here supported in the days of imperfect agriculture. The lower lands are for the most part marshy ; the higher ridges are sterile sand. Gilpin has sensibly pointed this out in his book on 'Forest Scenery':—"How could William have spread such depopulation in a country which, from the nature of it, must have been from the first very thinly inhabited ? The ancient Ytene was undoubtedly a woody tract long before the times of William. Voltaire's idea, therefore, of planting a forest is absurd, and is founded on a total ignorance of the country. He took his ideas merely from a French forest, which is artificially planted, and laid out in vistas and alleys. It is probable that William rather opened his chaces by cutting down wood, than that he had occasion to plant more. Besides, though the internal strata of the soil of New Forest are admirably adapted to produce timber, yet the surface of it is in general poor, and could never have admitted, even if the times had

allowed, any high degree of cultivation." But, whatever view we take of this historical question, the scenery of the New Forest is indissolubly associated with the memory of the two first Norman hunter-kings. There is probably no place in England which in its general aspect appears for centuries to have undergone so little change. The very people are unchanged. After walking in a summer afternoon for several miles amongst thick glades, guided only by the course of the declining sun,

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,"

we came, in the low ground between Beaulieu and Denny Lodge, upon two peasants gathering a miserable crop of rowan. To our questions as to the proper path, they gave a grin, which expressed as much cunning as idiotey, and pointed to a course which led us directly to the edge of a bog. They were low of stature, and coarse in feature. The collar of the Saxon slave was not upon their necks, but they were the descendants of the slave, through a long line who had been here toiling in hopeless ignorance for seven centuries. Their mental chains have never been loosened. A mile or two farther we encountered a tall and erect man, in a peculiar costume, half peasant, half huntsman. He had the frank manners of one of nature's gentlemen, and insisted upon going with us a part of the way which we sought to Lyndhurst. His family, too, had been settled here, time out of mind. He was the descendant of the Norman huntsman, who had been trusted and encouraged, whilst the Saxon churl was feared and oppressed. There is a lesson still to be taught by the condition of the two races in the primitive wilds of the New Forest.

But we are digressing from our proper theme. In these thick coverts, we find not many trees, and especially oaks, of that enormous size which indicates the growth of centuries. The forest has been neglected. Trees of every variety, with underwood in proportion, have oppressed each the other's luxuriance. Now and then a vigorous tree has shot up above its neighbours; but the general aspect is that of continuous wood, of very slow and stunted growth, with occasional ranges of low wet land almost wholly devoid of wood. There are many spots, undoubtedly, of what we call picturesque beauty; but the primitive solitariness of the place is its great charm. We are speaking, of course, of those parts which must be visited by a pedestrian; for the high roads necessarily lead through the most cultivated lands, passing through a few villages which have nothing of the air of belonging to so wild and primitive a region. Lyndhurst, the prettiest of towns, is the capital of the Forest. Here its courts, with their peculiar jurisdiction, are held in a hall of no great antiquity; but in that hall hangs the stirrup which tradition, from time immemorial, asserts was attached to the saddle from which William Rufus fell, when struck by the glancing arrow of Walter Tyrell. There is a circumstance even more remarkably associated with tradition, to be found in the little village of Minstead. It is recorded that the man who picked up the body of the Red king was named Purkess; that he was a charcoal-burner; and that he conveyed the body to Winchester in the cart which he employed in his trade. Over the door of a little shop in that village we saw the name of Purkess in 1843—a veritable relic of the old times. Mr. Rose has recorded the fact in prose and verse, of the charcoal-burner's descendants still living in this spot, and still possessing one horse and cart, and no more:—

"A Minstead churl, whose wonted trade
Was burning charcoal in the glade,
Outstretch'd amid the gorse

The monarch found ; and in his wain
He raised, and to St. Swithin's fane
Convey'd the bleeding corse.

And still, so runs our forest creed,
Flourish the pious woodman's seed
Even the selfsame spot :
One horse and cart their little store,
Like their forefather's, neither more
Nor less the children's lot.

And still, in merry Lyndhurst hall,
Red William's stirrup decks the wall ;
Who lists, the sight may see ;
And a fair stone, in green Malwood,
Informs the traveller where stood
The memorable tree."

The "fair stone," which was erected by Lord Delaware in 1745, is now put into an iron case, of supreme ugliness ; and we are informed as follows :—"This stone having been much mutilated, and the inscriptions on each of its three sides defaced, this more durable memorial, with the original inscriptions, was erected in the year 1841, by William Sturges Bourne, Warden." Another century will see whether this boast of durability will be of any account. In the time of Leland, there was a chapel built on the spot. It would be a wise act of the Crown, to whom this land belongs, to found a school here—a better way of continuing a record than Lord Delaware's stone, or Mr. Sturges Bourne's iron. The history of their country, its constitution, its privileges—the duties and rights of Englishmen—things which are not taught to the children of our labouring millions—might worthily commence to be taught on the spot where the Norman tyrant fell, leaving successors who one by one came to the knowledge that the people were something not to be despised or neglected. The following is the inscription on the original stone :—

"Here stood the oak-tree on which the arrow, shot by Sir William Tyrrel, at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, on the breast ; of which stroke he instantly died, on the second of August, 1100.

"King William II., surnamed Rufus, being slain, as before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.

"That the spot where an event so memorable had happened might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1745."

47.—WALTER TYRREL AND WILLIAM RUFUS.

LANDOR.

Rufus. Tyrrel, spur onward ! we must not await
The laggard lords : when they have heard the dogs,
I warrant they will follow fast enough,
Each for his haunch. Thy roan is nettlesome ;
How the rogue sidles up to me, and claims
Acquaintance with young Yorkshire ! not afraid
Of wrinkling lip, nor ear laid down like grass,
By summer thunder shower on Windsor mead.

Tyrrel. Behold, my liege ! hither they troop amain,
Over you gap.

Rufus. Over my pales ? the dolts
Have broken down my pales !

Tyrrel. Please you, my liege,
Unless they had, they must have ridden round
Eleven miles.

Rufus. Why not have ridden round
Eleven miles ? or twenty, were there need.
By our lady ! they shall be our carpenters
And mend what they have marr'd. At any time
I can make fifty lords ; but who can make
As many head of deer, if mine escape ?
And sure they will, unless they too are mad.
Call me that bishop — him with hunting-cap
Surcharged with cross, and scarlet above knee.

Tyrrel (*galloping forward.*) Ho ! my lord bishop !

Bishop. Who calls me.

Tyrrel. Your slave.

Bishop. Well said, if toned as well and timed as well.
Who art thou ? citizen or hind ? what wantest ?

Tyrrel. My lord ! your presence ; but before the king ;
Where it may grow more placid at its leisure.
The morn is only streakt with red, my lord !
You beat her out and out : how prettily
You wear your stockings over head and ears !
Keep off the gorse and broom ! they soon catch fire !

Bishop. The king shall hear of this. I recognise
Sir Walter Tyrrel.

Tyrrel. And Sir Walter Tyrrel
By the same token duly recognises
The Church's well-begotten son, well-fed,
Well mounted, and all well, except well-spoken,
The spiritual lord of Winchester.

Bishop. Ay, by God's grace ! pert losel !

Tyrrel. Prick along
Lord bishop ! quicker ! catch fresh air ! we want it ;
We have had foul enough till dinner time.

Bishop. Varlet ! I may chastise this insolence.

Tyrrel. I like those feathers ; but there crows no cock
Without an answer. Though the noisest throat
Sings from the belfrey of snug Winchester,
Yet he from Winchester hath stouter spurs.

Bishop. God's blood ! were I no bishop —

Tyrrel. Then thy own
Were cooler.

Bishop. Whip that hound aside ! O Christ !
The beast has paw'd my housings ! What a day
For dirt !

Tyrrel. The scent lies well ; pity no more
The housings ; look, my lord ! here trots the king !

Rufus. Which of you broke my palings down ?

Bishop. God knows,
Most gracious sir.
Rufus. No doubt he does ; but you,
Bishop ! could surely teach us what God knows.
Ride back and order some score handicrafts
To fix them in their places.

Bishop. The command
Of our most gracious king shall be obeyed. [Riding off.
Malisons on the atheist ! Who can tell
Where are my squires and other men ? confused
Among the servitors of temporal lords !
I must e'en turn again and hail that brute.
Sir Walter ! good Sir Walter ! one half word !

[*Tyrrel rides towards him.*

Sir Walter ! may I task your courtesy
To find me any of my followers ?

Tyrrel. Willingly.

Rufus. Stay with me ; I want thee, Tyrrel !
What does the bishop boggle at ?

Tyrrel. At nothing.

He seeks his people, to retrieve the damage.

Rufus. Where are the lords ?

Tyrrel. Gone past your grace, bare headed,
And falling in the rear.

Rufus. Well, prick them on.
I care but little for the chase to-day,
Although the scent lies sweetly. To knock down
My paling is vexatious. We must see
Our great improvements in this forest ; what
Of roads blockt up, of hamlets swept away,
Of lurking dens called cottages, and cells,
And hermitages. Tyrrel ! thou did'st right
And dutifully, to remove the house
Of thy forefathers. 'Twas an odd request
To leave the dovecote for the sake of those
Flea-bitten blind old pigeons. There it stands !
But, in God's name ! What mean these hives ? the bees
May sting my dogs.

Tyrrel. They hunt not in the summer.

Rufus. They may torment my fawns.

Tyrrel. Sir ! not unless
Driven from their hives ; they like the flowers much better.

Rufus. Flowers ! and leave flowers too ?

Tyrrel. Only some half-wild,
In tangled knots ; balm, clary, marjoram.

Rufus. What lies beyond this close briar hedge, that smells
Through the thick dew upon it, pleasantly ?

Tyrrel. A poor low cottage : the dry marl-pit shields it,
And, frail and unsupported like itself,
Peace-breathing honeysuckles comfort it
In its misfortunes.

Rufus.

I am fain to laugh

At thy rank minstrelsy. A poor low cottage !
 Only a poor low cottage ! where, I ween,
 A poor low maiden blesses Walter Tyrrel.

Tyrrel. It may be so.

Rufus.

No ; it may not be so.

My orders were that all should be removed ;
 And, out of special favour, special trust
 In thee, Sir Walter, I consign'd the care
 Into thy hands, of razing thy own house
 And those about it ; since thou hast another
 Fairer and newer, and more lands around.

Tyrrel. Hall, chapel, chamber, cellar, turret, grange,
 Are level with the grass.

Rufus.

What negligence

To leave the work then incomplete, when little
 Was there remaining ! Strip that roof, and start
 Thy petty game from cover.

Tyrrel.

O my liege !

Command not this !

Rufus.

Make me no confidant

Of thy base loves.

Tyrrel.

Nor you, my liege ! nor any :

None such hath Walter Tyrrel.

Rufus.

Thou 'rt at bay ;

Thou hast forgotten thy avowal, man !

Tyrrel. My father's house is (like my father) gone :

But in that house, and from that father's heart
 Mine grew into that likeness, and held thence
 Its rich possessions — God forgive my boast !
 He bade me help the needy, raise the low—.

Rufus. And stand against thy king !

Tyrrel.

How many yokes

Of oxen, from how many villages

For miles around, brought I, at my own charge,

To bear away the rafters and the beams

That were above my cradle at my birth,

And rang when I was christened, to the carouse

Of that glad father and his loyal friends !

Rufus. He kept good officer, they tell me.

Tyrrel.

Yonder thatch

Covers the worn-out woman at whose breast

I hung, an infant.

Rufus.

Ay ! and none beside ?

Tyrrel. Four sons have fallen in the wars.

Rufus.

Brave dogs !

Tyrrel. She hath none left.

Rufus.

No daughter ?

Tyrrel. One.

Rufus.

I thought it.

Unkennel her.

Tyrrel. Grace ! pity ! mercy on her !

Rufus. I will not have hot scents about my chase.

Tyrrel. A virtuous daughter of a virtuous mother
Deserves not this, my liege !

Rufus. Am I to learn

What any subject at my hand deserves !

Tyrrel. Happy, who dares to teach it, and who can !

Rufus. And thou, forsooth !

Tyrrel. I have done my duty, sire !

Rufus. Not half : perform the rest, or bide my wrath.

Tyrrel. What, break athwart my knee the staff of age ?

Rufus. Question me, villain !

Tyrrel. Villain I am none.

Rufus. Retort my words ! By all the saints ! thou diest,
False traitor !

Tyrrel. Sire ! no private wrong, no word
Spoken in angriness, no threat against
My life or honour, urge me—

Rufus. Urge to what ?

Dismountest ?

Tyrrel. On my knees, as best besecms,
I ask — not pardon, sire ! but spare, oh spare
The child devoted, the deserted mother !

Rufus. Take her ; take both.

Tyrrel. She loves her home ; her limbs
Fail her ; her husband sleeps in that churchyard ;
Her youngest child, born many years the last,
Lies (not half-length) along the father's coffin.
Such separate love grows stronger in the stem
(I have heard say) than others close together,
And that, where pass these funerals, all life's spring
Vanishes from behind them, all the fruits
Of riper age are shrivel'd, every sheaf
Husky ; no gleanings left. She would die here,
Where from her bed she looks on his ; no more
Able to rise, poor little soul ! than he.

Rufus. Who would disturb them, child or father ? where
Is the churchyard thou speakest of ?

Tyrrel. Among
You nettles : we have levell'd all the graves.

Rufus. Right : or our horses might have stumbled on them.

Tyrrel. Your grace oft spares the guilty ; spare the innocent !

Rufus. Up from the dew ! thy voice is hoarse already.

Tyrrel. Yet God hath heard it. It entreats again,
Once more, once only ; spare this wretched house.

Rufus. No, nor thee neither.

Tyrrel. Speed me, God ! and judge
O thou ! between the oppressor and oppress !

[He pierces Rufus with an arrow.

48.—CHARACTER OF RUFUS.

SWIFT.

He was in stature somewhat below the usual size and big-bellied ; but he was well and strongly knit. His hair was yellow or sandy, his face red, which got him the name of Rufus, his forehead flat ; his eyes were spotted and appeared of different colours ; he was apt to stutter in speaking, especially when he was angry ; he was vigorous and active and very hardy to endure fatigues, which he owed to a good constitution of health and the frequent exercise of hunting ; in his dress he affected gaiety and expense, which having been first introduced by this prince into his court and kingdom, grew in succeeding reigns an intolerable grievance. He also first brought in among us the luxury and profusion of great tables. There was in him as in all other men a mixture of virtues and vices and that in a pretty equal degree ; only the misfortune was that the latter, although not more numerous, were yet much more prevalent than the former. For being entirely a man of pleasure, this made him sacrifice all his good qualities and gave him too many occasions of producing his ill ones. He had one very singular virtue for a prince, which was that of being true to his word and promise ; he was of undoubted personal valour, whereof the writers in those ages produce several instances, nor did he want skill and conduct in the process of war. But his peculiar excellency was that of great despatch, which, however usually decried and allowed to be only a happy temerity, does often answer all the ends of secrecy and counsel in a great commander by surprising and daunting an enemy when he least expects it, as may appear by the greatest actions and events upon the records of every nation.

He was a man of sound natural sense, as well as of wit and humour upon occasion. There were several tenets in the Romish church he could not digest, particularly that of the saints' intercession, and living in an age overrun with superstition, he went so far into the other extreme as to be censured for an atheist. The day before his death, a monk relating a terrible dream which seemed to forbode him some misfortune, the king being told the matter turned it into a jest ; said the man was a monk, and dreamt like a monk for lucre sake ; and therefore commanded Fitzhamon to give him one hundred shillings, that he might not complain he had dreamt to no purpose.

His vices appear to have been rather derived from the temper of his body than from any original depravity of mind, for being of a sanguine complexion, wholly bent upon his pleasures and prodigal in his nature, he became engaged in great expenses. To supply these the people were perpetually oppressed with illegal taxes and exactions ; but that sort of avarice which arises from prodigality and vice, as it is always needy, so it is much more ravenous and violent than the other, which put the king and his evil instruments (among whom Ralph, bishop of Durham is of special infamy) upon those pernicious methods of gratifying his extravagancies by all manner of oppression, whereof some are already mentioned, and others are too few to relate.

He is generally taxed by writers for discovering a contempt of religion in his common discourse and behaviour, which I take to have risen from the same fountain, being a point of art and a known expedient for men who cannot quit their immoralities, at least to banish all reflection that might disturb them in the enjoyment, which must be done either by not thinking of religion at all, or if it will intrude by putting it out of countenance.

Yet there is one instance that might show him to have some sense of religion as well as justice. When two monks were outvying each other in cutting the price of an abbey, he observed a third at some distance who said never a word ; the king

demanding why he would not offer? The monk said he was poor, and besides would give nothing if he were ever so rich; the king replied, then you are the fittest person to have it, and immediately gave it him. But this is perhaps with reason enough assigned more to caprice than conscience, for he was under the power of every humour and passion that possessed him for the present, which made him obstinate in his resolves and unsteady in the prosecution.

He had one vice or folly that seemed rooted in his mind and of all others most unbefitting a prince; this was a proud, disdainful manner, both in his words and gesture, and having already lost the love of his subjects by his avarice and oppression, this finished the work by bringing him into contempt and hatred among his servants, so that few among the worst of princes have had the luck to be so ill-beloved or so little lamented.

49.—THE CRUSADES.

HUME.

After Mahomet had, by means of his pretended revelations, united the dispersed Arabians under one head, they issued forth from their deserts in great multitudes; and being animated with zeal for their new religion, and supported by the vigour of their new government, they made deep impression on the eastern empire, which was far in the decline, with regard both to military discipline, and to civil policy. Jerusalem by its situation, became one of their most early conquests; and the Christians had the mortification to see the holy sepulchre, and the other places, consecrated by the presence of their religious founder, fallen into the possession of infidels. But the Arabians or Saracens were so employed in military enterprises, by which they spread their empire in a few years from the banks of the Ganges to the Straits of Gibraltar, that they had no leisure for theological controversy: And though the Alcoran, the original monument of their faith, seems to contain some violent precepts, they were much less infected with the spirit of bigotry, and persecution than the indolent and speculative Greeks, who were continually refining on the several articles of their religious system. They gave little disturbance to those zealous pilgrims, who daily flocked to Jerusalem; and they allowed every man, after paying a moderate tribute, to visit the holy sepulchre, to perform his religious duties, and to return in peace. But the Turcomans or Turks, a tribe of Tartars, who had embraced Mahometanism, having wrested Syria from the Saracens, and having in the year 1065, made themselves masters of Jerusalem, rendered the pilgrimage much more difficult and dangerous to the Christians. The barbarity of their manners, and the confusions attending their unsettled government, exposed the pilgrims to many insults, robberies, and extortions: and these zealots, returning from their meritorious fatigues and sufferings, filled all Christendom with indignation against the infidels, who profaned the holy city by their presence, and derided the sacred mysteries in the very place of their completion. Gregory VII. among the other vast ideas which he entertained, had formed the design of uniting all the Western Christians against the Mahometans; but the aggracious and violent invasions of that pontiff on the civil power of princes, had created him so many enemies and had rendered his schemes so suspicious, that he was not able to make great progress in this undertaking. The work was reserved for a meaner instrument, whose low condition in life exposed him to no jealousy, and whose folly was well calculated to coincide with the prevailing principles of the times.

Peter, commonly called the Hermit, a native of Amiens in Picardy, had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Being deeply affected with the dangers to which that act of piety now exposed the pilgrims, as well as with the instances of oppression under which the eastern Christians laboured, he entertained the bold, and in all

appearance impracticable project of leading into Asia, from the farthest extremities of the West, armies sufficient to subdue those potent and warlike nations which now held the holy city in subjection. He proposed his views to Martin II. who filled the Papal chair, and who, though sensible of the advantages which the head of the Christian religion must reap from a religious war, and though he esteemed the blind zeal of Peter a proper means for effecting the purpose, resolved not to interpose his authority, till he saw a greater probability of success. He summoned a council at Plauntia, which consisted of four thousand ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand seculars; and which was so numerous that no hall could contain the multitude, and it was necessary to hold the assembly in a plain. The harangues of the pope, and of Peter himself, representing the dismal situation of their brethren in the east, and the indignity suffered by the Christian name, in allowing the holy city to remain in the hands of infidels, here found the minds of men so well prepared, that the whole multitude suddenly and violently declared for the war, and solemnly devoted themselves to perform this service, so meritorious, as they believed it, to God and religion.

But though Italy seemed thus to have zealously embraced this enterprise, Martin knew, that, in order to ensure success, it was necessary to enlist the greater and more warlike nations in the same engagement; and having previously exhorted Peter to visit the chief cities and sovereigns of Christendom, he summoned another council at Clermont in Auvergne. The fame of this great and pious design being now universally diffused, procured the attendance of the greatest prelates, nobles, and princes; and when the pope and the hermit renewed their pathetic exhortations, the whole assembly as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, not moved by their preceding impressions, exclaimed with one voice, *It is the will of God, It is the will of God!* Words deemed so memorable, and so much the result of a divine influence, that they were employed as the signal of rendezvous and battle in all the future exploits of those adventurers. Men of all ranks flew to arms with the utmost ardour; and an exterior symbol too, a circumstance of chief moment, was here chosen by the devoted combatants. The sign of the cross, which had been hitherto so much revered among Christians, and which, the more it was an object of reproach among the Pagan world, was the more passionately cherished by them, became the badge of union, and was affixed to their right shoulder, by all who enlisted themselves in this sacred warfare.

Europe was at this time sunk into profound ignorance and superstition. The ecclesiastics had acquired the greatest ascendant over the human mind: the people, who, being little restrained by honour, and less by law, abandoned themselves to the worst crimes and disorders, knew of no other expiation than the observances imposed on them by their spiritual pastors: and it was easy to represent the holy war as an equivalent for all penances, and an atonement for every violation of justice and humanity. But amidst the abject superstition which now prevailed, the military spirit also had universally diffused itself: and though not supported by art or discipline, was become the general passion of the nations governed by the feudal law. All the great lords possessed the right of peace and war: They were engaged in perpetual hostilities with each other: The open country was become a scene of outrage and disorder: The cities, still mean and poor, were neither guarded by walls nor protected by privileges, and were exposed to every insult: Individuals were obliged to depend for safety on their own force, or their private alliances: And valour was the only excellence which was held in esteem, or gave one man the pre-eminence above another. When all the particular superstitions, therefore were here united in one great object, the ardour for military enterprises took the same direction;

and Europe, impelled by its two ruling passions, was loosened, as it were, from its foundations, and seemed to precipitate itself in one united body upon the east.

Robert Duke of Normandy, impelled by the bravery and mistaken generosity of his spirit, had early enlisted himself in the Crusade; but being always unprovided with money, he found that it would be impracticable for him to appear in a manner suitable to his rank and station at the head of his numerous vassals and subjects, who, transported with the general rage, were determined to follow him into Asia. He resolved, therefore, to mortgage, or rather to sell his dominions, which he had not talents to govern; and he offered them to his brother William, for the very unequal sum of ten thousand marks. The bargain was soon concluded: The king raised the money by violent extortions on his subjects of all ranks, even on the convents, who were obliged to melt their plate in order to furnish the quota demanded of them; He was put in possession of Normandy and Maine, and Robert providing himself with a magnificent train, set out for the Holy Land.

After the adventurers in the holy war were assembled on the banks of the Bosphorus, opposite to Constantinople, they proceeded on their enterprise; but immediately experienced those difficulties which their zeal had hitherto concealed from them, and for which, even if they had foreseen them, it would have been almost impossible to provide a remedy. The Greek emperor, Alexis Comnenus, who had applied to the western Christians for succour against the Turks, entertained hopes, and those but feeble ones, of obtaining such a moderate supply, as, acting under his command, might enable him to repulse the enemy: But he was extremely astonished to see his dominions overwhelmed, on a sudden, by such an inundation of licentious barbarians, who, though they pretended friendship, despised his subjects as unwarlike, and detested them as heretical. By all the arts of policy, in which he excelled, he endeavoured to divert the torrent; but while he employed professions, caresses, civilities, and seeming services towards the leaders of the Crusade, he secretly regarded those imperious allies as more dangerous than the open enemies by whom his empire had been formerly invaded. Having effected that difficult point of disembarking them safely in Asia, he entered into a private correspondence with Soliman, emperor of the Turks; and practised every insidious art, which his genius, his power, or his situation, enabled him to employ, for disappointing the enterprise, and discouraging the Latins from making thenceforward any such prodigious migrations. His dangerous policy was seconded by the disorders inseparable from so vast a multitude, who were not united under one head, and were conducted by leaders of the most independent intractable spirit, unacquainted with military discipline, and determined enemies to civil authority and submission. The scarcity of provisions, the excesses of fatigue, the influence of unknown climates, joined to the want of concert in their operations, and to the sword of a warlike enemy, destroyed the adventurers by thousands, and would have abated the ardour of men impelled to war by less powerful motives. Their zeal, however, their bravery, and their irresistible force, still carried them forward, and continually advanced them to the great end of their enterprise. After an obstinate siege they took Nice, the seat of the Turkish empire; they defeated Soliman in two great battles; they made themselves masters of Antioch; and entirely broke the force of the Turks, who had so long retained those countries in subjection. The soldan of Egypt, whose alliance they had hitherto courted, recovered, on the fall of the Turkish power, his former authority in Jerusalem; and he informed them by his ambassadors, that if they came disarmed to that city, they might now perform their religious vows, and that all Christian pilgrims, who should thenceforth visit the holy sepulchre, might expect the same good treatment which they had ever

received from his predecessors. The offer was rejected; the sultan was required to yield up the city to the Christians; and on his refusal, the champions of the cross advanced to the siege of Jerusalem, which they regarded as the consummation of their labours. By the detachments which they had made, and the disasters which they had undergone, they were diminished to the number of twenty thousand foot, and fifteen hundred horse; but these were still formidable, from their valour, their experience, and the obedience which from past calamities, they had learned to pay to their leaders. After a siege of five weeks, they took Jerusalem by assault; and, impelled by a mixture of military and religious rage, they put the numerous garrison and inhabitants to the sword without distinction.

This great event happened on the fifth of July in the last year of the eleventh century. The Christian princes and nobles, after choosing Godfrey of Bouillon king of Jerusalem, began to settle themselves in their new conquests; while some of them returned to Europe, in order to enjoy at home that glory, which their valour had acquired them in this popular and meritorious enterprise. Among these was Robert Duke of Normandy, who, as he had relinquished the greatest dominions of any prince that attended the Crusade, had all along distinguished himself by the most intrepid courage, as well as by that affable disposition and unbounded generosity which gain the hearts of soldiers, and qualify a prince to shine in a military life. In passing through Italy, he became acquainted with Sibylla, daughter of the Count of Conversano, a young lady of great beauty and merit, whom he espoused: Indulging himself in this new passion, as well as fond of enjoying ease and pleasure, after the fatigues of so many rough campaigns, he lingered a twelvemonth in that delicious climate; and though his friends in the north looked every moment for his arrival, none of them knew when they could with certainty expect it. By this delay he lost the kingdom of England, which the great fame he had acquired during the Crusades, as well as his undoubted title, both by birth and by the preceding agreement with his deceased brother, would, had he been present, have infallibly secured to him.

50.—HENRY AND MAUD.

ANONYMOUS.

It was upon the accession of Henry I., surnamed the Beau Clerc, or fine scholar, that most deference was paid to the Saxon or conquered part of the nation, and that a fresh and great start was given to the system of intermarriage. Duke Robert, the eldest of the three brothers, but the weakest and most imprudent, opposed the claim of Henry, as he had previously done that of Rufus. The claim of Duke Robert could not be altogether overlooked; but a popular and weighty recommendation for his brother was, that Henry Beaulerc was an *Englishman*, born in the country, and after the Conquest; and some of his party, as well Normans as English, set up this circumstance as being in itself decisive of his better right to the crown. In a charter of liberties, which he issued the day after his coronation in Westminster Abbey, Henry merely represented that he owed the crown "to the mercy of God, and the common consent of the barons of the kingdom;" but nevertheless his English birth had carried great weight with it, and the frequent reference made to the circumstance flattered the Saxon part of the nation, and may have aided in giving the new king English feelings and partialities.

In his charter of liberties, Henry Beaulerc, among other things, promised to restore the old Saxon laws as they stood at the time of King Edward the Confessor, subject only to the amendments made in them by his father; and, in fact, the laws and institutions of the country remained in all essential respects nearly the same as before the Conquest. No new form or element of slavery was introduced.

England had her free-born men and her born serfs now, as in the days of **K** Harold, Edward the Confessor, and King Alfred. Throughout Europe the great body of the cultivators of the soil were serfs. The legal restrictions and disabilities which chained the labouring classes in England all existed before the Conquest, nor, though individuals suffered, was any class of the community deprived by that revolution of rights which it had previously possessed, or depressed to a lower position in the state than it had previously occupied. The Conquest had been destructive and dreadful, and a foreign yoke is odious at its first pressure. But in proportion as the races became mixed, these distinctions were forgotten; and even under the sons of the Conqueror, Rufus and the Beaulere, England on the whole was a milder and better governed country than almost any other on the continent of Europe—not less free, not more oppressed by kings and baronage, and much less frequently distracted and wasted by internal war than the French kingdom, or any of the great states which then surrounded and now form integral parts of that kingdom.

Henry Beaulere, who, on all necessary occasions, boasted of his English birth, determined to espouse an English wife as soon as he was seated on the throne. The lady of his choice was, to use the words of the Saxon Chronicle, "Maud, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scots, and of Margaret the good queen, the relation of King Edward, and of the right kingly kin of England." This descendant of the great Alfred had been sent from Scotland in her childhood to be educated by her aunt Christina, Edgar Atheling's second sister, who was abbess of Wilton in Wiltshire. As she grew up, several of the Norman captains, who had become great lords in England, aspired to the honour of her hand; but though several matches had been negotiated, none had been concluded. It should appear that the Red King acknowledged the importance of the fair Saxon of the ancient royal line, by preventing his powerful vassal William de Garenne from marrying her. When proposals were first made on the part of King Henry, Maud showed an aversion to the match. But she was assailed by irresistible arguments. "O noblest and fairest among women," said her Saxon advisers, "if thou wilt thou canst restore the ancient honour of England, and be a pledge of reconciliation and friendship!" When the fair Saxon yielded, some of the Norman nobles, neither liking to see an English woman raised to be their queen, nor the power of their king confirmed by a union which would endear him to the native race, and render him less dependent on Norman arms, raised a new obstacle, by asserting that Maud was a nun; and that she had been seen wearing the veil. If true, this was insurmountable. Henry postponed the marriage, and applied to Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to institute an inquiry. Anselm, being himself eager for the match, and very friendly to the English people, caused the royal maiden to be brought before him, and then questioned her gently with his own voice. To the archbishop Maud denied that she had ever taken the vows, or, of her free will, worn the veil; and she offered to give full proof of this before all the prelates of England. "I must confess," she said, "that I have sometimes appeared veiled; but listen unto the cause: in my first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Normans, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head; and if I refused to cover myself with it, she would treat me very roughly. In her presence I wore that black covering, but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground and trampled it under foot in childish anger." After receiving this naive explanation, which is by itself worth a chapter of ordinary history, the learned and venerable archbishop called a council of bishops, abbots, and monks, and summoned before this council the gentle and lovely Maud, and many of her witnesses, of both sexes and of both races. Two

archdeacons, who had expressly visited the convent in which the young lady had been brought up, deposed that public report and the testimony of the nuns of that godly house agreed with and confirmed the declaration which Maud had made to the archbishop. The council unanimously decreed that the young lady was free, and could dispose of herself in marriage. On Sunday, the 11th of November, A.D. 1100, or little more than three months after the accession of the Beauclerc, the marriage was celebrated, and the Saxon queen was crowned with great pomp and solemnity. According to the chroniclers, both Norman and English, she proved a loving and obedient wife, as beautiful in mind as in person, being distinguished by a love of learning and great charity to the poor. Her elevation to the throne filled the hearts of the Saxon part of the nation with exceeding great joy. No son of the gentle Maud lived to succeed the Beauclerc, and through this misfortune England was visited by the miseries inseparably connected with disputed successions and civil wars. Yet this union between the blood of the Conqueror and the blood of King Alfred had a great and beneficial effect: it served as an example to some of the Norman baronage, it gave the court of the Beauclerc more of an English or Saxon character, and contributed to do away with many invidious distinctions.

51.—ROBERT THE CAPTIVE.

BURKE.

The Crusade being successfully finished by the taking of Jerusalem, Robert returned into Europe. He had acquired great reputation in that war, in which he had no interest; his real and valuable rights he prosecuted with languor. Yet such was the respect paid to his title, and such the attraction of his personal accomplishments, that when he had at last taken possession of his Norman territories, and entered England with an army to assert his birthright, he found most of the Norman barons, and many of the English, in readiness to join him. But the diligence of Anselm, who employed all his credit to keep the people firm to the oath they had taken, prevented him from profiting of the general inclination in his favour. His friends began to fall off by degrees, so that he was induced, as well by the situation of his affairs, as the flexibility of his temper, to submit to a treaty on the plan of that he had formerly entered into with his brother Rufus.

This treaty being made, Robert returned to his dukedom, and gave himself over to his natural indolence and dissipation. Uncured by his misfortunes of a loose generosity, that flowed indiscriminately on all, he mortgaged every branch of his revenue, and almost his whole domain. His barons, despising his indigence, and secure in the benignity of his temper, began to assume the unhappy privilege of sovereigns. They made war on each other at pleasure, and, pursuing their hostilities with the most scandalous license, they reduced that fine country to a deplorable condition. In vain did the people, ruined by the tyranny and divisions of the great, apply to Robert for protection; neither from his circumstances, nor his character, was he able to afford them any effectual relief: whilst Henry, who by his bribes and artifices kept alive the disorder, of which he complained and profited, formed a party in Normandy to call him over, and to put the dukedom under his protection. Accordingly he prepared a considerable force for the expedition, and taxed his own subjects arbitrarily, and without mercy, for the relief he pretended to afford those of his brother. His preparations roused Robert from his indolence, and united likewise the greater part of his barons to his cause, unwilling to change a master, whose only fault was his indulgence of them, for the severe vigilance of Henry. The King of France espoused the same side; and even in England some emotions were excited in favour of the duke by indignation for the wrongs he had suffered, and those he was going to suffer. Henry was alarmed,

but did not renounce his design. He was to the last degree jealous of his prerogative; but knowing what immense resources kings may have in popularity, he called on this occasion a great council of his barons and prelates; and there, by his arts and his eloquence, in both which he was powerful, he persuaded the assembly to a hearty declaration in his favour, and to a large supply. Thus secured at home, he lost no time to pass over to the continent, and to bring the Norman army to a speedy engagement; they fought under the walls of Tenchebray, where the bravery and military genius of Robert, never more conspicuous than on that day, were borne down by the superior fortune and numbers of his ambitious brother. He was made prisoner; and notwithstanding all the tender pleas of their common blood, in spite of his virtues, and even of his misfortunes, which pleaded so strongly for mercy, the rigid conqueror held him in various prisons until his death, which did not happen until after a rigorous confinement of eighteen, some say twenty-seven years. This was the end of a prince born with a thousand excellent qualities, which served no other purpose than to confirm, from the example of his misfortunes, that a facility of disposition, and a weak beneficence, are the greatest vices that can enter into the composition of a monarch, equally ruinous to himself and to his subjects.

The success of this battle put Henry in possession of Normandy, which he held ever after with very little disturbance. He fortified his new acquisition by demolishing the castles of those turbulent barons who had wasted, and afterwards enslaved, their country by their dissensions. Order and justice took place, until every thing was reduced to obedience; then a severe and regular oppression succeeded the former disorderly tyranny. In England things took the same course. The king no longer doubted his fortune, and therefore no longer respected his promises or his charter. The forests, the savage passion of the Norman princes, for which both the prince and people paid so dearly, were maintained, increased, and guarded with laws more rigorous than before. Taxes were largely and arbitrarily assessed. But all this tyranny did not weaken, though it vexed, the nation, because the great men were kept in proper subjection, and justice was steadily administered.

52.—THE SHIPWRECK OF PRINCE W

• SOUTHEY.

When his elder brother was preparing an armament in Normandy, for the purpose of asserting his right to the English crown, the Red King permitted his subjects to fit out cruisers; and these adventurers, who seem to have been the first that may be called privateers, rendered him good service; for the Normans, knowing that there was no navy to oppose them, and that when they landed they were more likely to be received by their friends and confederates than to be attacked before they were collected in sufficient numbers for defence, began to cross the Channel, each at their own convenience, without concert, or any regard to mutual support; and so many of them were intercepted and destroyed by these cruisers, that the attempt at invasion was, in consequence abandoned. The remainder of Rufus's reign, short as it was, sufficed, through his own vigorous policy and the carelessness of his antagonist, for him to acquire a superiority at sea, which enabled him, at any time, to invade Normandy.

Once when he was hunting, a messenger from beyond sea brought him news that the city of Mans, which he had added to his possessions, was besieged. He instantly turned his horse, and set off for the nearest port. The nobles who were in his company reminded him that it was necessary to call out troops, and wait for

them. "I shall see who will follow me," was his reply; "and, if I understand the temper of the youth of this country, I shall have people enough." Waiting for nothing, he reached the port almost unattended, and embarked immediately, although it blew a storm. The sailors entreated him to have patience till the weather should abate, and the wind become more favourable. But he made answer, "I never heard of a king that was shipwrecked. Weigh anchor, and you will see that the winds will be with us!" He has been extolled for this act of characteristic impatience and resolution, because the event happened to be fortunate: celerity was of great importance; and the news of his landing, as it was concluded that he came in force, sufficed for raising the siege. It was not in him a bravado in imitation of Cæsar: that well-known story was known to very few in those ages, — the Red King had neither inclination nor leisure for learning; and it was even more in character with him than with Cæsar, the act itself being of more daring and less reasonable hardihood. On the other hand, he has been condemned, and with more justice, as manifesting here a spirit of audacious impiety, for which, among his other vices, he was peculiarly noted; and there are writers who, falling into an opposite extreme, have presumed to say that this special sin was visited by a special judgment upon the person of his nephew, Prince William, — the pride and hope of his father, and, indeed, of the English nation, who saw in him the representative, by his mother's side, of the old Anglo-Saxon line. William's bravado would, no doubt, be remembered after that catastrophe with poignant feelings by the bereaved father; but Henry Beaulere had in his own conscience an unerring witness that his own sins of ambition had too surely deserved such a chastisement. Many shipwrecks have been attended with far greater loss of lives, and with far more dreadful circumstances; but none can ever have produced so general an emotion in this country, nor has any single event ever been the occasion here of so much national suffering, as this, which opened the way for Stephen's usurpation.

After a successful campaign in France, happily concluded through the pope's mediation by a peace, Henry embarked from Barfleur for England, with this his only legitimate son, then recently married, and in his seventeenth year. One of the finest vessels in the fleet was a galley of fifty oars, called "The White Ship," and commanded by a certain Thomas Fitzstephens, whose grandfather had carried over the Conqueror when he invaded the kingdom which he won. Upon this ground Fitzstephens solicited the honour of now conveying the king, upon an occasion as much more joyful as it was less momentous. Henry was pleased with a request preferred for such a motive; and, though having chosen a vessel for himself, he did not think proper to alter his own arrangements, he left Prince William, with the rest of his family, and their friends and attendants, to take their passage in the White Ship; and embarking towards evening on the 25th of November, in fair weather, he sailed for England. There were with the Prince his natural brother Richard, and their sister the Lady Marie, Countess of Perch, Richard, Earl of Chester with his wife, who was the king's niece, and her brother the Prince's governor, and the flower of the young nobility both of Normandy and England, 140 in number, eighteen being women of the first rank: these and their retinue amounting, with the crew, to about 300 persons. The prince, being detained a little after his father, imprudently ordered three casks of wine to be distributed among the men; and the captain, as well as the sailors, drunk, in the joy of his heart, too freely; and promised to overtake every ship that had sailed before them. Accordingly he hoisted all sail, and plied all oars. The evening had closed before they started, but it was bright moonlight; the men exerted themselves under all the excitement of hilarity and pride of emulation, dreaming of no danger; the captain and the helmsman, under the same excitement, were unmindful of any;

and when the ship was going through the water with all the stress of oars and sails, she struck upon a rock, called the *Catee-razz*, with such violence that several planks were started, and she instantly began to fill. A boat was immediately lowered, and the Prince was escaping in it, — which he might easily have done, for the shore was at no great distance, — when his sister, whom there had been no time to take off, or who in the horror of the moment had been forgotten, shrieked out to him to save her. It was better to die than turn a deaf ear to that call : he ordered the boat to put back and take her in ; but such numbers leapt into it at the same time that the boat was swamped and all perished. The ship also presently went down with all on board : only two persons, the one a young noble, son of Gilbert de Aquila, the other a butcher of Rouen, saved themselves : by climbing the mast, and clinging to the top, they kept their heads above water. Fitzstephens rose after the vessel had sunk, and might have taken the same chance of preservation ; but calling to mind, after the first instinctive effort, that he had been the unhappy occasion of this great calamity, and dreading the reproaches, and perhaps the punishment that awaited him, he preferred present death to the least evil. The youth became exhausted during the night ; and commending his poor companion to God's mercy with his last words, he lost his hold, and sunk. The butcher held on till morning, when he was seen from the shore and saved ; and from him, being the only survivor, the circumstances of the tragedy were learnt.

53.—THE WRECK OF THE WHITE SHIP.

REV. J. WHITE.

SCENE FIRST.

Barfleur—near the Harbour.

Enter Prince William : Countess de la Perche—Lords, Ladies and Minstrels. Servitors with golden flagons. A confused noise of revelry is heard before they enter.

Prince (crowned with vine-leaves.) Here stand ! There comes a faintness o'er the sky,

As if it paled to think its joy was over,
At sight of the white moon o'er yonder hill.

Countess. Moonlight is sweetest ever on the sea.

Prince. Then be thou happy, sister, for its horns
Point lovingly for England. To her health !

A brimming cup, brave friends, and then on board !—

Voices. A song ! a song !

Prince. Sing, Eustace, with a voice

Fit for our bacchanal ears. We listen. Sing.

Eustace sings.

The sea foams white o'er rock and shoal,

And gathers to a heap,

Where the wild wind pipes, and the waters roll,

And high o'er the Godwins lea.—

I hate the sea with land on our lea,

A merrier life for me !

II.

A foam I know more dazzling white

Than waves o'er rock and shoal ;

That dances and leaps with bound more light—

Tis the bright wine in our bowl.—

I hate the sea with land on our lea,

A merrier life for me !

III.

No rock lurks here, no shoal is found

In all this ocean wide !

But yet if there 's one that is born to be drown'd—

There's depth enough in this tide.—

I hate the sea with land on our lea,

A merrier life for me.—

Prince. Ill omen'd croaker, with your rock and shoal,

You've cast a shadow o'er my sister's face

That drowns the flush that wine and joy had given.

Countess. I think 'twere better to embark.—

Prince. So sadly ?—

You heed not what an idle minstrel sings.

Countess. No, William ; I should fear if he were pilot ;

His hand would scarcely guide the helm so surely

As now it guides the tune along the chords—

Prince (looking to the harbour.) Hark ! mirth on board—'Tis right ;

'twere pity, sister,

If happiness were a lubber all his days,

And never went to sea.

Countess. I wish, dear brother,

They made not happiness so dolphin-like,

With so much of the fish in't ; it may visit

Its native element. Let's stay the night :—

To-morrow we shall sail, and if the wind

Blow not the harder, we shall catch the king

A sleeping in the calm.

Prince. No ! we'll aboard :

And pass the silken sails where dallying winds

Do make their cradle not their working ground ;

And scarce the lazy helmsman shall have time

To say an *aw* against a witch's presence

Ere the White Ship, with sixty silver oars,

Faint from his vision like a spectral shape ;

And we shall touch the shores of England first,

Tho' Henry gained the start by six good hours.

You fear not, sister ? See how calm the waves !—

Lying in lazy folds like the huge snake

We saw, when gorged, coil up its glossy length

And sleep so calmly.

Countess. (alarmed.) Dreaming of fresh food

And ready for the spring. Stay here the night—

You are too happy ; too o'erjoyed, my brother ;

So crowned with these deep vine leaves that their spirit

Has slept within, and your poor soul lies sleeping

Half buried 'neath the clusters of Champagne !

Prince. Then cover it all over ! for no King

E'er rested 'neath so rich a canopy !

But here the Pilot comes. (*Enter Pilot.*) What weather, master,
Hope we to night ?

Pilot (flustered with wine.) I call it not weather at all—
 'Tis but the corpse of weather, wanting breath,
 As wanting breath man's but the corpse of man—
 So as you said, sir—*(takes a flagon from servitor and drinks.)*

Prince ! my service to ye—

Milksoppy weather—weather only fit
 For painted boats ; weather, where little maids
 Some fifteen years or so, might stretch a helm
 Of ostrich plume and steer a nautilus shell
 As well as I could steer the good White ship.

Countess (more alarmed.) Have you been long a pilot ?

Pilot. Never a time.

When I was anything else.

Countess. And know the sea ?

Pilot. As if I had married her like the Doge of Venice ;
 And rule her better ;—and care less for her frown ;
 Than e'er a husband in the realm of France—

[Music and dancing heard on board.]

Prince. Away ! the sound of merry feet on deck
 Beats the pulsed air to music—Your fair hand ;—
 Sister—your heart holds a divided blood
 Drawn from two founts, one kingly, one a churl's—
 Let the red half find mastery in the struggle,
 And glow 'mid terror like a rose in snow—

Countess (with an effort.) The daughter of a King knows nought of terror :
 Come, brother ; and the lightest step and voice
 Shall be your sister's.

Prince. Way there ; sound the horn !

Horn is sounded. Exeunt towards the ship.

SCENE SECOND.

The Castle in Dover.—Henry.—Hubert of Chester.

Henry. So long detained, and not a wind in heaven
 To stir the pear-tree blossom.

Hubert. Pleasure, sir,
 Heeds not of wind—Along the shores of France
 His Highness, doubtless, draws a line of light
 With his ships' gilded prow—and into nooks
 And calm recesses where the rivers creep,
 Between high flowery banks, his course is borne
 Up to the inland levels,—there they'll land
 And dance, or sitting round some babbling fountain
 Listen to Eustace' songs.

Henry. 'Twould please me better
 If William cared to share our troubles more—

To taste his pleasures less. Once more, I pray you,
 Go to the toppling cliff and watch their coming.

[Exit Hubert.]

We sit in judgment here, and it were fit
 Our heir should help this arm now feeble grown,
 To bear the upright sword.

Enter Arnulf of Lancaster.—Yvo his son, bound ; guards, &c.—

Arnulf. Is there no hope ?

- No throb of pity for a father's grief
• Within that heart filled with a father's joys ?

Henry. Arnulf of Lancaster, if lowlier state
Were ours, we might have ears to hear the throb ;
But there's a tumult in the soul of kings
That drowns all voices save the trumpet tongue
Of justice ; we have doom'd your son to death.

Yvo. As Heaven bears witness 'twas no treasonous aid
I promised to your Norman rebels.

Henry. That
Rests with the Judges who with searching eyes
Viewed the whole cause ; their voice pronounced you guilty.—
It fits not the King's office to withstand
The course of RIGHT, which as a mighty river,
Passing right onward from the throne of God,
Enriches every land through which it flows !
Woe be to him who checks that sacred stream,
Diverts it,—stains it—or to fraudulent use
Turns its clear waters. They have doom'd your death :
I meddle not. I stir not.

Arnulf. Oh my liege !—
He is mine only son. I say no word
Against the justice that has spoke the doom ;
You are a King. Ah sir, you are a father
Now greyed with age as I am ; we were young
Together, and our sons were friends and playmates ;—
If, as a King, your hand obdurate holds
The unbending scale, let Yvo owe his life
To mercy !—to the sweet companionship
'Tween him and princely William.

Yvo. For short space
Let me at least have room for secret speech
With William.

Henry. • But to shew you that his heart
Is fixed as mine in such a cause as this,
You shall survive his coming by an hour.
But build no hope of safety on delay—
If you were nearer to my blood than he is—
And you, brave Arnulf, were you twice my brother,
Nothing should change his fate. He dies. Retire.

Arnulf. You shall not hear me claim your ruth again.
Come, son,—you've ever been my pride, my hope,
And now I see you lying pulse by pulse,
I would, sir king, I had known how hard your heart
Ere I had emptied these poor veins of blood
In Breunneville field—and you, my gallant Yvo,
You bled there too. I take you in my arms
And plant this woman's kiss upon your bro
Where late your dying mother's lips were placed ;
Then to my lonely home, and desolate hearth.
Come Yvo—If the time should e'er arrive
That one soft word would save your William's life

I pray you think of this—

Henry.

I cannot bend—

[*they are retiring.*]

Enter Hubert—hurriedly—a Mariner.

Hubert. Oh sir, prepare !—encase your soul in steel
For fierce and biting as a falchion's blade
The dreadful news I bring—

Henry.

A prisoner ?—

Hubert. Oh worse !—imprisoned in such binding chains
That nought shall loose them till the judgment day !

Henry. How ? dead ?—

Hubert.

Even so—Here stands a man whose tongue
Shall frame the words mine has no power to utter

Henry. (to the Mariner.) Speak, and be bold ; stand not in breathless
awe ;

There is no greatness in a sonless King.

Mariner. 'Tis grief not fear. Last night the crescent moon
Looked down on a calm deep without a wave
Doubtful of which was heaven and which was sea :
On the smooth water glided the White Ship
With mirth and music filling all the air—
My lord the Prince and Countess de la Perche—

Henry. My Marie too !—proceed—

Mariner.

—Headed the band

Of Knights and noble ladies in the dance ;
Goblets went round, and from the fiery lip
Of passion gush'd, at times, the stream of song.
Seated in groups, hiding them from the moon
Behind the shadowing mast, the brave and fair
Looked o'er the side and counted as they dript
The pearls that sparkled from the chiming oars,
Or talked of home, and pressed each other's hands.
Sudden a shock startled that happy dream !
The blinded Helmsman reeling from his cup,
Looked round in vain. Another shock ! Ah me !
And the white ship groan'd like a living thing
As the black waters rushed within her planks,
And mingled with the screams and shouts and fears
That filled all hearts and ears. But soon a boat
Was hauled to th' side ;—within it slept the Prince,—
And ere the rest could follow, the brave crew
Which manned it, pushed away ;—a look he cast
On the now reeling ship, and at the side
—Her clasp'd hands raised within the calm moon light,
And nothing saying,—the young Countess stood :
“ Back ! back again ! ” we heard Prince William say
“ My sister must be saved or I will die.”

Henry. Thank God for that !

Mariner.

And back he forced the boat,—
But when within the spring of desperate men,
The small boat came, leaping as if from death,
But finding death more surely by their leap,
Knight, noble, seaman—aye, the timorous maid

Rushed struggling from the wreck ; and with a plunge
Down went the tiny bark, and the white sea
Was streaked by pallid faces, uttering cries
That ne'er shall leave these ears ; and 'mong them all
Clasping his sister, with a look to Heaven,
Sank William.

Henry. This you saw ?

Mariner.

I did, my liege ;

And grasp'd the loosen'd cordage of the ship
That still lay quivering on the fatal rock,
And gained the mast. There all the night I stood
Alone amid that desert of blank sea,
Till the cold sun arose ; and nothing moved—
Moveless and silent all ; distant or near
No sound,—but ever the unruffled tide
Lay 'neath the heaven a sheet of steel or glass.

Henry. Stay here and be my friend. You tell the tale
Manly, as to a man. Hubert, these lips
Have smiled their last ; the salt sea holds my joy.

Arnulf (coming forward). Better the salt sea than the crimson grave
That your remorseless hand has dug for me.
I bade you think, when came death's bitterness,
On me and mine.

Henry.

Arnulf, the stroke of grief

That bruised my heart has broke the sceptre too.
Come hither, Yvo. He has press'd this hand
And looked upon that face ; you never more
Shall feel his grasp nor stand within his eye ;—
But you shall live. Embrace your father, Yvo,
And be, a month, the comrade of his joy ;
Then come to me, and there shall be between us
A bond that nothing on this earth shall sever.

51.—OPPRESSIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

From the 'Pictorial History of England.'

Both the Conqueror and his son Henry have the character of having been strict administrators of the laws, and rigorously exact and severe in the punishment of offences against the public peace. The Saxon Chronicler says that, in the time of the former, a girl loaded with gold might have passed safely through all parts of the kingdom. In like manner the same authority tells us, that, under the government of Henry, "whoso bore his burden of gold and silver, durst no man say to him nought but good." The maintenance of so effective a system of police must, no doubt, have made a great difference between these reigns and those of Rufus and Stephen—in both of which robbery ranged the kingdom almost without restraint, and, in the latter especially, the whole land was almost given up as a prey to anarchy and the power of the strongest. But still even this supremacy of the law was in many respects an oppressive bondage to the subject. In this, as in everything else, the main object of the government was the protection and augmentation of the royal revenue ; and it may be correctly enough affirmed, that private robbery and depredation were prohibited and punished chiefly on the principle that no inter-

ference was to be tolerated with the rights of the great public robber, the government. Many of the laws, also, which were so sternly enforced, were in reality most unjust and grievous restrictions upon the people. Of this character, in particular, were the forest-laws, which punished a trespass upon the royal hunting-grounds, or the slaughter of a wild beast, with the same penalty that was inflicted upon the robber or the murderer. And in all cases the vengeance of the law was wreaked upon its victims in a spirit so precipitate, reckless and merciless, that any salutary effect of the example must have been to a great extent, neutralized by its tending to harden and brutalize the public mind; and the most cruel injustice must have been often perpetrated in the name and under the direct authority of the law.

Henry I. was popularly called the Lion of Justice, and he well deserved the name. His mode of judicial procedure was in the highest degree summary and sweeping. In the twenty-fifth year of his reign, for instance, in a fit of furious indignation occasioned by the continued and increasing debasement of the coin, he had all the moneyers in the kingdom, to the number of more than fifty, brought up before the Court of Exchequer, when, after a short examination by the treasurer, they were all, except four, taken one by one into an adjoining apartment, and punished by having their right hands struck off, and being otherwise mutilated. The year before he had hanged at one time, at Huncot, in Leicestershire, no fewer than forty-four persons, charged with highway-robbery. Robberies, however, of the most atrocious description were, during a great part of the reign, perpetrated, without check, by the immediate servants, and it may be said under the very orders, of the crown. The insolence of the purveyors and numerous followers of the court in the royal progresses is described by contemporary writers as having reached a height under this king far transcending even what it had attained to under either of his immediate predecessors. They used not only to enter the houses of the farmers and peasantry without leave asked, to take up their lodgings and remain as long as it suited them, and to eat and drink their fill of whatever they found, but, in the wantonness of their official license, frequently even to burn or otherwise destroy what they could not consume. At other times they would carry it away with them, and sell it. If the owners ventured to remonstrate, their houses would probably be set on fire about their ears, or mutilation, and sometimes even death, might punish their presumption. Nor was it their goods only that were plundered or wasted; the honour of their wives and daughters was equally a free prey to these swarms of protected spoilers. The approach of the King to any district, accordingly, spread as much dread as could have been occasioned by an announcement that a public enemy was at hand. The inhabitants were wont to conceal whatever they had, and flee to the woods.

It was not till the necessity of reforming these frightful abuses was at last forced upon Henry, by the solitude which he found around him wherever he appeared,—in other words, till this system of unrestrained rapacity came at last to defeat its own purpose,—that he had some of the delinquents brought before him, and punished by the amputation of a hand or a foot, or the extraction of one of their eyes. Yet the most unsparing pillage of the people in other forms continued throughout the whole of this reign. Taxes were imposed with no reference to any other consideration except the wants of the crown; and the raising of the money was managed by any measures, however violent or irregular that would serve that end. It is an affecting trait of the sufferings of one numerous class of the people which is recorded by the historian Fadmer, in his statement that the peasantry on the domains of the crown would sometimes offer to give up their ploughs to the king, in their inability to pay the heavy exactions with which they were burdened. These unhappy men, it is to be remembered, were without any means of escape

from the extortion which thus ground them to the earth ; even if, in some cases, they were not attached to the soil by any legal bond, they might still be considered as rooted to it nearly as much as the trees that grew on it ; for in that state of society there was, generally speaking, no resource for the great body of the community except to remain in the sphere in which they were born, and in which their fathers had moved.

The same historian paints in strong colours the miseries occasioned by the oppressiveness of the general taxes. The collectors, he says, seemed to have no sense either of humanity or justice. It was equally unfortunate for a man to be possessed of money as to be without it. In the latter case, he was cast into prison, or obliged to flee from the country ; or his goods were taken and sold ; the very door of his house being sometimes carried away as a punishment for not satisfying the demand made upon him. But, if he had money, it was no better ; his wealth was only a provocation to the rapacity of the government, which never ceased to harass him by threats of prosecutions on unfounded charges, or by some of the other means of extortion at its command, until it drove him to comply with its most unjust requisitions. The language of the Saxon chronicler is to the same purport, and equally strong. "God knows," says that other contemporary writer, "how unjustly this miserable people is dealt with. First they are deprived of their property, and then they are put to death. If a man possesses anything it is taken from him ; if he has nothing, he is left to perish by famine."

A legend respecting Henry I., which is related by some of the old historians, forcibly depicts the deep sense that was popularly entertained of the tyranny of his government, and the fierce hatred which it engendered in the hearts of his subjects. In the year 1130, as he was passing over to Normandy, he is said to have been visited one night with an extraordinary dream or vision. First, there gathered around him a multitude of countrymen, bearing scythes, spades, and pitch-forks, and with anger and threatening in their countenances : they passed away, and the place they had occupied was filled by a crowd of armed soldiers with drawn swords ; the scene changed again, and crosiered bishops seemed to be leaning over his bed, ready to fall upon him, as if they meant to kill him with their holy staves. Thus the tillers of the ground, the military, and the church,—the three most important interests of the kingdom,—appeared to have each sent its representatives to reproach, and curse, and menace him. The dream is said to have produced a great impression upon Henry. He awoke in extreme perturbation, leaped out of his bed, seized his sword, and called violently for his attendants. When he became more calm he solemnly resolved upon repentance and amendment of life, and it is affirmed that, from this time, he began to be an altered man.

55.—THE CHILDREN OF HENRY.

THIERRY.

According to the ancient historians, King Henry was never seen to smile after the shipwreck of his children. His wife Matilda was dead, and lay at Winchester, the epitaph on her tomb containing a few English words ; of which the monuments of the rich and great in England would not, for a long time, furnish another example. *Hic jacet Matildis regina * * * ab Anglis vocata* *Mold the good queen*. Henry took a second wife, not of the Anglo-Saxon race, which had again fallen into contempt, now that it was no longer needed by the son of the Conqueror. This new marriage of the king was unfruitful, and all his affections were now concentrated on a natural son named Robert, the only one now left him. About the time that this son arrived

at an age to marry, it happened that a certain Robert Fitz-Aymes or Fitz-Aymon, a Norman by birth, and the owner of great estates in the county of Gloucester, died, leaving an only daughter, named Aimable, and familiarly Mable or Mable, heiress to his possessions. King Henry negotiated with the relatives of this young lady, a marriage between her and his illegitimate son, Robert; they consented, but Aimable refused. She continued obdurate for some time, without explaining the motives of her repugnance, until at last, being much urged, she declared that she would never be the wife of a man who had not two names.

Two names, or a two-fold name, composed of a christian and surname, either purely genealogical, or signifying the possession of an estate, or the holding of some office, was one of the signs by which the Norman race in England distinguished themselves from the English. In the ages succeeding the conquest, any one with only a christian name, was liable to pass for a Saxon; and the vigilant pride of the heiress of Robert Fitz-Aymon took alarm beforehand at the idea that her future husband might be confounded with the ignoble class of natives. She candidly confessed this scruple in a conversation that she had with the king, and which is given in the following manner in a chronicle in verse:—"Sire," said the young Norman lady, "I know that you have cast your eyes upon me, much less for myself than for my inheritance; but having such a fine inheritance, would it not be a great shame for me to take a husband who has not two names? In his lifetime, my father was called Sir Robert Fitz-Aymon: I do not wish to have to do with a man whose name does not show whence he springs." "Well said, maiden," replied King Henry; "Sir Robert Fitz-Aymon was the name of thy father, Sir Robert Fitz-Roy shall be the name of thy husband." "That, I grant, is a fine name to be an honour to him all his life, but what shall his sons, and his sons' sons call themselves?" The king saw the drift of this question, and thus replied to it: "Maiden," he said, "thy husband shall have an irreproachable name, for himself and for his heirs; he shall be called Robert of Gloucester; for it is my will that he shall be earl of Gloucester, he and all his descendants."

Of King Henry's two legitimate children, there still remained to him Matilda, the wife of Henry V., Emperor of Germany. She became a widow in the year 1126, and returned to live with her father; notwithstanding her widowhood the Normans continued to call her by courtesy the *empress*. At Christmas Henry held his court, with great pomp, in the halls of Windsor Castle, and all the Norman lords of the two countries, assembled by his invitation, swore fealty to Matilda, both for the duchy of Normandy and for the kingdom of England, promising to pay the same allegiance to her after her father's death, as they had paid to him in his lifetime. The first to take this oath was Stephen, the son of the Count de Blois and of Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, one of the most intimate friends of the king, and almost holding the place of his favourite. The same year, Foulques, Count of Anjou, infected with the new passion of the age, constituted himself what was called a soldier of Christ, put the mark of the cross on his shield, his coat of arms, his helmet, and the saddle and bridle of his horse, and departed for Jerusalem. In the uncertainty of his return he committed the government of the province of Anjou to his son Geoffrey, surnamed Plantagenet, on account of a habit he had of wearing a sprig of broom in his helm by way of plume.

King Henry conceived a great friendship for his young neighbour, Count Geoffrey of Anjou, on account of his fine person, his elegant manners, and his reputation for courage. He even chose to become his sponsor in knighthood, and to perform at Rouen, at his own expense, the ceremony of receiving Geoffrey into this high military rank. After the bath, into which, according to custom, the new knight was plunged, Henry gave him, as his son in arms, a Spanish horse, a complete suit

of double mail, proof against lance and javelin ; golden spurs, a shield embellished with lions in gold, a helmet garnished with precious stones ; a lance of ash-wood, with a point of Poitiers steel, and a sword made by Waland, the most renowned workman of the time. The friendship of the king of England was not confined to these marks of regard, and he determined that his daughter, the Empress Matilda should take the Count of Anjou for her second husband. The marriage was consummated, but without the previous consent of the nobles of Normandy and England, an omission which had the most disastrous effect on the fortune of the young couple. Their nuptials were celebrated in Whitsun week of the year 1127, and the festivities lasted for three weeks. On the first day, heralds, in full costume, paraded the streets of Rouen, at every crossway shouting this strange proclamation : "Thus saith King Henry : Let no man here present, native or foreigner, rich or poor, noble or villain, be so bold as to keep away from the royal rejoicings ; for whosoever shall not take part in the games and diversions, will be guilty of an offence against his lord the king."

From the union of Henry's daughter Matilda, with Geoffrey Plantagenet, was born, in the year 1133, a son, who was named Henry, after his grandfather, and whom the Normans surnamed *Fitz-Empress*, that is to say son of the Empress, to distinguish him from his grandfather, whom they called *Fitz-William the Conqueror*. On the birth of his grandson, the Norman king once more convoked his barons of England and Normandy, and required them to recognise for his successors the children of his daughter, after him, and after her ; they consented apparently, and swore as he desired. The old king died, two years after, in Normandy, of an indigestion, caused by eating lampreys.

50.—THE ACCESSION OF STEPHEN.

HUME.

In the progress and settlement of the feudal law, the male succession to fiefs had taken place some time before the female was admitted ; and estates being considered as military benefices, not as property, were transmitted to such only as could serve in the armies, and perform in person the conditions upon which they were originally granted. But when the continuance of rights, during some generations, in the same family, had in a great measure obliterated the primitive idea, the females were gradually admitted to the possession of feudal property ; and the same revolution of principles which procured them the inheritance of private estates, naturally introduced their succession to government and authority. The failure, therefore, of male heirs to the kingdom of England and duchy of Normandy, seemed to leave the succession open, without a rival, to the Empress Matilda ; and as Henry had made all his vassals in both states swear fealty to her, he presumed that they would not easily be induced to depart at once from her hereditary right, and from their own reiterated oaths and engagements. But the irregular manner in which he himself had acquired the crown, might have instructed him, that neither his Norman nor English subjects were as yet capable of adhering to a strict rule of government ; and as every precedent of this kind seems to give authority to new usurpations, he had reason to dread, even from his own family, some invasion of his daughter's title, which he had taken such pains to establish.

Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, had been married to Stephen Count of Blois, and had brought him several sons, amongst whom, Stephen and Henry, the two youngest, had been invited over to England by the late king, and had received great honours, riches, and preferment, from the zealous friendship which that prince bore to every one that had been so fortunate as to acquire his favour

and good opinion. Henry, who had betaken himself to the ecclesiastical profession, was created abbot of Glastenbury and bishop of Winchester; and though these dignities were considerable, Stephen had, from his uncle's liberality, attained establishments still more solid and durable. The king had married him to Matilda, who was daughter and heir of Eustace Count of Boulogne, and who brought him, besides that feudal sovereignty in France, an immense property in England, which in the distribution of lands had been conferred by the conqueror on the family of Boulogne. Stephen also by this marriage acquired a new connection with the royal family of England; as Mary, his wife's mother, was sister to David, the reigning king of Scotland, and to Matilda, the first wife of Henry, and mother of the empress. The king, still imagining that he strengthened the interests of his family by the aggrandizement of Stephen, took pleasure in enriching him by the grant of new possessions; and he conferred on him the great estate forfeited by Robert Mallet in England, and that forfeited by the earl of Mortaigne in Normandy. Stephen, in return, professed great attachment to his uncle; and appeared so zealous for the succession of Matilda, that, when the barons swore fealty to that princess, he contended with Robert earl of Gloucester, the king's natural son, who should first be admitted to give her this testimony of devoted zeal and fidelity. Meanwhile he continued to cultivate, by every art of popularity, the friendship of the English nation; and many virtues with which he seemed to be endowed, favoured the success of his intentions. By his bravery, activity, and vigour, he acquired the esteem of the barons. By his generosity, and by an affable and familiar address, unusual in that age among men of his high quality, he obtained the affections of the people, particularly of the Londoners. And though he dared not to take any steps towards his farther grandeur, lest he should expose himself to the jealousy of so penetrating a prince as Henry; he still hoped that, by accumulating riches and power, and by acquiring popularity, he might in time be able to open his way to the throne.

No sooner had Henry breathed his last than Stephen, insensible to all the ties of gratitude and fidelity, and blind to danger, gave full reins to his criminal ambition. and trusted that, even without any previous intrigue, the celerity of his enterprise, and the boldness of his attempt, might overcome the weak attachment which the English and Normans in that age bore to the laws and to the rights of their sovereign. He hastened over to England; and though the citizens of Dover, and those of Canterbury, apprised of his purpose, shut their gates against him, he stopped not till he arrived at London, where some of the lower rank, instigated by his emissaries, as well as moved by his general popularity, immediately saluted him king. His next point was to acquire the good will of the clergy; and by performing the ceremony of his coronation, to put himself in possession of the throne, from which he was confident it would not be easy afterwards to expel him. His brother, the bishop of Winchester, was useful in these capital articles, having gained Roger, bishop of Salisbury, who, though he owed a great fortune and advancement to the favour of the late king, preserved no sense of gratitude to that prince's family; he applied, in conjunction with that prelate, to William Archbishop of Canterbury, and required him in virtue of his office, to give the royal unction to Stephen. The primate, who, as all the others, had sworn fealty to Matilda, refused to perform this ceremony; but his opposition was overcome by an expedient equally dishonourable with the other steps by which this revolution was affected. Hugh Bigod, steward of the household, made oath before the primate, that the late king on his death-bed had shown a dissatisfaction with his daughter Matilda, and had expressed his intention of leaving the Count of Boulogne heir to all his dominions. William, either believing, or feigning to believe Bigod's testimony, anointed

Stephen, and put the crown upon his head ; and from this religious ceremony that prince, without any shadow either of hereditary title or consent of the nobility or people, was allowed to proceed to the exercise of sovereign authority. Very few barons attended his coronation ; but none opposed his usurpation, however unjust or flagrant. The sentiment of religion, which, if corrupted into superstition, has often little efficacy in fortifying the duties of civil society, was not affected by the multiplied oaths taken in favour of Matilda, and only rendered the people obedient to a prince who was countenanced by the clergy, and who had received from the primate the right of royal unction and consecration.

Stephen, that he might farther secure his tottering throne, passed a charter in which he made liberal promises to all orders of men ; to the clergy, that he would speedily fill all vacant benefices, and would never levy the rents of any of them during the vacancy ; to the nobility, that he would reduce the royal forests to their ancient boundaries, and correct all encroachments ; and to the people, that he would remit the tax of Dancelt, and restore the laws of King Edward. The late king had a great treasure at Winchester, amounting to a hundred thousand pounds ; and Stephen, by seizing this money, immediately turned against Henry's family the precaution which that prince had employed for their grandeur and security ; an event which naturally attends the policy of amassing treasures. By means of this money the usurper insinuated the compliance, though not the attachment, of the principal clergy and nobility ; but not trusting to this frail security, he invited over from the continent, particularly from Brittany and Flanders, great numbers of those bravoes or disorderly soldiers, with whom every country in Europe, by reason of the general ill police and turbulent government, extremely abounded. These mercenary troops guarded his throne by the terrors of the sword ; and Stephen, that he might also overawe all malcontents by new and additional terrors of religion, procured a bull from Rome which ratified his title, and which the pope, seeing this prince in possession of the throne, and pleased with an appeal to his authority in secular controversies, very readily granted him.

Matilda, and her husband Geoffrey, were as unfortunate in Normandy as they had been in England. The Norman nobility, moved by an hereditary animosity against the Angevins, first applied to Theobald count of Blois, Stephen's elder brother, for protection and assistance ; but hearing afterwards that Stephen had got possession of the English crown, and having many of them the same reasons as formerly for desiring a continuance of their union with that kingdom, they transferred their allegiance to Stephen and put him in possession of their government. Lewis the younger, the reigning King of France, accepted the homage of Eustace, Stephen's eldest son, for the duchy ; and the more to corroborate his connexion with that family, he betrothed his sister Constantia to the young prince. The count of Blois resigned all his pretensions, and received in lieu of them an annual pension of two thousand marks ; and Geoffrey himself was obliged to conclude a truce for two years with Stephen, on condition of the King's paying him during that time, a pension of five thousand. Stephen who had taken a journey to Normandy, finished all these transactions in person, and soon after returned to England.

Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of the late king, was a man of honour and abilities ; and as he was much attached to the interests of his sister Matilda, and zealous for the lineal succession, it was chiefly from his intrigues and resistance that the King had reason to dread a new revolution of government. This nobleman, who was in Normandy when he received intelligence of Stephen's accession, found himself much embarrassed concerning the measures which he should pursue in that difficult emergency. To swear allegiance to the usurper appeared to him dishonourable, and a breach of his oath to Matilda : To refuse giving this pledge of

his fidelity, was to banish himself from England, and be totally incapacitated from serving the royal family, or contributing to their restoration. He offered Stephen to do him homage, and to take the oath of fealty; but with an express condition that the King should maintain all his stipulations, and should never invade any of Robert's rights or dignities: and Stephen, though sensible that this reserve, so unusual in itself, and so unbefitting the duty of a subject, was meant only to afford Robert a pretence for a revolt on the first favourable opportunity, was obliged, by the numerous friends and retainers of that nobleman, to receive him on those terms. The clergy, who could scarcely at this time be deemed subjects to the crown, imitated that dangerous example: They annexed to their oath of allegiance this condition, that they were only bound so long as the King defended the ecclesiastical liberties, and supported the discipline of the church. The barons, in return for their submission, exacted terms still more destructive of public peace, as well as of royal authority: many of them required the right of fortifying their castles, and of putting themselves in a posture of defence; and the King found himself totally unable to refuse his consent to this exorbitant demand. All England was immediately filled with these fortresses, which the noblemen garrisoned either with their vassals, or with licentious soldiers, who flocked to them from all quarters. Unbounded rapine was exercised upon the people for the maintenance of these troops; and private animosities, which had with difficulty been restrained by law, now breaking out without controul, rendered England a scene of uninterrupted violence and devastation. Wars between the nobles were carried on with the utmost fury in every quarter; the barons even assumed the right of coining money, and of exercising, without appeal, every act of jurisdiction; and the inferior gentry, as well as the people, finding no defence from the laws during this total dissolution of sovereign authority, were obliged, for their immediate safety, to pay court to some neighbouring chieftain, and to purchase his protection, both by submitting to his exactions, and by assisting him in his rapine upon others. The erection of one castle proved the immediate cause of building many others; and even those who obtained not the King's permission, thought that they were entitled by the great principle of self-preservation, to put themselves on an equal footing with their neighbours, who commonly were also their enemies and rivals. The aristocratical power, which is usually so oppressive in the feudal governments, had now risen to its utmost height during the reign of a prince who, though endowed with vigour and abilities, had usurped the throne without the pretence of a title, and who was necessitated to tolerate in others the same violence to which he himself had been beholden for his sovereignty."

56.—NO NORMAN !

THIERRY.

Stephen of Blois was very popular with the Anglo-Normans, on account of his tried bravery, and his affable and liberal spirit. He promised, on receiving the crown, to restore to each noble the enjoyment and free use of the forests that king Henry, following the example of the two Williams, had appropriated to himself. The first years of the new reign were peaceful and happy, at least for the Norman race. The King was prodigal and magnificent; he gave much to those about him; and drew largely from the treasure that the Conqueror had amassed, and his two successors had added to. He alienated, and distributed as fiefs, the estates that William I. had reserved as his share of the Conquest, and which were known as the royal domains; he created earls and independent governors of districts, formerly occupied, for the sole profit of the king, by royal prefects. Geoffrey of Anjou, the husband of Matilda, sold him peace for an annual pension of five thousand marks;

and Robert of Gloucester, the natural son of the late king, who, at first, had manifested an intention of asserting the rights of his sister, founded upon the oath of the barons, took at the hands of Stephen the oaths of fidelity and homage.

But this calm did not last long ; and, about the year 1137, some young barons, who had vainly demanded of the new king some of his lands and castles, set about taking them by force of arms. Hugh Bigod seized the fortress of Norwich ; one Robert took that of Badington ; the king compelled them to restore them, but the spirit of opposition, once kindled, spread rapidly. Henry's illegitimate son suddenly broke the peace that he had sworn to Stephen ; he sent a message of defiance from Normandy, renouncing his homage to him. "Robert was incited to this course," says a contemporary writer, "by the advice of several ecclesiastics whom he consulted, and above all by a decree of the pope, enjoining him to perform the oath that he had sworn to his sister Matilda, in the presence of their father." Thus was annulled the brief of the same pope, in favour of Stephen, and war alone could decide between the two competitors. The malcontents, encouraged by the defection of the late king's son, were on the alert throughout England, and preparing for the conflict. "They have made me king," said Stephen, "and now they desert me ; but, by the birth of God, they shall never call me the deposed king." In order to have an army in which he might place confidence, he called together auxiliaries from every part of Gaul : "as he promised good pay, soldiers came with great eagerness to enlist under his banner, cavalry, and light foot soldiers, principally Flemings and Bretons."

The conquerors in England were once more divided into two hostile factions. The state of things became the same as in the two preceding reigns, when the sons of the vanquished had mixed themselves up in the quarrels of their masters, and had thrown the balance on one side or the other, in the vain hope of bettering their own condition. When similar conjunctions occurred in the reign of Stephen, the Saxons kept themselves apart, rendered wise by past experience. In the quarrel between Stephen and the partisans of Matilda, they declared neither for the reigning king, who pretended that his cause was that of order and peace, nor for the daughter of the Norman and his Saxon wife : they resolved to act for themselves ; and there again sprang up in England what had never been seen since the destruction of the camp of Ely, a national conspiracy to obtain the freedom of the country. "On an appointed day," says a contemporary, "a general massacre of the Normans was to take place."

The historian does not relate how this plot had been arranged, who were the leaders, what class of men joined it, nor in what place, or on what signs it was to break out. We only learn from him that the conspirators of 1137 had renewed the ancient alliance of the English patriots with the inhabitants of Wales and Scotland ; and that they even intended to place at the head of their liberated kingdom a Scotchman, who was, perhaps, David the reigning king of that country, the son of Margaret and Malcolm, in whom the Saxon blood flowed without any mixture of the Norman. The plot failed in consequence of some of the conspirators, in confessing to Richard Lenoir, Bishop of Ely, suffering him to conceive a suspicion of their design, or perhaps even avowing it to him. At this period, the boldest spirits never exposed themselves to an apparent danger of death without first settling the state of their conscience ; and when the concourse of penitents was larger than usual, it was an almost certain indication of some political movement : by scrutinising the conduct of the Saxons in this particular, the superior clergy of the Norman race accomplished the principal object of their intrusion into England : for, by means of insidious questions put during the outpourings of the confessional, it was easy to discover the least intention of revolting, and those who were thus

questioned by the priest, were seldom able to keep their secret from a man whom they believed to have the power of binding and loosing them as well on earth as in heaven. The bishop of Ely made known his discovery to the other bishops and to the higher authorities, but, in spite of the promptitude of their measures, many of the principal conspirators, says the contemporary writer, had time to make their escape. They withdrew to Wales, hoping to excite this people to war against the Normans.

This event took place sixty-six years after the last defeat of the insurgents of Ely, and seventy-two years after the battle of Hastings. Whether it may be that the chroniclers have not reported all that occurred, or that the link which bound the Saxons together, and made them a distinct people, could not after this be again cemented, we do not find, in the succeeding periods, any project conceived by the common accord of all the classes of the Anglo-Saxon population. The ancient English cry of "No Normans !" is no longer met with in the annals of history.

57.—THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

THIERRY.

For a long time numbers of emissaries of the English people had flocked to the court of the Scotch kings, who were nephews of the last of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, to implore them, by the memory of their uncle Edgar, to come to the assistance of the oppressed nation, to whom they were bound by the ties of kindred. But the sons of Malcolm Kenmore were kings, and as such were little disposed, without any motive of personal interest, to support a nation in a revolt against royal authority. They were deaf to the complaints of the English, and to the suggestions of their own courtiers, during the life time of Henry I., with whom they were also connected by his wife Matilda, the daughter of Malcolm. When Henry made the Norman barons swear to give the kingdom, after his death, to his daughter by Matilda, David, then king of Scotland, was present at the assembly, and took the oath with the Normans, as the vassal of Henry I.; but when the nobles of England, regardless of their vow, chose Stephen of Blois instead of Matilda, the king of Scotland began to think that the Saxon cause was the best; he promised to assist them in their plot of exterminating all the Normans, and it may have been as a reward for this vague promise, that he stipulated, according to the rumour of the time, that if the enterprise succeeded he should be made king of England.

The enfranchisement of the English did not take place, as we have seen, thanks to the vigilance of a bishop; nevertheless the king of Scotland, who had only allied himself to this people because he entertained, on his own part, hostile views against the Anglo-Normans, assembled an army and marched towards the south. It was not in the name of the oppressed Saxon race that he made his entry into England, but in the name of his cousin Matilda, dispossessed, he said, by Stephen of Blois, usurper of the kingdom.

The English people had no more affection for the wife of Geoffrey of Anjou, than for Stephen of Blois, but nevertheless the population nearest the borders of Scotland, the men of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and of all the valleys watered by the rivers that flow into the Tweed, impelled by the instinct which causes men to seize eagerly every means of relief, received the Scotch as friends, and joined their forces. The valleys, difficult of access, and hardly yet in subjection to the Normans, were in great part peopled by the Saxons, whose fathers had been banished in the time of the conquest. They came to the Scotch camp in great numbers, and without any order, on little mountain ponies, which were their only property.

In general, with the exception of the knights of Norman or French origin, that

the king of Scotland brought in his train, and who wore complete and uniform suits of mail; the great part of his troops presented a most disorderly variety of arms and habilaments. The inhabitants of the eastern part of the lowlands, men of Danish or Saxon descent, formed the heavy infantry, armed with cuirasses, and great spears. The inhabitants of the west, and especially of Galloway, who still retained strong marks of their British descent, were, like the ancient Britons, without defensive armour, and carried long sharp-pointed javelins, with slender fragile shafts; lastly, the true Scottish race, both mountaineers and islanders, wore bonnets adorned with the feathers of wild birds, and with large plaids fastened round the body by a shoulder-belt of leather, to which hung a broad-sword, called the *claymore*; they carried on the left arm a round buckler of light wood, covered with a thick hide; and some of the island clans had armed themselves with two-handed battle-axes, in the manner of the Scandinavians; the armour of the chiefs was the same as that of the clansmen, the only distinctive mark being their longer and lighter plumes, waving more gracefully than those of their retainers.

The troops of the Scottish king, which were, numerous and undisciplined, held unresisted possession of all the country situated between the Tweed and the northern limit of the county of York. The Norman kings had not yet built in that country those imposing fortresses which they erected there at a later period, and therefore no obstacle obstructed the progress of the *Scotch ants*, as an old author calls them. This army appears to have committed many cruelties in the places which it traversed; historians speak of the murder of women and priests, of children thrown into the air, and received on the lances' point; but as they speak with little precision, we have no certainty whether these barbarities were inflicted only upon the men of Norman descent, and were the revenge taken by the English for their wrongs, or whether the inherent animosity of the Gallic nation against the inhabitants of England, without distinction of origin, vented itself indiscriminately upon the serf and his master, the rich and the poor, the Saxon and the Norman. The principal Normans in the north, and especially Toustain, the Archbishop of York, took advantage of the reports of these barbarities, which were spread in a vague and exaggerated form, to prevent the minds of the Saxon inhabitants of the banks of the Humber, from being inspired with the interest which they would naturally feel in the cause of the enemies of their enemies.

In order to induce their subjects to join them against the Scotch king, the Normans also were cunning enough to re-awaken the ancient local superstitions; they invoked the names of the saints of the English race, that they themselves had formerly treated with so much contempt; they made them, in a manner, generalissimos of their army, and Archbishop Toustain unfurled the banners of St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Rippon.

The popular standards, which, since the conquest, had probably hardly ever seen the light of day, were dragged out from the dust of the churches to be carried to Elfertun (now Allerton), thirty-two miles north of York, the place at which the Norman chiefs resolved to await the enemy. William Piferel, and Walter Espee of the county of Nottingham, Gilbert de Lacy and his brother Walter, of the county of York were the commanders. The Archbishop was prevented by illness from being there, and he sent in his place Raoul, bishop of Durham, who had probably been expelled from his church by the invasion of the Scotch. An instinct, half religious, half patriotic, caused a great number of the English inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and plains to flock to the camp at Allerton, and to enlist themselves under the Saxon banners erected by the lords of a foreign race. They no longer carried the great battle-axe, the favourite weapon of their ancestors, but were armed with large bows, and arrows two cubits long. The conquest had effected

this change, in two different ways : such of the natives as had submitted to serve in battle under their foreign masters, for bread, and for pay, had of course accustomed themselves to Norman tactics ; and those who, being more independent, had embraced the life of guerillas on the roads, and free hunters in the forests, had in the same manner laid aside the arms suitable for close combat, for others more capable of reaching the Norman knights, or the king's deer. The sons of each having been, since their infancy, exercised in drawing the bow, England had become, in less than a century, the land of good archers, as Scotland was that of good spearmen.

Whilst the Scotch army was passing the river Tees, the Normans were actively preparing to receive its attack. They set up the mast of a ship on four wheels, and on it placed a small box containing the consecrated elements, and around this box were hung the banners which were to excite the English to fight with spirit. This standard of a kind very common in the middle ages, occupied the centre of the army during the battle. The flower of the Norman chivalry, says an ancient historian, stationed themselves around it, after having confederated together by faith and oath, and having sworn to remain united in defence of their territory, in life, and to the death. The Saxon archers flanked the two wings of the main body, and formed the front ranks. On the rumour of the approach of the Scots who were advancing in great disorder, but with rapidity, the Norman Raoul, bishop of Durham, mounted upon an eminence, and, in the French tongue, spoke as follows :—“ Noble lords of Norman birth, you who make France tremble, and have conquered England, behold the Scots, after having done homage to you, now undertaking to drive you from your lands. But if our fathers, few in number, have subjected a great part of Gaul, shall we not vanquish these half-naked men, who have nothing to oppose to our lances and our swords but the skin of their own bodies, or a buckler of calf-skin. Their spears are long, it is true, but the wood is fragile, and the steel badly tempered. These inhabitants of Galloway have been heard to say, in their boasting, that the sweetest beverage to them was the blood of a Norman. Do you behave so that not one of them shall return to boast of having killed any Normans.”

The Scotch army, with only a lance for standard, marched divided into several bodies. Young Henry, the son of the Scotch king, commanded the Lowlanders, and the English volunteers of Cumberland and Northumberland ; the king himself was at the head of all the mountain and island clans, and the knights of Norman origin, completely armed, formed his guard. One of these, called Robert de Brus, a man of advanced age, who held for the Scotch king, by reason of his fief of Annandale, and had no cause for personal enmity against his countrymen of England, approached the king at the moment when he was about to give the signal of attack, and with an air of melancholy, thus spoke to him, “ Oh, king, hast thou considered against whom thou art going to fight ? It is against the Normans and the English, who have always served thee so well with advice and arms, and have assisted thee to bring in subjection thy people of the Gallic race. Thou thinkest thyself quite sure of the submission of these tribes ; thou hopest to be able to maintain them in subjection with the assistance only of thy Scotch men-at-arms ; but reflect that it is we who have reduced them to obedience, and that this is the cause of the hatred with which they are animated against our countrymen.” This discourse appeared to make a great impression upon the king of Scotland. But his nephew William, exclaimed impatiently, “ These are the words of a traitor ! ” The old Norman only replied to this affront by immediately retracting, according to the forms of the age, his oath of fealty and homage, and galloped towards the enemy.

Then the Highlanders who surrounded the king, raising their voices, shouted the

ancient name of their country, *Alben ! Alben !* This was the signal for the combat. The men of Cumberland, and of Liddisdale, and Teviotdale, made a firm quick charge upon the centre of the Norman army, and, as an ancient narrator expresses it, broke it like a cobweb. But, being ill-supported by the other Scotch divisions, they could not reach the standard of the Anglo-Normans; these latter formed again, and repulsed the assailants with loss, and, in the second charge, the long javelins of the Scots of the south-west were broken against the mailed hauberks and the shields of the Normans. The Highlanders then drew their broadswords to come to close combat; but the Saxon archers, extending themselves on the flanks, assailed them with a shower of arrows, whilst the Norman knights charged them in the front, in close ranks, and with lances couched. "It was a fine sight," says a contemporary, "to see these stinging flies start buzzing from the bows of the southern men, and darken the air like thick dust."

The Gaels, hardy and brave, but little practised in regular evolutions, dispersed immediately that they found themselves incapable of breaking the enemy's ranks. The whole Scotch army, forced to make a retreat, drew back towards the Tyne. The conquerors did not pursue them beyond that river; and the extent of country which had revolted on the approach of the Scotch, remained, notwithstanding their defeat, free from the Norman dominion. For a long time after this battle, Westmoreland and Northumberland were part of the Scotch kingdom; the new political state of these three provinces prevented the Anglo-Saxon character from dying out there so quickly as in the southern parts of England. The national traditions and popular romances, survived and were perpetuated north of the Tyne; from thence the old English poetry, all traces of which had been lost in all places inhabited by the Normans, in which a foreign poetry had replaced it, again appeared, at a later time, in the southern provinces.

58.—THE INVASION OF MAUD.

THIERRY.

Having been invited into England by her friends, Matilda disembarked on the 22nd of September in the year 1139, threw herself into Arundel Castle, on the coast of Sussex, and from thence reached Bristol Castle, which was held by her illegitimate brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester. At the news of the arrival of the pretress, many secret discontents and intrigues came to light. The greater part of the nobles of the north and west made a solemn renunciation of their homage and allegiance to Stephen of Blois, and renewed the oath that they had taken to the daughter of King Henry. The whole Norman race in England seemed to have been divided, in one moment, into two factions, who regarded each other with defiance, before coming to an engagement. "Suspicion," says the historian of that time, "was roused in the breast of each man, even of his neighbour, his friend, or his brother."

Fresh bands of Brabanion soldiers, engaged by one or other of the rival parties, came with arms and baggage, by different ports, and various roads, to the gathering points fixed by the King or by Matilda: each side promised them, for their pay, the lands of the opposite faction. In order to bear the cost of this civil war, the Normans sold and under-sold their domains, their villages, and their townships, together with the inhabitants and their possessions. Several of them made incursions on the domains of their adversaries, and carried off the horses, the oxen, the sheep, and the English, whom they seized even in the villages, and took away in chains. The general terror was such, that if the inhabitants of any city or town

saw three or four horsemen approaching in the distance, they immediately took flight.

This extreme alarm arose from the horrible reports which were spread of the fate of the men whom the Normans had seized and imprisoned in their castles. "They carried off," says the Saxon chronicle, "all who they thought possessed any property, men and women, by day and by night; and whilst they kept them imprisoned, they inflicted on them tortures, such as no martyr ever underwent, in order to obtain gold and silver from them. Some were suspended by their feet, their heads hanging over smoke, others were hung by their thumbs, with fire under their feet; they pressed the heads of some with a cord, so tight as to force in the skull; others were thrown into pits full of snakes, toads, and all kinds of reptiles; others were placed in the *chambre-à-cruir*, the name that was given, in the Norman language to a short, narrow kind of chest, very shallow, and lined with sharp stones, in which the sufferer was pressed, until his limbs were all dislocated.

"In most of the castles they kept a set of chains so heavy that two or three men could hardly lift them; the unhappy being upon whom they were laid, was held up by an iron collar fixed in a post, and could neither sit, lie down, nor sleep. They killed many thousands of persons by hunger. They imposed tribute after tribute upon the towns and villages, calling this in their tongue, *tenserie*. When the citizens had nothing more to give them, they plundered and burnt their town. You might have travelled a whole day without finding a single soul in the towns, or a cultivated field. The poor died of hunger, and those who had formerly been well-off now begged their bread from door to door. Whoever had it in his power to leave England, did so. Never was a country delivered up to so many miseries and misfortunes, even in the invasions of the pagans it suffered less than now. Neither the cemeteries nor the churches were spared, they seized all they could, and then set fire to the church: to till the ground was useless. It was openly reported that Christ and his saints were sleeping."

The greatest terror reigned in the environs of Bristol, where the empress Matilda and her Angevins had established their head quarters. All the day through there were being brought into the town men bound and gagged, either with a piece of wood, or with a notched iron bit. There as constantly went out troops of soldiers in disguise, who, concealing their arms and their language under the English habit, scattered themselves over the populous districts, and mixed with the crowd, in the markets and in the streets; suddenly they would seize any one who seemed from their appearance to be in easy circumstances, and carry them to their head-quarters, to set a ransom on them. King Stephen led his army first against Bristol; this town, which was strong and well-defended, resisted the royal army, and the soldiers, in revenge, devastated and burnt the environs. The king then attacked, one by one, and with more success, the Norman castles situated on the borders of Wales, nearly all the lords of which had declared against him.

Whilst he was engaged in this long and harassing war, an insurrection broke out on the eastern side; the fens of Ely, which had served as a refuge to the last of the free Saxons, became a camp for the Normans of the Anjou faction. Baldwin de Revier and Lenoir, bishop of Ely raised entrenchments of stone and cement against Stephen, in the very place where Hægeward had erected a fort of wood against king William. This locality, always formidable to the Norman authorities, on account of the facilities which it afforded for union and defence, had been placed, by Henry I. under the control of a bishop, who was to aid the count and viscount in their superintendence of the province. The first bishop of the new diocese of Ely was that Hervé whom the Welsh had expelled from Bangor: the second was Lenoir, or Nigel, who frustrated the great conspiracy of the English, in 1137. It

was not for any personal zeal for king Stephen, but in a spirit of patriotism, as a Norman, that he then served the king against the Saxons, and as soon as the Normans declared against Stephen, Lenoir joined them, and undertook to make the islands in his diocese a gathering-place for Matilda's partisans.

Stephen attacked his enemies in this camp, in the same manner that the Conqueror had formerly attacked the Saxon refugees in that place. He constructed bridges of boats, over which his cavalry passed, and completely routed the soldiers of Baldwin of Revers, and bishop Lenoir. The bishop fled to Gloucester, where the daughter of Henry I. then was, with her principal adherents. All her party in the west, encouraged by the king's absence, repaired the breaches in their castles; or, converting the towers of the great churches into fortresses, filled them with engines of war; they dug trenches round, in the churchyards even, so that the corpses were uncovered and the bones of the dead scattered about. The Norman bishops did not scruple to take part in these military operations; nor were they less active than others, in torturing the English, to extract ransom from them. They were seen, as in the first years of the conquest, mounted on war-horses, completely armed, with a lance or baton in their hands, superintending the works and the attacks, or drawing lots for a share of the booty.

The bishops of Chester and of Lincoln distinguished themselves amongst the most warlike. The latter rallied the troops dispersed at the camp of Ely, and formed another army in the eastern coast, which king Stephen attacked, but with less success than the first; his troops, victorious at Ely, were routed near Lincoln; abandoned by all around him, the king defended himself single-handed for some time, but was at last obliged to surrender; he was taken to Gloucester, the quarters of the Countess of Anjou, who, by the advice of her council of war, had him imprisoned in the dungeon of Bristol Castle. This defeat was a death-blow to the royal cause. Stephen's Norman partisans, seeing him vanquished and a captive, went over in crowds to Matilda's side. His own brother, Henry, bishop of Winchester declared for the victorious faction; and the Saxon peasants, who detested both parties equally, took advantage of the misfortunes of the conquered side to plunder and maltreat them in their rout.

The grand-daughter of the conqueror made her triumphal entry into Winchester: bishop Henry received her at the gates, at the head of the clergy of all the churches. She took possession of the regalia, as well as the treasure belonging to Stephen, and convoked a great council of Norman prelates, counts, barons, and knights. The assembly made Matilda queen, and the bishop who presided pronounced the following form: "Having first, as is our duty, invoked the assistance of Almighty God, we elect as lady of England and Normandy, the daughter of the glorious, rich, good, and pacifying Henry, and promise to render her fealty and support." But Queen Matilda's good fortune soon made her disdainful and arrogant; she ceased to take the advice of her old friends, and treated harshly such of her adversaries, who desired to be at peace with her. The authors of her elevation often met with a refusal to any request they might make, and if they bowed down before her, says an old historian, she did not rise to them. This conduct chilled the zeal of her most devoted adherents, and the greater number withdrew from her, without, however, declaring for the dethroned king, passively awaiting the final issue of events.

From Winchester the new queen proceeded to London. She was the daughter of a Saxon, and the Saxon citizens, from a kind of national sympathy, regarded her presence in their city with greater favour than that of the king, who was of entirely foreign descent; but the good will of these men, enslaved by the conquest, made little impression on the proud heart of the wife of the count of Anjou, and her first notice of the people of London, was the demand of an enormous poll-tax. The

citizens, whom the devastations of war, and Stephen's exactions had reduced to such a state of distress that they were in immediate fear of a famine, implored the queen to have pity on them, and to delay the imposition of fresh taxes, until they were relieved from their present misery. "The king has left us nothing," the deputies of the citizens said to her in a submissive tone. "I understand," replied the daughter of Henry I., with a disdainful air, "you have given all to my adversary, you have conspired with him against me, and you expect me to spare you." The citizens of London being forced to pay the tax, took this opportunity of making a humble request to the queen. "Restore to us," was their demand, "the good laws of thy great uncle, Edward, in the place of those of thy father, king Henry, which are bad and too harsh for us." But, as though she were ashamed of her maternal ancestors, and had abjured her Saxon descent, Matilda was enraged at this request, treated those who had thus dared to address as if they had been guilty of the greatest insolence, and uttered terrible menaces against them. Wounded to the depths of the heart, but dissembling their vexation, the citizens returned to their hall of council, where the Normans, less suspicious than formerly, now allowed them to assemble, to arrange between themselves, by common accord, the sharing of the taxes; for the government had adopted the custom of levying a general tax on each town, without troubling themselves as to the mode in which the demand was met by individual contributors.

Queen Matilda was awaiting in full security, either in the Conqueror's tower, or in William Rufus's palace, at Westminster, the return of the citizen's deputies, to offer her on their knees the sacks of gold that she had demanded from them, when suddenly the bells of the town sounded an alarm, and the streets and squares were filled with crowds of people. From each house sallied a man armed with the first warlike instrument on which he could lay his hand. An ancient writer compares the multitude which tumultuously gathered together, to bees issuing from the hive. The queen and her Norman and Angevin men-at-arms, seeing themselves surrounded, and not daring to risk, in the narrow crooked streets, a conflict in which superiority of arms and military science could be of no use to them, quickly mounted horse and fled. They had scarcely passed the last houses in the suburb, when a troop of English hastened to the apartments which they had inhabited, forced open the doors, and not finding them there, plundered all that they had left. The queen galloped towards Oxford, with her barons and knights; who at intervals detached themselves, one by one, from the cortège, to make their escape with greater safety, alone, by cross-roads, and by-ways; Matilda entered Oxford, accompanied by her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, and the small number of those who had found this road the most convenient for themselves, or who had overlooked their own safety in consideration for hers.

In fact, there was little danger; for the inhabitants of London, satisfied with having chased the new queen of England from their walls, did not attempt to pursue her. Their insurrection, the result of an outbreak of indignation, with no previously concerted plan, and unconnected with any other movement, was not the first step of a national insurrection. The expulsion of Matilda and her adherents, did not turn to the advantage of the English people, but to that of Stephen's partisans. The latter quickly re-entered London, occupied the city, and filled it with their troops, under the pretence of an alliance with the citizens. The wife of the captive king repaired to London, and took up her quarters there; and all that the citizens then gained was the privilege of enlisting to the number of a thousand men with casques and hauberks, among the troops that assembled in the name of Stephen of Blois, and of serving as auxiliaries of the Normans under William and Roger de la Chesnaye.

The bishop of Winchester, seeing his brother's party regaining some strength, deserted the opposite side, and declared again for the prisoner at Bristol; he set up Stephen's banner on Windsor Castle, and on his episcopal residence, which he had fortified and embattled like a castle. Robert of Gloucester and the partisans of Matilda came and laid siege to it. The garrison of the castle, built in the middle of the town, set fire to the houses to annoy the besiegers; and, at the same time, the army of London, attacking them unawares, obliged them to take refuge in the churches, which were then set fire to, in order to drive them out. Robert of Gloucester was taken prisoner, and his followers dispersed. Barons and knights, throwing away their arms, and marching on foot, in order not to be recognised, traversed the towns and villages under false names. But besides the partisans of the king, who pressed them closely, they encountered other enemies on their road, the Saxon peasants and serfs, who were as remorseless to them in their defeat as they had formerly been to the opposite faction. They arrested the progress of these proud Normans, who, in spite of their attempts at disguise, were betrayed by their language, and drove them along with whips. The bishop of Canterbury, some other bishops, and numbers of great lords were maltreated in this manner, and stripped of their clothing. Thus this war was to the English a cause both of misery and of joy, of that frantic joy which is experienced, in the midst of suffering, by rendering evil for evil. The grand-son of a man slain at Hastings would feel a moment's pleasure when he found the life of a Norman in his power, and the Englishwomen, who had plied the distaff in the service of the high Norman ladies, joyfully recounted the story of the sufferings of queen Matilda on her departure from Oxford: how she fled, accompanied only by three men-at-arms, in the night, on foot, through the snow, and how she had passed, in great alarm, close to the enemy's posts, hearing the voice of the sentinels, and the sound of the military signals.

59.—STEPHEN AND MAUD.

KEATS.

"As soon as Keats had finished 'Otho,' Mr. Brown suggested to him the character and reign of King Stephen, beginning with his defeat by the Empress Maud, and ending with the death of his son Eustace, as a fine subject for an English historical tragedy. This Keats undertook, assuming to himself, however, the whole conduct of the drama, and wrote some hundred and thirty lines."

*Moncton Milnes's Life of Keats.*SCENE I. *Field of Battle.**Alarum. Enter King Stephen, Knights, and Soldiers.*

Stephen. If shame can on a soldier's vein-swoll'n front
Spread deeper crimson than the battle's toil,
Blush in your casing helmets! for see, see!
Yonder my chivalry, my pride of war,
Wrench'd with an iron hand from firm array,
Are routed loose upon the plashy meads,
Of honour forfeit. O, that my known voice
Could reach your dastard ears, and fright you more!
Fly, cowards, fly! Gloucester is at your backs!
Throw your slack bridles o'er the flurried manes,
Ply well the rowel with faint trembling heels,
Scampering to death at last!

*First Knight.**The enemy*

Bears his flaunt standard close upon their rear.

Second Knight. Sure of a bloody prey, seeing the fens
Will swamp them girth-deep.

Stephen. Over head and ears,
No matter ! 'Tis a gallant enemy ;
How like a comet he goes streaming on.
But we must plague him in the flank,—hey, friends ?
We are well breath'd,—follow !

Enter Earl Baldwin and Soldiers, as defeated.

Stephen. De Redvers !
What is the monstrous bugbear that can fright
Baldwin ?

Baldwin. No scare-crow, but the fortunate star
Of boisterous Chester, whose fell truncheon now
Points level to the goal of victory.
This way he comes, and if you would maintain
Your person unaffronted by vile odds,
Take horse, my lord.

Stephen. And which way spur for life ?
Now I thank Heaven I am in the toils,
That soldiers may bear witness how my arm
Can burst the meshes. Not the eagle more
Loves to beat up against a tyrannous blast,
Than I to meet the torrent of my foes.
This is a brag,—be 't so,—but if I fall
Carve it upon my scutcheon'd sepulchre.
On, fellow soldiers ! Earl of Redvers, back
Not twenty Earls of Chester shall brow-beat
The diadem.

[*Exeunt. Alarm.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the Field.*

Trumpets sounding a Victory. Enter Gloucester, Knights, and Forces.

Gloucester. Now may we lift our bruised visors up,
And take the flattering freshness of the air,
While the wide din of battle dies away
Into times past, yet to be echoed sure
In the silent pages of our chroniclers.

First Knight. Will Stephen's death be mark'd there, my good lord,
Or that we gave him lodging in yon towers ?

Gloucester. Fain would I know the great usurper's fate.

Enter two Captains several'ly.

First Captain. My lord !

Second Captain. Most noble earl !

First Captain. The king—

Second Captain. The empress greets—

Gloucester. What of the king ?

First Captain. He sole and lone maintains
A hopeless bustle 'mid our swarming arms,
And with a nimble savageness attacks,
Escapes, makes fiercer onset, then anew
Eludes death, giving death to most that dare
Trespass within the circuit of his sword !
He 'must by this have fallen, Baldwin is taken ;

And for the Duke of Bretagne, like a stag
He flies, for the Welsh beagles to hunt down.
God save the Empress !

Glocester. Now our dreaded queen :
What message from her Highness ?

Second Captain. Royal Maud
From the throng'd towers of Lincoln hath look'd down,
Like Pallas from the walls of Ilion,
And seen her enemies havock'd at her feet.
She greets most noble *Glocester* from her heart,
Intreating him, his captains, and brave knights,
To grace a banquet. The high city gates
Are envious which shall see your triumph pass ;
The streets are full of music.

Enter Second Knight.

Glocester. Whence come you ?
Second Knight. From Stephen, my good prince,—
Stephen ! Stephen !

Glocester. Why do you made such echoing of his name ?
Second Knight. Because I think, my lord, he is no man,
But a fierce demon, 'ointed safe from wounds,
And misbaptised with a Christian name.

Glocester. A mighty soldier !—Does he still hold out ?
Second Knight. He shames our victory. His valour still
Keeps elbow-room amid our eager swords,
And holds our bladed falchions all aloof—
His gleaming battle-axe being slaughter-sick,
Smote on the morion of a Flemish knight,
Broke short in his hand ; upon the which he flung
The heft away with such a vengeful force,
It paunch'd the Earl of Chester's horse, who then
Spleen-hearted came in full career at him.

Glocester. Did no one take him at a vantage then ?
Second Knight. Three then with tiger leap upon him flew,
Whom, with his sword swift-drawn and nimbly held,
He stung away again, and stood to breathe,
Smiling. Again upon him rush'd once more
A throng of foes, and in this renew'd strife,
My sword met his and snapp'd off at the hilt.

Glocester. Come, lead me to this man—and let us move
In silence, not insulting his sad doom
With clamorous trumpets. To the Empress bear
My salutation as 't fits the time.

Exeunt Glocester and Forces.

SCENE III. *The Field of Battle.*

Enter Stephen unarmed.

Stephen. Another sword ! And what if I could seize
One from Bellona's gleaming armoury,
Or choose the fairest of her sheaved spears !
Where are my enemies ? Here, close at hand,
Here come the testy brood. O, for a sword !

I'm faint—a biting sword ! A noble sword !
 A hedge-stake—or a ponderous stone to hurl
 With brawny vengeance, like the labourer Cain.
 Come on ! Farewell my kingdom, and all hail
 Thou superb, plumed, and helmeted renown,
 All hail—I would not truck this brilliant day
 To rule in Pylos with a Nestor's beard—
 Come on !

Enter De Kaims and Knights, &c.

De Kaims. Is't madness or a hunger after death
 That makes thee thus unarm'd throw taunts at us ?—
 Yield, Stephen, or my sword's point dips in
 The gloomy current of a traitor's heart.

Stephen. Do it, De Kaims, I will not budge an inch.

De Kaims. Yes, of thy madness thou shalt take the meed.

Stephen. Darest thou ?

De Kaims. How dare, against a man disarm'd ?

Stephen. What weapons has the lion but himself ?
 Come not near me, De Kaims, or by the price
 Of all the glory I have won this day,
 Being a king, I will not yield alive
 To any but the second man of the realm,
 Robert of Gloucester.

De Kaims. Thou shalt vail to me.

Stephen. Shall I, when I have sworn against it, sir ?
 Thou think'st it brave to take a breathing king,
 That, on a court-day bow'd to haughty Maud,
 The awed presence-chamber may be bold
 To whisper, there's the man who took alive
 Stephen—me—prisoner. Certes, De Kaims,
 The ambition is a noble one.

De Kaims. 'Tis true,
 And, Stephen, I must compass it.

Stephen. No, no,
 Do not tempt me to throttle you on the gorge,
 Or with my gauntlet crush your hollow breast,
 Just when your knighthood is grown ripe and full
 For lordship.

A Soldier. Is an honest yeoman's spear
 Of no use at a need ? Take that.

Stephen. Ah, dastard !

De Kaims. What, you are vulnerable ! my prisoner

Stephen. No, not yet. I disclaim it, and demand
 Death as a sovereign right unto a king
 Who 's dains to yield to any but his peer,
 If not in title, yet in noble deeds,
 The Earl of Gloucester. Stab to the hilt, De Kaims,
 For I will never by mean hands be led
 From this so famous field. Do you hear ! Be quick !

* *Trumpets. Enter the Earl of Chester and Knights,*

SCENE IV.—*A Presence Chamber.*

Queen Maud in a Chair of State, the Earls of Gloucester and Chester, Lords, Attendants.

Maud. Gloucester, no more : I will behold that Boulogne :
Set him before me. Not for the poor sake
Of regal pomp and a vain-glorious hour,
As thou with wary speech, yet near enough,
Hast hinted.

Gloucester. Faithful counsel have I given ;
If wary, for your Illiness' benefit.

Maud. The Heavens forbid that I should not think so.
For by thy valour have I won this realm,
Which by thy wisdom I will ever keep.
To sage advisers let me ever bend
A meek attentive ear, so that they treat
Of the wide kingdom's rule and government,
Not trenching on our actions personal.
Advis'd, not school'd, I would be ; and henceforth
Spoken to in clear, plain, and open terms,
Not side-ways sermon'd at.

Gloucester. Then in plain terms,
Once more for the fallen king—

Maud. Your pardon, brother,
I would no more of that ; for, as I said,
'Tis not for worldly pomp I wish to see
The rebel, but as dooming judge to give
A sentence something worthy of his guilt.

Gloucester. If 't must be so, I'll bring him to your presence.

Exit Gloucester.

Maud. A meaner summoner might do as well—
My Lord of Chester, is 't true what I hear
Of Stephen of Boulogne, our prisoner,
That he, as a fit penance for his crimes,
Eats wholesome, sweet, and palatable food
Off Gloucester's golden dishes—drinks pure wine,
Lodges soft ?

Chester. More than that, my gracious Queen,
Has anger'd me. The noble Earl, methinks,
Full soldier as he is, and without peer
In counsel, dreams too much among his books.
It may read well, but sure 'tis out of date
To play the Alexander with Darius.

Maud. Truth ! I think so. By Heavens it shall not last

Chester. It would amaze your Highness now to mark
How Gloucester overstrains his courtesy
To that crime-loving rebel, that Boulogne—

Maud. That ingrate !

Chester. For whose vast ingratitude
To our late sovereign lord, your noble sire,
The generous Earl condoles in his mishaps,
And with a sort of lackeying friendliness,
Talks off the mighty frowning from his brow,

Woos him to hold a duct in a smile,
Or, if it please him, play an hour at chess.—

Maud. A perjur'd slave !

Chester.

And for his perjury,

Glocester has fit rewards—nay, I believe,
He sets his bustling household's wits at work
For flatteries to ease this Stephen's hours,
And make a heaven of his purgatory ;
Adorning bondage with the pleasant gloss
Of feasts and music, and all idle shows
Of indoor pageantry ; while syren whispers,
Predestin'd for his ear, 'scape as half check'd
From lips the courtliest and the rubiest,
Of all the realm, admiring of his deeds.

Maud. A frost upon his summer !

Chester.

A Queen's nod

Can make his June December. Here he comes.

* * * * *

60.—THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.—I.

GUIZOT.

A good proof that, in the tenth century, the feudal system was necessary, and the only social state then possible, is the universality of its establishment. Wherever barbarism ceased, every thing took the feudal form. At first, men saw in it nothing but the triumph of chaos. All unity, all general civilization vanished ; on all sides society was seen to dismember itself, and a number of small, obscure, isolated, and incoherent societies to arise in its place. This appeared to contemporaries the dissolution of all things, universal anarchy. Consult either the poets or the chroniclers of that time ; they all believed themselves at the end of the world. It was, however, a new and real society which commenced, the feudal society, which was so necessary, so inevitable, so much the only possible consequence of the anterior state, that every thing was merged in it, and adopted its form. Even those elements which appeared the most foreign to this system, the Church, municipalities, royalty, were forced to accommodate themselves to it ; the churches became suzerains and vassals, the towns had lords and vassals, royalty was disguised under suzerainship. Every thing was given in fief ; not only lands, but certain rights, the right of felling in the forests, the right of fishing : the churches gave their perquisites in fief, their gains by baptisms, and the churching of women. Water and money were given in fief. In the same way that all the general elements of society entered into the feudal frame, so the smallest details, the least important acts of common life came under the operation of feudalism.

In seeing the feudal form thus take possession of all things we are inclined to believe, in the first moment, that the essential vital principle of feudalism prevailed every where. This is a great mistake. In taking the feudal form, the institutions, the elements of society which were not analogous to the feudal system, did not renounce their peculiar nature and principles. The feudal church did not cease to be animated and governed, at bottom, by the theocratic principle ; and in order to make this principle the prevailing one, it laboured incessantly, now in concert with the royal power, now with the pope, now with the people, to destroy this system, of which, so to speak, it bore the livery. It was the same with royalty, and with the corporations : in the one, the monarchical, in the other, the demo-

cratic principle, continued, in reality, to rule. Despite their feudal garb, these various elements of European society constantly laboured to free themselves from a form foreign to their true nature, and to assume that which corresponded with their peculiar and vital principle.

Having established the universality of the feudal form, we must avoid concluding from this the universality of the feudal principle, and studying feudalism indifferently wherever we meet with its physiognomy. To know and comprehend this system perfectly, to distinguish and judge of its effects with reference to modern civilization, we must examine it where the principle and form are in harmony; we must study it in the hierarchy of lay possessors of fiefs, in the community of the conquerors of the European territory. There we find the true feudal society; in that relation we will now consider it.

I spoke just now of the importance of moral questions, and of the necessity of not avoiding any such. There is another order of considerations, entirely opposed to these, and which are in general too much neglected; I mean the material condition of society, the material changes in the being and living of mankind, produced by a fresh event, by a revolution, by a new social state. This has not been always sufficiently considered; it has not been sufficiently enquired what modifications these great crises of the world made in the material existence of men, in the material aspect of their relations. These modifications have more influence on general society than is supposed. Who does not know how much the influence of climate has been studied, and how much importance is attached to it by Montesquieu. If we consider the direct influence of climate upon men, it is, perhaps, not so extensive as has been supposed; it is, at any rate, vague, and difficult to discover. But the indirect influence of climate, that which results, for example, from the fact that in a warm country, men live in the open air, whilst in a cold country, they shut themselves in the interior of their habitations, that here they live on one kind of food, there on another, are facts of extreme importance, and which, by simply changing material life, act powerfully on civilization. Every great revolution produces in the social state modifications of this kind, which should be carefully considered.

The establishment of the feudal system caused one of these modifications, the importance of which must be allowed. It altered the distribution of the inhabitants on the face of the land. Until then, the owners of the land, the sovereign population, lived in united masses, more or less numerous, either settled in the interior of the towns, or wandering in bands, through the country. Feudalism caused these men to become isolated, each in his own habitation, at great distances from each other. You will perceive, at a glance, what influence this change necessarily exercised on the character and the course of civilization. The social preponderance, the government of society suddenly passed from the towns to the country; private property took precedence of public property, private life of public life. Such was the first effect, an effect purely material, of the triumph of feudal society. The further we investigate it, the more clearly will the consequences of this single fact be unfolded before our eyes.

Let us examine this society in itself, and see what part it has played in the history of civilization. Let us first take feudalism in its most simple, its primitive, fundamental element; let us consider the case of a single possessor of a fief, in his domain; let us see what will be the position, and the duties of all those who compose the little society by which he is surrounded.

He establishes himself in an isolated, elevated situation, which his first care is to render safe and strong; he there constructs what he will call his castle. With whom does he establish himself? With his wife and children; perhaps some free

men, who have not become proprietors, have attached themselves to his person, and continue to live with him, at his table. These are the inhabitants of the interior of the castle. All around, at the foot, are grouped a little population of colonists and serfs, who cultivate the land belonging to the holder of the fief. In the midst of this inferior population religion plants a church, and establishes a priest. In the early days of the feudal system this priest was generally, at the same time the chaplain of the castle, and the pastor of the village; in time the two characters became distinct; and the village had its pastor living there, beside his church. This was the elementary feudal society, the feudal molecule, so to speak. It is this element which we have now to examine; we must do so, in the two points of view from which it is necessary to regard all facts. What have been its results towards the development, first, of man, secondly, of society.

We are quite right in examining this little society which I have just described, on these two points, and in placing faith in the result; for it is the type, the faithful image, of the whole feudal society. The lord, the people on his domains, and the priest, are the features of feudalism, on a great as well as a small scale separating from it royalty and the towns, which are distinct and foreign elements.

The first fact which strikes me in considering this little society, is the prodigious importance which the possessor of the fief must have had, in his own eyes, and in the eyes of those who surrounded him. The sentiment of personality, of individual liberty, was supreme in the barbaric life. Here it was entirely different: it was no longer only the liberty of the man, of the warrior; it was the importance of the proprietor, the chief of the family, the master. This position necessarily gave rise to an impression of immense superiority: a superiority entirely personal, and very different from any we meet with in the course of other civilizations. I will give a proof of this. I take, in the ancient world, a grand aristocratic position, a Roman patrician, for example: like the feudal lord, the Roman patrician was the chief of the family, the master and superior. He was, besides, a religious magistrate, the pontiff in his family. But the importance of a religious magistrate was conferred on him from without; it was not an importance purely personal and individual; he received it from on high; he was the delegate of the Divinity; the interpreter of the religious creeds. The Roman patrician was, besides, the member of a corporation which lived united in the same place, a member of the senate; this again was an importance which came to him from without, from his corporation, an extraneous, borrowed importance. The greatness of the ancient aristocrats, associated with a religious and political character, was rather that of the position, of the corporation in general, than of the individual. That of the possessor of a fief was entirely individual; he owed nothing to any one; all his rights, all his power was derived from himself. He was not a religious magistrate, he was not a member of a senate; all his importance was contained in his own person; all that he was, he was of himself, in his own name. What an influence such a situation must have exercised upon him who occupied it! What personal haughtiness, what prodigious pride, to be plain, what insolence must have arisen in his soul! Above him no superior of whom he was the representative and interpreter; beside him no equal; no powerful general law oppressed him; there was no external power which could control his will; he felt no curb but the limits of his strength, and the presence of danger. Such was the moral influence of this situation on the character of him who held it.

I proceed now to a second consequence, also most important, and too little considered, the particular turn of the feudal family spirit.

Let us glance over the various family systems; we will first take the patriarchal family, of which the Bible and the oriental monuments give the type. This family

was very numerous; it was a tribe. The chief, the patriarch, lived with his children, his near relatives, the various generations which were gathered around him, all his kindred and his servants, and he not only lived with them, but he had the same interests, the same occupations, he led the same life. Was not this the position of Abraham, of the patriarchs? is it not that of the chiefs of the Arab tribes, who still keep up the form of the patriarchal life?

Another family system presents itself, the *clan*, a small society, the type of which we must seek for in Scotland, and Ireland, and through which a great portion of the European world has probably passed. This is no longer the patriarchal family. There is a great difference here between the situation of the chief and that of the rest of the population; he did not even lead the same life; the greater part tilled and served; he was idle, and a warrior. But their origin was the same; they all bore the same name; the ties of kindred, ancient traditions, mutual reminiscences, similar affections established between all the members of a clan a moral bond, a kind of equality.

These are the two principal types of the family life with which history furnishes us. Is this then, the feudal family? Evidently not. It seems, at first, to have some affinity with the clan, but the difference is greater than the resemblance. The population which surrounded the holder of a fief was entirely unconnected with him; they did not bear his name; between them and him there was no affinity, no bond either historical or moral. Neither was it the same as the patriarchal family. The possessor of a fief did not lead the same life, did not engage in the same occupations as those who surrounded him; he was idle and a warrior, whilst the others were labourers. The feudal family was not numerous; it was not a tribe; it confined itself to the family, properly so called, the wife and children; they lived apart from the rest of the population, in the interior of the castle. The colonists and serfs had no part with them; their origin was different, the inequality in their position was prodigious. Five or six individuals, in a situation at once superior and estranged from the rest, composed the feudal family. It must obviously have been invested with a peculiar character. It was narrow, concentrated, constantly on the defensive, constantly forced to distrust, or, at least, to avoid, even its retainers. Domestic life would, of course, become of great importance. I am aware that the brutality of the passions, and the custom for the chief to spend his time in war or the chase, were great obstacles to the development of the domestic life. But this obstacle would be overcome; the chief necessarily returned habitually to his home; he always found there his wife and children, and few besides them; they would remain his only permanent society; with them alone he would share his interests, his fate. It was impossible that domestic existence should not acquire great influence. Proofs of this abound. Was it not in the heart of the feudal family that the importance of women was developed? In all ancient societies, I do not speak of those in which the family spirit did not exist, but of those where it was powerful, in the patriarchal life, for instance, women did not hold nearly so high a place as they acquired in Europe under the feudal system. It was to the development, the preponderance of domestic manners inevitable in feudalism, that they chiefly owed this change, this advance in their position. The cause of this has been sought in the peculiar manners of the ancient Germans, in the national respect which, in the midst of their forests, they are said to have borne towards women. German patriotism has founded on a sentence of Tacitus I know not what superiority, what primitive and ineffaceable purity of manners, in the relation of the two sexes in the German race. Mere fancies. Sentences similar to that of Tacitus, sentiments and customs like those of the ancient Germans are found in the recitals of numbers of observers of savage and barbarous nations. There is nothing

primitive in it, nothing peculiar to one race. It was in the effects of a strongly determined social system, in the progress, in the preponderance of domestic life that the importance of women in Europe originated; and the preponderance of the domestic life became, very early, an essential feature of the feudal system.

A second fact, a fresh proof of the empire of the domestic life, equally characterises the feudal family: this is the spirit of inheritance, of perpetuation, which was evidently all-powerful. The spirit of hereditary right is inherent in the family spirit; but it has nowhere been so fully developed as in feudalism. This proceeded from the nature of the property with which the family was incorporated. The fief was not like any other property; it constantly needed a possessor who could defend it, work for it, acquit himself of the obligations inherited with the domain, and thus maintain it in its rank in the general association of the masters of the country. From this sprang a kind of identity between the actual possessor of the fief and the fief itself, and all the generations of its future possessors.

This circumstance contributed greatly to strengthen and draw closer the family ties, already rendered so powerful by the nature of the feudal family.

61.—THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.—II.

GUIZOT.

I now leave the seignorial dwelling, and descend amongst the little population that surrounds it. Here, everything has a different aspect. The nature of man is so good, so fertilizing, that when a social position has lasted for some time, it establishes between those who are connected by it, whatever may be conditions of the connexion, a kind of moral bond, sentiments of protection, benevolence, and affection. Thus it was in feudalism. No doubt, in the course of time there may have sprung up some moral relations, some habits of affection, between the colonists and the possessor of the fief. But this must have happened in spite of their relative position, not from its influence. Considered in itself, the position was radically bad. There was nothing morally common between the possessor of the fief and the colonists; they were part of his domain, they were his property; and under this word property are comprised all the rights which we now call rights of public sovereignty, as well as the rights of private property, the right of imposing laws, taxes, and punishments, as well as that of disposing of, and selling. As far as this can be said of the relative position of man to man in any case, there were between the lord and the cultivators of his domains, no rights, no guarantees, no society.

This was, I fancy, the cause of that truly intense and invincible hatred with which the people have, at all times, regarded the feudal system, the remembrance of it, its very name. It is not an unexampled case for men to submit to oppressive despotisms, and become accustomed to them, even so far as almost to prefer them. Theocratic and monarchical despotism have more than once obtained the approbation, almost the affection of the population submitted to them. Feudal despotism has always been repulsive, odious; it has oppressed the destinies, but never reigned over the souls of men. The reason is, that in the theocracy and the monarchy, the power is exercised in virtue of certain persuasions common to the master, and to the subjects; it is the representative, the minister of another power, superior to all human powers; it speaks and acts in the name of the Divinity, or of a general idea, not in the name of man himself, of man alone. Feudal despotism is quite another thing; it is the power of an individual over an individual, the dominion of the personal and capricious will of a man. It is, perhaps, the only tyranny, which, to his eternal honour, man will never consent to accept. Whenever he sees in his

ruler, a mere man, when the will which oppresses him is only a human will, individual as his own, he is offended, and endures the yoke with indignation. Such was the true, distinctive character of the feudal power; and such is the origin of the antipathy which it never ceased to inspire.

The religious element which was associated with it was little calculated to lighten the burden. I do not fancy that the influence of the priest was much, in the little society which I have described, nor that he was very successful in legitimating the connection between the inferior population and its lord. The church has exercised a very great influence over European civilization, but this it has done by proceeding in a general manner, by changing the general dispositions of mankind. When we examine closely into the little feudal society, properly so called, we find the influence of the priest between the lord and the colonists to be hardly anything. Most frequently he was himself as rough and inferior as a serf, and very little able, either by situation or disposition, to oppose the arrogance of the lord. No doubt, as he was only called upon to sustain and develope some moral life in the inferior population, he was dear and useful to them on this account, and he probably diffused something of consolation and life; but he could do, and did, I conceive, very little for their fortune.

I have examined the elementary feudal society; I have placed before you the principal consequences which might accrue from it, either to the possessor of the fief himself, to his family, or to the population congregated around him. Let us now leave these narrow bounds. The population of the fief was not confined to the territory, there were other societies, analogous or different, to which it bore relation. What influence did this general society to which it belonged exercise over civilization?

I will make a short observation before replying: it is true that both the possessor of the fief and the priest belonged to a general society, they had, at a distance, numerous relations. It was not the same with the colonists, and serfs: every time that, to designate the rural population, at this period, we employ a general word, which seems to imply one and the same society, the word people, for example, we speak untruly. There was for this population no general society; its existence was entirely local. Beyond the territory which they inhabited the colonists had no connexion with any one, were neither bound to any one, or to anything. There was for them no common destiny, no common country; they did not form a people. When we speak of the feudal association as a whole, it is the possessors of fiefs only that are concerned.

Let us see what were the relations of the petty feudal society with the general society with which it was connected, and what consequences these relations would probably have on the development of civilization.

You know what ties bound the possessors of fiefs among themselves, what relations were attached to their property, what were the obligations of service on the one part, and protection on the other. I shall not enter into the details of these obligations, it is enough that you have a general idea of them. From them there was necessarily implanted in the mind of each possessor of a fief a certain number of moral ideas and sentiments, ideas of duty, sentiments of affection. It is obvious that the principle of fidelity, of devotion, of loyalty to engagements, and all the sentiments connected with these, must have been developed and maintained by the relations of the possessors of fiefs among themselves.

These obligations, duties and sentiments, endeavoured to convert themselves into rights and institutions. Every one knows that feudalism desired to regulate by law the extent of the services due from the possessor of the fief to his suzerain; what were the services he might expect in return; in what cases the vassal

owed military or pecuniary aid to his suzerain ; in what form the suzerain ought to obtain the consent of his vassals for services to which they were not bound by the simple possession of their fief. Attempts were made to place all these rights under the guarantee of institutions the object of which was to ensure respect towards them. Thus, the seignorial jurisdictions were to dispense justice between the possessors of fiefs, upon claims carried before their common suzerain. Thus, every lord of any importance assembled his vassals in parliament, to treat with them on matters which required their consent or concurrence. There were, in short, a collection of political, judicial, and military powers, by which they attempted to organise the feudal system, to convert the relations of the possessors of fiefs into rights and institutions.

But these rights and institutions had no reality, no guarantee.

If we inquire what is the nature of a guarantee, a political guarantee, we arrive at the perception that its fundamental character is the constant presence, in the midst of the society, of a will, a power with the inclination and the ability to impose a law upon individual wills and powers, to make them observe the common rule, and respect the general right.

There are only two possible systems of political guarantees : there must either be a particular will, and power, so superior to all others, that none can resist it, and that all are compelled to submit to it, as soon as it interferes ; or else a public power, and will, the result of the concurrence and development of individual wills, which must likewise be in a condition, when it has issued from them, to rule over and obtain respect from all.

Such are the only two possible systems of political guarantees : the despotism of an individual, or of a body, or free government. When we review all systems, we find that they are all included under one or other of these.

Well, neither one nor the other existed, or could exist, under the feudal system.

Doubtless, the possessors of fiefs were not all equal among themselves ; there were many more powerful than the rest, and many powerful enough to oppress the weaker. But there was not one, to begin with the highest suzerain, the king, who was in a condition to impose law on all the others, in a condition to compel obedience. Observe that all permanent means of power and action were wanting : there were no permanent troops, no permanent taxes, no permanent tribunals. The social powers and institutions were, in some sort, obliged to recommence, to be re-created each time they were needed. It was necessary to organise a tribunal for every process, an army for every war, a revenue whenever there was need of money ; every thing was occasional, accidental, special ; there was no means of central, permanent, independent government. It is clear that, in such a system, no individual was capable of imposing his will on others, or of causing the general right to be respected by all.

On the other hand, resistance was as easy as repression was difficult. Shut up in his castle, having to do with a small number of enemies, easily finding, among the vassals situated in the same way as himself, means of coalition, and of assistance, the possessor of a fief had every facility for defending himself.

Thus then the first system of political guarantees, the system which places them under the intervention of the most powerful, is proved to be impossible in feudalism.

The other system, that of free government, of a public power, was equally impracticable ; it could never have arisen in the midst of feudalism. The reason is simple. When we speak, in the present day, of a public power, of what we call the rights of sovereignty, the right of imposing laws, taxes, and punishments, we all know, and think, that these rights belong to no individual, that no one has, on his

own account, the right to punish others, to impose on them a burden, or a law. These are rights that pertain only to society in general, which are exercised in its name, which it holds, not of itself, but of the most High. Thus, when an individual comes before the power which is invested with these rights, the sentiment which moves him, perhaps unconsciously, is that he is in the presence of a public, legitimate authority, which has a mission to command him, and he is in a manner submissive, naturally and involuntarily. It was quite otherwise in feudalism. The possessor of the fief was invested with all the rights of sovereignty in his domain, and over the men that occupied it; they were inherent to the domain, and formed part of his private property. What we now call public rights, were then private rights; what are now public powers, were then private powers. When a holder of a fief, after having exercised sovereignty in his own name, as proprietor, over all the population among whom he lived, went to an assembly, to a parliament held in the presence of his suzerain, a parliament not at all numerous, generally composed of his equals, or nearly so, he neither carried there, nor brought away with him, an idea of public power. Such an idea was a contradiction to his whole existence, to all his acts in his domains. He only saw there men invested with the same rights and in the same situation as himself, acting as he did, in virtue of their personal will. Nothing led or obliged him to recognise, in the highest department of the government, in the institutions which we call public, that character of superiority and generosity, inherent to the idea which we form of political powers. And if he was discontented with the decision made there, he refused to concur in it, or appealed to force to resist it.

Force was, under the feudal system, the true and habitual guarantee of right, if we may call force a guarantee. All rights appealed unceasingly to force to ensure their being recognised and respected. No institution succeeded in doing this. This was so much felt, that institutions were never applied to. If the seigniorial courts, and parliaments of vassals had been in a condition to act, we should meet with them in history more frequently than we do; their rarity proves their uselessness.

62.—ACCESSION OF HENRY II.

HUME.

The extensive confederacies, by which the European potentates are now at once united and set in opposition to each other, and which, though they are apt to diffuse the least spark of dissension throughout the whole, are at least attended with this advantage, that they prevent any violent revolutions or conquests in particular states, were totally unknown in ancient ages; and the theory of foreign politics in each kingdom formed a speculation much less complicated and involved than at present. Commerce had not yet bound together the most distant nations in so close a chain: wars, finished in one campaign, and often in one battle, were little affected by the movements of remote states. The imperfect communication among the kingdoms, and their ignorance of each others situation, made it impracticable for a great number of them to combine in one project or effort: and above all, the turbulent spirit and independent situation of the barons or great vassals in each state gave so much occupation to the sovereign, that he was obliged to confine his attention chiefly to his own state and his own system of government, and was more indifferent about what passed among his neighbours. Religion alone, not politics, carried abroad the views of princes, while it either fixed their thoughts on the Holy Land, whose conquest and defence was deemed a point of common honour and interest, or engaged them in intrigues with the Roman pontiff, to whom they had

yielded the direction of ecclesiastical affairs; and who was every day assuming more authority than they were willing to allow him.

Before the conquest of England by the duke of Normandy, this island was as much separated from the rest of the world in politics as in situation; and except from the inroads of the Danish pirates, the English, happily confined at home, had neither enemies, nor allies on the continent. The foreign dominions of William connected them with the king and great vassals of France; and while the opposite pretensions of the pope and emperor in Italy, produced a continual intercourse between Germany and that country, the two great monarchs of France and England formed, in another part of Europe, a separate system, and carried on their wars and negotiations, without meeting either with opposition or support from the others.

On the decline of the Carlovingian race, the nobles in every province of France, taking advantage of the weakness of the sovereign, and obliged to provide each for his own defence, against the ravages of the Norman freebooters, had assumed, both in civil and military affairs, an authority almost independent, and had reduced within very narrow limits the prerogative of their princes. The accession of Hugh Capet, by annexing a great fief to the crown, had brought some addition to the royal dignity; but this fief, though considerable for a subject, appeared a narrow basis of power for a prince who was placed at the head of so great a community. The royal demesnes consisted only of Paris, Orleans, Estampes, Campagne, and a few places scattered over the northern provinces. In the rest of the kingdom, the prince's authority was rather nominal than real. The vassals were accustomed, nay entitled, to make war without his permission, on each other. They were even entitled, if they conceived themselves injured, to turn their arms against their sovereign. They exercised all civil jurisdiction, without appeal, over their tenants and inferior vassals. Their common jealousy of the crown easily united them against any attempt on their exorbitant privileges; and as some of them had attained the power and authority of great princes, even the smallest baron was sure of immediate and effectual protection. Besides six ecclesiastical peerages, which, with the other immunities of the church, cramped extremely the general execution of justice, there were six lay peerages, Burgundy, Normandy, Guienne, Flanders, Toulouse, and Champagne, which formed very extensive and puissant sovereignties. And though the combination of all those princes and barons could, on urgent occasions, muster a mighty power; yet was it very difficult to set that great machine in movement; it was almost impossible to preserve harmony in its parts; a sense of common interest alone could, for a time, unite them under their sovereign against a common enemy; but if the king attempted to turn the force of the community against any mutinous vassal, the same sense of common interest made the others oppose themselves to the success of his pretensions. Lewis the Gross, the last sovereign, marched at one time to his frontiers against the Germans at the head of an army of two hundred thousand men; but a petty Lord of Corbeil, of Pinset, of Conci, was able, at another period, to set that prince at defiance, and to maintain open war against him.

The authority of the English monarch was much more extensive within his kingdom, and the disproportion much greater between him and the most powerful of his vassals. His demesnes and revenue were large, compared to the greatness of his state: He was accustomed to levy arbitrary exactions on his subjects: His courts of judicature extended their jurisdiction into every part of the kingdom: He could crush by his power, or by a judicial sentence, well or ill-founded, any obnoxious baron: And though the feudal institutions which prevailed in this kingdom, had the same tendency as in other states, to exalt the aristocracy and distress the monarchy, it required in England, according to its present constitution, a great

combination of the vassals to oppose their sovereign-lord, and there had not hitherto arisen any baron so powerful as of himself to levy war against the prince, and to afford protection to the inferior barons.

While such were the different situations of France and England, and the latter enjoyed so many advantages above the former ; the accession of Henry II., a prince of great abilities, possessed of so many rich provinces on the continent, might appear an event dangerous, if not fatal to the French monarchy, and sufficient to break entirely the balance between the states. He was master, in the right of his father, of Anjou and Touraine ; in that of his mother, of Normandy and Maine ; in that of his wife, Guienne, Poitou, Xaintogne, Auvergne, Perigord, Angoumois, the Limousin. He soon after annexed Brittany to his other states, and was already possessed of the superiority over that province, which, on the first cession of Normandy to Rollo the Dane, had been granted by Charles the Simple in vassalage to that formidable ravager. These provinces composed above a third of the whole French monarchy, and were much superior in extent and opulence to those territories which were subjected to the immediate jurisdiction and government of the king. The vassal was here more powerful than the liege lord : The situation which had enabled Hugh Capet to depose the Carlovingian princes seemed to be renewed, and that with much greater advantages on the side of the vassal : And when England was added to so many provinces, the French king had reason to apprehend, from this conjuncture, some great disaster to himself and to his family : But in reality, it was this circumstance, which appeared so formidable that saved the Capetian race.

63.—THE RISE OF THOMAS A BECKET.

C. MA

The most powerful churchman, the most remarkable man of his country or of the times in which he lived—the priest that was strong enough to contend with the powerful, able, and popular Henry II.—was of the Saxon race, a native of the city of London, and the son of a London merchant. The traditionary history of the family and birth of Thomas à Becket is highly romantic and picturesque. His father, Gilbert Becket or Beekie, who was born in London either at the end of the reign of the Conqueror or during the reign of William Rufus, went to the Holy Land during the reign of Henry I. It has been stated, but more upon conjecture than upon any contemporary proof, that he went in the train of some great Norman lord or crusading knight ; but it appears to be quite as probable that he was carried to Palestine by his own devotion, and his commercial and enterprising spirit, and that he was a merchant of some substance before he went. Such journeys, undertaken by men of his class, had not been uncommon even in the old Saxon times ; they were rather frequent between the time of the Conquest and the time of the first Crusade, and when the Crusaders had obtained by conquest a firm establishment in Palestine with possession of all the seaports of that country, such journeys certainly became very common. Trade and devotion have often travelled together, and thrived together. In all the countries of the East, a good portion of the pilgrims to the holy places were, and still are, traffickers. The shrines, the holy wells, the fountain-heads of rivers, the sacred islands, whether on the Nile or elsewhere, the holy mounts, and all other places that were reputed holy and attracted pilgrims to them, became either the regular seats of commerce, or the scenes of great annual fairs, for the interchange of commodities, often brought from very distant districts and from countries much varying in soil, production, and manufactures. Perhaps

Gilbert Becket, like other merchant-pilgrims from England, may, for the sake of protection, have enrolled himself under the banner of some great Norman knight. While in the Holy Land, he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the Saracens, who generally made domestic slaves of the captives of their sword. Gilbert is represented as living in a state of slavery in the house of an Emir or Mohammedan chief; but, as the romantic story goes, the fair daughter of the Emir fell in love with his handsome person, and assisted him in making his escape; and when he was gone, finding that she could not live without him, she fled from her father's house and from her own sunny climate, to seek her lover through the unknown countries of the West; and knowing only two words that were intelligible to European ears, her lover's name and the name of his birthplace and home, she repeated wherever she went, "London! London! Gilbert! Gilbert!" Having, after many dangers and strange adventures, reached the English capital, she went from street to street, calling upon Gilbert, and weeping for that she could not find him. Her Eastern dress, her beauty, and her helpless condition drew crowds around her, and excited the sympathy of some good Londoners; and at last her lover was either found out for her, or he met her in the streets as she was calling his name. Such lasting and heroic love could not go unrewarded, and Becket, now a very thriving citizen, resolved to make the Syrian maiden his wife. But first she must renounce Mohammed and the Koran. She was speedily converted and baptized; and then married to Gilbert. The story struck the fancy of the artists and illuminators, and the baptism of the fair Syrian and her espousals seem to have been delineated and repeated in a good many old manuscripts.

From this romantic marriage proceeded the great Thomas à Becket, who was born in London, in or about the year 1119. The boy was gifted with an extraordinary intelligence, a handsome person, and most prepossessing manners; and his prosperous father gave him all the advantages of education. He studied successively at Merton Abbey, London, Oxford, and Paris. In the French capital he applied himself to civil law, and acquired as perfect a mastery and as pure a pronunciation of the French language as any, the best educated, of the Norman nobles and officers. While yet a very young man, he was employed as clerk in the office of the sheriff of London, and probably acted as under-sheriff, a post then requiring much knowledge of law, and which was in after times occupied by Sir Thomas More. While in the sheriff's office, he attracted the notice of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, a learned Norman, who had previously been prior of the great Benedictine abbey of Bec. Before this acquaintance with the primate began, the handsome and alert Thomas had become the intimate friend of a great baron who resided near London; and with this lord he rode, hunted, and hawked, and enjoyed all the other pleasures which were then considered as a monopoly of the aristocracy. He was qualified for the military profession and the honours of knighthood, but Archbishop Theobald, who conceived a great affection for him, advised him to take orders and to continue the study of law, all lawyers and judges being at that time chosen out of the priesthood. Thomas followed the primate's advice, and went to complete his study of the civil law at the then famous school of Bologna. After profiting by the lessons of the learned Gratian, and making himself master of the Italian language, Becket recrossed the Alps, and stayed some time at Auxerre in Burgundy, to attend the lectures of another celebrated law professor. On his return to London, he took deacon's orders, and his powerful patron, the archbishop, gave him some valuable church preferment, free from the necessity of residence and the performance of any church duties. Not long after this, Theobald having some important negotiations to conclude at the court of Rome, sent Thomas à Becket to the pope as the best qualified person he knew. The young

diplomatist acquitted himself with great ability and complete success, obtaining from the pontiff a prohibitory bull which defeated the design of crowning Prince Eustace, the son of King Stephen, and which most materially contributed to put an end to the long and destructive civil war, and to place the brave and accomplished Henry II. peacefully on the English throne. Becket's services were not forgotten by the Empress Matilda and the house of Plantagenet. On Henry's accession, in 1154, Archbishop Theobald had all the authority of prime minister, but being old and infirm, delegated the most of it to the active and able Becket, who was made Chancellor of the Kingdom in 1156, being the first Englishman since the Conquest that reached any eminent office under government. At the same time, King Henry, who was charmed with his wit, and who already preferred his services and society to those of any other man, whether French or English or of the mixed race, appointed him preceptor of the heir of the crown, and gave him the wardenship of the Tower of London, the castle of Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, and the honour of Eye in Lincolnshire, with three hundred and forty knights' fees. His revenue, flowing in from so many sources, was immense; and no man ever spent money more freely or magnificently, or, for that time, with so much taste. He was the Cardinal Wolsey of an earlier and ruder but more picturesque age. His house was a palace. It was stocked with the choicest hangings and furniture, with vessels of gold and silver; it was constantly frequented by numberless guests of all goodly ranks from barons and earls to knights and pages and feudal retainers—of which last classes he had many hundreds that were his immediate vassals. His tables were spread with the choicest viands, his cups of silver and gold were filled with the choicest wines, the richest dresses were allotted to his pages and serving men. There was a never ceasing exercise of hospitality; his feasts were more frequent and more splendid than those of any baron in the land—they were all but equal to those of the king. Mixed with this magnificence of the twelfth century there were of course certain things which would nowadays be considered as capital wants of common comfort. The walls of the room were hung with costly tapestry, the hanging roofs were beautiful and rich, but the floors were strewn with rushes or with hay and straw like stables. Fitz Stephen the minute biographer of 'a Becket relates that as the number of guests was oftentimes greater than could find place at table, my Lord Chancellor ordered that the floor should be every day covered with fresh hay or straw, in order that those who sat upon it to eat their dinners might not soil their dresses. The chancellor's out-door appearance was still more splendid. Like Cardinal Wolsey he environed the office of chancellor with all possible dignity and splendour, and never went to the court without having an immense retinue with him. On his foreign embassies he travelled like a king, and perhaps with more magnificence than any king in Europe, with the exception of his own master, could have displayed. When he went on his famous embassy to Paris he took with him for his own use twenty changes of rich apparel; and he was attended by many great barons, two hundred knights, and a host of domestics, all richly armed and attired. As he travelled through France, his train of baggage-waggons and sumpter-horses, his huntsmen and falconers with his hounds and hawks, excited the wonderment of all beholders. Whenever he entered a town, the ambassadorial procession was led by two hundred and fifty boys singing *motets* songs; then followed his hounds, led in couples; and then eight waggons, each with five large horses, and five drivers in new frocks. Every waggon was covered with skins, and guarded by two soldiers and one fierce mastiff. Two of these waggons were loaded with that wine of Ceres, the generous old English ale, to be given to the people of the country. One carried the vessels and furniture of his chapel, another of his bed-chamber; a fifth was loaded with his kitchen apparatus;

a sixth carried his plate and wardrobe ; and the remaining two waggons were devoted to the use of his household servants. Some of the grotesqueness of the time entered into this splendour. After the waggons came twelve sumpter-horses, a monkey riding on each, with a groom behind on his knees. Then came the esquires, carrying the shields, and leading the war-horses of their respective knights ; then other esquires (youths of gentle birth nurtured in Becket's house), falconers, officers of the household, knights and priests ; and last of all appeared the great chancellor himself, with his noblest and most familiar friends. As Becket passed from town to town in this guise the French people were heard to exclaim, "What manner of man must the King of England be, when his chancellor can travel with so much state."

At home, this exaltation and splendour of a man of the Saxon race, the son of a London citizen and trader, evidently gave satisfaction to the mass of the English people, for he was to all intents their countryman, and in a manner of their own class and condition. At the same time the Angevin-born king encouraged all his pomp and magnificence, though he sometimes twitted the chancellor on the finery of his attire. All such offices of regal government as were not performed by the ready and indefatigable king himself, were left to Becket, who had no competitor in authority and no rival in the royal favour and consideration of the people. Henry and his minister lived together like brothers. According to Peter of Blois, a contemporary, who knew more of Henry than any other that has written about him, it was notorious to all men that he and à Becket were "*cor unum et animam unum*" (of one heart and one mind in all things). The chancellor was an admirable horseman, and expert in hunting and hawking and in all the sports of the field. These accomplishments, and a never failing wit and vivacity, made him the constant companion of the king's leisure hours, and the sharer (it is hinted) in less innocent pleasures than hunting and hawking—for Henry, who had married a princess of a very indifferent character for the sake of the dominions she brought him, was a very unfaithful husband, and the general licentiousness of the time was great. More than once à Becket accompanied Henry in his wars in the south of France, and at several sieges he is said to have displayed his fearlessness and activity in being the first man to mount the breach.

At the same time it is universally admitted that Becket was an able and honest minister, and that his administration was not only advantageous to his master, but, on the whole, extremely beneficial to the nation. He took a pride in protecting the quiet citizen against the violent man of war ; and the experience of his father, and the things he had seen in his father's house and in the city of London in his early days, had given him a sense of the importance of trade and industry. The envy of the aristocracy only bound him the more to the cause of the people, or of that portion of them who were free men, and who were slowly but gradually and surely forming the broad basis of our *tiers état*. Most of the excellent measures which distinguished the early part of the reign of Henry II. have been attributed to Becket's advice, discriminating genius, good intentions, and patriotism. We must not look for perfect legislation in such a period, or expect to find in the twelfth the political or public economy of the nineteenth century ; but during Becket's administration internal tranquillity was restored to a country that had scarcely had a glimpse of that blessing for the space of twenty years, the baronial power was curbed, better judges were appointed, the currency, which had been alloyed and spoilt in the time of Stephen, was reformed, and trade with foreign countries was protected and encouraged. A charter was granted confirming the liberties and privileges of the citizens of London, who had valorously proved in the preceding reign their importance in the state. Fitz-Stephen says that there was

nowhere so much trade, that no city in the world sent out its merchandise to so great a distance ; that the London citizens were distinguished above all others in England for the elegance of their manners and dress, and the magnificence of their tables. There were already thirteen large conventual churches and one hundred and thirty-six parochial churches within the city and suburbs. It was in fact during this reign that London first became decidedly what Fitz-Stephen calls it, the capital of the kingdom of England. But other trading cities were rapidly rising in importance, as Bristol, Gloucester, Winchester, Chester, Dunwich, Norwich, Lynn, Lincoln, and Whitby. Great attention was paid to the commercial navy, which was entirely manned by men of the Saxon or mixed race ; and the frequent use Henry was obliged to make of this shipping in conveying his troops and stores to the Continent, and in attacking maritime towns, taught him to consider the naval force of England as an important arm of its strength. The commerce of England had never been so great since the departure of the Romans as it became during the reign of Henry II. And perhaps it had not so flourished even in the best time of the Roman dominion. The enriched citizens of London lived like barons and were frequently called so ; and already some of the noblest of the aristocracy contracted matrimonial alliances with them. The two races were now entirely forgetting their old animosities, were coalescing into one undivided and indivisible nation, and under the common name of Englishman they had all English feelings, and were already beginning to show a spirit of resistance to all arbitrary power, and a knowledge and love of free institutions.

64.—THE FALL OF THOMAS À BECKET

THURRY.

In the year 1164, the royal justiciaries, revoking *de facto* the ancient law of the conqueror, summoned before their assizes a priest who was accused of rape and of murder ; but the Archbishop of Canterbury, as ecclesiastical superior of all England, declared the summons to be null, in virtue of the privileges of the clergy, which were as ancient in the country as those of the Norman kings. He sent some agents of his own to seize the culprit, who was brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal, publicly beaten with rods, and suspended from all office for several years. This affair, in which justice was respected up to a certain point, but in which the authority of the royal judges was entirely disregarded, gave great offence. Those of Norman descent were divided into two parties, of which the one approved, and the other severely censured the conduct of the primate. The bishops were for him, and the military men, the court, and the king were against him. The king, naturally obstinate, suddenly converted this individual difference into a question of general legislation ; and, convoking a great assembly of all the nobles and prelates, he solemnly exposed to them the numerous offences committed every day by the priests, and added that he had discovered the means of repressing these disorders by following the ancient customs of his predecessors, especially those of his grandfather Henry I. ; he asked, according to the usual form, all the members of the assembly if they did not think it right that he should revive the customs of his grandfather. The laymen replied that such was their desire ; but all the clerks, with Thomas at their head, answered : “ As far as is consistent with the honour of God, and of the holy church.” “ There is venom in those words,” replied the king in anger ; he immediately left the bishops without saluting them, and the affair remained undecided.

A few days after Henry II. called separately to his presence Roger, archbishop of York, Robert de Melun, bishop of Hereford, and some other English prelates, whose names by their French nature sufficiently indicate their origin. By promises, long explanations, and, perhaps, insinuations about the Englishman Becket's supposed designs against the nobles of England, in short, by several arguments which historians do not particularize, the Anglo-Norman bishops were nearly all won over to the king's side; they promised to favour the re-establishment of the alleged customs of Henry I, who, to say the truth, had never practised any except those of William the Conqueror, the founder of the ecclesiastical privileges, and of the papal supremacy in England. The king further applied to the pope, for the second time since his dispute with the Archbishop; and the pope, compliant to excess, at once sided with him, without examining into the rights of the affair; he even deputed a special messenger, with apostolical letters, enjoining all the prelates, and especially him of Canterbury, to accept and observe all the laws of the king of England, whatever they might be. Standing alone, in his opposition, and deprived of all hope of support, Becket was forced to yield. He went to the king at his residence at Woodstock, and promised, like the other bishops, to observe with good faith, and without any restrictions, all the laws that should be made. In order that this promise might be renewed in an authentic manner, in the midst of a solemn assembly, king Henry convoked, in the village of Clarendon, three miles from Salisbury a great council of the Anglo-Normans, archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, canons, barons, and knights.

The assembly of Clarendon was held in the month of March, in the year 1164, John, bishop of Oxford, presiding. The king's orators made a statement of the reforms, and entirely new arrangements which he was pleased to entitle the ancient customs and liberties of his grandfather, Henry I. The bishops gave their solemn approbation to all they had heard; but Becket refused his, accusing himself, on the contrary, of folly and weakness in having promised to observe without reservation the laws of the king, whatever they might be. The whole Norman council was in an uproar. The bishops supplicated Thomas, and the barons menaced him. Two knights of the Temple implored him, with tears, not to dishonour the king; and whilst this scene was taking place in the great hall, there might be seen in the adjoining apartment men buckling on their coats of mail, and girding themselves with their swords. The archbishop was alarmed, and gave his word to observe without reservation the customs of the king's grandfather, declaring, however, that, not being so quick as his colleagues, he had need of time to examine these customs before he could verify them. The assembly appointed commissioners to draw them up into articles; and admitting the archbishop's pretext of ignorance, adjourned the final decision of this affair to the following day.

The next day, the ancient customs, or *constitution*, of Henry I. were produced in writing, divided into sixteen articles, containing an entire system of dispositions, which were quite contrary to the earliest made by the Anglo-Norman kings, that is to say, the ordinances of William the Conqueror. There were besides, some special regulations, one of which forbade the ordination as priests, without the consent of their lord, of those who in the Norman language were called *nutifs* or *naifs*, that is to say the serfs, who were all of the indigenous race. The bishops were required to affix their seals in wax at the foot of the parchment which contained these sixteen articles; they all did so, with the exception of Thomas, who demanded a greater delay, and a copy of the new laws to examine. But the want of the archbishop's consent did not prevent the new constitutions from being promulgated. Letters were dispatched from the royal chancery addressed to all the Norman judges or justiciaries in England, and on the continent. These letters ordered them in the

name of Henry, by the grace of God, king of England, duke of Normandy, duke of Aquitaine, and count of Anjou, to cause the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priests, earls, barons, citizens, burgesses, and peasants to execute and observe the ordinances decreed at the great council of Clarendon.

A letter from the bishop of Poitiers, who received like dispatches, carried into his diocese by Simon de Tournebu, and Richard de Lacy, justiciaries, makes known in detail the instructions that they contained. It is curious to compare these instructions with the laws published twenty-four years before, in the name of William I., and his council ; for in both cases we find the same threats and the same penalties attached to laws entirely opposed to each other.

"They have forbidden me," says the bishop of Poitiers, "to summon before a court of justice any one whomsoever in my diocese, on the suit of a widow, an orphan, or a priest, unless the king's officers, or the lords of the fief, on whom the litigated cause depended, should have refused to render justice ; they have declared that if any one obeys my summons, all his goods shall be immediately confiscated, and himself imprisoned ; finally, they have signified to me, that if I excommunicate those that refuse to appear before my episcopal court, the excommunicated might without any displeasure to the king, attach my person, or the persons of my clerks, my own property, or that of my church."

From the moment when these laws, made by the Normans in a village of England, were decreed as obligatory on the inhabitants of nearly all the west of Gaul, Angevins, Manseaux, Bretons, Poitevins, and Acquitainians, and all this varied population was agitated by the quarrel of Henry II. and the archbishop, Thomas à Becket, the court of Rome began to regard with more attention an affair which, in so short a time, had acquired so much importance. This court, profoundly politic, from henceforth applied itself to gather the greatest possible advantage, either from war, or peace. The archbishop of Rouen, Rotron, who was less interested than the Anglo-Normans in the conflict between the English king and primate, came with a mission from the pope, to observe things on the spot, and at all events to propose an accommodation under pontifical mediation. But king Henry, elated by his triumph, replied that he should not accept this mediation unless the pope would previously confirm, by an apostolic bull, the articles of Clarendon, and the pope, who was more likely to gain, than to lose, by delay, refused to give his sanction until he was better informed about the case.

Then Henry II., soliciting for the third time the support of the pontifical court against his antagonist Becket, sent a solemn embassy to Alexander III., asking him to confer upon Roger, archbishop of York, the title of apostolic legate in England, with authority to make and to unmake, to appoint and to discharge. Alexander did not grant this request, but he conferred on the king himself, by a formal commission, the title and the rights of legate, with full powers to act on every point but one, which was the deposition of the primate. The king, seeing that the pope's intention was to determine nothing, received this new kind of commission with marks of vexation, and returned it immediately. "We shall employ our own authority," he said, "and we believe that it will be sufficient to cause those to return to their duty who have evil designs upon our honour." The primate, abandoned by the Anglo-Norman barons and bishops, and having on his side only poor monks, citizens, and serfs, felt that he should be too weak to stand against his antagonist if he remained in England, and resolved to seek support and refuge elsewhere. He went to the port of Rouen, and twice went on board a ship ready to start, but both times the crew, fearing the anger of the nobles and the king, refused to set sail.

Some months after the assembly of Clarendon, Henry II. convoked another at

Northampton, and Thomas with the other bishops, received his letter of convocation ; he arrived on the day appointed, and took a lodging in the town ; but he had scarcely engaged it, when the king ordered it to be occupied by his servants and horses. Enraged at this insult, the archbishop sent word that he should not appear at the parliament, unless his house was evacuated by the king's horses and men. It was consequently given up to him ; but the uncertainty which he felt as to the issue of this unequal contest, made him fear to get more deeply involved in it, and, humiliating as it was to him to ask any thing of the man who had just so grossly insulted him, he repaired to the king's hotel and demanded an audience : he waited in vain the whole day, whilst Henry II. was amusing himself with his falcons and dogs. The next day he went again, and stationed himself in the king's chapel during mass, and approaching the king with a respectful air as he went out, he asked his permission to go into France. "Very well," replied the king ; "but, first, you must render me satisfaction for several things, and especially for the wrong that you have done in your court to my marshal, John."

The fact was this : the Norman John, surnamed the Marshal on account of his military office, had appeared before the episcopal court of justice at Canterbury, to reclaim some land from the bishopric, which he pretended to have a right to as an hereditary possession. The primate's judges had rejected his claim as ill-founded, and the complainant had then *falsified* the court, that is to say, protested on oath, that it had denied him justice. "I admit," replied Thomas to the king, "that John the marshal presented himself before my court ; but far from receiving any injury from me, it is I who have received one from him ; for he brought a song-book, and it was on this that he swore that my court was false, and had denied justice ; whereas, according to the law of the kingdom, whoever wishes to falsify the court of another, must swear on the holy gospels." The king affected to take no account of this excuse. The accusation of a denial of justice brought against the archbishop was prosecuted before the great Norman council, which condemned him, and, by its sentence, adjudged him to the mercy of the king, that is to say, adjudged to the king all that he pleased to take of the goods of the condemned. Becket was at first tempted to protest against this sentence, and to falsify judgment, as it was then termed ; but the consciousness of his weakness determined him to compound with his judges, and he compromised the matter by paying a fine of five hundred pounds.

Becket returned home with a heart saddened by the mortifications which he had met with, and vexation caused him to fall ill. As soon as the king learnt this, he hastened to send him a summons to re-appear without a day's delay before the assembly of Northampton, to render an account of all the sums of money and all the public revenues of which he had had the management during his chancellorship. "I am weak and suffering," replied Thomas to the royal officers, "and besides, the king knows as well as I do, that on the day that I was consecrated archbishop, the barons of his exchequer and Richard de Lacy, justiciary of England, declared me to be free from all charge and claim." The legal citation was not withdrawn ; but Thomas neglected to obey it, alleging his illness as a pretext. Several times agents of justice came to ascertain how far it was impossible for him to perform a journey ; and they signified to him the amount of the king's claims, which was forty-four thousand marks. The archbishop offered to pay two thousand marks to free himself from this vexatious action, commenced with such evil intentions ; but Henry II. refused every sort of accommodation, for in this affair, it was not the money which tempted him. "Either I will cease to be king," he cried, "or this man shall cease to be archbishop."

The delay accorded by law had expired, it was necessary that Becket should pre-

sent himself, and on the other hand he had been warned, that if he appeared at court it would not be without endangering his life. In this extremity, summoning all his strength of soul, he resolved to go there and to be firm. On the morning of the decisive day, he celebrated the mass of St. Stephen, the first martyr, the office of which commences with these words: "The princes have sat in council to deliberate against me." After the mass he clothed himself in his pontifical robes, and, having taken his silver cross from the hands of him who usually bore it, he set out, carrying the cross in his right hand, and with the left holding the reins of his horse. Alone, and still holding his cross, he arrived in the great hall of the assembly, passed through the crowd, and seated himself. Henry II. was then in a more private apartment with his particular friends, engaged in discussing the means of getting rid of the archbishop with the least possible disturbance. The news of the unexpected manner in which he had just made his entrance, disturbed the king and his advisers. One of them, Gilbert Foliet, bishop of London, hastily left the lesser apartment, and approaching the spot where Thomas was seated, said to him, "Why dost thou come thus armed with thy cross!" And he seized the cross to take it from him, but the primate held it firmly. The archbishop of York then joined the bishop of London, and addressed himself to Becket, saying, "It is a defiance to the king, our lord, to come armed to his court; but the king has a sword, the point of which is sharper than that of a pastoral staff." The other bishops, showing less violence, contented themselves with advising Thomas, for the sake of his own interest, to place his archiepiscopal dignity at the mercy of the king; but he did not listen to them.

Whilst this scene was taking place in the great hall, Henry II. experienced great mortification in seeing his adversary under the safe-guard of his pontifical vestments, the bishops, who, at the first moment, had all given their approbation to the projects of violence formed against their colleague, were now silent, and avoided encouraging the courtiers to lay hands on the stole and cross. The king's advisers were uncertain what to resolve, when one of them began to speak, in these words: "Why should we not suspend him from all his rights and privileges by an appeal to St. Peter; that is the means to disarm him." This advice, received like a ray of light, pleased the king exceedingly, and by his orders, the bishop of Chichester, advancing towards Thomas à Becket, at the head of all the others, addressed him in the following words:—

"Formerly, thou wert our archbishop, but now we disown thee, for, after having promised fidelity to the king, our common lord, and sworn to maintain his ordinances, thou hast striven to destroy them. We then declare thee a traitor and a perjurer, and profess openly that we are no longer bound to obey one who has perjured himself, placing our cause under the approbation of our lord the pope, before whom we cite thee to appear."

To this declaration, made with all the pomp of legal forms, and all the emphasis of confidence, Becket replied with these few words:—"I hear what you say." The great assembly of the nobles was then opened, and William Foliet appeared before it to accuse the *ci devant* archbishop of having celebrated a mass in contempt of the king, under the invocation of the evil spirit; then came the demand for the rendering of the accounts of the chancellorship, and the claim of forty-four thousand marks. Becket refused to plead, attesting the solemn declaration which had formerly discharged him from all ulterior responsibility. Then the king, rising, said to the barons and prelates:—"By the faith that you owe me, do me prompt justice upon him who is my liege-man, and who, after having been duly summoned, refuses to answer in my court." The Normans gave their votes, and pronounced sentence of imprisonment against Thomas à Becket. When Robert, earl of Leicester,

charged with the reading of the sentence, pronounced in the French tongue the first words of the prescribed formula, "Cyez-ci le jugement rendu contre vous—" the archbishop interrupted him:—"Earl," he said, "I forbid you, in the name of Almighty God, here to give judgment against me, who am your spiritual father; I appeal to the sovereign pontiff, and cite you before him."

After this sort of counter-appeal to the authority which his adversaries themselves had first invoked, Becket rose, and passed slowly through the crowd. A murmur arose on all sides; the Normans cried:—"The false traitor, the perjurer, where is he going? why is he suffered to go in peace? Remain here, traitor, and hear thy sentence." At the moment of going out Becket turned, and looking coldly around him said, "If my sacred order did not forbid it, I would have replied by arms to those who have called me a traitor and a perjurer." He mounted his horse, went to the house where he lodged, had tables set out for a great repast, and gave orders that all the poor of the town should be assembled. A great number came, and he made them eat and drink. He supped with them, and, the same night, whilst the king and the Norman barons were prolonging their evening repast, he left Northampton, accompanied by two Cistercian friars, the one an Englishman, named Sharman, the other a Frenchman, called Robert de Canne. After three days march he reached the fens of Lincolnshire, and there hid himself in a hermit's hut. From thence, in complete disguise, and under the assumed name of Dearman, the Saxon character of which was a guarantee of obscurity, he reached Canterbury, then the coast near Sandwich. It was the end of November, a season when the passage becomes perilous. The archbishop embarked in a small boat, to avoid suspicion, and after passing through many dangers, arrived at the port of Gravelines. He then repaired on foot, and ill-equipped to the monastery of St. Bertin, near Namur.

On the news of his flight, a royal edict was published in all the king of England's provinces on both shores of the Channel. By the terms of this edict, all the relations of Thomas à Becket, in the ascending and descending line, from old men, to women in their pregnancy, and infants in arms, were condemned to banishment. All the possessions of the archbishop and his adherents, or those who were so called, were sequestrated into the hands of the king.

65.—THE DEATH OF THOMAS À BECKET.

HOLINSHED.

The Archbishop of York, the two bishops London and Salisbury, being offended with his doings, sailed over into Normandy, and there complained to king Henry of injuries done to them by archbishop Thomas, grievously accusing him that he went about to take away their liberty of priesthood, to destroy, corrupt, and finally to abolish both the laws of God and man, together with the ancient decrees and statutes of their elders; insomuch that he took upon him to exclude bishops at his pleasure from the company of christian men, and so being excluded, to banish them for ever: to derogate things merely prejudicial to the king's royal prerogative; and finally to take away from all men the equity of laws and civil orders.

The king giving ear to their complaint was so displeased in his mind against archbishop Thomas, that in open audience of his lords, knights, and gentlemen, he said these or the like words: "In what miserable state am I, that cannot be in rest within mine own realm, by reason of one only priest. Neither is there any of my folks that will help to deliver me out of such troubles."

There were some that stood about the king, which guessed by these words, that his mind was to signify how he would have some man to dispatch the archbishop.

out of the way. The king's displeasure against the archbishop was known well enough, which caused men to have him in no reverence at all, so that (as it was said), he chanced on a time, that he came to Stroud, in Kent, where the inhabitants meaning to do somewhat to his infamy, being thus out of the king's favour, and despised of the world, cut off his horse's tail.

There were some also of the king's servants, that thought after another manner of sort to revenge the displeasure done to the king's majesty, as Sir Hugh Morville, Sir William Tracy, Sir Richard Brito, and Sir Reginald Fitzurse, knights, who taking advice together, and agreeing in one mind and will, took shipping, and sailed over into England, landed at a place called Dogs-haven, near Dover.

Now the first night they lodged in the castle of Saltwood, which Randolph de Broc had in keeping. The next morning being the 29th of December, and fifth day of Christmas, which as that year came about fell upon a Tuesday, having gotten together certain soldiers in the country thereabouts, came to Canterbury, and first entering into the court of the Abbey of St. Augustine, they talked with Clarenbald the elect abbot of that place; and after conference had with him, they proceeded in their business as followeth.

The first knight Sir Reginald Fitzurse came to him about the eleventh hour of the day, as the archbishop sat in his chamber, and sitting down at his feet upon the ground without any manner of greeting or salutation, at length began with him thus :—" Being sent of our sovereign lord the king from beyond the seas, we do here present unto you his grace's commandments, to wit, that you should go to his son the king, to do unto him that which appertaineth unto you to do unto your sovereign lord, and to do your fealty unto him in taking an oath, and further to amend that wherein you have offended his majesty." Whereunto the archbishop answered :—" For what cause ought I to confirm my fealty unto him by oath; or wherein am I guilty in offending the king's majesty?" Sir Reginald said :—" For your barony, fealty is demanded of you with an oath, and another oath is required of those clerks, which you have brought with you, if they mean to continue within the land." The archbishop answered :—" For my barony I am ready to do to the king whatsoever law or reason shall allow: but let him for certain hold, that he shall not get any oath either of me or of my clerks." "We knew that," said the knight, "that you would not do any of these things which we proposed unto you. Moreover the king commandeth you to absolve those bishops that are excommunicated by you without his licence." Whereunto he said :—" The bishops are excommunicated not by me, but by the pope, who hath thereto authority from the Lord. If indeed he hath revenged the injury done to my church, I confess that I am not displeased therewith." "Then," said the knight, "sith that such things in despite of the king do please you, it is to be thought that you would take from him his crown, and be called and taken for king yourself, but you shall miss of your purpose surely therein." The archbishop answered, "I do not aspire to the name of a king, rather would I knit three crowns unto his crown if it lay in my power."

At length after these and such words, the knights turning them to the monks, said, "In the behalf of our sovereign lord the king, we command you, that in any wise ye keep this man safe, and present him to the king when it shall please his grace to send for him." The archbishop said, "do ye think that I will run away; I came not to run away, but to look for the outrage and malice of wicked men." "Truly," said they, "you shall not run away," and herewith went out with noise and threatenings. Then master John of Salisbury, his chancellor, said unto him :—" My lord, this is a wonderful matter that you will take no man's counsel; had it not been meet to have given them a more meek and gentle answer." But the archbishop said, "surely I have already taken all the counsel that I will take,

I know what I ought to do." Then said Salisbury, "I pray God it may be good." Now the knights departing out of the place, and going about to put on their armour, certain came to the archbishop, and said, "My lord, they arm themselves." "What forceth it," said he, "let them arm themselves."

Now when they were armed, and many other about them, they entered into the archbishop's palace. Those that were about the archbishop cried upon him to flee, but he sat still and would not once remove, till the monks brought him even by force and against his will into the church. The coming of the armed men being known, some of the monks continued singing of even song, and some sought places where to hide themselves, other came to the archbishop, who was loath to have entered into the church, and when he was within, he would not yet suffer them to make fast the doors, so that there was a great stir among them, but chiefly when they perceived that the armed men went about to seek for the archbishop, by mean whereof their even song was left unfinished.

At length the knights with their servants having sought the palace, came rushing into the church by the cloister door with their swords drawn, some of them asking for the traitor, and some of them for the archbishop, who came and met them, saying, "Here am I, no traitor, but the archbishop." The foremost of the knights said unto him, "Flee, thou art but dead." To whom the archbishop said, "I will not flee." The knight stept to him taking him by the sleeve, and with his sword cast his cap beside his head, and said, "Come hither, for thou art a prisoner." "I will not," said the archbishop, "do with me here what thou wilt," and plucked his sleeve with a mighty strength out of the knight's hand. Where-with the knight stepped back two or three paces. Then the archbishop turning to one of the knights, said to him, "what meaneth this, Reginald, I have done unto thee many great pleasures, and comest thou now unto me into the church armed?" Unto whom the knight presently answered and said, "Thou shalt know anon what is meant, thou art but dead; it is not possible for thee any longer to live." Unto whom the archbishop answered, "I am ready to die for my God, and for the defence of his justice and the liberty of the church; gladly do I embrace death, so that the church may purchase peace and liberty by the shedding of my blood." And herewith taking another of the knights by the habergeon, he flung him from him with such violence, that he had almost thrown him down to the ground. This was Sir Will. Tracy, as he after confessed.

Then the archbishop inclined his head after the manner of one that would pray, pronouncing these his last words:—"To God, to St. Mary, and to the saints that are patrons of this church, and to St. Denis, I commend myself and the church's cause." Therewith Sir Reginald Fitzurse striking a full blow at his head, chanced to light upon the arm of a clerk named Edward of Cambridge, who cast up his arm to save the archbishop; but when he was not able to bear the weight of the blow, he plucked his arm back, and so the stroke staid upon the archbishop's head, in such wise that the blood ran down by his face. Then they stroke at him one after another, and though he fell to the ground at the second blow, yet they left him not till they had cut and pushed out his brains, and dashed them about upon the church pavement. All this being done, they rifled his house, spoiled his goods, and took them to their own uses, supposing it lawful for them being the king's servants so to do.

But doubting how the matter would be taken, after they had wrought their feat, they got them into the bishopric of Durham, there to remain till they might hear how the king would take this their unlawful enterprise; though (as they alledged) they had lustily defended his cause, and revenged his quarrel as faithful servants ought to do. Howbeit, it chanced otherwise than they looked it should have done;

for king Henry gave them so little thanks for their presumptuous act, sounding to the evil example of other in breach of his laws, that they despairing utterly of pardon, fled one into one place, and another into another, so that within four years they all died an evil death (as it hath been reported).

66.—THE KING AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

GEORGE DARLEY.

*(From Thomas à Becket, a Dramatic Chronicle.)**The Council Room.*

Henry, De Lacy, Cornwall, De Eynsford, Archbishop of York; Bishops of Winchester, Salisbury, London, Norwich; Glanville.

Henry. Glanville!—there is a thing I'd say to you
Before we enter on this business.

What was it? Pshaw! my head is in the mists,
Or they in it!—O! true!—we must not, Glanville,
Let these poor squabbles 'twixen that priest and us
Prejudice noble matters. You can guess
What's in my mind.

Glanville. I judge, sir, as you speak
Of nobler matters, you must mean the cause
You've had so much at heart—the restitution,
Betterment, stablishment, and general use
Of that, long fallen into desuetude,
That noblest of all noble things which man
Ever invented for behoof of man,
Trial of all accused, by their sworn peers
Called jurors; and the name of the said practice,—
Which shall go sounding down to latest times
Join'd with your own, as its chief advocate,
Trial by jury.

Henry. Yea, good Ranulph, yea;
But you great lawyers, in your deep research,
And dabbling in a flood of words, oft sink
Out of the common sight, like birds called divers,
Than which you're more long-winded: mend that fault!—
You have been pondering o'er the theme, I see,
And that was well. Draw up your thoughts upon it
For my perusal, and in plain short terms;
D'ye hear?

Glanville. They shall be brief, my gracious liege!

Enter De Bohun, Clare and Leicester.

Henry. Ha! whence come ye?

Leicester. From the round church, my liege,
Beside us here; where Becket was at mass.

Henry. So! ye look grave: as if he being at prayers,
Did more than merely recommend his soul
To God and ours to Satan. Heard ye aught strange?

De Bohun. Nought strange in such a darer, though 'twere monstrous
In any other man!

Henry. What was that, ha?

Clare. Besides his affectation palpable

Save to the mole-eyed people, of distress,
 Disaster'd state, rapt piety, resignation,
 Sanctified patience, sufferance supreme,
 By dress, air, act, long moan, loud sob, large tears,—
 He ordered as *introit* to the service,
 With blasphemous self-allusion—*Princes sit*
And spake against me.

Henry. Oh ! he would set up
 As mark'd for martyrdom !—with that angel face
 Of his,—the Syrian blackmoor's son !—Himself
 Persecutor of his king !

Leicester. He comes, my liege ;
 His meekness comes !

Enter Becket, arrayed in purple and pall, with his Crosier elevated, and a proud retinue

Henry. Heyday ! the Pope of Canterbury !
 Or Babylonian Lady all a-flame
 For hot contest !—What think ye, cousins, are we
 To have our heads broke with the pastoral cross ?

Becket. I bear it for my sole protection !

Henry. Ay !
 What dread'st thou ? else than paying thy just debts
 To me and to the state ? Dost need protection
 Against thy creditors, like a prodigal ?
 Glanville, that scroll !

[*Reading.*

Item ; three hundred pounds,—
 Which thou didst levy upon Eye and Berkham,
 Lately thy honours ; Item ; five hundred marks,
 I lent thee at Toulouse ; Item ; five hundred,—
 For which I stood thy surety to a Jew,
 Whom thou dealt'st much with, till thy credit broke,
 What time thou wallowedst in the wanton streams
 Of luxury most dissolute ; besides
 An item, which to small rogues we set down
 Plain theft, but to thy grace embezzlement,—
 Forty-four thousand marks, the balance due
 From rents, proceeds, and profits of all prelacies,
 Abbeys, and baronies, by thee administer'd
 When Chancellor. Item—

Becket. My liege ! my liege ! my liege !

Henry. Oh ! I am then thy sovereign yet, it seems !
 Most affable subject, still to call me liege !—
 (*To himself.*) I've snapt that nerve which keeps up most men's pride,
 The purse-strings !

Becket. I did never lack allegiance,—
 But for my lavishness as Chancellor,
 Call it more loose than his who lets the wealth
 Of Tagus' bed roll down by golden shouls
 Into the wasteful ocean,—'twas a thing
 Praised as magnificence in the minister

Which made for the more glory of the master,
Whose humour now condemns it !—was he, sire,
Who had been found a fraudulent Chancellor
Deem'd fit to be a Primate ?

Henry. 'Tis not what
He had been deem'd, but what we've proved him since.

Becket. Crying injustice ! able to bring down
Those spheres in molten fragments on mankind,
But that 'twould crush the guiltless with the guilty !

Henry. Thank heaven we have one milk-white soul among us !—
Thou scarlet sinner !—why—my gorge is swollen
With names, not huge enough for thy vast insolence !—
Tell me this—thou—who claim'st the saintship next
Vacant i' the calendar,—this, immaculate !—
Thou didst subscribe in these law-guarded terms
'Legally, with good faith, and without fraud,
Without reserve,'—to certain constitutions,
Which thou abjur'st now : does such perjury
Merit no liquidation from the spheres
If they did hurl their hissing firestones at us ?

Becket. There was no perjury !

Henry. Hear this ! hear this !—
Sun-dwelling truth, hast thou not one bright dart
To strike him through the brain with ?—ye, grave Suffragans !
[*To the Bishops.*

Did your supreme here (give me your corporate voice),
Swear to our constitutions, yea or no ?

Bishops. Yea !

Becket. Foolish children that would judge their father !—
I kept to what I swore, those constitutions,
While they were such : but when a power beyond
Thine to enact, annull'd them, how could I
Observe non-entities ?

Henry. Fraud within fraud !
In this same wise you may play fast and loose
With any oath ; may be, for aught I know
My very true, sworn subject, on proviso,
'Till you're absolved by bull into a traitor !

Becket. His Holiness can ne'er absolve, except
To save or serve the church.

Henry. Yes, you may load
The winds with loyal oaths, to piece your heart
Between mine and all stabbers, yet, even now,
Bear in one sleeve a permit to kill kings,
And in the other a poniard ?

Becket. My dear liege !
This is uncharitable.

Henry. To save the church !
To save the church, man !—Did the Romish altar
Burn for thy sovereign, as a sacrifice,
Thou'lt bound to slaughter him !—O Thomas ! Thomas !
Could I e'er think that thou would'st pierce the heart

Of thy kind, loving, generous, 'royal master ?

Becket. Not generous now to say I'd pierce thy heart !

Henry. Thou hast done so !—if not with knife or brand,
With keen-cold weapon of ingratitude,
More poignant still !—But 'tis no matter : go !
There is a gulf as wide as heaven from hell
Between us, across which 'tis vain to think
Of ever shaking hands !—I am thy enemy,
To thy perdition or my own !

Becket. I know it,
So would betake me into banishment,
And save a sacrilego unto thy soul.

Henry. Good man !—Thou would'st betake thyself to Louis,
To the French court, which breeds intriguants,
Fast as Latetian filth breeds vermin vile,
Against my kingdom.—Twice thou hadst fled thither,
But that the roaring winds, our rough allies,
Forbade thy ship to fetch and carry treason !
My very seas rose up, upon my side,
Against thy steps !—Stay, and be baited here,
Till thy proud dewlaps drop with sweat and foam !—
As a first humbement, thy goods and chattels
Be all confiscate for contempt of court
And breach of fealty, in not attending
Our summons, when John Mareschal appeal'd thee
About the manour of Pagehain.

Becket. On that summons
I, being sick, sent four good household knights
To plead for me. Was this contempt ? Was this
Devoir left unperform'd ?—Yea, when the cause
Itself, was weigh'd at mine own spiritual court
In scales which might have dropp'd from Libra stars,
As nice as conscience trims with trembling hand.—

Henry. Ha ! ha !

Becket. Sir ! sir ! 'tis truth ; and he who here
By royal subornation brings that cause,
Would blush for it,—but before this grave council,
Like it iniquitous !

[*The Barons start up, and Becket's train advance. Becket raises his Crosier, and Henry his Sceptre between them.*]

Henry. These sacred wands,
Not unanointed swords, decide the fray !
Archbishop, from thy last words, if no more,
I see thou art a self-devoted man
Unto destruction imminent !—Take your way.

Winchester. My liege, accept two thousand marks from him,
In lieu of all demands.

Henry. I will not, Winchester !
But thou another froward priest, de Blois,
Whose mitre coped thy brother Stephen's crown,
Shalt pronounce sentence for the full amount.

[*They retire some paces.*]

Norwich (to Becket). My lord, beseech you on my knees, submit,
Or you, the church, and all of us are lost !

Salisbury (to him). We cannot be thy sureties for such sum,
Though for the less we might.

York (to him). Take exhortation
From one a Primate like thyself, and moved
By most disinterested love,—resign
Thy see, to gain full peace, release, and pardon.

London (to him). 'Twas thou thyself who led'st us to subscribe
The constitutions, yet, when all too late,
Would'st have us now proclaim ourselves, with thee,
Rebels to royal power, and renegades
To our own oaths !

Becket. Folliott, thou shalt be ever
A stench i' the nostril of posterity !
Thou art corrupted, man ! Primate of York,
This pall is much too weighty for thy shoulders !
Sarum, I always knew thee as a gryphon,
Keeping thy claw fast on thy hoarded gold !
Poor Norwich, thou art pitiful!—ye suffragans,

[Turning to the other Bishops who implore him.

Ay, who will suffer again, again, again,
(Spare me the pertinent quibble !) all the ills
That tyranny can heap on callous meanness,
Repose your deprecativè arms ! they'll soon
Have beggar's-work enough, when ye are turn'd
By foci o' the church against whom ye raise no finger,
To mendicant monks and alms men !—stay me not,
I will go forward !

York. There's no stopping some men
Upon their course down the steep fall of ruin !

Becket. 'Tis plain, sir King ! lord of these lower skies !
Where you point all your thunderbolts. But let them
Break first on this bare head, as yon poor image
Placed shelterless aloft that pinnacle
Bears with mild brow the elemental brunt
To shield his fane beneath ! Thou hast resolved,
I know, thy throne shall rise above all height
Upon the ruins of the downcast church,
Thy Babel-towering throne, from which shall come
Confusion o'er the land !—Have then thy will !
On this offensive mount, flourish a time,
Perish eternally !

Henry. At thy behest ?

Becket. There is a throne, compared to earthly ones,
Higher than heaven above the hills : dread thence
Thunderings, which shall shake thy throne to dust,
And bury thyself beneath it, and thy barons
Send down with blasted fronts, to be the spurn
Of devils less degraded towards their king !

Henry. All this, because I summon a state debtor,
Punish a peculator, and attach

The goods of a disrespectful feudatory—
By Mahmoud, that's strange doctrine !

Becket. Mere pretences
To crush the church in me !—I do appeal
'Gainst all your sentences and penalties
Unto the Pope ; and henceforth do commit
To his safeguard, myself and my whole See !

Barons. High treason, an appeal to Rome !

Becket. High traitor,
I then !—too high for ye to touch !—though graspers
For whom the sacristy holds no sacred things !
Nay, scowl on others, king !—it daunts not me !—
Thou—thou should'st rather quail beneath my frown !
Thy sword may kill the body, but this staff,
Sword of the militant church, which I do wield,
Can kill the soul !

Henry. Pronounce his sentence straight !
He is deprived of all his lands and holdings !

Becket. I will not drink pollution through mine ears !
Breathe it not, Winchester ! till I am gone,
Lest it scorch up thy lips to whitest ashes !

Henry. Hear how the wolf can howl !

Becket. Since impious men
Whom strength makes wrongful, wrongfulness makes strong,
Plunder-sworn, gross with produce of all crime,
Band them against the battlements of heaven
On earth, to wit the bulwarks of the church.—

Henry. He means his turreted Elysium
At Saltwood Park, to touch which we are Titans !

Becket. And have decreed its sole defender here,
Me !—me !—most violently trampled down—
Their mounting step to that assault sacrilegious,—

Henry. Why thou wert far above our reach but now ?

Becket. Since prayer, plaint, rhetoric's mingled honey and gall,
Cannot withhold them from the fathomless pit
Gaping beneath their steps,—if they must follow
Satan's dark inspirations to such deeds,
Flagitious, dreadful, godless—which mute heaven
Permits, but weeps at—good men's amazement,
The angels' horror—

Henry. Wipe from thy blest mouth
That surge of foam !

Becket. Since then, perverse ! thou seem'st
Desperate on self and state destruction both,
What more but this can parting Becket say,—
Thine and hell's will be done !

[*Exit.*

Henry. The wolf's dog-mad !

[*Scene closes.*

67.—THE GREATNESS OF THE CLERGY.

BURKE.

It will not be displeasing to pause a moment at this remarkable period, in order to view in what consisted that greatness of the clergy, which enabled them to bear so very considerable a sway in all public affairs ; what foundations supported the weight of so vast a power ; whence it had its origin ; what was the nature, and what the ground, of the immunities they claimed ; that we may the more fully enter into this important controversy, and may not judge, as some have inconsiderately done, of the affairs of those times by ideas taken from the present manners and opinions.

It is sufficiently known, that the first Christians, avoiding the Pagan tribunals, tried most even of their civil causes before the bishop, who, though he had no direct coercive power, yet, wielding the sword of excommunication, had wherewithal to enforce the execution of his judgments. Thus the bishop had a considerable sway in temporal affairs, even before he was armed by the temporal power. But the emperors no sooner became Christian, than, the idea of profaneness being removed from the secular tribunals, the causes of the Christian laity naturally passed to that resort where those of the generality had been before. But the reverence for the bishop still remained, and the remembrance of his former jurisdiction. It was not thought decent, that he, who had been a judge in his own court, should become a suitor in the court of another. The body of the clergy likewise, who were supposed to have no secular concerns, for which they could litigate, and removed by their character from all suspicion of violence, were left to be tried by their own ecclesiastical superiors. This was, with a little variation sometimes in extending, sometimes in restraining the bishops' jurisdiction, the condition of things whilst the Roman empire subsisted. But, though their immunities were great, and their possessions ample, yet living under an absolute form of government they were powerful only by influence. No jurisdictions were annexed to their lands ; they had no place in the senate, they were no order in the state.

From the settlement of the northern nations, the clergy must be considered in another light. The barbarians gave them large landed possessions ; and by giving them land, they gave them jurisdiction, which, according to their notions, was inseparable from it. They made them an order in the state ; and as all the orders had their privileges, the clergy had theirs, and were no less sturdy to preserve, and ambitious to extend them. Our ancestors, having united the church dignities to the secular dignities of baronies, had so blended the ecclesiastical with the temporal power in the same persons, that it became almost impossible to separate them. The ecclesiastical was however prevalent in this composition, drew to it the other, supported it, and was supported by it. But it was not the devotion only, but the necessity, of the times, that raised the clergy to the excess of this greatness. The little learning, which then subsisted, remained wholly in their hands. Few among the laity could even read ; consequently the clergy alone were proper for public affairs. They were the statesmen, they were the lawyers ; from them were often taken the bailiffs of the seignorial courts ; sometimes the sheriffs of counties, and almost constantly the justiciaries of the kingdom. The Norman kings, always jealous of their order, were always forced to employ them. In abbeys the law was studied ; abbeys were the palladiums of the public liberty by the custody of the royal charters, and most of the records. Thus, necessary to the great by their knowledge, venerable to the poor by their hospitality, dreadful to all by the power of excommunication, the character of the clergy was exalted above every thing in

the state ; and it could no more be otherwise in those days, than it is possible it should be so in ours.

William the Conqueror made it one principal point of his politics to reduce the clergy ; but all the steps he took in it were not equally well calculated to answer this intention. * When he subjected church lands to military service, the clergy complained bitterly, as it lessened their revenue ; but I imagine it did not lessen their power in proportion ; for by this regulation they came, like other great lords, to have their military vassals, who owed them homage and fealty ; and this rather increased their consideration amongst so martial a people. The kings, who succeeded him, though they also aimed at reducing the ecclesiastical power, never pursued their scheme on a great or legislative principle. They seemed rather desirous of enriching themselves by the abuses in the church, than earnest to correct them. One day they plundered, and the next day they founded monasteries, as their rapaciousness or their scruples chanced to predominate ; so that every attempt of that kind, having rather the air of tyranny than reformation, could never be heartily approved, or seconded by the body of the people.

The bishops must always be considered in the double capacity of clerks and barons. Their courts, therefore, had a double jurisdiction ; over the clergy and laity of their diocese, for the cognizance of crimes against ecclesiastical law, and over the vassals of their barony, as lords paramount. But these two departments, so different in their nature, they frequently confounded by making use of the spiritual weapon of excommunication to enforce the judgments of both ; and this sentence, cutting off the party from the common society of mankind, lay equally heavy on all ranks ; for, as it deprived the lower sort of the fellowship of their equals, and the protection of their lord, so it deprived the lord of the services of his vassals, whether he or they lay under the sentence. This was one of the grievances which the king proposed to redress.

As some sanction of religion is mixed with almost every concern of civil life, and as the ecclesiastical court took cognizance of all religious matters, it drew to itself not only all questions relative to tithes and advowsons, but whatever related to marriages, wills, the estate of intestates ; the breaches of oaths and contracts ; in a word, everything, which did not touch life, or feudal property.

The ignorance of the bailiffs in lay-courts, who were only possessed of some feudal maxims and the traditions of an uncertain custom, made this recourse to the spiritual courts the more necessary, where they could judge with a little more exactness by the lights of the canon and civil laws.

This jurisdiction extended itself by connivance, by necessity, by custom, by abuse, over lay persons and affairs. But the immunity of the clergy from lay cognizances was deemed not only as a privilege essential to the dignity of their order, supported by the canons, and countenanced by the Roman law, but as a right confirmed by all the ancient laws of England.

Christianity, coming into England out of the bosom of the Roman empire, brought along with it all those ideas of immunity. The first trace we can find of this exemption from lay jurisdiction in England, is in the laws of Etheldred ; it is more fully established in those of Canute ; but in the code of Henry the First it is twice distinctly affirmed. This immunity from the secular jurisdiction, whilst it seemed to encourage acts of violence in the clergy towards others, encouraged also the violence of others against them. The murder of a clerk could not be punished at this time with death ; it was against a spiritual person ; an offence wholly spiritual, of which the secular courts took no sort of cognizance. In the Saxon times two circumstances made such an exemption less a cause of jealousy ; the sheriff sat with the bishop, and the spiritual jurisdiction was, if not under the control, at least

under the inspection of the lay officer ; and then, as neither laity nor clergy were capitally punished for any offence, this privilege did not create so invidious and glaring a distinction between them. Such was the power of the clergy, and such the immunities, which the king proposed to diminish.

68.—PENANCE OF HENRY II.

THIERRY.

[Much of the latter portion of Henry's life and reign presents an involved and deplorable scene of family discord and contention ; sons against their father, wife against husband, brother against brother. His eldest son Henry had not only been invested with the earldoms of Maine and Anjou, but, being then sixteen years of age, had, after the custom which prevailed in the French monarchy, been, as heir apparent, solemnly crowned in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, 15th of June, 1170. On this account that prince is in old writings sometimes styled Henry III., and his common title during his life was from this date the junior or younger king ; that of the senior or elder king being given to his father. In 1172 the ceremony of his coronation was repeated, his wife Margaret of France being this time crowned along with him. Soon after this, at the instigation, it is said, of his father-in-law king Louis, the prince advanced the extraordinary pretension that he had become entitled actually to share the royal power with his father, and he demanded that Henry should resign to him either England or Normandy. His refusal was speedily followed (in March 1173) by the flight first of the prince, then of his younger brothers Richard and Geoffrey, to the French court. Richard professed to consider himself entitled to Aquitaine in virtue of the homage he had performed to Louis for that duchy after the peace of Montmirail, and Geoffrey founded on his marriage and his investiture some years before with the principality of Brittany a similar claim to the immediate possession of that territory. About the same time Eleanor also left her husband to associate herself openly with the rebellion of her sons, of which she had in fact been the prime mover, for Henry's infidelities and neglect had long changed this woman's love into bitter hatred and thirst of revenge. She was also making her way for the French court, nothing perplexed, it would seem, by the awkwardness of seeking the protection of her former husband, when she was caught dressed in man's clothes and brought back to Henry, during the rest of whose life she remained in confinement. Her capture however did not break up the unnatural confederacy of her sons. The cause of young Henry was supported not only by Louis, but also by William of Scotland, and by some of the most powerful both of the Norman and the English barons. With his characteristic energy and activity however the English king made ready to meet his various enemies at every point. Hostilities commenced both on the Continent, whither Henry proceeded in person, and on the Scottish borders, the summer of this same year. Occasionally suspended, and again renewed, the war continued for about two years.]

King Henry's natural sons had all along supported the cause of their father, and one of them, Geoffrey, Bishop of Lincoln, carried on the war with great spirit, besieging the castles and fortresses of the barons of the opposite party. Meanwhile Richard fortified the towns and castles of Poitou and Angoumois in his own cause, and it was against him that the king first marched with his faithful Brabanions, leaving Normandy, in which he had the greatest number of friends, to defend itself against the king of France. He laid siege to the town of Saintes, which was then defended by two castles, one of which bore the name of the Capitol, a relic of the memory of ancient Rome, which was preserved in many of the cities of southern Gaul. After having

taken the strongholds of Saintes, Henry II. attacked with his engines of war the two large towers of the cathedral, in which Richard's partisans had taken up their quarters. He took this as well as the fort of Taillebury and several other castles, and, on his way back to Anjou, he devastated all the frontiers of the country of the Poitevins, burning the towns, and uprooting the vines and fruit-trees. He had scarcely arrived in Normandy when he learnt that his eldest son and the Earl of Flanders, having collected a great naval armament, were preparing to make a descent on England. This news determined him to embark for that country; he carried with him, as prisoners, his wife Eleanor, and his son's wife, Margaret, daughter of the French king.

From Southampton, where he disembarked, the king proceeded towards Canterbury, and as soon as he came in sight of the metropolitan church, that is to say, at three miles distance from the town, he descended from his horse, laid aside his silk apparel, took off his boots, and set off walking barefoot along the flinty and muddy road. When he arrived in the church which contained the tomb of Thomas à Becket, he prostrated himself, with his face to the earth, crying and weeping, in presence of all the people of the town, who had been assembled by the sound of the bells. The Bishop of London, that same Gilbert Foliot, who had persecuted Thomas throughout his whole life, and who, after his death, had wished that his corpse might be thrown into a ditch, mounted the pulpit, and addressing himself to the congregation, said: "All you here present, know that Henry, King of England, calling on God and the holy martyr for the salvation of his soul, protests before you, that he neither commanded, nor willed, nor willingly caused, nor desired in his heart the death of the martyr. But as it is possible that the murderers may have taken advantage of some words imprudently uttered by him, he declares that he implores his penance from the bishops here assembled, and consents to submit his naked flesh to the discipline of rods."

Accordingly the king, accompanied by a great number of Norman bishops and abbots, and by all the Norman and Saxon monks of the chapter of Canterbury, descended to the crypt, where, two years before, they had been obliged to shut up the corpse of the archbishop as in a fort, to defend it from the insults of the royal officers and soldiers. There, kneeling on the stone of the tomb, and divesting himself of all his clothing, he placed himself, with his back bare, in the same attitude in which his justiciaries had on a former occasion caused those Englishmen to be placed, who had been publicly flogged for having welcomed Thomas on his return from exile, or for having honoured him as a saint. Each of the bishops, whose part in the ceremony had been arranged beforehand, took one of the whips with several lashes which were used in monasteries to inflict ecclesiastical corrections, and which were therefore called *disciplines*: each one gave three or four stripes with this upon the shoulders of the prostrate king saying: "As the Redeemer was scourged for the sins of men, so be thou for thy own sins." From the hands of the bishops the discipline passed into that of the monks, who were very numerous, and for the most part of the English race. These sons of those who had been made serfs by the Conquest, imprinted the stripes of a whip upon the flesh of the Conqueror's grandson, and this was not without a secret joy, as is betrayed by some bitter pleasantries which we meet with in the recitals of that time.

But the momentary joy and triumph could not be productive of any good to the English population; on the contrary, this people was made the dupe of this ignoble scene of hypocrisy which was performed before them by the Angevin king. Henry II., finding almost all his continental subjects opposed to him, had felt his need of the support of the Anglo-Saxons; he thought that a few stripes of discipline would be a trifling thing if it would render him the same service with this people, whom

he had despised in his fortunate days, as promises and false vows had formerly rendered his grandfather Henry I. Ever since the murder of Thomas à Becket, love for this pretended martyr had become the passion, or rather, the madness of the English people. The adoration of the memory of the archbishop had replaced that of the old laws, hitherto so much regretted ! all recollections of ancient liberty were effaced by the more recent impression of the nine years during which a primate of the Saxon race had been the object of the hopes, the vows, and the conversation of every Saxon. A striking testimony of sympathy with this popular sentiment was then the best bait that the king could at that time hold out to the men of the English race, to attract them to his cause, and to render them, in the words of an old historian, manageable with curb and harness. Such was the true motive of Henry II.'s pilgrimage to the tomb of him whom he had first loved as his boon companion, and then mortally hated as his political enemy.

"After having been thus scourged by his own free-will," says the contemporary historian, "he continued his orisons before the holy martyr all the day and all night, took no nourishment, and did not leave the spot for any occasion whatever ; but as he came so he remained, and did not allow any carpet, or anything of the kind, to be placed beneath his knees. After matins he made the circuit of the higher church, prayed before all the altars and all the relics, then returned to the vault of the saint. On Saturday, when the sun was risen, he asked for and heard mass, then having drunk holy water of the martyr and having filled a flask with it, he departed joyfully from Canterbury."

This comedy was entirely successful ; and there was great enthusiasm among the Anglo-Saxon serfs of the town and the neighbouring country, on the day when it was announced in the churches that the king had made his reconciliation with the blessed martyr by penitence and tears. It chanced, at this time, that William, King of Scotland, who had made a hostile incursion upon the English territory, was vanquished and made prisoner near Alnwick, in Northumberland. The Saxon population, enthusiastic for the honour of St. Thomas, believed that they saw in this victory an evident sign of the martyr's good-will and protection, and from this day they inclined to the cause of the king whom the new saint seemed to favour. In consequence of this superstitious impulse, the English enrolled themselves in crowds under the royal banner, and fought with ardour against the abettors of the revolt of Henry the younger and his two brothers. Poor and despised though they were, they formed the great mass of the inhabitants, and nothing can resist such a force when organised. The Norman malcontents were defeated in every county, their castles taken by assault, and a great number of earls and barons made prisoners. "So many were taken," says a contemporary, "that there was difficulty in finding cords sufficient to bind them, and prisons to contain them." This rapid train of successes put an end to the project of a descent upon England, formed by Henry the younger and the Earl of Flanders.

69.—THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

BURKE.

Between the death of Becket and the king's absolution, he resolved on the execution of a design, by which he reduced under his dominion a country, not more separated from the rest of Europe by its situation, than by the laws, customs, and way of life of the inhabitants ; for the people of Ireland, with no difference but that of religion, still retained the native manners of the original Celts. The king had meditated this design from the very beginning of his reign, and had obtained a Bull from the then Pope, Adrian the Fourth, an Englishman, to authorize the at-

tempt. He well knew, from the internal weakness, and advantageous situation of this noble island, the easiness and importance of such a conquest. But at this particular time he was strongly urged to his engaging personally in the enterprise by two other powerful motives. For, first, the murder of Becket had bred very ill humour in his subjects, the chief of whom, always impatient of a long peace, were glad of any pretence for rebellion; it was therefore expedient, and serviceable to the crown, to find an employment abroad for this spirit, which could not exert itself without being destructive at home. And, next, as he had obtained the grant of Ireland from the Pope, upon condition of subjecting it to Peterpence, he knew that the speedy performance of this condition would greatly facilitate his recovering the good graces of the court of Rome. Before we give a short narrative of the reduction of Ireland, I propose to lay open to the reader the state of that kingdom, that we may see what grounds Henry had to hope for success in this expedition.

Ireland is about half as large as England. In the temperature of the climate there is little difference, other than that more rain falls; as the country is more mountainous and exposed full to the westerly wind, which blowing from the Atlantic Ocean prevails during the greater part of the year. This moisture, as it has enriched the country with large and frequent rivers, and spread out a number of fair and magnificent lakes, beyond the proportion of other places, has on the other hand encumbered the island with an uncommon multitude of bogs and morasses; so that in general, it is less praised for corn than pasturage, in which no soil is more rich and luxuriant. Whilst it possesses these internal means of wealth, it opens on all sides a great number of ports, spacious and secure, and by their advantageous situation inviting to universal commerce. But on these ports, better known than those of Britain in the time of the Romans, at this time there were few towns, scarce any fortifications, and no trade, that deserves to be mentioned.

The people of Ireland lay claim to a very extravagant antiquity, through a vanity common to all nations. The accounts which are given by their ancient chronicles, of their first settlements, are generally tales confuted by their own absurdity. The settlement of the greatest consequence, the best authenticated, and from which the Irish deduce the pedigree of the best families, is derived from Spain; it was called *Clan Milea*, or the descendants of *Milesius*, and *Kin Scuit*, or the race of *Seyths*, afterwards known by the name of *Scots*. The Irish historians suppose this race descended from a person called *Gathel*, a *Scythian* by birth, an *Ægyptian* by education, the contemporary and friend of the prophet *Moses*. But these histories, stemming clear-sighted in the obscure affairs of so blind an antiquity, instead of passing for treasuries of ancient facts, are regarded by the judicious as modern fictions. In cases of this sort rational conjectures are more to be relied on than improbable relations. It is more probable that Ireland was first peopled from Britain. The coasts of these countries are in some places in sight of each other. The language, the manners, and religion of the most ancient inhabitants of both are nearly the same. The *Milesian* colony, whenever it arrived in Ireland, could have made no great change in the manners or language, as the ancient Spaniards were a branch of the *Celts*, as well as the old inhabitants of Ireland. The Irish language is not different from that of all other nations, as *Temple* and *Rapin*, from ignorance of it, have asserted. On the contrary, many of its words bear a remarkable resemblance not only to those of the *Welsh* and *Armorick*, but also to the *Greek* and *Latin*. Neither is the figure of the letters very different from the vulgar character, though their order is not the same with that of other nations, nor the names, which are taken from the Irish proper names of several species of trees; a circumstance, which, notwithstanding their similitude to the Roman letters, argues a different original and great antiquity. The *Druid* discipline anciently flourished

in that island ; in the fourth century it fell down before the preaching of St. Patrick ; then the Christian religion was embraced, and cultivated with an uncommon zeal, which displayed itself in the number and consequence of the persons, who in all parts embraced the contemplative life. This mode of life, and the situation of Ireland, removed from the horror of those devastations which shook the rest of Europe, made it a refuge for learning, almost extinguished every where else. Science flourished in Ireland during the seventh and eighth centuries. The same cause which destroyed it in other countries, also destroyed it there. The Danes, then Pagans, made themselves masters of the island after a long and wasteful war, in which they destroyed the sciences along with the monasteries, in which they were cultivated. By as destructive a war they were at length expelled ; but neither their ancient science nor repose returned to the Irish ; who falling into domestic distractions as soon as they were freed from their foreign enemies, sunk quickly into a state of ignorance, poverty, and barbarism ; which must have been very great, since it exceeded that of the rest of Europe. The disorders in the church were equal to those in the civil economy, and furnished to the Pope a plausible pretext for giving Henry a commission to conquer the kingdom, in order to reform it.

The Irish were divided into a number of tribes or clans, each clan forming within itself a separate government. It was ordered by a chief, who was not raised to that dignity either by election, or by the ordinary course of descent, but as the eldest and worthiest of the blood of the deceased lord. This order of succession, called Tanistry, was said to have been invented in the Danish troubles, lest the tribe, during a minority, should have been endangered for want of a sufficient leader. It was probably much more ancient ; but it was however, attended with very great and pernicious inconveniences, as it was obviously an affair of difficulty to determine who should be called the worthiest of the blood ; and a door being always left open for ambition, this order introduced a greater mischief than it was intended to remedy. Almost every tribe, besides its contention with the neighbouring tribes, nourished faction and discontent within itself. The chiefs we speak of were in general called Tierna, or Lords, and those of more consideration Riagh, or Kings ; over these were placed five kings more eminent than the rest, answerable to the five provinces, into which the island was anciently divided. These again were subordinate to one head, who was called Monarch of all Ireland, raised to that power by election, or more properly speaking, by violence.

Whilst the dignities of the state were disposed of by a sort of election, the office of judges, who were called Brehons, the trades of mechanics, and even those arts which we are apt to consider as depending principally on natural genius, such as poetry and music, were confined in succession to certain races ; the Irish imagining that greater advantages were to be derived from an early institution, and the affection of parents desirous of perpetuating the secrets of their art in their families, than from the casual efforts of particular fancy and application. This is much in the strain of the Eastern policy ; but these and many other of the Irish institutions, well enough calculated to preserve good arts and useful discipline when these arts came to degenerate, were equally well calculated to prevent all improvement, and to perpetuate corruption, by infusing an invincible tenaciousness of ancient customs.

The people of Ireland were much more addicted to pasturage than agriculture, not more from the quality of their soil, than from a remnant of the Scythian manners. They had but few towns, and those not fortified, each clan living dispersed over its own territory. The few walled towns they had lay on the sea-coast ; they were built by the Danes, and held after they had lost their conquests in the inland

parts; here was carried on the little foreign trade which the island then possessed.

The Irish militia was of two kinds; one called Keons, which were foot, slightly armed with a long knife or dagger, and almost naked; the other Galloglasses, who were horse; poorly mounted, and generally armed only with a battle-axe. Neither horse nor foot made much use of the spear, the sword, or the bow. With indifferent arms, they had still worse discipline. In these circumstances their natural bravery, which, though considerable, was not superior to that of their invaders, stood them in little stead.

Such was the situation of things in Ireland, when Dermot, king of Leinster, having violently carried away the wife of one of the neighbouring petty sovereigns, Roderic, king of Connaught, and Monarch of Ireland, joined with the injured husband to punish so flagrant an outrage; and with their united forces spoiled Dermot of his territories, and obliged him to abandon the kingdom. The fugitive prince, not unapprised of Henry's designs upon his country, threw himself at his feet, implored his protection, and promised to hold of him, as his feudatory, the sovereignty he should recover by his assistance. Henry was at this time at Guenno; nothing could be more agreeable to him than such an incident; but as his French dominions actually lay under an interdict on account of his quarrel with Becket, and all his affairs, both at home and abroad, were in a troubled and dubious situation, it was not prudent to remove his person, nor venture any considerable body of his forces, on a distant enterprise. Yet not willing to lose so favourable an opportunity, he warmly recommended the cause of Dermot to his regency in England, permitting and encouraging all persons to arm in his favour: a permission, in this age of enterprise, greedily accepted by many; but the person who brought the most assistance to it, and indeed gave a form and spirit to the whole design, was Richard, Earl of Striail, commonly known by the name of Strongbow. Dermot, to confirm in his interest this potent and warlike peer, promised him his daughter in marriage with the reversion of his crown. The beginnings of so great an enterprise were formed with a very slender force. Not four hundred men landed near Wexford; they took the town by storm. When reinforced they did not exceed twelve hundred; but, being joined with three thousand men by Dermot, with an incredible rapidity of success they reduced Waterford, Dublin, Limerick, the only considerable cities in Ireland. By the novelty of their arms they had obtained some striking advantages in their first engagements; and by these advantages they attained a superiority of opinion over the Irish, which every success increased. Before the effect of this first impression had time to wear off, Henry, having settled his affairs abroad, entered the harbour of Cork with a fleet of four hundred sail, at once to secure the conquest, and the allegiance of the conquerors. The fame of so great a force arriving under a prince, dreaded by all Europe, very soon disposed all the petty princes, with their King Roderic, to submit: I do homage to Henry. They had not been able to resist the arms of his vassals, and they hoped better treatment from submitting to the ambition of a great king, who left them every thing but the honour of their independency, than from the avarice of adventurers, from which nothing was secure. The bishops and the body of the clergy greatly contributed to this submission, from respect to the Pope, and the horror of their late defeats, which they began to regard as judgments. A national council was held at Cashel for bringing the church of Ireland to a perfect conformity, in rites and discipline, to that of England. It is not to be thought, that in this council the temporal interests of England were entirely forgotten. Many of the English were established in their particular conquests under the tenure of knights-service, now first introduced into Ireland; a tenure, which, if it has not proved the best calculated to

secure the obedience of the vassal to the sovereign, has never failed in any instance of preserving a vanquished people in obedience to the conquerors. The English lords built strong castles on their demesnes; they put themselves at the head of the tribes, whose chiefs they had slain; they assumed the Irish garb and manners; and thus partly by force, partly by policy, the first English families took a firm root in Ireland. It was indeed long before they were able entirely to subdue the island to the laws of England; but the continual efforts of the Irish, for more than four hundred years, proved insufficient to dislodge them.

70.—THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

[From 'Henry II.' by THOMAS MAY.]

[The following poem, by one of our early poets, is founded upon the most commonly received tradition. The real history of Rosamond de Clifford is very obscure: we extract the following brief account from the Pictorial History of England:—

"The history of the 'Fair Rosamond,' has been enveloped in romantic traditions which have scarcely any foundation in truth, but which have taken so firm a hold on the popular mind, and have been identified with so much poetry, that it is neither an easy nor a pleasant task to dissipate the fanciful illusion, and unpeople the 'bower' in the sylvan shades of Woodstock. Rosamond de Clifford was the daughter of a baron of Herefordshire, the beautiful site of whose antique castle, in the valley of the Wye, is pointed out to the traveller between the town of the Welsh Hay and the city of Hereford, at a point where the most romantic of rivers, after foaming through its rocky, narrow bed in Wales, sweeps freely and tranquilly through an open English valley of surpassing loveliness. Henry became enamoured of her in his youth, before he was a king, and the connexion continued for many years; but long before his death, and even long before his quarrel with his wife and legitimate sons (with which it appears she had nothing to do), Rosamond retired to lead a religious and penitent life, into the 'little nunnery' of Godestow, in the 'rich meadows of Evenlode, near unto Oxford.'"

"As Henry still preserved gentle and generous feelings towards the object of his youthful and ardent passion, he made many donations to the 'little nunnery,' on her account; and when she died (some time at least, before the first rebellion) the nuns, in gratitude to one who had been both directly and indirectly their benefactress, buried her in their choir, hung a silken pall over her tomb, and kept tapers constantly burning around it. These few lines, we believe, comprise all that is really known of the fair Rosamond. The legend, so familiar to the childhood of all of us, was of later and gradual growth, not being the product of one imagination. The chronicler Brompton, who wrote in the time of Edward III., or more than a century and a half after the event, gave the first description we possess of the secret bower of Rosamond. He says, that in order that she might not be 'easily taken unawares by the queen' (ne forsan a regina facile deprehenderetur) Henry constructed, near 'Wodestocke,' a bower for this 'most sightly maiden,' (puellæ spectatissimæ), of wonderful contrivance, and not unlike the Dædalean labyrinth; but he speaks only of a device against surprise, and intimates in clear terms, that Rosamond died a natural death. The clue of silk, and the poison-bow forced on her fair and gentle rival, by the jealous and revengeful Eleanor, were additions of a still more modern date."

Fair Rosamond within her bower of late,
(While these sad storms had shaken Henry's state

And he from England last had absent been)
Retir'd herself : nor had that star been scen
To shine abroad, or with her lustre grace
The woods, or walks adjoining to the place.

About those places, while the times were free,
Oft with a train of her attendants, sho
For pleasure walk'd ; and like the Huntress Queen,
With her light nymphs, was by the people seen.
Thither the country lads and swains, that near
To Woodstock dwelt, would come to gaze on her.
Their jolly May-games there would they present,
Their harmless sports and rustic merriment,
To give this beauteous paragon delight.
Nor that officious service would she slight !
But their rude pastimes gently entertain,
When oft some forward and ambitious swain,
That durst presume (unhappy lad !) to look
Too near that sparkling beauty, planet-struck
Return'd from thence, and his hard hap did wail.
What now [Alas !] can wake or fair avail
His love-sick mind ? no whitsun-ale can please,
No jingling morris-dancers give him ease ;
The pipe and tabor have no sound at all,
Nor to the may-pole can his measures call !
Although invited by the merriest lasses,
How little for those former joys he passes ?
But sits at home with folded arms ; or goes
To carve on beeches' barks his piercing woes
And too ambitious love. Cupid, they say,
Had stol'n from Venus then : and lurking lay
About the fields and villages, that nigh
To Woodstock were, as once in Arcady
He did before, and taught the rural swains
Love's oratory, and persuasive strains.
But now fair Rosamond had from the sight
Of all withdrawn ; as in a cloud, her light
Enveloped long, and she immured close
Within her bower, since these sad stirs arose,
For fear of cruel foes ; relying on
The strength and safeguard of the place alone :
If any place of strength enough could be
Against a queen's enraged jealousy.

Now came that fatal day, ordain'd to see
Th' eclipse of beauty, and for ever be
Accurst by woful lovers, all alone
Into her chamber, Rosamond was gone ;
Where (as if fates into her soul had sent
A secret notice of their dire intent)
Afflicting thoughts possessed her as she sate,
She sadly weigh'd her own unhappy state,
Her feared dangers, and how far (alas)
From her relief engaged Henry was.

But most of all, while pearly drops distain'd
 Her rosy cheeks, she secretly complain'd,
 And wail'd her honour's loss, wishing in vain
 She could recal her virgin state again ;
 When that unblemish'd form, so much admir'd,
 Was by a thousand noble youths desir'd,
 And might have mov'd a monarch's lawful flame. •
 Sometimes she thought how some more happy dame
 By such a beauty, as was hers, had won,
 From meanest birth, the honour of a throne ;
 And what to some could highest glories gain,
 To her had purchas'd nothing but a stain.
 There, when she found her crime, she check'd again
 That high aspiring thought, and 'gan complain,
 How much (alas) the too too dazzling light
 Of royal lustre had misled her sight ;
 O ! then she wish'd her beauties ne'er had been
 Renown'd ! that she had ne'er at court been seen :
 Nor too much pleas'd enamour'd Henry's eye.
 While thus she sadly mus'd, a ruthless cry
 Had pierc'd her tender ear, and in the sound
 Was nam'd (she thought) unhappy Rosamond.
 (The cry was utter'd by her griev'd maid,
 From whom that clue was taken, that betray'd
 Her lady's life), and while she doubting fear'd,
 Too soon the fatal certainty appear'd ;
 For with her train the wrathful queen was there ;
 Oh ! who can tell what cold and killing fear
 Through every part of Rosamond was shook ?
 The rosy tincture her sweet cheeks forsook,
 And like an ivory statue did she show
 Of life and motion reft; had she been so
 Transform'd indeed, how kind the fates had been,
 How pitiful to her ! nay, to the queen !
 Even she herself did seem to entertain
 Some ruth, but straight revenge return'd again,
 And fill'd her furious breast. " Strumpet (quoth she)
 I need not speak at all ; my sight may be
 Enough expression of my wrongs, and what
 The consequence must prove of such a hate.
 Here, take this poison'd cup (for in her hand
 A poison'd cup she had), and do not stand
 To parley now, but drink it presently,
 Or else by tortures be resolv'd to die.
 Thy doom is set." Pale trembling Rosamond
 Receives the cup, and kneeling on the ground,
 When dull amazement somewhat had forsook
 Her breast, thus humbly to the queen she spoke.
 " I dare not hope you should so far relent,
 Great queen, as to forgive the punishment
 That to my foul offence is justly due.
 Nor will I vainly plead excuse, to shew

By what strong arts I was at first betray'd,
 Or tell how many subtle snares were laid
 To catch mine honour. These, though ne'er so true,
 Can bring no recompense at all to you,
 Nor just excuse to my abhorred crime.
 Instead of sudden death, I crave but time,
 'Which shall be styl'd no time of life but death,
 In which I may with my condemned breath,
 While grief and penance make me hourly die,
 Pour out my prayers for your prosperity ;
 Or take revenge on this offending face,
 That did procure you wrong, and my disgrace,
 Make poisonous leprosy o'erspread my skin ;
 And punish that, that made your Henry sin.
 Better content will such a vengeance give
 To you ; that he should loathe me whilst I live,
 Than that he should extend (if thus I die)
 His lasting pity to my memory,
 And you be forc'd to see, when I am dead,
 Those tears, perchance, which he for me will shed :
 For though my worthless self deserve from him
 No tears in death ; yet when he weighs my crime,
 Of which he knows how great a part was his,
 And what I suffer as a sacrifice
 For that offence, 't will grieve his soul to be
 The cause of such a double tragedy."

"No more (reply'd the furious queen) ; have done ;
 Delay no longer, lest thy chance be gone,
 And that a sterner death for thee remain."
 No more did Rosamond entreat in vain ;
 But forc'd by hard necessity to yield,
 Drank of the fatal potion that she held.
 And with it enter'd the grim tyrant death :
 Yet gave such respite, that her dying breath
 Might beg forgiveness from the heavenly throne,
 And pardon those that her destruction
 Had doubly wrought. "Forgive, oh Lord," said she,
 " Him that dishonour'd, her that murder'd me.
 Yet let me speak, for truth's sake, angry queen :
 If you had spar'd my life, I might have been
 In time to come th' example of your glory ;
 Not of your shame, as now, for when the story
 Of hapless Rosamond is read, the best
 And holiest people, as they will detest
 My crime, and call it foul, they will abhor,
 And call unjust, the rage of Eliaior,
 And in this act of yours it will be thought
 King Henry's sorrow, not his love you sought."
 And now so far the venom's force assail'd
 Her vital parts, that life with language fail'd.
 That well-built palace where the Graces made
 Their chief abode, where thousand Cupids play'd

And couch'd their shafts, whose structure did delight
 Ev'n nature's self, is now demolish'd quite,
 Ne'er to be rais'd again ; the untimely stroke
 Of death, that precious cabinet has broke,
 That Henry's pleased heart so long had held.
 With sudden mourning now the house is fill'd ;
 Nor can the queen's attendants, though they fear
 Her wrath, from weeping at that sight forbear.
 By rough north blasts so blooming roses fade
 So crushed falls the lily's tender blade.
 Her hearse at Godstowe Abbey they inter,
 Where sad and lasting monuments of her,
 For many years did to the world remain.
 Nought did the queen by this dire slaughter gain,
 But more her lord's displeasure aggravate ;
 And now when he return'd in prosperous state,
 'This act was cause, together with that crime,
 Of raising his unnatural sons 'gainst him,
 That she so long in prison was detain'd,
 And whilst he lived, her freedom never gain'd.

71.—ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS.

G. L. CRAIK.

From the 'Pictorial History of England.'

Among the things that most strike us on first looking at this period of our legal and judicial history are the substitution of general and central for local judicatures, and the appointment of judges regularly trained to a knowledge of the law, to preside in the several courts. Soon after the conquest great inconveniences appear to have been felt from the administration of justice in the county courts, hundred courts, and courts baron. These inconveniences arose from various causes, of which the principal, according to Sir Mathew Hale, were the three following :—1st. The IGNORANCE of the judges, who were the freeholders of the county. "For," says Hale, "although the alderman or chief constable of every hundred was always to be a man learned in the laws, and although not only the freeholders, but the bishops, barons and great men, were, by the laws of king Henry I., appointed to attend the county court, yet they seldom attended there, or, if they did, in process of time they neglected to study the English laws, as great men usually do." 2ndly. The GREAT VARIETY of laws, the effect of several independent jurisdictions. Glanville says, "The customs of the lords' courts are so numerous and various that it is scarcely possible to reduce them into writing." 3rdly. The corruption and intimidation practised ; for all the business of any moment was carried by parties and factions.

It is probable, however, that we are to seek for the main causes of the subversion of the ancient system in certain changes which the very principle of that system was itself producing, and which we shall now proceed to consider.

Of these changes the most important and fundamental was the establishment of the trial by jury. The essential principle of the original Saxon mode of trial was the submission of the matter in dispute, in some form or other, to what was held to be the arbitration of Heaven. There was no interference of the human judgment,—no attempt to arrive at the truth by weighing and comparing the adverse probabilities ; the question was not held to be a question of probabilities at all ; it was conceived to be capable of a solution as certain as any question in arithmetic.

The decision was left not to the fallible judgment of man, but, as was believed, to the infallible judgment of the Deity. As long as this belief subsisted universally, it is evident, as we have already observed, that no mode of trial proceeding upon a different principle could well come into use. Men would not readily relinquish a method which afforded them in all cases a certain determination of the matter, for one which afforded them only a doubtful determination of it. They would not easily be disposed to remain satisfied with a decision which might be wrong, while they believed that they had it in their power to obtain one that could not but be right. That belief, however, was so entirely founded in ignorance and superstition, that it of necessity decayed in the light of increasing knowledge and civilization; even the results of the trials at law that were founded on it would themselves be constantly raising suspicions of its fallacy. Nevertheless, there is reason to suppose that it was not any general conviction of the absurdity of the ordeal, or of the vanity of the imagination on which the use of it rested, that led first to its discouragement, and eventually to its entire abandonment. If such a conviction had been arrived at, the practice would have been given up at once, as one wholly irrational and iniquitous. But this was not the course taken. In the first instance, the legislature only interfered to narrow the application of the ordeal, and the church to discountenance the frequent or indiscriminate resort to it. It is evident that the popular prejudice in its favour could not yet be attacked in front. Its folly was discerned by the ruling and more enlightened part of the community; and the government and the church, even if either or both may be supposed to have had an interest in keeping it up as a convenient instrument of control, must have perceived that it was one which could not be much longer left in their hands; but they did not, for all that, announce that the supposed judgment of Heaven was really nothing of the kind. If they had, they would have offended what was yet the general sentiment, and their announcement would probably have been received with incredulity and scorn. Besides, there would be a natural reluctance on the part of those by whom the ordeal had been hitherto sanctioned and upheld to make a frank acknowledgement that it was all a solemn mockery. They therefore took another course. The clergy began to preach against the ordeal, not as being absurd, but as being impious; they did not deny its efficiency, as an appeal to Heaven, but they endeavoured to show that it was an appeal which, in ordinary circumstances, at least, it was sinful in human beings to make. They may possibly also have sometimes insinuated that one of the consequences of its abuse would be its frequent failure;—that the Deity would not consent to favour with a true decision of their cause the parties who thus improperly called upon him. Be this as it may, it was only after a long course of partial opposition to the ordeal that the church ventured finally and distinctly to prohibit its use. It did do this at last, however, by the eighteenth canon of the Fourth Council of Lateran, published in November, 1215.

Meanwhile, the ordeal had been gradually falling more and more into disuse under the operation of various causes. The discouragement of it by the church, and the diffusion of the feeling upon which that discouragement was professedly grounded, would, no doubt, have a powerful effect in indisposing the public mind towards such a mode of trial except in very extraordinary circumstances. Then, the conviction of its inherent absurdity, and utter unsuitableness in any circumstances, was of course growing and extending itself. Besides, it was not necessary in order to be opposed altogether to the ordeal as a mode of trying causes, that a person should be a disbeliever in the assumed principle of that kind of trial. That principle was, that the Deity, if fairly appealed to, would work a miracle in vindication of the innocent party—would prevent the boiling water from scalding him,

or the red-hot iron from burning him. This might be granted ; and still the ordeal might be objected to on the ground that there was, and could be, no security for its being in any case a fair submission of the matter to the arbitration of Heaven. It might be alleged that, from the way in which the matter was managed, the result was wholly in the hands of the functionaries who superintended the process. The historian Eadmer relates, as an instance of the daring impiety of William Rufus, that upon one occasion, when about fifty Englishmen, of good quality and fortune, whom he had caused to be tried for killing his deer, by the ordeal of hot iron, had all come off unburnt, and were consequently acquitted, that king declared he would have them tried again by another mode, and not by this pretended judgment of God, which was made favourable or unfavourable at any man's pleasure. Yet Rufus here did not dispute the efficacy of the ordeal if it had been fairly managed ; he did not deny that Heaven, if appealed to, would pronounce a just decision, and would even, if necessary, work a miracle for that purpose ; he only denied that the professed appeal to Heaven was really made. And this was a suspicion that was, no doubt, very generally entertained.

The gradual extinction, however, of the practice of trying causes by appeal to the judgment of Heaven, was mainly brought about by the natural development of the principle of that mode of trial itself. And this is the most curious point in the inquiry, and that which is most deserving of attention. The manner in which what we should now call evidence originally obtained admission in trials at law was by its assuming the form of an appeal to Heaven ; that is to say, it obtained admission on the only principle then recognised,—the principle of the ordeal. In a criminal case, instead of the ordeal of water or iron being at once resorted to, an attempt was made to avoid that expedient, and to decide the case by a contest of oaths between the authors of the charge on the one hand, and the accused party and his friends on the other ; it was only in the event of the charge not being established by this preliminary process that the trial was carried farther. But the persons who thus swore were not at first witnesses at all : they did not profess to testify to the facts at issue upon their own knowledge ; all that they declared was, those on the one side their belief in the guilt, those on the other their belief in the innocence of the accused. Nor was their testimony considered and weighed by any act of the judgment ; their testimony, properly speaking, was not estimated at all, but they themselves were counted and valued, each man according to his "were," or the legal worth at which he was rated according to his rank in society. This, therefore, was not the hearing of evidence in any sense ; it was merely another mode of appealing to Heaven, which it was supposed would no more suffer the guilty party to come off victor in this contest of oaths than it would fail to vindicate the innocent in the ordeal of fire or water. Nevertheless, this mode of compurgation, as it was called, could scarcely fail to lead, in course of time, to a further innovation. The person pledging his faith in favour of the one side or the other, with an evident or understood knowledge of the facts bearing on the question at issue, would inevitably make a stronger impression upon the court than the person manifestly destitute of such knowledge who presented himself to make a similar or an opposite deposition : this would happen even while the letter and practice of the law made no distinction or that ground between the two deponents. The bringing forward of persons to make their depositions who were not acquainted with the facts of the case, would, in this way, become disreputable, and gradually fall into disuse, till at length the deponents on both sides, though still only called upon to make oath to their belief in the statement of the one party or of the other, would be almost always understood to speak not merely from partiality to the party whom their declarations were to benefit, or from a general confidence in his

credibility, but from their own knowledge of the disputed facts. In truth, a person ignorant of the facts would, it may fairly be presumed, scarcely dare now to present himself to make oath in opposition to one to whom the facts were well known. Here, then, we have the deponents on both sides already turned into witnesses even before the law, yet demands their testimony. But, this point arrived at, it is impossible that the next step should be long delayed. The witnesses, that is the persons having a knowledge of the facts, being thus brought before the court, would naturally be led by degrees to extend their depositions beyond a mere general declaration in support of either party; they would proceed to state the grounds of the belief which they made oath that they entertained; in other words, they would state the facts which they knew in relation to the cause,—they would give their testimony as well as their depositions. Evidence having thus once obtained admission, however irregularly, and with however little legal efficacy in the first instance, would speedily come to be received as of weight in the decision of the cause, and would then be demanded as indispensable. But this change would render necessary other important changes.

So long as causes were tried on the principle of submitting the matter in dispute, in some form or other, to the arbitration of Heaven, no functionaries that could properly be called judges were required in the courts of law. There might be a person to preside, and to declare or make publicly known the result of the process which had been gone through; but no exercise of the judgment was demanded either here or in any other part of the proceedings. The whole affair, as already observed, was of the nature of a chemical experiment, or an arithmetical calculation; it was conducted according to certain fixed rules, or might be said to carry on itself; and the ascertainment of the result was merely a matter of observation, and of observation of the easiest kind. Under this state of things, therefore, all kinds of causes were tried at popular meetings,—at the wittenagemote, and the shiremote, and the other assemblies of the same kind; and the judgment passed in each case might as truly be said to be that of the attending crowd as that of the members of the court. It was really the judgment neither of the one nor of the other, nor was it so considered; it was called not the judgment of man at all, but the judgment of God. But as soon as the principle of the appeal to Heaven was departed from, by the admission of evidence, the whole system of the administration of the law necessarily assumed a new form. The exercise of judgment by the court now became indispensable. It is probable, however, that in the gradual progress of the change, this consequence was not for some time very clearly perceived, and that it came upon the country and the government before the requisite preparations were made for it. Hence, as occasions arose, expedients of various kinds would be at first resorted to with the view of making the old machinery still answer. It would soon be found, for instance, that the hearing of evidence, unlike the ordeal and the trial by compurgation, produced differences of opinion among the persons present; and it would also become abundantly apparent that a large multitude of persons did not form the most convenient tribunal for weighing and coming to a decision upon the statements of conflicting witnesses. In these circumstances we might, on the first view of the matter, suppose the most natural course would be to appoint a small committee of the court to examine the witnesses and come to a judgment upon the cause. But this is to assume that the proper distinction between the provinces of the court and of the witnesses was already much more distinctly perceived than it could as yet be, when things were only beginning to emerge out of that state in which the court had really never taken any part in the trial of the cause at all. The witnesses, or the persons who came to give evidence, and not the court, would at this time in fact be most naturally looked

upon, as the real triers of the cause. A committee of the witnesses, therefore, rather than a committee of the court, would be the select body appointed for its consideration and settlement in the earliest attempts to escape from the confusion and perplexity of conflicting evidence. Those of the witnesses who were conceived to be the persons of greatest probity, or to be those best acquainted with the facts, would be chosen out from among the rest, and left to agree among themselves as to how the truth stood,—in other words, to try the cause. The persons thus set apart would probably be called upon to make their depositions with more form and solemnity than ordinary witnesses; for instance, although the ordinary witness might be heard merely upon his declaration, the selected witness would be required to give his evidence upon oath. Finally, it would very soon become the custom for the selected witnesses, or triers, to be always of the same number; such a rule would be properly held to conduce to fairness of procedure; and besides, the popular feeling has always attached a certain virtue or importance to particular numbers.

In the above deduction we have in fact what appears to be the history of the origin in this country of trial by jury, in as far as it can be collected from the scanty notices that remain to us of changes which, however important they were destined to be in their ultimate results, were scarcely deemed worthy of being recorded by any contemporary chronicler, and the only memory of which that has come down to us has been preserved more by accident than by design. We know that, even in the Saxon times, it was occasionally the practice to select for the decision of a civil suit certain of the most reputable of the persons who professed to be acquainted with the facts in dispute, the parties agreeing together in their nomination, and consenting to abide by their decision or verdict. In the Norman times this became a more usual mode of trying causes, and it was now consequently subjected to more strict regulation. Nothing is better established than that the original jury, or body of sworn triers, were really the witnesses in the case, and that their verdict was their deliverance upon it from their own knowledge of the facts. At first this mode of trial appears to have been only occasionally and sparingly resorted to. Two instances are recorded in the reign of the Conqueror, one in a suit between the crown and Gundulphus, Bishop of Rochester, in 1078, the other in a suit respecting certain lands claimed for the bishopric of Ely in 1080. In the subsequent reigns the instances are more frequent. Sir F. Palgrave is of opinion that in criminal cases the jury was unknown in this country until enacted by the Conqueror. William, in a charter by which he professed to restore the laws of the Confessor, with certain additions, directed that, in the particular case of a charge made by an Englishman against a Norman, or by a Norman against an Englishman, the guilt or innocence of the accused should be determined by a tribunal of sworn witnesses, "according to the law of Normandy." The first regulation, however, which established the jury as a general mode of trial appears to have been one of the laws, or "assizes," as they were called, enacted by Henry II. at Clarendon, about 1176. By this law, to quote the account of Sir F. Palgrave, "the justices, who represented the king's person, were to make inquiry by the oaths of twelve knights, or other lawful men, of each hundred, together with the four men from each township, of all murders, robberies, and thefts, and of all who had harboured such offenders since the king's accession to the throne." Another enactment of the same assizes abolished the trial by compurgation in criminal cases, except in certain boroughs. The verdict of the inquest, however, was not yet made final. The person charged by the twelve knights was still allowed to clear himself, if he could, by the ordeal of fire or water. Other laws of the same king, some of which, however, are only imperfectly preserved, appear to have established the inquest or "re-

cognition" by the twelve lawful men as the regular mode of trial in various kinds of civil suits.

If the trial by battle was at all known in Saxon times, the earliest record of it in England is subsequent to the Conquest. The duel (or *erneste*, as its Saxon name appears to have been) would seem to be a still ruder mode of trial than any of those methods that were more peculiarly called the ordeal, as allowing, which they did not, mere physical force to be the main arbitrator of the dispute, and being therefore almost identical in principle with the mode of deciding quarrels which is proper to a state of nature. It is, probably, indeed, of greater antiquity than the ordeal; yet it was neither supplanted by the ordeal, nor when that mode of trial was abolished did the duel even share its fate. It continued in common use for ages afterwards. The duel was undoubtedly looked upon as being, not less than the ordeal, an appeal to the judgment of God, and it was in virtue of this character that it retained its place as one of the allowed modes of trial in association with the ordeal. If it had been deemed to be a mere contest of physical strength, it is difficult to conceive that it ever should have been adopted as a mode of legal trial at all, and it certainly could not have kept its ground as such after the more refined principle of the ordeal came to be recognised. The belief was that Heaven would by no means allow the issue of the appeal to depend upon the *thews* and *sinews* of the two combatants, but would defend the right, if necessary by enabling the weaker man to overcome the stronger,—that is to say, by working a miracle, just as in the case of the ordeal. The duel and the ordeal therefore stood in the popular imagination upon the same principle. Why, then, when the ordeal was prohibited, was not the duel abolished along with it? To be enabled to answer this question we must recollect that the prohibition of the ordeal was by no means distinctly placed by the church upon the ground of the inherent absurdity of such a mode of trial,—of the fallacy of the notion that the special interference of Heaven was to be so secured. The practice was discouraged, and at last formally condemned as unlawful, on other grounds altogether, as has been shown above. It was denounced as impious rather than as fallacious or absurd. If it was admitted to be in any sense fallacious, it was merely in so far as the supposed appeal to Heaven might by dishonest management be rendered only apparent instead of real. The generally received opinion that the direct judgment of God in a cause might be obtained by being properly sought for was left unassailed. All that was affirmed was, that the ordeal of fire or of water, was not a proper mode of seeking for such judgment. The condemnation of these modes, therefore, did not necessarily touch the trial by combat. It lay under none of the objections on account of which they were condemned. It did not easily admit of collusion or any other species of unfair management. It was from its nature not likely to be resorted to upon trivial occasions, or to be taken advantage of in any circumstances as a mere form, but was always of necessity a solemn encounter, in which neither party could engage without peril of his life. Add to all this the accordance of the trial by combat with the martial spirit of the times, when prowess in arms was looked upon as almost the chief of human virtues; and we shall be at no loss to understand the favour, or at least the toleration, which was shown to this mode of trial when the not more barbarous or more unjust custom of the ordeal was banished from the judicial practice of Christendom. Yet even within the period now under consideration an important step was taken towards the extinction of the appeal of battle in civil suits by a law of Henry II., which gave to both the tenant and defendant in a writ of right the alternative of having the case tried by what was called the *grand assize*, which was in fact merely a jury composed of four knights returned by the sheriff, and of twelve other persons named by them. The introduction of the *grand assize* is as-

cribed to the advice of Glanville, who has in his book given a very particular description of it, and expatiated upon its great importance as an improvement of the law.

It is obvious that the entirely new form and character assumed by judicial proceedings, after the commencement of the practice of trying and deciding causes by evidence, would render the old machinery for the administration of the law altogether unserviceable. An exercise of the judgment was now called for on the part of the court, instead of merely an exercise of the faculty of observation. Judges were therefore of necessity appointed in all the courts. It is probable that this innovation was partially introduced in the Saxon times; but it was not generally established till after the conquest. The general character of the Norman domination, under which all authority was held to proceed and to derive its being from the crown, was especially favourable to the completion of the new system. It appears to have been as early as 1118, in the reign of Henry I., that justices itinerant, or justices in Eyre, as they were called, were first appointed to go on circuits through the kingdom for the holding of all pleas both civil and criminal. They were not however made a regular part of the judicature of the kingdom till 1176, the twenty-second year of the reign of Henry II.

72.—DEATH OF HENRY II.

THIERRY.

[In 1183 another outbreak of the fierce and turbulent spirit of the princes led the way to a new succession of family wars. This time Richard took up arms against Henry and Geoffrey, because his father called upon him to do homage to Henry for Aquitaine. A reconciliation between the brothers, effected by their father's interference, only suspended hostilities for a few months; the old king and his son Richard were then compelled to take the field against the other two. After deserting his father and his youngest brother alternately about half a dozen times, Prince Henry was suddenly taken ill, and died at Château-Martel, 11th June, 1183, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. Geoffrey still held out, supported by the chief nobility of Aquitaine, where there was a strong feeling of the people against the English king for his treatment of their hereditary chieftainess Eleanor; but he too in a short time made his submission and implored his father's pardon. A solemn family reconciliation then took place, at which even Eleanor was released from her prison and allowed to be present. But it did not last for more than a few months; Geoffrey then, in consequence of his father refusing to surrender to him the earldom of Anjou, fled to the court of France, where Philip II. was now king, and prepared for a new war; but before he could carry his design into execution he was, in August, 1186, thrown from his horse at a tournament, and so severely injured that he died in a few days after. No sooner was Geoffrey thus removed than his brother Richard hastened to the French court to take his place; but after unsuccessfully attempting to excite a new revolt in Aquitaine, he was compelled to throw himself upon his father's clemency. A project of a new crusade, at the call of pope Clement III., in the beginning of 1188, for a moment united Henry and Philip; the impetuous Richard actually took the cross, carried away by the feeling which thrilled all Europe on the arrival of the news of the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin in the preceding September; but before the end of the same year the unhappy father saw his son again bearing arms against him in alliance with the French king. The pretext on the part of Philip and of Richard for this new war, was Henry's refusal to deliver up the princess Alico, the sister of the former, and the affianced bride of the latter, whose person as well as part of her dowry he had for many years had in his possession. Richard pretended to believe that his father wished

to marry the princess himself, and even asserted or insinuated that her honour had already fallen a sacrifice to Henry's passion ; it appears to be certain however that her restitution was only made a demand of the two confederates for popular effect, and was a very small part of their real object. Richard, having first done homage to Philip for all his father's continental possessions, immediately proceeded to wrest them from the old man by the sword. Henry's spirit seems now to have given way at last, and the resistance he offered to his son was feeble and ineffective.]

Without means of defence, and without authority, enfeebled in mind and body, he determined to solicit peace, offering to submit to any conditions which might be imposed. The conference of the two kings, (for it appears that Richard took no part in it, but awaited at a distance the issue of the negotiations), was held in a plain between Tours and Azay-sur-Cher. Philip's demands were, that the king of England should expressly acknowledge himself his liege-man, and place himself at his mercy. That Alice should be given into the charge of five persons whom Richard should choose to guard her until his return from the crusade, to which he was to go with the king of France at mid-lent ; that the king of England should renounce all right of sovereignty over the towns of Berry, which formerly belonged to the Dukes of Aquitaine, and that he should pay to the king of France twenty thousand marks of silver for the restitution of the conquered provinces ; that all those who had joined the son's party should remain vassals of the son and not of the father, unless they should choose of their own free will to return to the latter ; finally, that the king should receive his son Richard into his grace by the kiss of peace, and abjure sincerely and from the bottom of his heart all rancour and animosity against him.

The old king had neither the means nor the hope of obtaining more favourable conditions ; he therefore armed himself with patience as well as he was able, and conversed with king Philip, listening to his words with an air of docility, like one who receives law from another. They were both on horseback in the open field ; and whilst they were conversing mouth to mouth, says a contemporary, it suddenly thundered, although the sky was cloudless, and the lightning fell between them, without doing them any harm. They separated immediately, both extremely alarmed ; after a short interval, they again approached each other ; but a second peal of thunder, louder than the first, was heard almost at the same instant. The king of England, whom the sad necessity to which he was reduced, his grief, and the weak state of his health rendered more susceptible of alarm, probably fancying some connection between this accident of nature and his own fate, was so agitated by it, that he let go his horse's reins, and tottered so in his saddle, that he would have fallen to the ground had he not been supported by those around him. The conference was broken up ; and as Henry II. continued too ill to be present at a second interview, the conditions of peace, drawn up in writing, were carried to his quarters, that he might formally ratify them.

He was lying on a bed when he received the men sent to him by the King of France, and they read him the treaty of peace, article by article. When they came to that which mentioned persons engaged secretly or openly on Richard's side, the king asked their names, that he might know how many there were whose homage he was forced to renounce. The first they named to him was John, his youngest son ; on hearing this name, seized by an almost convulsive movement, he raised himself on his seat, and throwing around him a piercing and woe-struck glance, said, " Can it be true, that John my heart's darling, my favourite son, him whom I have loved above all the others, and for whose sake I have brought upon myself all these miseries, has also deserted me ? " They replied that thus it was ; that nothing could be more true. " Well," said he, falling back on his bed, and turning

his face to the wall, "henceforward let things take their own course, I have no more care for myself or for the world." Some moments after, Richard approached the bed, and asked his father for the kiss of peace, in execution of the treaty. The king gave it him with an air of apparent calmness; but as Richard was going away, he heard his father murmur in a low voice: "If God would only grant that I might not die before avenging myself on thee!" On his arrival at the French camp, the count of Poitiers repeated these words to Philip and his courtiers, who raised shouts of laughter, and made many jokes on the good peace that had just been concluded between the father and son.

The King of England, finding his illness increase, had himself conveyed to Chinon, where, in a few days, he fell into a state bordering on death. In his last moments, he was heard to utter broken exclamations in allusion to his misfortunes, and the conduct of his sons. "Shame," he cried, "shame on a vanquished king! Cursed be the day I was born, and cursed of God be the sons I leave behind me." The bishops and churchmen who surrounded him, used all their efforts to make him retract this malediction against his children; but he persisted in it till his latest breath.

After his death, his corpse was treated by his servants, in the same manner as that of William the Conqueror had been; they all abandoned it, after having stripped it of its clothing, and carried off everything of value in the room and in the house. King Henry had wished to be interred at Fontevrault, a celebrated nunnery, some leagues south of Chinon; it was with difficulty that men were found to wrap the body in a shroud, and a carriage and horses to remove it. The corpse was already deposited in the great church of the abbey, awaiting the day of burial, when count Richard was apprised by public rumour of his father's death; he went to the church, and found the king lying in a coffin, with his face uncovered, and still showing by the contraction of the features, traces of violent agony. This sight caused the count of Poitiers an involuntary shuddering. He knelt down, and prayed before the altar, but rose in a few moments, after the interval of a *pater-noster*; say the historians of that time, and went out, not to return. Contemporaries declare that from the moment Richard entered the church, till he left it, streams of blood flowed incessantly from both nostrils of the deceased. The next day the ceremony of sepulture took place; it was wished to decorate the corpse with some of the emblems of royalty; but the keepers of the treasury at Chinon refused, and, after much entreaty, sent only an old sceptre, and a ring of little value. For want of a crown a sort of diadem formed of the gold embroidery of a woman's garment was placed on the king's head, and in this strange tawdry attire, Henry, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, King of England, duke of Normandy, Aquitaine, and Brittany, count of Anjou and Maine, lord of Tours and Amboise, descended to his last abode.

A contemporary writer thinks he sees in the misfortunes of Henry II. a sign of the Divine vengeance upon the Normans, the tyrants of Conquered England. He compares this miserable death to those of William the Conqueror, of Henry II.'s brothers, and of his two eldest sons, who all perished by a violent death in the flower of their age. "This," he says, "was the punishment of their illegitimate reign." But, without agreeing with this superstitious opinion, it is at any rate certain, as far as concerns Henry II., that his miseries were the direct consequence of that fortune which had united the southern provinces of Gaul under his dominion. He had rejoiced over this increase of power as an increase of good fortune; he had given his sons the countries of others as their appanages, glorying to see his family reign over several nations of different race and manners, and to unite under the same political yoke those whom nature had divided. But nature did not lose her

rights, and, on the first movement made by the people to recover their independence, division entered the family of the foreign king, who saw his children made instruments in the hands of his own subjects to be employed against himself, and who, troubled to his latest hour by domestic war, experienced, in dying, the most bitter sentiment that any man can carry to the tomb, that of dying by a parricide.

73.—CHARACTER OF HENRY II.

PETER OF BLOIS.

From the "Quarterly Review."

'You are aware that his complexion and hair were a little red, but the approach of old age has altered this somewhat, and the hair is turning grey. He is of middle size, such that among short men he seems tall, and even among tall ones not the least in stature. His head is spherical, as if it were the seat of great wisdom, and the special sanctuary of deep schemes. In size it is such as to correspond well with the neck and whole body. His eyes are round, and while he is calm, dove-like and quiet; but when he is angry, they flash fire, and are like lightning. His hair is not grown scant, but he keeps it well cut. His face is lion-like, and almost square. His nose projects in a degree proportionate to the symmetry of his whole body. His feet are arched; his shins like a horse's; his broad chest and brawny arms proclaim him to be strong, active, and bold. In one of his toes, however, part of the nail grows into the flesh, and increases enormously, to the injury of the whole foot. His hands by their coarseness show the man's carelessness; he wholly neglects all attention to them, and never puts a glove on, except he is hawking. He every day attends mass, councils, and other public business, and stands on his feet from morning till night. Though his shins are terribly wounded and discoloured by constant kicks from horses, he never sits down except on horseback, or when he is eating. In one day, if need requires, he will perform four or five regular days' journeys, and by these rapid and unexpected movements often defeats his enemies' plans. He uses straight boots, a plain hat, and a tight dress. He is very fond of field-sports, and if he is not fighting, amuses himself with hawking and hunting. He would have grown enormously fat, if he did not tame this tendency to belly by fasting and exercise. In mounting a horse and riding he preserves all the lightness of youth, and tires out the strongest men by his excursions almost every day. For he does not, like other kings, lie idle in his palace, but goes through his provinces examining into every one's conduct, and particularly that of the persons whom he has appointed judges of others. No one is shrewder in council, readier in speaking, more self-possessed in danger, more careful in prosperity, more firm in adversity. If he once forms an attachment to a man he seldom gives him up; if he has once taken a real aversion to a person, he seldom admits him afterwards to any familiarity. He has for ever in his hands bows, swords, hunting-nets, and arrows, except he is at council or at his books; for as often as he can get breathing time from his cares and anxieties he occupies himself with private reading, or, surrounded by a knot of clergymen, he endeavours to solve some hard question. Your king knows literature well, but ours is much more deeply versed in it. I have had opportunities of measuring the attainments of each in literature; for you know that the king of Sicily was my pupil for two years. He had learnt the rudiments of literature and versification, and by my industry and anxiety reached afterwards to fuller knowledge. As soon, however, as I left Sicily, he threw away his books, and gave himself up to the usual idleness of

palaces.. But in the case of the king of England, the constant conversation of learned men, and the discussion of questions, makes his court a daily school. No one can be more dignified in speaking, more cautious at table, more moderate in drinking, more splendid in gifts, more generous in alms. He is pacific in heart, victorious in war, but glorious in peace, which he desires for his people as the most precious of earthly gifts. It is with a view to this that he receives, collects, and dispenses such an immensity of money. He is equally skilful and liberal in erecting walls, towers, fortifications, moats, and places of enclosure for fish and birds. His father was a very powerful and noble count, and did much to extend his territory, but he has gone far beyond his father, and has added the dukedoms of Normandy, of Aquitaine, and Brittany, the kingdoms of England, Scotland, [?] Ireland, and Wales, so as to increase, beyond all comparison, the titles of his father's splendour. No one is more gentle to the distressed, more affable to the poor, more overbearing to the proud. It has always, indeed, been his study, by a certain carriage of himself like a deity, to put down the insolent, to encourage the oppressed, and to repress the swellings of pride by continual and deadly persecution. Although, by the customs of the kingdom, he has the chief and most influential part in elections [of bishops?], his hands have always been pure from anything like venality. But these and other excellent gifts of mind and body with which nature has enriched him, I can but briefly touch. I profess my own incompetence to describe them ;—and believe that Cicero or Virgil would labour in vain.'

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In a letter to a certain archdeacon or dean (Roger) who had business with the king, Peter of Blois mentions that he had lately occasion to go to his majesty on matters respecting the church of Canterbury, and that he entered the presence with cheerfulness, in his usual way ; but, says he,

' Reading and understanding in his face the disturbance of his spirit, I immediately suppressed what I was about to say, and held my tongue, for I was afraid that if I spoke I should give further occasion to the irritation which his face, the faithful index of his mind, betrayed. I deferred my business, therefore, till a luckier hour and serener countenance should favour my wishes. To speak to an angry prince on business seems to me throwing out your fishing nets in a storm. He who does so, and will not wait till the gale is over, destroys himself and his nets. I know you are sent with a very harsh message to the king, and you must, therefore, be the more careful. Things which are in themselves pleasant, very often give offence, if related without consideration ; while an unpleasant message may be so managed as to give pleasure. Pray take care not to approach the king about your affair till you are advised by me, or by some one else who knows him, to go into the presence ; for he is a lamb when in good humour, but he is a lion, or worse than a lion, when seriously angry. It is no joke to incur the indignation of one in whose hands are honour and disgrace.'

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' I often wonder how one who has been used to the service of scholarship and the camps of learning can endure the annoyances of a court life. Among courtiers there is no order, no plan, no moderation, either in food, in horse exercises, or in watchings. A priest or a soldier attached to the court has bread put before him which is not kneaded, not leavened, made of the dregs of beer ; bread like lead, full of bran, and unbaked ; wine, spoilt either by being sour, or mouldy—thick, greasy, rancid, tasting of pitch, and vapid. I have sometimes seen wine so full of dregs put before noblemen, that they were compelled rather to filter than drink it,

with their eyes shut and their teeth closed, with loathing and reaching. The beer at court is horrid to taste and filthy to look at. On account of the great demand, meat, whether sweet or not, is sold alike; the fish is four days old; yet its stinking does not lessen its price. The servants care nothing whatever whether the unlucky guests are sick or dead, provided there are fuller dishes sent up to their master's tables. Indeed, the tables are filled (sometimes) with carrion, and the guests' stomachs thus become the tombs for those who die in the course of nature. Indeed, many more deaths would ensue from this putrid food were it not that the famishing greediness of the stomach, (which, like a whirlpool, will suck in any thing,) by the help of powerful exercise, gets rid of everything. But if the courtiers cannot have exercise (which is the case if the court stays for a time in a town), some of them always stay behind at the point of death.

To say nothing of other matters, I cannot endure the annoyances of the Marshals. They are most wily flatterers, infamous slanderers, shameful swindlers, most importunate till they get something from you, and most ungratifying when they have; nay, open enemies, unless your hand is continually in your pocket. I have seen very many who have been most generous to them; and yet, when, after the fatigue of a long journey, these persons had got a lodging, when their meat was half dressed, or when they were actually at table, nay, sometimes, when they were asleep on their rugs, the marshals would come in with insolence and abuse, cut their horses' halters, tumble their baggage out of doors, without any distinction, and (with great loss to the owners) turn them out of their lodgings shamefully; and thus, when they had lost everything which they had brought for their comfort, at night they could not, though rich, find a place to hide their heads in.

'This, too, must be added to the miseries of court. If the king announces his intention of moving three days hence, and particularly if the royal pleasure has been announced by the heralds, you may be quite sure that the king will start by daybreak, and put every body's plans to the rout by his unexpected dispatch. Thus it frequently happens that persons who have been let blood, or have taken physic, follow the king without regard to themselves, place their existence at the hazard of a die, and, for fear of losing what they neither do nor ever will possess, are not afraid of losing their own lives. You may see men running about like madmen, sumpter-horses pressing on sumpter-horses, and carriages jostling against carriages; all, in short, in utter confusion. So that, from the thorough disturbance and misery, one might get a good description of the look of hell. But if his majesty has given notice beforehand that he will move to such a place very early the next day, his plan will certainly be changed, and you may therefore be sure that he will sleep till mid-day. You will see the sumpter-horses waiting with their burdens on, the carriages all quiet, the pioneers asleep, the court purveyors in a worry, and all muttering to one another; then they run to the prostitutes and the court shopkeepers to inquire of them whether the prince will go, for this class of court followers very often know the secrets of the palace. The king's court, indeed, is regularly followed by stage-players, washerwomen, dice-players, confectioners, tavern-keepers, buffoons, barbers, pick-pockets—in short, the whole race of this kind. I have often known that, when the king was asleep, and every thing in deep silence, a message came from the royal quarters, (not omnipotent, perhaps, but still awaking all,) and told us the city or town to which we were to go. After we had been worn out with expectation, it was some comfort at all events that we were to be fixed where we might hope to find plenty of lodgings and provisions. There was then such a hurried and confused rush of horse and foot immediately, that you would think all hell had broken loose. However, when the pioneers had quite or nearly finished their day's journey, the king would change his mind, and go to

some other place, where, perhaps, he had the only house, and a plenty of provisions, none of which were given to any one else. And, if I dare say so, I really think that his pleasure was increased by our annoyance. We had to travel three or four miles through unknown woods, and often in the dark, and thought ourselves too happy if at length we could find a dirty and miserable hut. There was often a violent quarrel among the courtiers about the cottages, and they would fight with swords about a place for which pigs would have been ashamed to quarrel. How things were with me and my attendants on such nights, you will have no doubt. My people and I were separated, and it would be three days before I could collect them again.

‘Oh! God, who art King of kings, and Lord of lords, to be feared by earthly kings, in whose hands the hearts of kings are, and who turnest them as thou wilt, turn the heart of this king from these pestilent customs! Make him know that he is a man, and let him have and practise the grace of royal bounty and kindness to those who are compelled to follow him, not from ambition but necessity! Free me, I beseech thee, from the necessity of returning to the odious and troublesome court, which lies in the shadow of death, and where order and peace are unknown!—But to return to the court officers. By exceeding complaisance you may sometimes keep in favour with the outer porters for two days, but this will not last to a third, unless you buy it with continued gifts and flattery. They will tell the most unblushing falsehoods, and say that the king is ill, or asleep, or at council. And if you are an honest and religious man, but have *given them nothing the day before*, they will keep you an unreasonable time standing in the rain and mire; and to annoy you the more, and move your bile, they will allow a set of hairdressers and thieves to go in at the first word! As to the doorkeepers of the presence, may the most high confound them! For they are not afraid to put every good man to the blush, and cover him with confusion. Have you got by the terrible porters without? It is of no avail unless you have bribed the doorkeeper! “*Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras.*” After the first Cerberus, there is another worse than Cerberus, more terrible than Briareus, more wicked than Pygmalion, and more cruel than the Minotaur. If you were in the greatest danger of losing your life, or your fortune, to the king you cannot go; nay, it often happens, to make things ten thousand times worse, “*rumpantur ut ilia Codro,*” that while you are kept out, these wretches let your enemy in. Oh! Lord Jesus Christ, if this is the way of living, if this is the life of the court, may I never go back to it again! I cannot attempt to reckon the grievous loss of time which I have already sustained in years of trifling about the court.’

74.—CHARACTER OF THE NORMAN GOVERNMENT.

HALLAM.

Unrestrained, comparatively speaking, by the aristocratic principles which influenced other feudal countries, the administration acquired a tone of rigour and arbitrariness under William the Conqueror, which, though sometimes perhaps a little mitigated, did not cease during a century and a half. For the first three reigns we must have recourse to historians; whose language, though vague, and perhaps exaggerated, is too uniform and impressive to leave a doubt of the tyrannical character of the government. The intolerable exactions of tribute, the rapine of purveyance, the iniquity of royal courts, are continually in their mouths. “God sees the wretched people,” says the Saxon Chronicler, “most unjustly oppressed, first they are despoiled of their possessions, then butchered. This was a grievous

year (1124). Whoever had any property lost it by heavy taxes and unjust decrees." The same ancient Chronicle, which appears to have been continued from time to time in the abbey of Peterborough, frequently utters similar notes of lamentation.

From the reign of Stephen, the miseries of which are not to my immediate purpose, so far as they proceeded from anarchy and intestine war, we are able to trace the character of government by existing records. These, digested by the industrious Madox into his *History of the Exchequer*, give us far more insight into the spirit of the constitution, if we may use such a word, than all our monkish chroniclers. It was not a sanguinary despotism. Henry II. was a prince of remarkable clemency; and none of the Conqueror's successors were as grossly tyrannical as himself. But the system of rapacious extortion from their subjects prevailed to a degree which we should rather expect to find among eastern slaves, than that high-spirited race of Normandy, whose renown then filled Europe and Asia. The right of wardship was abused by selling the heir and his land to the highest bidder. That of marriage was carried to a still grosser excess. The kings of France indeed claimed the prerogative of forbidding the marriage of their vassals' daughters to such persons as they thought unfriendly or dangerous to themselves; but I am not aware that they ever compelled them to marry, much less that they turned this attribute of sovereignty into a means of revenue. But in England, women, and even men, simply as tenants in chief, and not as wards, fined to the crown for leave to marry whom they would, or not to be compelled to marry any other. Towns not only fined for original grants of franchises, but for repeated confirmations. The Jews paid exorbitant sums for every common right of mankind, for protection, for justice. In return, they were sustained against their Christian debtors in demands of usury, which superstition and tyranny rendered enormous. Men fined for the king's good-will; or that he would remit his anger; or to have his mediation with their adversaries. Many fines seem as it were imposed in sport, if we look to the cause; though their extent, and the solemnity with which they were recorded, prove the humour to have been differently relished by the two parties. Thus the bishop of Winchester paid a tun of good wine for not reminding the king (John) to give a girdle to the Countess of Albemarle; and Robert de Faux five best palfreys, that the same king might hold his peace about Henry Pinel's wife. Another paid four marks for leave to eat (*pro licentiâ comedendi*). But of all the abuses which deformed the Anglo-Norman government, none was so flagitious as the sale of judicial redress. The king, we are often told, is the fountain of justice; but in those ages it was one which gold alone could unseal. Men fined to have fight done them; to sue in a certain court; to implead a certain person; to have restitution of land which they had recovered at law. From the sale of that justice which every citizen has a right to demand, it was an easy transition to withhold, deny it. Fines were received for the king's help against the adverse suitor; that is, for perversion of justice, or for delay. Sometimes they were paid by opposite parties, and, of course, for opposite ends. These were called counter-fines; but the money was, sometimes, or as Lord Lyttleton thinks, invariably returned to the unsuccessful suitor.

Among a people imperfectly civilized, the most outrageous injustice towards individuals may pass without the slightest notice, while in matters affecting the community, the powers of government are exceedingly controlled. It becomes therefore an important question, what prerogative these Norman kings were used to exercise in raising money, and in general legislation. By the prevailing feudal customs, the lord was entitled to demand a pecuniary aid of his vassals in certain cases. These were, in England, to make his eldest son a knight, to marry his eldest daughter and to ransom himself from captivity. Accordingly, when such circum-

stances occurred, aids were levied by the crown upon its tenants, at the rate of a mark or a pound for every knight's fee. These aids, being strictly due, in the prescribed cases, were taken without requiring the consent of parliament. Escuage, which was a commutation for the personal service of military tenants in war, having rather the appearance of an indulgence than an imposition, might reasonably be levied by the king. It was not till the charter of John that, escuage became a parliamentary assessment; the custom of commuting service having then grown general, and the rate of commutation being variable.

None but military tenants could be liable for escuage; but the inferior subjects of the crown were oppressed by tallages. The demesne lands of the king and all royal towns were liable to tallage; an imposition far more rigorous and irregular than those which fell upon the gentry. Tallages were continually raised upon different towns during all the Norman reigns, without the consent of parliament, which neither represented them nor cared for their interests. The itinerant justices in their circuits usually set this tax. Sometimes the tallage was assessed in gross upon a town, and collected by the burgesses; sometimes individually at the judgment of the justices. There was an appeal from an excessive assessment to the barons of the Exchequer. Inferior lords might tallage their own tenants and demesne towns, though not, it seems, without the king's permission. Customs upon the import and export of merchandize, of which the presage of wine, that is, a right of taking two casks out of each vessel, seems the most material, were immemorially exacted by the crown. There is no appearance that these originated with parliament. Another tax, extending to all the lands of the kingdom, was Danegeld, the ship-money of those times. This name had been originally given to the tax imposed under Ethelred II., in order to raise a tribute exacted by the Danes. It was afterwards applied to a permanent contribution for the public defence against the same enemies. But after the conquest this tax is said to have been only occasionally required; and the latest instance on record of its payment is in the twentieth of Henry II. Its imposition appears to have been at the king's discretion.

The right of general legislation was undoubtedly placed in the king, conjointly with his great council, or, if the expression be thought more proper, with their advice. So little opposition was found in these assemblies by the early Norman kings, that they gratified their own love of pomp, as well as the pride of their barons, by consulting them in every important business. But the limits of legislative power were extremely indefinite. New laws, like new taxes, affecting the community, required the sanction of that assembly which was supposed to represent it; but there was no security for individuals against acts of prerogative, which we should justly consider as most tyrannical. Henry II., the best of these monarchs, banished from England the relations and friends of Becket, to the number of four hundred. At another time, he sent over from Normandy an injunction, that all the kindred of those who obeyed a papal interdict should be banished, and their estates confiscated.

The statutes of these reigns do not exhibit to us many provisions calculated to maintain public liberty on a broad and general foundation. And although the laws then enacted have not all been preserved, yet it is unlikely that any of an extensively remedial nature should have left no trace of their existence. We find, however what has sometimes been called the Magna Charta of William the Conqueror, preserved in Roger de Hoveden's collection of his laws. We will, enjoin, and grant, says the king, that all freemen of our kingdom shall enjoy their lands in peace, free from all tallage, and from every unjust exaction, so that nothing but their service lawfully due to us shall be demanded at their hands. The laws of the Con-

queror, found in Hoveden, are wholly different from those in Ingulfus, and are suspected not to have escaped considerable interpolation. It is remarkable that no reference is made to this concession of William the Conqueror in any subsequent charter. However it seems to comprehend only the feudal tenants of the crown. Nor does the charter of Henry I., though so much celebrated, contain any thing specially expressed but a remission of unreasonable reliefs, wardships, and other feudal burdens. It proceeds however to declare that he gives his subjects the laws of Edward the Confessor, with the emendations made by his father with consent of his barons. The charter of Stephen not only confirms that of his predecessor, but adds, in fuller terms than Henry had used, an express concession of the laws and customs of Edward. Henry II. is silent about these, although he repeats the confirmation of his grandfather's charter. The people however had begun to look back to a more ancient standard of law. The Norman conquest, and all that ensued upon it, had endeared the memory of their Saxon government. Its disorders were forgotten, or rather, were less odious to a rude nation, than the coercive justice by which they were afterwards restrained. Hence it became the favourite cry to demand the laws of Edward the Confessor; and the Normans themselves, as they grew dissatisfied with the royal administration, fell into these English sentiments. But what these laws were, or more properly perhaps, these customs subsisting in the Confessor's age, was not very distinctly understood. So far, however, was clear, that the rigorous feudal servitudes, the weighty tributes upon poorer freemen, had never prevailed before the conquest. In claiming the laws of Edward the Confessor, our ancestors meant but the redress of grievances which tradition told them had not always existed.

It is highly probable, independently of the evidence supplied by the charters of Henry I. and his two successors, that a sense of oppression had long been stimulating the subjects of so arbitrary a government, before they gave any demonstrations of it sufficiently palpable to find a place in history. But there are certainly no instances of rebellion, or even, as far as we know, of a constitutional resistance in parliament, down to the reign of Richard I. The revolt of the earls of Leicester and Norfolk against Henry II. which endangered his throne and comprehended his children with a large part of his barons, appears not to have been founded even upon the pretext of public grievances. Under Richard I., something more of a national spirit began to show itself. For the king having left his chancellor William Longchamp joint regent and justiciary with the bishop of Durham during his crusade, the foolish insolence of the former, who excluded his co-adjutor from any share in the administration, provoked every one of the nobility. A convention of these, the king's brother placing himself at their head, passed a sentence of removal and banishment upon the chancellor. Though there might be reason to conceive that this would not be displeasing to the king, who was already apprised how much Longchamp had abused his trust, it was a remarkable assumption of power by that assembly, and the earliest authority for a leading principle of our constitution, the responsibility of ministers to parliament.

75.—MAGNA CHARTA.

HALLAM.

In the succeeding reign of John, all the rapacious exactions usual to these Norman kings were not only redoubled, but mingled with other outrages of tyranny still more intolerable. These too were to be endured at the hands of a prince utterly contemptible for his folly and cowardice. One is surprised at the forbearance displayed by the barons, till they took arms at length in that confederacy, which ended in establishing the Great Charter of Liberties. As this was the first effort towards a legal government, so is it beyond comparison the most important event in our history, except that revolution without which its benefits would rapidly have been annihilated. The constitution of England has indeed no single date from which its duration is to be reckoned. The institutions of positive law, the far more important changes which time has wrought in the order of society, during six hundred years subsequent to the Great Charter, have undoubtedly lessened its direct application to our present circumstances. But it is still the key-stone of English liberty. All that has since been obtained is little more than as confirmation or commentary; and if every subsequent law were to be swept away, there would still remain the bold features that distinguish a free from a despotic monarchy. It has been lately the fashion to depreciate the value of Magna Charta, as if it had sprung from the private ambition of a few selfish barons, and redressed only some feudal abuses. It is indeed of little importance by what motives those who obtained it were guided. The real characters of men most distinguished in the transactions of that time are not easily determined at present. Yet if we bring these ungrateful suspicions to the test, they prove destitute of all reasonable foundation. An equal distribution of civil rights to all classes of freemen forms the peculiar beauty of the charter. In this just solicitude for the people, and in the moderation which infringed upon no essential prerogative of the monarchy, we may perceive a liberality and patriotism very unlike the selfishness which is sometimes rashly imputed to those ancient barons. And, as far as we are guided by historical testimony, two great men, the pillars of our church and state, may be considered as entitled beyond all the rest to the glory of this monument; Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, and William, earl of Pembroke. To their temperate zeal for a legal government, England was indebted during that critical period for the two greatest blessings that patriotic statesmen could confer; the establishment of civil liberty upon an immovable basis, and the preservation of national independence under the ancient line of sovereigns, which rasher men were about to exchange for the dominion of France.

By the Magna Charta of John, reliefs were limited to a certain sum, according to the rank of the tenant, the waste committed by guardians in chivalry restrained, the disparagement in matrimony of female wards forbidden, and widows secured from compulsory marriage. These regulations, extending to the sub-vassals of the crown, redressed the worst grievances of every military tenant in England. The franchises of the city of London and of all towns and boroughs were declared inviolable. The freedom of commerce was guaranteed to alien merchants. The Court of Common Pleas, instead of following the king's person, was fixed at Westminster. The tyranny exercised in the neighbourhood of royal forests met with some check, which was further enforced by the charter of forests under Henry III.

But the essential clauses of Magna Charta are those which protect the personal liberty and property of all freemen, by giving security from arbitrary imprisonment and arbitrary spoliation. "No freeman," (says the twenty-ninth chapter of Henry III.'s charter, which, as the existing law, I quote in preference to that of John, the

variations not being very material) "shall 'be taken or imprisoned, or be disseised of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, nor send upon him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, we will not deny, or delay to any man judgment or right." It is obvious, that these words, interpreted by any honest court of law, convey an ample security for the two main rights of civil society. From the æra, therefore, of king John's charter, it must have been a clear principle of our constitution, that no man can be detained in prison without trial. Whether courts of justice framed the writ of Habeas Corpus in conformity to the spirit of this clause, or found it already in their register, it became from that æra the right of every subject to demand it. That writ, rendered more actively remedial by the statute of Charles II., but founded upon the broad basis of Magna Charta, is the principal bulwark of English liberty; and if ever temporary circumstances, or the doubtful plea of political necessity, shall lead men to look on its denial with apathy, the most distinguishing characteristic of our constitution will be effaced.

As the clause recited above protects the subject from any absolute spoliation of his freehold rights, so others restrain the excessive amercements which had an almost equally ruinous operation. The magnitude of his offence, by the fourteenth clause of Henry III.'s charter, must be the measure of his fine; and in every case the *contenement* (a word expressive of chattels necessary to each man's station, as the arms of a gentleman, the merchandize of a trader, the plough and waggons of a peasant) was exempted from seizure. A provision was made in the charter of John, that no aid or escuage should be imposed, except in the three feudal cases of aid, without consent of parliament. And this was extended to aids paid by the city of London. But the clause was omitted in the three charters granted by Henry III., though parliament seems to have acted upon it in most part of his reign. It had however no reference to tallages imposed upon towns without their consent. Fourscore years were yet to elapse before the great principle of parliamentary taxation was explicitly and absolutely recognised.

A law which enacts that justice shall neither be sold, denied, nor delayed, stamps with infamy that government under which it had become necessary. But from the time of the charter, according to Madox, the disgraceful perversions of right, which are upon record in the rolls of the exchequer, became less frequent.

From this æra a new soul was infused into the people of England. Her liberties, at the best long in abeyance, became a tangible possession, and those indefinite aspirations for the laws of Edward the Confessor were changed into a steady regard for the Great Charter. Pass but from the history of Roger de Hoveden to that of Mathew Paris, from the second Henry to the third, and judge whether the victorious struggle had not excited an energy of public spirit to which, the nation was before a stranger. The strong man, in the sublime language of Milton, was aroused from sleep, and shook his invincible locks. Tyranny indeed, and injustice will by all historians, not absolutely servile, be noted with moral reprobation; but never shall we find in the English writers of the twelfth century that assertion of positive and national rights which distinguishes those of the next age, and particularly the monk of St. Albans. From his prolix history we may collect three material propositions as to the state of the English constitution during the long reign of Henry III.; a prince to whom the epithet of worthless seems best applicable; and who, without committing any flagrant crimes, was at once insincere, ill-judging, and pusillanimous. The intervention of such a reign was a very fortunate circumstance for public liberty; which might possibly have been crushed in its infancy, if an Edward had immediately succeeded to the throne of John.

1.—The Great Charter was always considered as a fundamental law. But yet it was supposed to acquire additional security by frequent confirmation. This it received, with some not inconsiderable variation, in the first, second, and ninth years of Henry's reign. The last of these is our present statute-book, and has never received any alterations; but Sir E. Coke reckons thirty-two instances wherein it has been solemnly ratified. Several of these were during the reign of Henry III., and were invariably purchased by the grant of a subsidy. This prudent accommodation of parliament to the circumstances of their age not only made the law itself appear more inviolable, but established that correspondence between supply and redress, which for some centuries was the balance-spring of our constitution. The charter indeed was often grossly violated by their administration. Even Hubert de Burgh, of whom history speaks more favourably than of Henry's later favourites, though a faithful servant of the crown, seems, as is too often the case with such men, to have thought the king's honour and interest concerned in maintaining an unlimited prerogative. The government was however much worse administered after his fall. From the great difficulty of compelling the king to observe the boundaries of law, the English clergy, to whom we are much indebted for their zeal in behalf of liberty during this reign, devised means of binding his conscience, and terrifying his imagination by religious sanctions. The solemn excommunication, accompanied with the most awful threats, pronounced against the violaters of Magna Charta, is well known from our common histories. The king was a party to this ceremony, and sworn to observe the charter. But Henry III., though a very devout person, had his own notions as to the validity of an oath that affected his power, and indeed passed his life in a series of perjuries. According to the creed of that age, a papal dispensation might annul any prior engagement; and he was generally on sufficiently good terms with Rome to obtain such an indulgence.

2.—Though the prohibition of levying aids or escuages without consent of parliament had been omitted in all Henry's charters, an omission for which we cannot assign any other motive than the disposition of his ministers to get rid of that restriction, yet neither one nor the other seem in fact to have been exacted at discretion throughout his reign. On the contrary, the barons frequently refused the aids, or rather subsidies, which his prodigality was always demanding. Indeed it would probably have been impossible for the king, however frugal, stripped as he was of so many lucrative though oppressive prerogatives by the Great Charter, to support the expenditure of government from his own resources. Tallages on his demesnes, and especially on the rich and ill-affected city of London, he imposed without scruple; but it does not appear that he ever pretended to a right of general taxation. We may therefore take it for granted, that the clause in John's charter, though not expressly renewed, was still considered as of binding force. The king was often put to great inconvenience by the refusal of supply; and at one time was reduced to sell his plate and jewels, which the citizens of London buying, he was provoked to exclaim with envious spite against their riches, which he had not been able to exhaust.

3.—The power of granting money must of course imply the power of withholding it; yet this has sometimes been little more than a nominal privilege. But in this reign the English parliament exercised their right of refusal, or, what was much better, of conditional assent. Great discontent was expressed at the demand of a subsidy in 1237; and the king alleging that he had expended a great deal of money on his sister's marriage with the emperor, and also upon his own, the barons answered, that he had not taken their advice in those affairs, nor ought they to share the punishment of acts of imprudence they had not committed. In 1241, a subsidy having been demanded for the war in Poitou, the barons drew up a

remonstrance, enumerating all the grants they had made on former occasions, but always on condition that the imposition should not be turned into precedent. Their last subsidy, it appears, had been paid into the hands of four barons, who were to expend it at their discretion for the benefit of the king and kingdom; an early instance of parliamentary control over public expenditure. On a similar demand in 1244, the king was answered by complaints against the violation of the charter, the waste of former subsidies, and the mal-administration of his servants. Finally, the barons positively refused any money; and he extorted 1500 marks from the city of London. Some years afterwards they declared their readiness to burden themselves more than ever, if they could secure the observance of the charter; and requested that the Justiciary, Chancellor, and Treasurer might be appointed with consent of parliament, according, as they asserted, to ancient customs, and might hold their offices during good behaviour.

70.—RICHARD THE CRUSADER.

HUME.

The compunction of Richard for his undutiful behaviour towards his father was durable, and influenced him in the choice of his ministers and servants after his accession. Those who had seconded and favoured his rebellion, instead of meeting with that trust and honour which they expected, were surprised to find that they lay under disgrace with the new king, and were on all occasions hated and despised by him. The faithful ministers of Henry, who had vigorously opposed all the enterprises of his sons, were received with open arms, and were continued in those offices which they had honourably discharged to their former master. This prudent conduct might be the result of reflection; but in a prince, like Richard, so much guided by passion, and so little by policy, it was commonly ascribed to a principle still more virtuous and more honourable.

Richard, that he might make atonement to one parent for his breach of duty to the other, immediately sent orders for releasing the queen dowager from the confinement in which she had long been detained; and he entrusted her with the government of England till his arrival in that kingdom. His bounty to his brother John was rather profuse and imprudent. Besides bestowing on him the county of Mortaigne in Normandy, granting him a pension of four thousand marks a year, and marrying him to Avisa, the daughter of the Earl of Gloucester, by whom he inherited all the possessions of that opulent family, he increased his appanage, which the late king had destined him, by other extensive grants and concessions. He conferred on him the whole estate of William Peverell, which had escheated to the crown; he put him in possession of eight castles, with all the forests and honours annexed to them; he delivered over to him no less than six earldoms, Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Nottingham, Dorset, Lancaster and Derby; and endeavouring by favours, to fix that vicious prince in his duty, he put it too much in his power, whenever he pleased, to depart from it.

The king, impelled more by the love of military glory than by superstition, acted, from the beginning of his reign, as if the sole purpose of his government had been the relief of the Holy Land, and the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens. This zeal against infidels, being communicated to his subjects, broke out in London on the day of his coronation, and made them find a crusade less dangerous, and attained with more immediate profit. The prejudices of the age had made the lending of money on interest pass by the invidious name of usury; yet the necessity of the practice had still continued it, and the greater part of that kind of dealing fell every where into the hands of the Jews; who being already infamous on account

of their religion, had no honour to lose, and were apt to exercise a profession, odious in itself, by every kind of rigour, and even sometimes by rapine and extortion. The industry and frugality of this people had put them in possession of all the ready money, which the idleness and profusion common to the English with other European nations enabled them to lend at exorbitant and unequal interest. The monkish writers represent it as a great stain on the wise and equitable government of Henry, that he had carefully protected this infidel race from all injuries and insults; but the zeal of Richard afforded the populace a pretence for venting their animosity against them. The king had issued an edict prohibiting their appearance at his coronation, but some of them bringing him large presents from their nation, presumed, in confidence of that merit, to approach the hall in which he dined: being discovered, they were exposed to the insults of the bystanders; they took to flight; the people pursued them; the rumour was spread, that the king had issued orders to massacre all the Jews; a command so agreeable was executed in an instant, on such as fell into the hands of the populace; those who had kept at home were exposed to equal danger; the people, moved by rapacity and zeal, broke into their houses, which they plundered, after having murdered the owners; where the Jews barricaded their doors and defended themselves with vigour, the rabble set fire to the houses and made way through the flames to exercise their pillage and violence; the usual licentiousness of London, which the sovereign power with difficulty restrained, broke out with fury, and continued these outrages; the houses of the richest citizens, though Christians, were next attacked and plundered; and weariness and satiety at last put an end to the disorder; yet, when the king empowered Glanville, the justiciary, to inquire into the authors of these crimes, the guilt was found to involve so many of the most considerable citizens, that it was deemed more prudent to drop the prosecution; and very few suffered the punishment due to this enormity. But the disorder stopped not at London. The inhabitants of the other cities of England, hearing of this slaughter of the Jews, imitated the example: in York, five hundred of that nation, who had retired into the castle for safety, and found themselves unable to defend the place, murdered their own wives and children, threw the dead bodies over the walls upon the populace, and then setting fire to the houses, perished in the flames. The gentry of the neighbourhood, who were all indebted to the Jews, ran to the cathedral, where their bonds were kept, and made a solemn bonfire of the papers before the altar. The compiler of the *Annals of Waverley*, in relating these events, blesses the Almighty for thus delivering over this impious race to destruction.

The ancient situation of England, when the people possessed little riches, and the public no credit, made it impossible for sovereigns to bear the expense of a steady or durable war even on their frontiers; much less could they find regular means for the support of distant expeditions like those into Palestine, which were more the result of popular frenzy than of sober reason or deliberate policy. Richard, therefore, knew that he must carry with him all the treasure necessary for his enterprise, and that both the remoteness of his own country and its poverty made it unable to furnish him with those continued supplies which the exigencies of so perilous a war must necessarily require. His father had left him a treasure of above a hundred thousand marks; and the king, negligent of every consideration but his present object, endeavoured to augment this sum by all expedients, how pernicious soever to the public, or dangerous to royal authority. He put to sale the revenues and manors of the crown; the offices of greatest trust and power, even those of forester and sheriff, which anciently were so important, became venal; the dignity of chief justiciary, in whose hands was lodged the whole execution of the laws, was sold to Hugh de Puzas, bishop of Durham, for a thousand marks;

the same prelate bought the earldom of Northumberland for life; many of the champions of the cross, who had repented of their vow, purchased the liberty of violating it; and Richard, who stood less in need of men than of money, dispensed, on these conditions, with their attendance.

Elated with the hopes of fame, which in that age attended no wars but those against the infidels, he was blind to every other consideration; and when some of his wiser ministers objected to this dissipation of the revenue and power of the crown, he replied, that he would sell London itself, could he find a purchaser. Nothing indeed could be a stronger proof how negligent he was of all future interests, in comparison of the crusade, than his selling, for so small a sum as ten thousand marks, the vassalage of Scotland, together with the fortresses of Roxburgh and Berwick, the greatest acquisition that had been made by his father during the course of his victorious reign; and his accepting the homage of William in the usual terms, merely for the territories which that prince held in England. The English, of all ranks and stations, were oppressed by numerous exactions; menaces were employed, both against the innocent and the guilty, in order to extort money from them: and where a pretence was wanting against the rich, the king obliged them, by the fear of his displeasure, to lend him sums which, he knew, it would never be in his power to repay.

But Richard, though he sacrificed every interest and consideration to the success of this pious enterprise, carried so little the appearance of sanctity in his conduct, that Fulk, curate of Neuilly, a zealous preacher of the crusade, who from that merit had acquired the privilege of speaking the boldest truths, advised him to rid himself of his notorious vices, particularly his pride, avarice, and voluptuousness, which he called the king's three favourite daughters. *You counsel well*, replied Richard, *and I hereby dispose of the first to the Templars, of the second to the Benedictines, and of the third to my prelates.*

Richard, jealous of attempts which might be made on England during his absence, laid prince John, as well as his natural brother Geoffrey Archbishop of York, under engagements, confirmed by their oaths, that neither of them should enter the kingdom till his return; though he thought proper, before his departure, to withdraw this prohibition. The administration was left in the hands of Hugh bishop of Durham, and of Longchamp bishop of Ely, whom he appointed justiciaries and guardians of the realm. The latter was a Frenchman of mean birth and of a violent character; who by art and address had insinuated himself into favour, whom Richard had created chancellor, and whom he had engaged the pope also to invest with the legatine authority, that, by centering every kind of power in his person, he might the better ensure the public tranquillity. All the military and turbulent spirits flocked about the person of the king, and were impatient to distinguish themselves against the infidels in Asia; whither his inclinations, his engagements, led him, and whither he was impelled by messages from the king of France, ready to embark in this enterprise.

The emperor Frederic, a prince of great spirit and conduct, had already taken the road to Palestine at the head of 150,000 men, collected from Germany and all the northern states. Having surmounted every obstacle thrown in his way by the artifices of the Greeks and the power of the infidels, he had penetrated to the borders of Syria; when, bathing in the cold river Cydnus during the greatest heat of the summer season, he was seized with a mortal distemper, which put an end to his life, and his rash enterprise. His army, under the command of his son Conrad, reached Palestine; but was so diminished by fatigue, famine, maladies, and the sword, that it scarcely amounted to eight thousand men; and was unable to make any progress against the great power, valour and conduct of Saladin. These

reiterated calamities attending the crusades, had taught the kings of France and England, the necessity of trying another road to the Holy Land ; and they determined to conduct their armies thither by sea, to carry their provisions along with them, and by means of their naval power, to maintain an open communication with their own states, and with the western parts of Europe. The place of rendezvous was appointed in the plains of Vezelay on the borders of Burgundy. Philip and Richard on their arrival there, found their combined army amount to one hundred thousand men ; a mighty force, animated with glory and religion, conducted by two warlike monarchs, provided with every thing which their several dominions could supply, and not to be overcome but by their own misconduct, or by the unsurmountable obstacles of nature.

The French prince and the English here reiterated their promises of cordial friendship, pledged their faith not to invade each other's dominions during the crusade, mutually exchanged the oaths of all their barons and prelates to the same effect, and subjected themselves to the penalty of interdicts and excommunications, if they should ever violate this public and solemn engagement. They then separated, Philip took the road to Genoa, Richard that to Marseilles, with a view of meeting their fleets, which were severally appointed to rendezvous in these harbours. They put to sea ; and nearly about the same time, were obliged by stress of weather to take shelter in Messina, where they were detained during the whole winter. This incident laid the foundation of animosities which proved fatal to their enterprise.

77.—THE FLEET OF CŒUR DE LION.

SOUTHEY.

The fleet with which Cœur de Lion sailed from Sicily, consisted of thirteen of those large vessels called dromones ; 150 of what were then called busses ; fifty-three galleys, and a great number of small craft. The Sicilians said that so fine a fleet had never before been seen in the harbour of Messina, and probably never again would. They were amazed at the magnitude, and number, and beauty of the ships. The French part of the armament had excited no such admiration ; and the feeling of envious hostility which the French king afterwards manifested toward Richard, was, in part, no doubt occasioned by the knowledge of his naval superiority. The sailors, also, were what English sailors from that time have never ceased to be ; in the storms which they encountered on their way to the Levant, they are said, by one who was in the fleet, to have done every thing that it was possible for human skill to do. More than any other historical character, Richard Cœur de Lion resembles a knight of romance ; and the circumstances which occurred in his way to Palestine have the air of an adventure in romance more than of authentic history, though the facts are incontestable. "He was no sooner abroad in the main sea, but a great tempest arose, wherewith his whole navy was sore tossed and turmoiled up and down the seas." The king himself was driven first to Crete, afterwards to Rhodes. Three of his ships foundered off the coast of Cyprus : three others were refused admittance into the harbours there ; they were wrecked in consequence, and the men who escaped to shore were cast into prison. The vessel with queen Joan and the lady Berengaria on board was driven in the same direction : they requested permission to land, announcing who they were, and that permission was refused. One of the Comneni family, Isaac by name, had taken possession of Cyprus for himself, in full sovereignty. Like other Greeks, or Griffons as they were called, he thought that the crusaders, if not worse than Saracens, were quite as much to be dreaded : such reports as might reach him of Richard's exploits at

Messina were not likely to induce a more favourable opinion ; and he had at this time assembled his forces at Limisso, with the determination of resisting any adventurers who might attempt to land.

Rhodes was not so distant, but that Richard heard how his people had been treated by the Cypriot emperor (as he was styled) in time to demand redress. He made immediately for Limisso, and found his affianced wife and his sister still off the harbour, in which they had been inhospitably, if not inhumanly, forbidden to enter. Perhaps the very strength of his resentment made him feel that it became him on this occasion to restrain his anger. Thrice he demanded the liberation of his people, and the restitution of whatever had been saved from the wrecks : those demands proving ineffectual, he then proceeded to take the justice that was denied him, and to inflict due punishment upon the offender. Isaac had easily captured men exhausted by long struggling with tempestuous weather, and who had hardly saved their lives by swimming to shore ; but he must have been the weakest of men to think of opposing a fleet of crusaders with a host of undisciplined and half-armed Cypriots. Few of them, it is said, had any better weapons than clubs or stones ; and they thought to protect themselves with a barricade formed of logs, planks, chests, and benches,—whatever could be hastily brought together. Richard, meantime, proceeded toward the landing-place with his galleys and small boats. His archers led the way, and soon cleared it, for their arrows are said to have fallen on the Cypriots like rain upon the summer grass. The victors, “ being but footmen, weather beaten, weary, and wet,” were in no plight for pursuing the routed enemy ; they entered the town, and found it deserted by the inhabitants, but full of wealth and of provisions of every kind. Such of his ships as were collected then entered the port ; and Berengaria and his sister were received by Richard as a conqueror in the city where a refuge from the sea had been refused them.

During the course of the day, Isaac rallied the fugitives, about six miles from the town, and as if he supposed that weakness alone had withheld the crusaders from pursuing their advantage, prepared to attack them on the morrow. But Cœur de Lion allowed him no time for this. Intelligence of his movements and of his designs was easily obtained, for Isaac was a tyrant ; guides also offered themselves ; food, wine, and success had presently refreshed the English ; long before daybreak they were armed, and in motion ; and the Cypriots were taken so completely by surprise, that they were “ slain like beasts.” The emperor Isaac escaped, not only unarmed, but half-naked ; so utterly had he been unprepared for such an attack. His horses, his armour, and his standard, were taken. The standard was sent to England ; and when Cœur de Lion returned thither, he deposited it himself at King St. Edmund's shrine. Terrified at this second discomfiture, Isaac now sent ambassadors, proposing to restore the prisoners whom he had unjustly captured, with all that had been saved from the wrecks ; to pay 20,000 marks in amends for the loss that had been sustained by shipwreck ; to accompany Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, and to serve him there with 1000 knights, 400 light horsemen, and 500 well-armed foot ; to acknowledge him for his sovereign lord, and swear fealty to him accordingly ; and place his daughter and heiress, as hostage, in his hands. These conditions, more rigorous than Richard would have thought of imposing, were admitted. Isaac then came to the King of England in the field ; and there, in presence of the chiefs of the crusaders, swore fealty, and promised, upon his oath thus pledged, not to depart till he should have performed all for which he had engaged. By this time Richard had been too well acquainted with his character to place much reliance either upon his word or oath ; tents were assigned for him and his retinue ; and a guard was appointed to keep him in custody. Offended at this, or affrighted by it, and with that inconsistency which proceeds from rashness as

well as fear, he withdrew during the night, while his guards, suspecting no such evasion, were asleep, and then sent messengers to renounce the treaty which he had made.

Richard is said not to have been displeased at the opportunity that this fresh provocation afforded him. Guy of Lusignan, the dethroned King of Jerusalem, and the last Christian who bore that title otherwise than as an empty pretension, having purchased his liberty from Saladin by the surrender of Ascalon, came at this time to Cyprus, with his brother Geoffrey, with Raymond prince of Antioch, and Boemund his son, and other ejected lords of Palestine, to implore Richard's assistance for re-establishing them in their lost estates. Richard intrusted part of his army to Guy and Raymond, that they might pursue Isaac, and prosecute the conquest of the island by land; while he with one part of his galleys, and Robert de Turnham with the other, coasted, it and cut off his flight by sea. Wherever they came the towns, cities, and castles on the coast, were abandoned at their approach, and they took possession of all the shipping. Having thus swept the coast, and precluded the possibility of the emperor's escape from the island, Richard returned to Limisso and there was married to the lady Berengaria by one of his own chaplains; his queen was crowned the same day by the bishop of Evreux; the bishop of Bayonne, and the archbishops of Apamea and Aux, assisting at the ceremony. Cyprus is the first island that was ever conquered by an English fleet, and Berengaria the only English queen whose coronation was ever performed in a foreign country. He then moved into the interior, to complete the conquest. Nicosia, the capital, was presently surrendered, and the strong castle of Cezzia afterwards, with which Isaac's daughter yielded herself to the conqueror, who placed her as a companion to the queen. Toward the father he was less courteous; that rash and unhappy man had taken refuge in a monastery; and when he heard that the place of his retreat was discovered, and that Richard was marching thither, every strong-hold in the island having been given up, he threw himself upon his mercy, praying only that his life and limbs might be spared. Mercy was a virtue but little practised in those times. Richard sent him to Tripoli, there to be kept close prisoner in chains. When the wretched man heard this sentence, he said, that, if he were put in irons, it would soon occasion his death: upon which Richard, with contemptuous bitterness, replied, "He saith well; and seeing that he is a nobleman, and that our mind is not to shorten his life, but only to keep him safe, that he may not start away again and do more hurt, let his chains be made of silver."

Isaac has not been deemed worthy of any further notice by those who recorded the events of Richard's crusade; most probably he died in confinement; nor is anything more related of his daughter, than that queen Berengaria either had, or thought she had, cause for regretting that her husband had placed so attractive a companion about her person. The Cypriots, as is always the lot of a conquered people, paid heavily for passing from one yoke to another: they were immediately taxed to the unmerciful amount of half their moveables; and the stores that were found in the island were so considerable, that it is said the Christian armies in Palestine could hardly have carried on their operations had it not been for this great and casual supply. After these exactions, Richard, considering Cyprus as his own, by the acknowledged right of conquest, confirmed to the inhabitants the rights and usages which they had formerly enjoyed under the Greek emperors, but which had been suspended during the late usurpation. He appointed Richard de Camuelle and Robert de Turnham governors of the island; and when, in the ensuing year, after a series of exploits which have rendered his name almost as celebrated in Mahomedan history as in European romance, he was about to leave Palestine, having been prevented by the withdrawal of the French king, from

restoring Guy de Lusignan to his lost kingdom of Jerusalem, he bestowed upon him the kingdom of Cyprus as some compensation,—a kingdom which his descendants continued to possess for nearly three centuries.

Cœur de Lion was detained in Cyprus only a few weeks by his marriage, the conquest, and the settlement of the island. In his way from thence to Acre he fell in with a vessel of the largest size, sailing under French colours ; but requiring more evidence than the colours and the suspicious language of the spokesman, he soon ascertained that it was a Saracen ship, laden with stores of all kinds for the relief of Acre, which the Christians were then closely besieging. The brother of Saladin had despatched it from Baouk ; there were seven emirs on board ; and the number of troops has been stated by the lowest account at 650, by the highest at 1500. They were brave men, well provided with the most formidable means of defence ; and desperate, because they knew how little mercy was to be expected from a fleet of Crusaders. The size, and more especially the height, of their ship, gave them an advantage which for a while counterbalanced that of numbers on Richard's part ; for his galleys could make but little impression upon her strong sides. Richard's people, brave as they were, were daunted by the Greek fire, which was poured upon them, which they had never encountered before, but of which what they had heard was enough to impress them with dread. The great dramond, as she is called, might probably have beaten off her assailants and pursued her course, if Richard's men had not dreaded their king's anger more even than the terrible fire of the enemy. "I will crucify all my soldiers if she should escape," was his tremendous threat. His example availed more than his threat could have done : they boarded the huge hulk like Englishmen ; and the Saracens, when they saw themselves overpowered, ran below, by their commander's order, and endeavoured to sink the ship, that their enemies might perish with them. Part of the cargo, however, was saved before she sank, and some of the crew were taken to mercy, though mercy was not the motive ; for it was the chiefs, it is said, who were spared for the sake of their ransom. If the stores and ammunition with which this ship was laden had reached Acre, it was thought that the city could never have been taken.

It appears that the ships of war at this time were all galleys ; that few of them had more than two rows of oars, and many of them only one tier ; these, being shorter and moved with more facility, were used in the Levant for throwing wild-fire. This composition, which the Greeks called liquid fire, and which by Latin and later historians is commonly denominated Greek fire, is said to have been invented by Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis (afterwards called Balbec), about the latter part of the seventh century ; and it continued in use some six hundred years, till the more destructive powers of gunpowder were applied to the purposes of war. The invention proceeded from the school of Egyptian chemistry ; for Callinicus was in the service of the caliphs, from whence he went over to the Greek emperor, expecting, perhaps, a better reward for his discovery from the government to which it would be most useful. Constantinople was, indeed, saved by it in two sieges ; Saracen fleets were deterred from attempting to pass the straits of the Hellespont, when they knew that their enemies were prepared with it ; and while the Greeks kept the secret of the composition to themselves, as they did most carefully for four centuries, they possessed a more efficient means of defence than any other people. When the Pisans were at the height of their naval power, the emperor Alexius sent out a fleet against them, in which, as it appears, for the first time, lion's-heads of bronze were fixed at the ships' prows, and from their open mouths this liquid fire was discharged in streams. This he devised as being likely to terrify as well as to astonish them ; but the composition was, no doubt, sent

with surer effect from moveable tubes. The commander who led the way in this action wasted his fire; another officer, when in great danger, extricated himself by its use, and burnt four of the enemy's ships and the Pisans, who saw that the fire spread upwards, downwards, or laterally, at the will of those who directed it, and that they could not by any means extinguish it, took to flight.

The Greek fire was forced in its liquid state from hand engines, or thrown in jars; or arrows were discharged, the heads of which were armed, more formidable than with their own barbs, with tow dipt in this dreadful composition. During the crusades, the Saracens became possessed of the secret: whether they discovered it, or it was betrayed to them, is not known; but they employed it with terrible effect; and the crusaders, who feared nothing else, confessed their fear of this. At this time it was employed on both sides. The only description of a naval action in those ages, which explains the system of naval tactics, relates to the siege of Acre, in which Richard was engaged. The crusaders drew up their fleet in the form of a half-moon, with the intent of closing upon the enemy if he should attempt to break their line. Their best galleys were placed in the two ends of the curve, where they might act with most alacrity, and least impediment. The rowers were all upon the lower deck; and on the upper the soldiers were drawn up in a circle, with their bucklers touching each other. The action began with a discharge of missile weapons on both sides; the Christians then rowed forward with all stress of oars, endeavouring, after the ancient manner, to stave in their enemies' sides, or otherwise run them down: when they came to close quarters they grappled; skill was then no longer of avail, and the issue depended upon personal strength and intrepidity. The Greek fire seems to have been used even when the ships were fastened to each other: the likelihood of its communicating from the enemy's vessel to that which had thrown it, was much less when galleys were engaged, than it would be in vessels rigged like later men of war; and fire might be employed more freely, because there were no magazines in danger. The crusaders had so greatly the superiority at sea, owing as much to seamanship as numbers, that a sagacious prisoner, whom Philip Augustus interrogated concerning the best means whereby the Holy Land might be recovered and maintained, told him it would be by keeping the seas, and destroying the trade of Egypt. His advice was, that they should take Damietta, and rely upon their fleets more than upon their strength in horse and foot.

78.—THE CRUSADE.

From the "Penny Magazine."

On the 10th of June, 1191, an astounding clangour of trumpets and drums and horns, and every other instrument in the Christian camp, hailed the arrival of Richard and his host in the roadstead of Acre. The welcome was sincere, for the aid was opportune and indispensable. Without the Lion-heart there must have been a capitulation of the Christians to Saladin. The French king had arrived some time before, but had done nothing. Frederic of Suabia, who had taken the command of the remnant of the army of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and who had not been able to give a favourable turn to the siege of Acre, had been for some time dead, and the Duke of Austria, who assumed the command of the Imperialists, was a formalist and a sluggard, being at the same time conceited and jealous. The loss of life among the Christians had been fearful. The sword and the plague, with other diseases, had swept away six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, and five hundred barons, whose names are recorded in history, and one hundred and fifty

thousand of "the meaner sort." The siege had lasted well nigh two years, and the Crusaders were not only still outside the walls, but actually pressed and hemmed in, and almost besieged themselves, by Saladin, who occupied Mount Carmel and all the neighbouring heights with an immense army. But the arrival of the English king put a new spirit and life into the languishing siege; and on the 12th of July, only a month and two days after his landing, Acre was taken. The glory of the achievement was justly given to Cœur-de-Lion—

So that king Philip was annoyed there at the thing,

That there was not of him a word, but all of Richard the King.*

The French and English soldiery entered fully into the piques and jealousies of their respective kings, who did not agree the better for the treaty which had been concluded between them while in Sicily. Nothing but a Holy War could ever have brought these two sovereigns to attempt to act in concert with one another. Philip was constantly aiming at the overthrow of Richard's dominions in France, and Richard was resolute to keep those French provinces, which rendered him even in France as powerful as Philip. These quarrels nearly split the great confederacy of the Crusaders. Each king had his partisans. The Genoese and Templars espoused the quarrel of France; the Pisans and Hospitallers, or the Knights of St. John, took part with England; and, on the whole, it appears that Richard's more brilliant valour, and greater command of money and other means, rendered the English faction the stronger of the two. The Templars and the Hospitallers, the Genoese and the Pisans, were old rivals, and had often fought against one another even in the Holy Land, and when surrounded by their common enemy, and the foe of all Christians: they were therefore sure to take opposite parts; but among the other Crusaders, who were not divided by such rivalry and enmity, and who looked exclusively to the triumph of the Christian cause, the Cœur-de-Lion was evidently regarded as the best present leader and as the most valorous prince that had ever taken the Cross and adhered to the vows he had pledged at taking it. He never showed himself in the camp without being hailed enthusiastically by the great body of the Christian army; and he had not been a month in the country ere the Saracens began to speak of him with mingled respect and terror. During the siege of Acre he had worked like a common soldier at the heavy battering-engines; and when assailed by a violent endemic fever, he had caused himself to be carried to the trenches on a silk pallet or mattress. Even without his ever liberal guerdon the minstrels might have been animated to sing his praise, and to declare, as they did, that if the sepulchre of our Lord were ever again recovered, it must be through king Richard. All this gave rise to fresh jealousies in the breast of Philip, who, though brave, was far more distinguished as an adroit statesman in Europe than as a warrior in the Holy Land.

Philip Augustus was gone for France, and the Crusaders seemed disposed rather to remain where they were than to go to Jerusalem. Having restored the battered walls of Acre, Richard Cœur-de-Lion prepared to march; but the majority of the Christians by no means shared in his impatience, "for the wine of Cyprus was of the very best quality, provisions were very abundant, and the city abounded with beautiful women who had come from the neighbouring islands;" and the gravest knights had made a Capua of Acre. When a herald-at-arms proclaimed with a loud voice that the army was going to begin its march towards Jaffa, many of the pilgrims held down their heads or slunk away into the houses of the pleasant town. The impatient king of England went out of Acre and encamped in the neighbourhood; and when he had been there some days, and when the clergy by their preach-

* Robert of Gloucester.—*Rhymed Chronicle*.

ing had recalled to the minds of the Crusaders the sad captivity of Jerusalem, the flames of enthusiasm were again lighted. The pilgrims all went forth to the camp, and Richard having given the signal to depart, one hundred thousand men crossed the river Belus, advancing between the sea and Mount Carmel. Richard had left behind him his sister and wife at Acre, and had strictly prohibited women from following the army. It was on the 22nd of August, 1191, that the march began. The distance between Acre and Jerusalem is scarcely more than eighty of our miles; but the country is difficult, and was guarded by a numerous, a brave, and active enemy. Of Richard's forces scarcely more than thirty thousand were to be considered as soldiers, and these were of all nations. They marched in five divisions: the Knights Templars led the van; the Knights of St. John brought up the rear. There was a great standard car, like the Lombard Carroccio, and like that which had been used at Northallerton in the great battle of the Standard. It ran upon four wheels that were sheathed with iron, and it carried the standard of the Holy War suspended on a high mast. During the fury of battles, such of the wounded as could be recovered in the mêlée were brought round this car; and in case of any reverse or retreat, the car was the general rallying-point for the Christian army. While Richard and his mixed host marched slowly along between the mountains and the sea, a fleet which carried their baggage, provisions, and munitions of war, glided along the coast within sight of the troops. Every night, when the army halted, the heralds of the several camps cried aloud three times, "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" and every soldier bent his knee, and raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and said "Amen!" Every morning, at the point of day, the standard car, at the command of Richard, was put in motion, and then the Crusaders formed in order of march, the priests and monks chanting a psalm the while, or singing a hymn—

Lignum Crucis,
Signum Ducis.

Saladin, who had been reinforced from all parts, infested their march every day, and encamped near them every night, with an army greatly superior in numbers. The Crusaders scarcely advanced three leagues a day: their road was cut by ravines and mountain torrents; there were many steep and intricate defiles, with wood and underwood; and at every difficult point there stood the cunning Paynim to dispute the passage, or to make them suffer from an ambuscado attack. These Saracens were not heavily armed, like the Christians; they carried only a bow and quiver, or a sword, a dagger, and a javelin. Some of them were only armed with a club, bristling at one extremity with sharp steel points, that went through a coat of mail like a needle through a garment of cotton or woollen stuff. Many of them, well mounted on Arab horses, kept constantly hovering round Richard's line of march, flying when they were pursued, and returning to the charge when the pursuit ceased, or whenever they saw a favourable opportunity. Their movements were compared, now to the flight of the swallow, and now to that of an importunate swarm of summer flies. Their archers frequently did great execution, even without showing themselves, for they were hid behind trees, or among the tall growing weeds, or they bent their bows with a sure aim behind rocks. Whenever a Crusader fell—and many more fell by disease than by the arms of the infidel—his comrades dug him a shallow grave, and buried him on the spot where he had breathed his last, and then chanted the service for the dead as they resumed their march.

On the 7th of September, Richard brought Saladin to a general action near Azotus, the Ashdod of the Bible, on the sea-shore, and about nine miles from

Ascalon. The sultan had there collected two hundred thousand men to oppose Richard's farther advance; and, before the battle began, swarms of Bedouin Arabs collected on the declivities of mountains upon the flank of the Crusaders. Richard closed up his five divisions and ordered them all to remain on the defensive. "The battalions of the Christians," says old Vinesauf, "stood in so solid a mass that an apple thrown anywhere among them could not have reached the ground without touching a man or a horse." The Saracens charged this iron mass. They might as well have charged the flank of Mount Carmel or Mount Sion. They were thrown off with great slaughter, and then the mass moved slowly onwards, not deviating in the slightest degree from the line of advance which Richard had originally chosen. The Saracens attacked again and in greater force, and being again repulsed and thrown into some confusion, Richard raised his battle-axe and gave the word, and the great solid body broke up into its several parts, and three of the five columns charged among the Paynim. King Richard showed himself everywhere where the Crusaders had need of succour; and wherever he appeared his presence was announced by the flight of the Turks. After a display of valour which was never surpassed, and of more cool conduct and generalship than might have been expected from him, he gained a complete victory. Mourning the loss of many thousand men, and of thirty-two Emirs or chiefs of the first rank, Saladin, the victor of many a field, retreated in great disorder, having had, at one time, only seventeen Mamelukes near his person. Richard, who was slightly wounded on the left side, advanced without further opposition to Jaffa, the Joppa of Scripture, of which he took possession. Here he was only thirty miles from the Holy City. As the country in advance of that position was as yet clear of enemies, or was occupied only by disheartened fugitives, the Lion-heart would have followed up his advantages; but many of the Crusaders, less hardy than himself, were worn out by the climate and by fatigue, and the French barons urged the necessity of restoring the fortifications of Jaffa before they advanced. No sooner had Richard consented to this measure than the Crusaders, instead of prosecuting the work with vigour, abandoned themselves to luxurious ease. The English king was joined by his young wife and sister, and the other ladies he had left at Acre, who came to Jaffa by sea. Being impatient of repose, he had recourse to hunting and other sports of the field, disregarding the evident fact that hordes of Saracens and Arabs were scouring the country in detached parties. One day he was actually surrounded in a wood, and would have lost either his life or his liberty, had not one of his companions, William de Pratelles, a knight of Provence, cried out in the Arabic tongue, "I am the king! Spare my life!" and by drawing attention upon himself, given Richard the opportunity of escaping. The faithful William de Pratelles was carried off a prisoner to Saladin, but Richard soon redeemed him, by giving in exchange ten Emirs whom he had taken. On another occasion, a company of Templars, in quest of forage, fell into an ambuscade. The Lion-heart sent the brave Earl of Leicester to their aid, promising he would follow as soon as he could get on his armour. Before that rather tedious operation could be completed, they told him the Templars and the Earl were being crushed by the number of the enemy. Without finishing his steel toilette, and without waiting for any one, Cœur-de-Lion leaped on his war-horse, and galloped to the spot, declaring he were unworthy of the name of king, if he abandoned those whom he had promised to succour. He spurred into the thickest of the fight, and so laid about him with that tremendous battle-axe which he had caused to be forged by the best smiths in England before he departed for the East, that the Earl of Leicester and all the Knights Templars who had not fallen previously to his arrival were rescued. On such onslaughts, say the chroniclers, his cry was still—"St. George! St. George!"

At the end of May, 1192, the Crusaders once more set out on their march towards Jerusalem, under the command of Richard. The march now began on a Sabbath-day, the fighting men being to all appearance full of courage, and the poor pilgrims who followed them full of hope, for they raised their voices and said, "O Lord! Thanks be unto thee, for the time of the deliverance of the Holy City is now at hand!" The warriors had ornamented their helmets with bright cockades and flowers; the flags of the army had been renewed, and shined splendidly in the sun. When not employed in singing psalms and canticles of victory, all tongues spoke the praise of the Lion-hearted king who remained at his post when others had deserted it, and who was now assuredly leading them to a final victory. Early in June they encamped in the valley of Hebron. But here Richard received fresh messengers from England, bringing dismal accounts of plots within and armed confederacies without his dominions. We follow the most consistent, though not the most generally received account, in saying that, on this intelligence, and at the prospect of the increasing power of the Saracens (who had not only strongly fortified and garrisoned the Holy City, but had occupied all the mountain-passes leading to it, and had thrown a tremendous force between the city and his advanced posts), and of the increasing weakness and destitution of the Christian forces, to whose wants he could no longer administer, as his money was all spent, Richard now came to a stand, and turned his heart and thoughts to the West, where his crown was almost within the grasp of his brother John, and whither he was conjured to return by his still able and active mother Eleanor, and by all such of his ministers as were faithful unto him. A council was assembled at his suggestion: it was composed of five knights of the Temple, five knights of St. John, five barons of France, and five barons or Christian lords, who held lands in Palestine; and it deliberated during several successive days. In the end, this council declared that, under present circumstances, it would be better to march to the south and besiege Cairo, whence Saladin drew his main supplies, than to advance and besiege Jerusalem. This decision was perhaps a wise one, but it was adopted far too late.

If the expedition to Egypt and the siege of Cairo had ever been seriously contemplated, it was presently seen that the scheme was impracticable; for as soon as a countermarch from the Hebron was commenced, all discipline abandoned the camp, and, after some savage quarrels and conflicts of arms among themselves, the mass of the French and Germans deserted the Standard of the Cross altogether. Richard then leisurely fell back upon Acre. The Saracens now descended from the mountains of Judæa, pouring through every pass and gorge like the headlong torrents in the winter season; and Saladin soon took the town of Jaffa or Joppa, all but the well-defended citadel, in which *Cœur-de-Lion* had left a manful garrison. A tremendous contest ensued between Saladin and Richard.

As the battle of Jaffa was the most brilliant, so also was it the last fought by the Lion-heart in the Holy Land. The duke of Burgundy had withdrawn to Tyre, and had refused to take any further part in the war. The Germans, commanded by the duke of Austria, had quitted Palestine for Europe; and most of the Crusaders of other nations were wearied with the contest or engaged in their old jealousies and feuds. Richard's health, and the health of his great adversary Saladin, were both seriously affected; and a mutual admiration and respect appears to have forwarded a treaty which was concluded shortly after the battle of Jaffa.

79.—THE CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD.

THIERRY.

The occupation of the fortresses by earl John had caused much anxiety to the king of England, and he foresaw that his brother, following the example that he himself had set him, would sooner or later make common cause between his ambitious designs and the hostile projects of the king of France. These fears soon began to distress him to such an extent that, disregarding the oath that he had made not to quit the Holy Land whilst there remained a horse for him to feed on, he concluded a truce of three years, three months, and three days with the Saracens, and set out westward.

When he arrived off Sicily he suddenly bethought himself that it would be dangerous for him to land at any of the ports of southern Gaul, because the greater number of the lords of Provence were related to the Marquis of Montferrat, whose death he was accused of having caused, and also because the Count of Toulouse, Raymond de St. Gilles, who, under the king of Aragon, ruled over all the maritime towns situated west of the Rhone, was his personal enemy. Justly fearing some ambuscade on their part, instead of crossing the Mediterranean, he entered the Adriatic Gulf, after having dismissed the greater part of his suite, in order that he might not be recognised. His vessel was attacked by pirates, with whom, after a lively engagement, he contrived to make so close a friendship, that he left his own ship for one of theirs, which carried him to Yara, on the coast of Slavonia. He went ashore with a Norman baron named Baldwin de Bethune, master Philip and master Anselm, his chaplains, some Templars, and some servants. It was necessary to have a safe-conduct from the lord of the province, who unfortunately happened to be one of the numerous relations of the Marquis de Montferrat. The king sent one of his men to make this request, and commissioned him to offer to the ruler a ring set with a large ruby which he had bought in Palestine of some Pisan merchants. This ruby, at that time famous, was recognised by the ruler of Yara: "Who are they who have sent thee to ask a free passage of me?" he inquired of the messenger. "Some pilgrims returning from Jerusalem."—"And their names?"—"One is called Baldwin de Bethune, and the other, who offers you this ring, Hugh the merchant." The ruler, examining the ring attentively, did not speak for some time, and then suddenly replied, "Thou dost not speak the truth: his name is not Hugh, it is King Richard. But, since he wished to honour me with his gifts without being acquainted with me, I will not arrest him; I return him his present, and leave him free to depart."

Surprised at this incident, which he was far from expecting, Richard immediately set out, and no one attempted to stop him. But the ruler of Yara sent to warn his brother, the lord of a neighbouring town, that the English king was in the country, and would probably pass through his territory. The brother had in his service a Norman named Roger, originally from Argenton, whom he immediately commissioned to visit every day all the inns at which pilgrims lodged, and endeavour to discover the king of England either by his language or some other token, promising, if he succeeded in capturing him, to reward him with the government of half the town. The Norman prosecuted the search for several days, going from house to house, and, at last, discovered the king. Richard endeavoured for some time to conceal who he was, but, driven to an extremity by the Norman's questions, he was, at last, forced to avow himself; thereupon Roger burst into tears, and implored him immediately to fly, at the same time offering him his best horse; then he returned to his master, and told him that the news of the arrival of the king was merely a false report, that he had not found him, but only one of his countrymen,

Baldwin de Bethune, who was returning from a pilgrimage. The lord, furious at having failed in his object, had Baldwin arrested and kept him in prison.

Meanwhile, king Richard pursued his flight through the German territory, having for his companions only William de l'Etang, his intimate friend, and a valet who could speak the Teutonic language, either being of English birth, or having, from his inferior condition, acquired a taste for learning the English language, which was then exactly similar to the Saxon dialect of Germany, and had nothing of the French tongue either in the words, phrases, or construction. They travelled three days and three nights without food, almost without knowing where they were, and entered the province called in the Tudesque tongue Ost-ric or Cest-reich, that is to say, the *East kingdom*. This name was a last relic of the old empire of the Franks, of which this country formed the eastern extremity. Ost-ric, or l'Autriche, as the French and the Normans called it, was a dependency of the Germanic empire, and was governed by a lord who bore the title of *here-zog* or duke; and, unfortunately, this duke, named Leopold, was the same whom Richard had mortally offended in Palestine, by tearing down his banner. His residence was at Vienna, on the Danube, at which place the king and his two companions arrived, worn out with fatigue and hunger.

The servant who spoke English went to the town exchange to get the money of the country for their gold byzantines. He made a great display before the merchants of his gold and his person, adopting a dignified air, and the manners of a courtier. The citizens, being suspicious of him, took him before their magistrate to discover who he was. He gave himself out for the valet of a rich merchant who was to arrive in three days, and on this reply he was liberated. When he returned to the king's lodging, he recounted his adventure to him, and advised him to leave the town as soon as possible; but Richard, wishing for some repose, staid some days longer. During this interval the report of his landing at Yara was spread through Austria, and duke Leopold, who wished at once to wreak his vengeance on the king, and enrich himself by the ransom of such a prisoner, sent spies and men-at-arms in search of him in all directions. They traversed the country without finding any traces of him; but one day the same servant, who had been before arrested, being in the market of the town purchasing provisions, some richly embroidered gloves, such as the great lords of that time wore with their court dresses, were observed in his girdle. He was again arrested, and, to force confessions from him, he was put to the torture. He revealed all, and pointed out the inn where Richard was. It was surrounded by the duke of Austria's soldiers, who, taking Richard by surprise, forced him to surrender; and the duke with great marks of respect, had him confined in a prison, where picked soldiers with drawn swords guarded him day and night.

No sooner was the report of the king of England's arrest spread, than the emperor, or Cæsar of all Germany, summoned his vassal the duke of Austria, to surrender his prisoner to him, under the pretext, that none but an emperor had a right to imprison a king. Duke Leopold assented to this strange reasoning with apparent willingness, but not without stipulating that he should receive at least a part of the ransom. The king of England was then transferred from Vienna to Worms, into one of the imperial fortresses, and the emperor, in great glee, sent a message to the king of France, which was more agreeable to him, says an historian of the time, than a present of gold or topaz. Philip immediately wrote to the emperor to congratulate him cordially on his prize, and to intreat him to guard it carefully, because, he said, the world would never be at peace if such a disturber succeeded in escaping. Therefore, he proposed to pay a sum equal or even superior to the king of England's ransom, if the emperor would give him into his custody.

The emperor, according to custom, submitted this proposition to an assembly of

the lords and bishops of the country, called in the Tudesque language, a *diet*, a word which meant, in its original signification, the people in general, but which had by degrees got to be used in a more restricted sense. He made known to the diet the motives of the king of France's request, and justified Richard's imprisonment on the plea of the pretended crime of murder committed by him upon the Marquis of Montferrat, the insult offered to the banner of the Duke of Austria, and the three years' truce concluded with the enemies of the faith. For these misdeeds the king of England ought, he said, to be declared a capital enemy of the empire. The assembly decided that Richard should be judged by it for the crimes imputed to him, but refused to surrender him to the king of France. The latter did not wait for judgment to be given against the prisoner, but sent an express message to inform him that he renounced him as his vassal, defied him, and declared war to the utmost against him. At the same time he made the same offers to the Earl of Mortain which he had formerly made to Richard to incite him against his father. He promised to ensure to John the possession of Normandy, of Anjou, and of Aquitaine, and to aid him in obtaining the kingdom of England; in return he demanded that he should be his faithful ally, and that he should marry that same Alice, of whom mention has been before made. Without at that time concluding a positive alliance with king Philip, John commenced intrigues in all the countries which were in subjection to his brother; and, under the pretext that Richard was dead, or at least must be considered so, he exacted the oath of fidelity from the public officers, and the governors of the fortresses and towns.

The king of England was informed of these manœuvres, by some Norman abbots, who obtained permission to visit him in his prison, and especially by his old chancellor, William Longchamp, the personal enemy of the Earl of Mortain. Richard received him as a friend persecuted for his cause, and employed him in several negotiations. The day fixed on for the trial of the king arrived; he appeared as an accused man before the Germanic diet assembled at Worms; all he had to do to obtain an acquittal on all points was to promise as his ransom, one hundred thousand pounds of silver, and to avow himself a vassal of the emperor. This avowal of vassalage, which was a mere formality, was of great importance in the eyes of the emperor, on account of his pretensions to the same universal dominion as the Cæsars of Rome, of whom he called himself the heir, had held. The feudal subjection of the kingdom of England to the Germanic Empire was not of a nature to be of long duration; but, nevertheless, the acknowledgement and declaration were made with all the pomp and ceremony exacted by the custom of that age. "King Richard," says a contemporary, "divested himself of the kingdom, and surrendered it to the emperor, as lord of all the earth, investing him with it by means of his hat; and the emperor returned it to him to hold as a fief of him, on condition of an annual tribute of five thousand pounds sterling, and invested him with it by means of a double crown of gold." After this ceremony the German emperor, bishops, and lords, promised by oath, on their souls, that the king of England should be free on the payment of the hundred thousand pounds: and from that day the captivity of Richard was less strict.

In the meantime the Earl of Mortain, carrying on his intrigues and manœuvres, solicited the justiciaries of England, the archbishop of Rouen, and the barons of Normandy, to swear fidelity to him, and to acknowledge him as king; the greater number refused, and the earl, feeling that he was not sufficiently powerful to oblige them to accede to his wishes, crossed over to France, and concluded a formal treaty with king Philip. He acknowledged himself that king's vassal and liegeman for England, and all the other states of his brother, swore to marry Philip's sister, and to give up to him a considerable portion of Normandy, Tours, Loches, Am-

hoise, and Montrichard, as soon as, by his aid, he should have become king of England. He further promised to the Count de Blois, a vassal of the king of France, the towns of La Châtre, and Vendôme. And, finally, he subscribed to the same clause against Richard, which Richard had more than once subscribed to against his father, Henry II. "And, if my brother Richard should offer me peace, I will not accept it without the consent of my ally of France, even if my ally should have made peace on his own account with my said brother Richard."

After the conclusion of this treaty, king Philip crossed the frontiers of Normandy, with a numerous army; and earl John had money distributed among such of the Gallic tribes as were still free, to engage them to second by an invasion the manœuvres of his partisans in England. This people, oppressed by the Normans, gladly enlisted their national hatred in the service of one of the two factions into which their enemies were divided; but, incapable of great efforts out of the little country where they obstinately defended their independence, they were of little service to king Richard's adversaries. These latter, had, also, but little success in England, and this determined John to remain near the king of France, and to direct all his projects against the coast of Normandy. Although thus exempted from the scourge of war, England was not much better off; for she had to submit to enormous tributes, levied for the king's ransom. The royal collectors traversed the country in every direction, and drew contributions from all classes of men, clergy and laity, Saxons and Normans. All the sums levied in various assessments were collected together in London; and it has been calculated that the total would have covered the amount of the ransom, had there not been an enormous deficiency caused by the frauds of the men employed. This first levy being insufficient, the royal officers commenced a fresh one, making use, say the historians, of the plausible term of the king's ransom, to cover their shameful robberies.

The king had been now two years in prison; he was weary of captivity, and sent message after message to his officers, and his friends in England, and on the continent, urging them to free him by paying his ransom. He complained bitterly that he was neglected by his people, and that they would not do for him, what he himself would have done for any other. He uttered his complaints in a song composed in the Roman dialect of the south, which he preferred to the less polished tongue of Normandy, Anjou, and France.

"I have many friends, but they give poorly; it is a shame to them, that, for want of ransom, I have been for two winters a prisoner here.

"Let my men and my barons, English, Norman, Poitevin, and Gascon be assured, that there is no man, however base, whom for want of money, I would suffer to remain in prison; I do not say it as a reproach; but I am still a prisoner."

Whilst the second collection for the king's ransom was being made throughout England, envoys from the emperor arrived in London, to receive, as on account for the sum total, the money that had been already collected; they ascertained the quantity by weight and measure, says an historian of the time, and put their seal on the sacks, which were conveyed as far as the territories of the empire by English sailors, at the risk and peril of the king of England. The money came safe to the hands of the Cæsar of Germany, who sent a third of it to the duke of Austria, as his share of the prize; then another diet was assembled to decide on the fate of the prisoner, whose liberation was fixed for the third week after Christmas, on condition that he should leave a certain number of hostages as a guarantee for the payment which still remained to be made. Richard agreed to everything, and the emperor, delighted with his easy compliance, was pleased to reward him by a gift. He granted to him, by authentic charter, to hold of him as a fief, some provinces which he called his, in the style of his chancery, such as

the Viennois, and a portion of the country which in the Roman tongue was called Bourgogne, and the towns and territories of Lyon, Arles, Marseille, and Narbonne. "Now it must be understood," says a contemporary, "that these lands, given to the king by the emperor, contained five archbishoprics, and thirty-three bishoprics; and it must also be understood that he had never been able to exercise any sort of authority over them, and that the inhabitants had never consented to recognise any lord nominated or appointed by him."

When the king of France, and his ally, earl John, learnt what had been resolved by the imperial diet, they feared they might not have time to execute their designs before the king's liberation; they therefore sent messengers in great haste to the emperor, offering him seventy thousand marks of silver if he would prolong the imprisonment of Richard for one year, or, if he preferred it, a thousand pounds of silver for each succeeding month of captivity; or a hundred and fifty thousand marks if he would give the prisoner into the custody of the king of France and the earl. The emperor, tempted by these dazzling offers, was inclined to break his word; but the members of the diet, who had sworn to keep the engagement, opposed any want of faith, and, using all their power, had the captive released towards the end of January, 1194. Richard could not direct his steps either towards France or Normandy, which was then invaded by the French; the safest way for him was to embark in one of the German ports, and sail straight to England; but it was then the most stormy season; he was obliged to wait more than a month at Anvers, and during that time the emperor's avarice was again tempted; the hope of doubling his profits overcame the fear of displeasing chiefs less powerful than himself, and whom, in his character of paramount lord, he had a thousand means of silencing. He therefore resolved to seize a second time the prisoner whom he had allowed to depart; but the secret of this treachery was not sufficiently well kept, and one of the hostages left in the emperor's hands, found means to warn the king. Richard immediately embarked in the galliot of a Norman trader, named Alain Tranchemer, and, having thus escaped the men-at-arms sent to take him, landed safely at the port of Sandwich.

80.—DEATH AND CHARACTER OF RICHARD.

BURKE.

Richard, on his coming to England, found all things in the utmost confusion; but before he attempted to apply a remedy to so obstinate a disease, in order to wipe off any degrading ideas which might have arisen from his imprisonment, he caused himself to be new-crowned. Then, holding his Court of Great Council at Southampton, he made some useful regulations in the distribution of justice. He called some great offenders to a strict account. Count John deserved no favour, and he lay entirely at the king's mercy, who, by an unparalleled generosity, pardoned him his multiplied offences, only depriving him of the power of which he had made so bad a use. Generosity did not oblige him to forget the hostilities of the king of France. But to prosecute the war money was wanting, which new taxes and new devices supplied with difficulty and with dishonour. All the mean expedients of a necessitous government were exercised on this occasion. All the grants which were made on the king's departure for the Holy Land, were revoked on the weak pretence that the purchasers had sufficient recompense whilst they held them. Necessity seemed to justify this as well as many other measures that were equally violent. The whole revenue of the Crown had been dissipated; means to support its dignity must be found, and these means were the least unpopular,

as most men saw with pleasure the wants of Government fall upon those who had started into a sudden greatness by taking advantage of those wants.

Richard renewed the war with Philip, which continued, though frequently interrupted by truces, for about five years. In this war Richard signalised himself by that irresistible courage which on all occasions gave him a superiority over the king of France. But his revenues were exhausted; a great scarcity reigned both in France and England; and the irregular manner of carrying on war in those days prevented a clear decision in favour of either party. Richard had still an eye upon the Holy Land, which he considered as the only province worthy of his arms; and this continually diverted his thoughts from the steady prosecution of the war in France. The Crusade, like a superior orb, moved along with all the particular systems of politics at that time, and suspended, accelerated, or put back, all operations, on motives foreign to the things themselves. In this war, it must be remarked, that Richard made a considerable use of the mercenaries who had been so servicable to Henry the Second; and the king of France, perceiving how much his father Lewis had suffered by a want of that advantage, kept on foot a standing army in constant pay, which none of his predecessors had done before him, and which afterwards for a long time very unaccountably fell into disuse in both kingdoms.

Whilst this war was carried on by intervals and starts, it came to the ears of Richard that a nobleman of Limoges had found on his lands a considerable hidden treasure. The king, necessitous and rapacious to the last degree, and stimulated by the exaggeration and marvellous circumstances which always attend the report of such discoveries, immediately sent to demand the treasure, under pretence of the rights of seigniority. The Limosia, either because he had really discovered nothing, or that he was unwilling to part with so valuable an acquisition, refused to comply with the king's demand, and fortified his castle. Enraged at the disappointment, Richard relinquished the important affairs in which he was engaged, and laid siege to this castle with all the eagerness of a man who has his heart set upon a trifle. In this siege he received a wound from an arrow, and it proved mortal; but in the last, as in all the other acts of his life, something truly noble shone out amidst the rash and irregular motions of his mind. The castle was taken before he died. The man from whom Richard had received the wound was brought before him. Being asked why he levelled his arrow at the king, he answered with an undaunted countenance, "that the king with his own hand had slain his two brothers; that he thanked God who gave him an opportunity to revenge their deaths, even with the certainty of his own." Richard, more touched with the magnanimity of the man, than offended at the injury he had received, or the boldness of the answer, ordered that his life should be spared. He appointed his brother John to the succession; and with these acts ended a life and reign distinguished by a great variety of fortunes in different parts of the world, and crowned with great military glory, but without any accession of power to himself, or prosperity to his people, whom he entirely neglected, and reduced by his imprudence and misfortunes to no small indigence and distress.

In many respects, a striking parallel presents itself between this ancient king of England and Charles XII. of Sweden. They were both inordinately desirous of war, and rather generals than kings. Both were rather fond of glory, than ambitious of empire. Both of them made and deposed sovereigns. They both carried on their wars at a distance from home. They were both made prisoners by a friend and ally. They were both reduced by an adversary inferior in war, but above them in the arts of rule. After sponging their lives in remote adventures, each perished at last near home, in enterprises not suited to the splendour of their former exploits,

Both died childless ; and both, by the neglect of their affairs, and the severity of their government, gave their subjects provocation and encouragement to revive their freedom. In all these respects the two characters were alike ; but Richard fell as much short of the Swedish hero in temperance, chastity, and equality of mind, as he exceeded him in wit and eloquence. Some of his sayings are the most spirited that we find in that time ; and some of his verses remain which, in a barbarous age, might have passed for poetry.

81.—ROBIN HOOD AND SHERWOOD FOREST.

From " Old England."

C. KNIGHT.

The same combination against the power of the Crown which produced the great charter of our liberties, relieved the people from many regal oppressions by a charter of the forests. We cannot look upon an old forest without thinking of the days when men who had been accustomed to the free range of their green woods were mulcted or maimed for transgressing the ordinances of their new hunter-kings. Our poet Cowper put his imagination in the track of following out the customs of the Norman age in his fragment upon Yardley Oak, which was supposed to have existed before the Normans :

" Thou wast a bauble once ; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with ; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But fate thy growth decreed ; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through."

The severity of the old forest laws of England has become a byword, and no wonder when we know that with the Conqueror a sovereign's paternal care for his subjects was understood to apply to red deer, not to Saxon men ; and that accordingly, of the two, the lives of the former alone were esteemed of any particular value. But it was not the severity merely that was, after the Conquest, introduced (whether into the spirit or into the letter of the forest laws is immaterial), but also the vast extent of fresh land then afforested, and to which such laws were for the first time applied, that gave rise to so much opposition and hatred between the Norman conquerors and the Saxon forest inhabitants ; and that in particular parts of England infused such continuous vigour into the struggle commenced at the invasion, long after that struggle had ceased elsewhere. The Conqueror is said to have possessed in this country no less than sixty-eight forests, and these even were not enough ; so the afforesting process went on reign after reign, till the awful shadow of Magna Charta began to pass more and more frequently before royal eyes, producing first a check, and then a retreat : dis-afforesting then began, and the forest laws gradually underwent a mitigating process. But this was the work of the nobility of England, and occupied the said nobility a long time first to determine upon, and then to carry out : the people in the interim could not afford to wait, but took the matter to a certain extent into their own hands ; free bands roved the woods, laughing at the king's laws, and killing and eating his deer, and living a life of perfect immunity from

punishment, partly through bravery and address, and still more through the impenetrable character of the woods that covered a large portion of the whole country from the Trent to the Tyne. Among the more famous of the early leaders of such men were Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley, the heroes of many a northern ballad.

The forest of Sherwood, which formerly extended for thirty miles northward from Nottingham, skirting the great north road on both sides, was anciently divided into Thorney Wood and High Forest; and in one of these alone, the first and smallest, there were comprised nineteen towns and villages, Nottingham included. But this extensive sylvan district formed but a part of Robin Hood's domains. Sherwood was but one of a scarcely interrupted series of forests through which the outlaws roved at pleasure; when change was desired, either for its own sake, or in order to decline the too pressing attentions of the "Sheriff," as they called the royal governor of Nottingham Castle and of the two counties, Notts and Derby, who had supplanted the old elective officer—the people's sheriff. Hence we trace their haunts to this day so far in one direction as "Robin Hood's Chair," Wyn Hill, and his "Stride" in Derbyshire; thence to "Robin Hood's Bay," on the coast of Yorkshire, in another, with places between innumerable. But the "woody and famous forest of Barnsdale," in Yorkshire, and Sherwood, appear to have been their principal places of resort; and what would not one give for a glimpse of the scene as it then was, with these its famous actors moving about among it! There is little or nothing remaining in a sufficiently wild state to tell us truly of the ancient royal forest of Sherwood. The clearing process has been carried on extensively during the last century and a half. Prior to that period the forest was full of ancient trees—the road from Mansfield to Nottingham presented one unbroken succession of green woods. The principal parts now existing are the woods of Birkland and Bilhagh, where oaks of the most giant growth and of the most remote antiquity are still to be found: oaks against which Robin Hood himself may have leaned, and which even then may have counted their age by centuries. Such are the oaks in Welbeck Park. Many of these ancient trees are hollow through nearly the whole of their trunks, but their tops and lateral branches still put forth the tender green foliage regularly as the springs come round. Side by side with the monarch oak we find the delicate silver-coated stems and pendent branches of the lady of the woods; and beautiful is the contrast and the harmony. But everything wears a comparatively cultivated aspect. We miss the prodigal luxuriance of a natural forest, where every stage upward, from the sapling to the mightiest growth, may be traced. We miss the picturesque accidents of nature always to be found in such places, the ash key for instance, of which Gilpin speaks ("Forest Scenery"), rooting in a decayed part of some old tree, germinating, sending down its roots, and lifting up its branches till at last it rends its supporter and nourisher to pieces, and appears itself standing in its place, stately and beautiful as that once appeared. Above all we miss the rich and tangled undergrowth; the climbing honeysuckle, the white and black briony, and the clematis; the prickly holly and the golden furze, the heaths, the thistles, and the foxgloves with their purple bells; the bilberries, which for centuries were wont to be an extraordinarily great profit and pleasure to the poor people who gathered them (Thornton); the elders and willows of many a little marshy nook; all which, no doubt, once flourished in profusion wherever they could find room to grow between the thickly set trees, of which Camden says, referring to Sherwood, that their "entangled branches were so twisted together, that they hardly left room for a person to pass." It need excite little surprise that the outlaws could defend themselves from all inroads upon such a home. The same writer adds, that in his time the woods were much

thinner, but still bred an infinite number of deer and stags with lofty antlers. When Robin Hood hunted here, there would be also the roe, the fox, the marten, the hare, the coney, as well as the partridge, the quail, the rail, the pheasant, the woodcock, the mallard, and the heron, to furnish sport or food. Even the wolf himself may have been occasionally found in Sherwood, down to the thirteenth century; in the manor of Mansfield Woodhouse a parcel of land called Wolfhuntland was held so late as Henry the Sixth's time by the service of winding a horn to frighten away the wolves in the forest of Sherwood. We must add to this imperfect sketch of the scene made memorable by Robin Hood's presence and achievements, that in another point it would seem to have been expressly marked out by nature for such romantic fame. Caverns are found in extraordinary numbers through the forest. Those near Nottingham are supposed to have given name both to the town and county; the Saxon word *Snodengaham* being interpreted to mean the Home of Caverns. There are similar excavations in the face of a cliff near the Lene, west of Nottingham Castle. Above all, there is a cave traditionally connected with the great archer himself. This is a curious hollow rock in the side of a hill near Newstead, known as Robin Hood's Stable, but more likely from its aspect to have been his chapel. It contains several passages and doorways cut in the Gothic style, out of the solid rock; and there are peculiar little hollows in the wall, which might have been intended for holy water.

The life in the forest must indeed have been steeped in joyous excitement. No doubt it had its disadvantages. Winter flaws in such a scene would not be pleasant. Agues might be apt occasionally to make their appearance. One feels something of a shivering sensation as we wonder,

When they did hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In that their pinching cave they could discourse
The freezing hours away.

Yet even the rigours of the season might give new zest to the general enjoyment of forest life; we may imagine one of the band singing in some such words as those of Amiens:

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
*Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.*

And that very thought would ensure such ecstasies, when they did come, a genial and manly reception. But reverse the picture, and what a world of sunshine, and green leaves, and flickering lights and shadows breaks in upon us—excitement in the chace, whether they followed the deer, or were themselves followed by the sheriff, through bush and brake, over bog and quagmire—of enjoyment in their shooting and wrestling matches, in their sword-fights, and sword-dances, in their visits to all the rustic wakes and feasts of the neighbourhood, where they would be received as the most welcome of guests. The variety of the life in the forest must have been endless. Now the outlaws would be visited by the wandering minstrels, coming thither to amuse them with old ballads, and to gather a rich harvest of materials for new ones, that should be listened to with the deepest interest and delight all England through, not only while the authors recited them, but for centuries after the very names of such authors were forgotten. The legitimate poet-

minstrel would be followed by the humbler gleeman, forming one of a band of revellers, in which would be comprised a taborer, a bagpiper, and dancers or tumblers, and who, tempted by the well-known liberality of the foresters, would penetrate the thick wood to find them. And great would be the applause at their humorous dances and accompanying songs, at their balancings and tumblings; wonderful, almost too wonderful to be produced without the aid of evil spirits, would seem their sleight-of-hand tricks. At another time there would be suddenly heard echoing through the forest glades the sounds of strange bugles from strange hunters. Their rich apparel shows them to be of no ordinary rank. How dare they then intrude upon the forest king? Nay, there is not any danger. Are there not lady hunters among the company? So their husbands, brothers, sons, and fathers hunt freely through Sherwood in their company, safe from the sudden arrow, ay, though even the hated sheriff himself be among them. But there were occasions when the forest would present a much more extraordinary scene than any we have yet referred to. For scores of miles around, what preparations are there not made when the words "Robin Hood's Fair" spread from mouth to mouth, and the time and place of it being held become known! Thither would resort all the yeomen and yeomen's wives of the district, each one hoping to get a "Robin Hood's pennyworth," as the well-understood phrase went, in some courtship or hood, in handkerchiefs telling their goodness by their weight, in hats, boots or shoes, the spoil of some recent campaign, and bespeaking their general excellence from the known quality of their recent owners. Thither would resort the emissaries of more than one priory and respectable monastery, to look after some richly illuminated Missal or MS. that they had heard were among the good things of the fair, or to execute the High Collarer's commission to purchase any rare spices that might be offered. Knightly messengers too would not be wanting, coming thither to look after choice weapons, or trinkets, or weighty chains of gold: perhaps even the very men who had been despoiled, and whose treasures had contributed so largely to the "fair," would be sending to it, to purchase silently back some favourite token at a trifling price, hopeless of regaining it by any other mode. Of course the Jews would flock to Sherwood on such occasions from any and all distances. And as the fair proceeded, if any quarrels took place between the buyers and sellers, a Jew would be sure to be concerned. Even whilst he laughed in his heart at the absurd price he was to give for the rich satin vest, or the piece of cloth of gold of such rare beauty that the forester was measuring with his long bow, generally of his own height, for a yard, and even then skipping two or three inches between each admeasurement, the Jew would be sure to be haggling to lower the price or to be increasing the quantity; till reminded that he was not dealing with the most patient as well as with the most liberal of men, by a different application of the tough yew. Then the adventures of the forest!—indigenous and luxuriant as its bilberries; how they give a seasoning, as it were, to the general conjunction of life in the forest, and prevented the possibility of its ever being felt as "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable!" Were recruits wanted?—there was a pretty opening for adventure in seeking them. They must be men of mark or likelihood who can alone be enlisted into brave Robin's band, and severe accordingly were the tests applied. In order to prove their courage, for instance, it seems, from the later ballads, it was quite indispensable that they should have the best of it with some veteran forester, either in shooting with the bow, or playfully breaking a crown with the quarter-staff, or even by occasionally beating their antagonists when contending with inadequate weapons.

Let us now look at two or three of the more interesting adventures which are recorded in the famous ballad of the "Lytell Geste" as having actually taken place

In one part of this poem we find a story of the most interesting character, and told with extraordinary spirit, discrimination of character, and dramatic effect. Whilst Little John, Scathelock (the Scarlet of a later time), and Much the Miller's son, were one day watching in the forest, they beheld a knight riding along :—

All dreari then was his semblaunte,
And lytell was his pride ;
Hys one fote in the sterope stode,
The other waved besyde.
Hys hode hangyng over hys eyen two,
He rode in symple aray ;
A soryer man than he was one
Rode never in somers day.

The outlaws courteously accost and surprise him with the information that their master has been waiting for him, fasting, three hours ; Robin Hood, it appears, having an objection to sit down to dinner till he can satisfy himself he has earned it, by finding strangers to sit down with him—and pay the bill. Having “washed,” they dine :—

Brede and wyne they had ynough,
And nombles [entrails] of the deer ;
Swannes and fesauntes they had full good,
And foules of the reveire :
There fayled never so lytell a byrde
That ever was bred on brece.

After dinner the Knight thanks his host for his entertainment, but Robin hints that thanks are not enough. The Knight replies that he has nothing in his coffers that he can for shame offer—that, in short, his whole stock consists of ten shillings. Upon this Robin bids Little John examine the coffers to see if the statement be true (a favourite mode with Robin of judging of the character of his visitors), and informs the Knight at the same time that if he really have no more, more he will lend him.

“What tydyng, Johan?”—sayd Robyn :
“Syr, the Knyght is trewe enough.”

The great outlaw is now evidently interested ; and, with mingled delicacy and frankness, inquiries as to the cause of the Knight's low estate, fearing that it implies some wrong doing on his part. It comes out at last that his son has killed a “Knyght of Lancastshyre” in the tournament, and that, to defend him “in his right,” he has sold all his own goods, and pledged his lands unto the Abbot of St. Mary's, York ; the day is now nearly arrived, and he is not merely unable to redeem them before too late, but well nigh penniless into the bargain :—

“What is the somme?” sayd Robyn ;
“Trouthe then tell thou me.”
“Syr,” he sayd, “foure hundred pounce,
The Abbot tolde it to me.”
“Now, and thou lese thy londe,” sayd Robin,
“What shall fall of the?”
“Hastely I wyll me buske,” sayde the Knyght
“Over the salt see ;
“And se where Cryst was quycke and deed
“On the mount of Calvare.
Farewell, frende, and have good day,
It may noo better be——”

Tears fell out of his eyen two,
 He wolde have gone his way—
 "Farewell, frendes, and have good day;
 I ne have more to pay."

"Where be thy friends?" sayde Robyn.

"Syr, never one wyll me know;
 Whyle I was ryche enow at home,
 Grete host then wolde they blowe,"

"And now they renne away fro me,
 As bestes on a rowe;
 They take no more heed of me
 hen they me never sawe."

For ruthe then wepte Lytell Johan,
 Scathelocke and Much in fere [in company];

"Full of the best wyne," sayd Robyn,
 "For here is a symple chere."

Before many hours the knight was pursuing his way with a full pocket and a full heart to redeem his lands. We must follow him to York. The day of payment has arrived. The chief officers of the Abbey are in a state of high excitement, on account of the value of the estates that will be theirs at nightfall if the knight comes not with the redemption money. The Abbot cannot repress his anticipations:—

"But he come this ylke day,
 Dyssheryte shall he be."

The Prior endeavours to befriend the absent knight, but is answered impatiently—

"Thou arte euer in my berde," sayde the Abbot,
 "By God and Saynt Richardo."

And then bursts in a "fat-headed monk," the High Cellarer, with the exulting exclamation

"He is dede or hanged," sayd the monke,
 "By God that bought me dere;
 And we shall have to spende in this place
 Foure hondred pounde by yere."

To make all sure, the Abbot has managed to have the assistance of the High Justicer of England on the occasion by the usual mode of persuasion, a bribe; and is just beginning to receive his congratulations when the knight arrives at the gate. But he appears in "symple wedes," and the alarm raised by his appearance soon subsides as he speaks:

"Do gladly, Syr Abbot," sayd the Knyght;
 "I am come to holde my day."
 The fyrst word the Abbot spoke,—
 "Hast thou brought my pay?"
 "Not one peny," sayde the Knyght,
 "By God that maketh me."
 "Thou art a shrewed dettour," sayd the Abbot;
Justyce, drynke to me."

The knight tries to move his pity, but in vain; and after some further passages between him and the Abbot, conceived and expressed in the finest dramatic spirit, the truth comes out in answer to a proposition from the Justice that the Abbot

shall give two hundred pounds more to keep the land in peace; the knight then suddenly astounds the whole party by producing the four hundred pounds.

"Have here thy golde, Syr Abbot," sayd the Knyght,
 "Which that thou lentest me;
 Haddest thou ben curteys at my comynge,
 Rewarde sholdest thou have be."

The Abbet sat styll, and ete no more
 For all his ryall [royal] chere;
 He cast his hede on his sholder,
 And fast began to stare.

Take [give] me my golde agayne," sayd the Abbot,
 "Syr Justyce, that I toke the."
 "Not a peny," said the Justyce,
 "By God that dyed on a tree."

A twelvemonth afterwards, and on the very day that the Knight has fixed for repaying Robin Hood, a magnificent procession of ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical retainers is passing through the forest; and being stopped by the outlaws, who should be at the head of the whole but our friend the fat-headed monk, the High Cellarer of St. Mary, York! Now Robin Hood's security, the only one that he would take from the Knight, had been that of the Virgin—what more natural than that he should think the High Cellarer of the Virgin's own house at York had come to pay him his four hundred pounds! It is in vain the holy man denies that he has come for any such purpose. At last, driven to his shifts, he ventures a falsehood when the actual state of his coffers is inquired into. His return, in official language, is twenty marks. Robin is very reasonable, and says, if there really be no more, not a penny of it will be meddled with.

Lytell Johan spread his mantell downe
 As he had done before,
 And he tolde out of the monkes male
 Eyght hundreth pounde and more.

No wonder that Robin exclaims—

Monk, what told I thee?
 Our Lady is the trewest woman
 That ever yet founde I me.

Anon a second, and to archer eyes still more attractive pageant, appears. It is the good and grateful Knight at the head of a hundred men clothed in white and red, and bearing as a present to the foresters a hundred bows of a quality to delight even such connoisseurs in the weapon, with a hundred sheaves of arrows, with heads burnished full bright, every arrow an ell-long, y-dight with peacock plumes, and y-nocked with silver. The Knight had been detained on his way; the sun was down; the hour of payment had passed when he arrived at the trysting-tree. His excuse was soon made to the generous outlaw. He had stayed to help a poor yeoman who was suffering oppression. The debt was forgiven; the monks had paid it doubly.

The ballads of Robin Hood which, century after century, followed the "Lyttell te" are, at any rate, evidences of the deep hold which this story of wild adventure, and of the justice of the strong hand, long retained upon the popular mind.

82.—JOHN AND ARTHUR.

Richard dying without lawful issue, the succession to his dominions again became dubious. They consisted of various territories, governed by various rules of descent, and all of them uncertain. There were two competitors; the first was prince John, youngest son of Henry II.; the other was Arthur, son of Constance of Bretagne, by Geoffrey, the third son of that monarchy. If the right of consanguinity were only considered, the title of John to the whole succession had been indisputable. If the right of representation had then prevailed, which now universally prevails, Arthur, as standing in the place of his father Geoffrey, had a solid claim. About Brittany there was no dispute. Anjou, Poitou, Touraine, and Guienne, declared in favour of Arthur, on the principle of representation. Normandy was entirely for John. In England the point of law had never been entirely settled, but it seemed rather inclined to the side of consanguinity. The case in England, where this point was dubious at best, the claim of Arthur, an infant and a stranger, had little force against the pretensions of John, declared heir by the will of the late king, supported by his armies, possessed of his treasures, and at the head of a powerful party. He secured in his interests Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Glanville, the chief Justiciary; and by them the body of the ecclesiastics and the law. It is remarkable also, that he paid court to the cities and boroughs, which is the first instance of that policy; but several of these communities now happily began to merge from their slavery, and, taking advantage of the necessities and confusion of the late reign, increased in wealth and consequence, and had then first attained a free and regular form of administration. The towns, new to power, declared heartily in favour of a prince, who was willing to allow that their declaration could confer a right. The nobility, who saw themselves beset by the church, the law, and the burghers, had taken no measures, nor even a resolution; and therefore had nothing left but to concur in acknowledging the title of John, whom they knew and hated. But though they were not able to exclude him from the succession, they had strength enough to oblige him to a solemn promise of restoring those liberties and franchises, which they had always claimed, without having ever enjoyed, or even perfectly understood. The clergy also took advantage of the badness of his title to establish one altogether as ill-founded. Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the speech which he delivered at the king's coronation, publicly affirmed, that the crown of England was of right elective. He drew his examples in support of this doctrine, not from the histories of the ancient Saxon kings, although a species of election within a certain family had then frequently prevailed, but from the history of the first kings of the Jews; without doubt in order to revive those pretensions, which the clergy first set up in the election of Stephen, and which they had since been obliged to conceal, but had not entirely forgotten. John accepted a sovereignty weakened in the very act by which he acquired it; but he submitted to the times. He came to the throne at the age of thirty-two. He had entered early into business, and had been often involved in difficult and arduous enterprises, in which he experienced a variety of men and fortunes. His father, whilst he was very young, had sent him into Ireland, which kingdom was destined for his portion, in order to habituate that people to their future sovereign, and to give the young prince an opportunity of conciliating the favour of his new subjects. But he gave on this occasion no good omens of capacity for government. Full of the insolent levity of a young man of high rank, without education, and surrounded with others equally unpractised, he insulted the Irish chiefs; and ridiculing their uncouth garb and manners, he raised such a dis-

affection to the English government, and so much opposition to it, as all the wisdom of his father's best officers and counsellors was hardly able to overcome. In the decline of his father's life, he joined in the rebellion of his brothers, with so much more guilt, as with more ingratitude and hypocrisy. During the reign of Richard he was the perpetual author of seditions and tumults; and yet was pardoned, and even favoured by that prince to his death, when he very unaccountably appointed him heir to all his dominions.

It was of the utmost moment to John, who had no solid title, to conciliate the favour of all the world. Yet one of his first steps, whilst his power still remained dubious and unsettled, was, on pretence of consanguinity, to divorce his wife Avisa, with whom he had lived many years, and to marry Isabella of Angoulesme, a woman of extraordinary beauty, but who had been betrothed to Hugh, count of Marche; thus disgusting at once the powerful friends of his divorced wife, and those of the Earl of Marche, whom he had so sensibly wronged.

The king of France, Philip Augustus, saw with pleasure these proceedings of John, as he had before rejoiced at the dispute about the succession. He had been always employed, and sometimes with success, to reduce the English power, through the reigns of one very able, and one very warlike prince. He had greater advantages in this conjuncture, and a prince of quite another character now to contend with. He was therefore not long without choosing his part; and whilst he secretly encouraged the count of Marche, already stimulated by his private wrongs, he openly supported the claim of Arthur to the dutchies of Anjou and Touraine. It was the character of this prince readily to lay aside, and as readily to reassume, his enterprises, as his affairs demanded. He saw that he had declared himself too rashly, and that he was in danger of being assaulted upon every side. He saw it was necessary to break an alliance, which the nice circumstances and timid character of John would enable him to do. In fact, John was at this time united in a close alliance with the Emperor and the earl of Flanders; and these princes were engaged in a war with France. He had then a most favourable opportunity to establish all his claims, and at the same time to put the king of France out of a condition to question them ever again. But he suffered himself to be over-reached by the artifices of Philip; he consented to a treaty of peace, by which he received an empty acknowledgement of his right to the disputed territories; and in return for which acknowledgment he renounced his alliance with the Emperor. By this act he at once strengthened his enemy, gave up his ally, and lowered his character with his subjects, and with all the world.

This treaty was hardly signed when the ill consequences of his conduct became evident. The earl of Marche and Arthur immediately renewed their claims and hostilities, under the protection of the king of France, who made a strong diversion by invading Normandy. At the commencement of these motions, John, by virtue of a prerogative hitherto undisputed, summoned his English barons to attend him into France; but instead of a compliance with his orders, he was surprised with a solemn demand of their ancient liberties. 'It is astonishing that the barons should at that time have ventured on a resolution of such dangerous importance, as they had provided no sort of means to support them. But the history of those times furnishes many instances of the like want of design in the most momentous affairs; and shews, that it is in vain to look for political causes for the actions of men, who were most commonly directed by a brute caprice, and were for the greater part destitute of any fixed principles of obedience or resistance.' The king, sensible of the weakness of his barons, fell upon some of their castles with such timely vigour, and treated those whom he had reduced with so much severity, that the rest immediately and abjectly submitted. He levied a severe tax upon their fiefs; and

thinking himself more strengthened by this treasure, than the forced service of his barons, he excused the personal attendance of most of them, and passing into Normandy, he raised an army there. He found that his enemies had united their forces, and invested the castle of Mirabel, a place of importance, in which his mother, from whom he derived his title to Guienne, was besieged. He flew to the relief of this place with the spirit of a greater character, and the success was answerable. The Breton and Poictouvin army was defeated; his mother was freed; and the young duke of Brittany and his sister were made prisoners. The latter he sent into England, to be confined in the castle of Bristol; the former he carried with him to Rouen. The good fortune of John now seemed to be at its highest point; but it was exalted on a precipice; and this great victory proved the occasion of all the evils which affected his life.

John was not of a character to resist the temptation of having the life of his rival in his hands. All historians are as fully agreed that he murdered his nephew, as they differ in the means by which he accomplished that crime. But the report was soon spread abroad, variously heightened in the circumstances by the obscurity of the fact, which left all men at liberty to imagine and invent; and excited all those sentiments of pity and indignation, which a very young prince of great hopes, cruelly murdered by his uncle, naturally inspire. Philip had never missed an occasion of endeavouring to ruin the king of England; and having now acquired an opportunity of accomplishing that by justice, which he had in vain sought by ambition, he filled every place with complaints of the cruelty of John, whom as a vassal to the crown of France, the king accused of the murder of another vassal, and summoned him to Paris to be tried by his peers. It was by no means consistent either with the dignity or safety of John to appear to this summons. He had the argument of kings to justify what he had done. But as in all great crimes there is something of a latent weakness, and in a vicious cause something material is ever neglected, John, satisfied with removing his rival, took no thought about his enemy; but whilst he saw himself sentenced for non-appearance in the Court of Peers; whilst he saw the king of France entering Normandy with a vast army, in consequence of this sentence, and place after place, castle after castle, falling before him, he passed his time at Rouen in the profoundest tranquillity; indulging himself in indolent amusements, and satisfied with vain threatenings and boasts, which only added greater shame to his inactivity. The English barons, who had attended him in this expedition, disaffected from the beginning, and now wearied with being so long witnesses to the ignominy of their sovereign, retired to their own country, and there spread the report of his unaccountable sloth and cowardice. John quickly followed them; and returning to his kingdom, polluted with the charge of so heavy a crime, and disgraced by so many follies, instead of aiming by popular acts to re-establish his character, he exacted a seventh of their moveables from the barons, on pretence that they had deserted his service. He laid the same imposition on the clergy, without giving himself the trouble of seeking for a pretext. He made no proper use of these great supplies; but saw the great city of Rouen, always faithful to its sovereigns, and now exerting the most strenuous efforts in his favour, obliged at length to surrender, without the least attempt to relieve it. Thus the whole dutchy of Normandy, originally acquired by his ancestors, and the source from which the greatness of his family had been derived, after being supported against all shocks for three hundred years, was torn for ever from the stock of Rollo, and re-united to the crown of France. Immediately all the rest of the provinces which he held on the Continent, except a part of Guienne, despairing of his protection, and abhorring his government, threw themselves into the hands of Philip.

83.—ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

SHAKSPERE.

SCENE I. *John—Hubert.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love :
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better tune.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :
 But thou shalt have : and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on into the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their checks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purpose ;)
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 But ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
 He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee !

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :

Remember

SCENE II.—*Hubert and Two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand
Within the arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

First Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to 't— *Exeunt Attend.*
Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France.

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long ;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me :

He is afraid of me, and I of him :

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?

No, indeed is 't not ; And I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :

Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

[*Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night, and watch with you

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now, foolish rheum !

[*Aside.*

Turning spiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief ; lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ

Arth. Too fairly Hubert, for so foul effect :

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth.

And will you ?

Hub.

And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,

I knit my hand-kercher about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)

And I did never ask it you again :

And with my hand at midnight held your head ;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;

Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?

Or, What good love may I perform for you ?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning ; do, an if you will :

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why, then you must,—Will you put out mine eyes ?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown on you ?

Hub.

I have sworn to do it

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence ;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?

An if an angel should have come to me,

And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him. No tongue but Hubert's—

Hub. Come forth.

[Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly :

- Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

First Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven !—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ! let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes ;
Though to no use, but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself !
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office ; only you do lack
That mercy which force fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpos'd, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports,

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*John and Hubert.*

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night
Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldames, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears ?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

Hub. None had, my lord ! why, did you not provoke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life ;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it crowns
More upon honour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done ! Hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord.—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposed,
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshy land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste ;
 I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Enter Arthur, on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :—
 Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not !
 There 's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid ; and yet I 'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
 As good to die and go, as die and stay.
 O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
 Heaven take my soul, an England keep my bones !

Leaps down.

Dies.

84.—SHAKSPERE'S ARTHUR.

C. KNIGHT.

From the 'National Shakspeare.'

It is unquestionably to be deplored that the greatest writers of imagination have sometimes embodied events not only unsupported by the facts of history, but utterly opposed to them. We are not speaking of those deviations from the actual succession of events,—those omissions of minor particulars,—those groupings of characters who were really never brought together,—which the poet knowingly abandons himself to, that he may accomplish the great purposes of his art, the first of which, in a drama especially, is unity of action. Such a license has Shakspeare taken in 'King John;' and who can doubt that, poetically, he was right ? But there is a limit even to the mastery of the poet, when he is dealing with the broad truths of history ; for the poetical truth would be destroyed if the historical truth were utterly disregarded. For example, if the grand scenes between Arthur and Hubert, and between Hubert and John, were entirely contradicted by the truth of history, there would be an abatement even of the irresistible power of these matchless scenes. Had the proper historians led us to believe that no attempt was made to deprive Arthur of his sight—that his death was not the result of the dark suspicions and cowardly fears of his uncle—that the manner of his death was so clear that he who held him captive was absolved from all suspicion of treachery,—then the poet would indeed have left an impression on the mind which even the historical truth could with difficulty have overcome ; but he would not have left that complete and overwhelming impression of the reality of his scenes,—he could not have produced our implicit belief in the sad story, as he tells it, of Arthur of Brittany,—he could not have rendered it impossible for any one to recur to that story, who has read this Act of 'King John,' and not think of the dark prison where the iron was hot and the executioner ready, but where nature, speaking in words such as none but the greatest poet of nature could have furnished, made the fire and the iron "deny their office," and the executioner leave the poor boy, for a while, to "sleep doubtless and secure." Fortunate is it that we have no records to hold up which should say that Shakspeare built this immortal scene upon a rotten foundation. The story, as told by Holinshed, is deeply interesting ; and we cannot read it without feeling how skilfully the poet has followed it :—

"It is said that King John caused his nephew Arthur to be brought before him at Falaise, and there went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding King John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. For sith the same appertaineth to him by right of inheritance, he assured him, except restitution were made the sooner, he should not long continue quiet. King John, being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed (as before is said) that he should be strictly kept in prison, as first in Falaise, and after at Roan, within the new castle there,

"Shortly after King John coming over into England caused himself to be crowned again at Canterbury, by the hands of Hubert, the archbishop there, on the fourteenth of April, and then went back again into Normandy, where, immediately upon his arrival, a rumour was spread through all France, of the death of his nephew Arthur. True it is that great suit was made to have Arthur set at liberty, as well by the French king, as by William de Miches, a valiant baron of Poitou, and divers other noblemen of the Britains, who, when they could not prevail in their suit, they banded themselves together, and joinings in confederacy with Robert Earl of Alanson, the Viscount Beaumont, William de Fulgiers, and other, they began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, insomuch (as it was thought) that so long as Arthur lived, there would be no quiet in those parts; whereupon it was reported, that King John, through persuasion of his counsellors, appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison, under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes.

"But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as would have redounded unto his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal. For he considered, that King John had resolved upon this point only in his heat and fury (which moveth men to undertake many an inconvenient enterprise, unbeseeming the person of a common man, much more reproachful to a prince, all men in that mood being more foolish and furious, and prone to accomplish the perverse conceits of their ill possessed hearts; as one saith right well,

————— pronus in iarm
Stultorum est animus, facile excandescit et audet
Omne scelus, quoties concepta bile tumescit),

and that afterwards, upon better advisement, he would both repent himself so to have commanded, and give them small thank that should see it put in execution. Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Britains, he caused it to be bruited abroad through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals. It was also bruited, that his body was buried in the monastery of Saint Andrews of the Cisteaux order.

"But when the Britains were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles, if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France, or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup. But now touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless certain it is, that in the year next ensuing, he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Roan, out of which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go

alive. Some have written that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days ; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."

Wisely has the old chronicler said, "verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth;" and wisely has Shakspero taken the least offensive mode of Arthur's death, which was to be found noticed in the obscure records of those times. It is, all things considered, most probable that Arthur perished at Rouen. The darkest of the stories connected with his death is that which makes him on the night of the 3rd April, 1203, awakened from his sleep, and led to the foot of the castle of Rouen, which the Seine washed. There, say the French historians, he entered a boat, in which sate John and Peter de Maulac, his esquire. Terror took possession of the unhappy boy, and he threw himself at his uncle's feet ;—but John came to do or to witness a deed of horror, and with his own hand he slew his nephew, and the deep waters of the river received the body of his victim.

85.—KING JOHN AND THE PAPAL POWER.—I.

HUME.

The papal chair was in 1201 filled by Innocent III., who having attained that dignity at the age of thirty-seven years, and being endowed with a lofty and enterprising genius, gave full scope to his ambition, and attempted, perhaps more openly than any of his predecessors, to convert that superiority which was yielded him by all the European princes, into a real dominion over them. The hierarchy, protected by the Roman pontiff, had already carried to an enormous height its usurpations upon the civil power ; but in order to extend them further, and render them useful to the court of Rome, it was necessary to reduce the ecclesiastics themselves under an absolute monarchy, and to make them entirely dependent on their spiritual leader. For this purpose, Innocent first attempted to impose taxes at pleasure upon the clergy, and in the first year of this century, taking advantage of the popular frenzy for crusades, he sent collectors over all Europe, who levied by his authority, the fortieth of all ecclesiastical revenues for the relief of the Holy Land, and received the voluntary contributions of the laity to a like amount. The same year Hubert, archbishop of Canterbury, attempted another innovation, favourable to ecclesiastical and papal power. In the king's absence, he summoned by his legantine authority, a synod of all the English clergy, contrary to the inhibition of Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, the chief justiciary ; and no proper censure was ever passed on this encroachment, the first of the kind, upon the royal power. But a favourable incident soon after happened, which enabled so aspiring a pontiff as Innocent, to extend still farther his usurpations on so contemptible a prince as John.

Hubert, the primate, died in 1206 ; and as the monks or canons of Christchurch, Canterbury, possessed a right of voting in the election of their archbishop, some of the juniors of the order, who lay in wait for that event, met clandestinely the very night of Hubert's death ; and without any congé d'élire from the king, chose Reginald, their sub-prior, for the successor ; installed him in the archiepiscopal throne before midnight ; and, having enjoined him the strictest secrecy, sent

him immediately to Rome, in order to solicit the confirmation of his election. The vanity of Reginald prevailed over his prudence; and he no sooner arrived in Flanders, than he revealed to every one the purpose of his journey, which was immediately known in England. The king was enraged at the novelty and temerity of the attempt, in filling so important an office without his knowledge or consent. The suffragan bishops of Canterbury, who were accustomed to concur in the choice of their primate, were no less displeased at the exclusion given them in this election. The senior monks of Christ-church were injured by the irregular proceedings of their juniors. The juniors themselves, ashamed of their conduct, and disgusted with the levity of Reginald, who had broken his engagements with them, were willing to set aside his election; and all men concurred in the design of remedying the false measure which had been taken. But as John knew that this affair would be canvassed before a superior tribunal, where the interposition of royal authority of bestowing ecclesiastical benefices was very invidious; where even the cause of suffragan bishops was not so favourable as that of monks; he determined to make the new election entirely unexceptionable. He submitted the affair wholly to the canons of Christ-church, and departing from the right claimed by his predecessors, ventured no farther than to inform them privately, that they would do him an acceptable service if they chose John de Gray, bishop of Norwich, for their primate. The election of that prelate was accordingly made without a contradictory vote; and the king, to obviate all contests, endeavoured to persuade the suffragan bishops not to insist on their claim of concurring in the election. But those prelates persevering in their pretensions, sent an agent to maintain their cause before Innocent: while the king, and the convent of Christ-church, dispatched twelve monks of that order to support, before the same tribunal, the election of the bishop of Norwich.

Thus there lay three different claims before the pope, whom all parties allowed to be the supreme arbiter in the contest. The claim of the suffragans, being so opposite to the usual maxims of the papal court, was soon set aside. The election of Reginald was so obviously fraudulent and irregular, that there was no possibility of defending it. But Innocent maintained, that though this election was null and invalid, it ought previously to have been declared such by the sovereign pontiff, before the monks could proceed to a new election; and that the choice of the bishop of Norwich was of course as uncanonical as that of his competitor. Advantage was therefore taken of this subtlety for introducing a precedent, by which the see of Canterbury, the most important dignity in the church after the papal throne, should ever after be at the disposal of the court of Rome.

While the pope maintained so many fierce contests, in order to wrest from princes the right of granting investitures, and to exclude laymen from all authority in conferring ecclesiastical benefices, he was supported by the united influence of the clergy, who, aspiring to independence, fought, with all the ardour of ambition, and all the zeal of superstition, under his sacred banners. But no sooner was this point, after a great effusion of blood and convulsions of many states, established in some tolerable degree, than the victorious leader, as is usual, turned his arms against his own community, and aspired to centre all power in his person. By the invention of reserves, provisions, commendams, and other devices, the pope gradually assumed the right of filling vacant benefices; and the plenitude of his apostolic power, which was not subject to any limitations, supplied all defects of title in the person on whom he bestowed preferment. The canons which regulated elections were purposely rendered intricate and involved. Frequent disputes arose among candidates; appeals were every day carried to Rome. The Apostolic See, besides reaping pecuniary advantages from these contests, often exercised the power

of setting aside both the litigants, and on pretence of appeasing faction, nominated a third person, who might be more acceptable to the contending parties.

The present controversy about the election to the See of Canterbury, afforded Innocent an opportunity of claiming this right; and he failed not to perceive and avail himself of the advantage. He sent for the twelve monks deputed by the convent to maintain the cause of the bishop of Norwich; and commanded them, under the penalty of excommunication, to choose for their primate, cardinal Langton, an Englishman by birth, but educated in France, and connected by his interest and attachments with the See of Rome. In vain did the monks represent, that they had received from their convent no authority for this purpose; that an election, without a previous writ from the king, would be deemed highly irregular; and that they were merely agents for another person, whose right they had no power or pretence to abandon. None of them had the courage to persevere in this opposition, except one, Elias de Brantefield; all the rest, overcome by the menaces and authority of the pope, complied with his orders, and made the election required of them.

John was inflamed with the utmost rage when he heard of this attempt of the court of Rome; and he immediately vented his passion on the monks of Christchurch, whom he found inclined to support the election made by their fellows at Rome. He sent Fulke de Cantelupe and Henry de Cornhulle, two knights of his retinue, men of violent tempers and rude manners, to expel them the convent, and take possession of their revenues. These knights entered the monastery with drawn swords, commanded the prior and the monks to depart the kingdom, and menaced them, that in case of disobedience, they would instantly burn them with the convent. Innocent prognosticating, from the violence and imprudence of these measures, that John would finally sink in the contest, persevered the more vigorously in his pretensions, and exhorted the king not to oppose God and the church any longer, nor to prosecute that cause for which the holy martyr St. Thomas had sacrificed his life, and which had exalted him equal to the highest saints in heaven. A clear hint to John to profit by the example of his father, and to remember the prejudices and established principles of his subjects, who bore a profound veneration to that martyr, and regarded his merits as the subject of their chief glory and exultation.

Innocent, finding that John was not sufficiently tamed to submission, sent three prelates, the bishops of London, Ely, and Worcester, to intimate that if he persevered in his disobedience, the sovereign pontiff would be obliged to lay the kingdom under an interdict. All the other prelates threw themselves on their knees before him, and entreated him, with tears in their eyes, to prevent the scandal of this sentence, by making a speedy submission to his spiritual father, by receiving from his hands the new-elected primate, and by restoring the monks of Christchurch to all their rights and possessions. He burst out into the most indecent invectives against the prelates; swore by God's teeth, (his usual oath), that if the pope presumed to lay his kingdom under an interdict, he would send to him all the bishops and clergy in England, and would confiscate all their estates; and threatened, that if, thenceforth he caught any Romans in his dominions, he would put out their eyes, and cut off their noses, in order to set a mark upon them which might distinguish them from all other nations. Amidst all this idle violence, John stood on such bad terms with his nobility, that he never dared to assemble the states of the kingdom, who, in so just a cause, would probably have adhered to any other monarch, and have defended with vigour the liberties of the nation against these palpable usurpations of the court of Rome. Innocent, therefore, perceiving

the king's weakness, fulminated at last the sentence of interdict, which he had for some time held suspended over him.

The sentence of interdict was at that time the great instrument of vengeance and policy employed by the court of Rome ; was denounced against sovereigns for the slightest offences ; and made the guilt of one person involve the ruin of millions, even in their spiritual and eternal welfare. The execution of it was calculated to strike the senses in the highest degree, and to operate with irresistible force on the superstitious minds of the people. The nation was of a sudden deprived of all exterior exercise of its religion : the altars were despoiled of their ornaments : the crosses, the relics, the images, the statues of the saints, were laid on the ground ; and, as if the air itself were profaned, and might pollute them by its contact, the priests carefully covered them up, even from their own approach and veneration. The use of bells entirely ceased in all the churches. The bells themselves were removed from the steeples, and laid on the ground with the other sacred utensils. Mass was celebrated with shut doors, and none but the priests were admitted to that holy institution. The laity partook of no religious rite, except baptism to new-born infants, and the communion to the dying. The dead were not interred in consecrated ground. They were thrown into ditches, or buried in common fields ; and their obsequies were not attended with prayers or any hallowed ceremony. Marriages were celebrated in the church-yards ; and that every action in life might bear the marks of this dreadful situation, the people were prohibited the use of meat, as in Lent, or times of the highest penance ; were debarred from all pleasures and entertainments ; and were forbidden even to salute each other ; or so much as to shave their beards, and give any decent attention to their person and apparel. Every circumstance carried symptoms of the deepest distress, and of the most immediate apprehension of divine vengeance and indignation.

86.—KING JOHN AND THE PAPAL POWER.—II.

HUME.

The quarrel between the king and the see of Rome continued for some years ; and though many of the clergy, from the fear of punishment, obeyed the orders of John, and celebrated divine service, they complied with the utmost reluctance, and were regarded, both by themselves and the people, as men who betrayed their principles, and sacrificed their conscience to temporal regards and interests. During this violent situation, the king, in order to give a lustre to his government, attempted military expeditions against Scotland, against Ireland, against the Welch ; and he commonly prevailed, more from the weakness of his enemies, than from his own vigour or abilities. Meanwhile, the danger to which his government stood continually exposed from the discontent of ecclesiastics, increased his natural propensity to tyranny ; and he seems to have ever wantonly disgusted all orders of men, especially his nobles, from whom alone he could reasonably expect support and assistance. He dishonoured their families by his licentious amours ; he published edicts, prohibiting them from hunting feathered game, and thereby restrained them from their favourite amusement ; he ordered all the hedges and fences near his forests to be levelled, that his deer might have more ready access into the fields for pasture ; and he continually loaded the nation with arbitrary impositions. Conscious of the general hatred which he had incurred, he required his nobility to give him hostages for security of their allegiance ; and they were obliged to put into his hands their sons, nephews, or near relations. When his messenger came with like orders to the castle of William de Braouse, a baron of great note, the lady of that nobleman replied, "that she would never entrust her

son into the hands of one who had murdered his own nephew while in his custody." Her husband reproved her for the severity of this speech ; but, sensible of his danger, he immediately fled with his wife and son into Ireland, where he endeavoured to conceal himself. The king discovered the unhappy family in their retreat ; seized the wife and son whom he starved to death in prison ; and the baron himself narrowly escaped, by flying into France.

The court of Rome had artfully contrived a gradation of sentences ; by which she kept offenders in awe ; still afforded them an opportunity of preventing the next anathema by submission ; and, in case of their obstinacy, was able to refresh the horror of the people against them, by new denunciations of the wrath and vengeance of heaven. As the sentence of interdict had not produced the desired effect on John, and his people, though extremely discontented, had hitherto been restrained from rising in open rebellion against him, he was soon to look for the sentence of excommunication ; and he had reason to apprehend, that notwithstanding all his precautions, the most dangerous consequences might ensue from it. He was witness of the other scenes which at that very time were acting in Europe, and which displayed the unbounded and uncontrolled power of the Papacy. Innocent, far from being dismayed at his contests with the King of England, had excommunicated the emperor Otho, John's nephew ; and soon brought that powerful and haughty prince to submit to his authority. He published a crusade against the Albigenses, a species of enthusiasts in the south of France, whom he denominated heretics ; because, like other enthusiasts, they neglected the rights of the church, and opposed the power and influence of the clergy : The people from all points of Europe, moved by their superstition and their passion for wars and adventures, flocked to his standard : Simon de Montfort, the general of the crusade, acquired to himself a sovereignty in these provinces : The count of Toulouse, who protected, or perhaps only tolerated the Albigenses, was stripped of his dominions : And these sectaries themselves, though the most innocent and inoffensive of mankind, were exterminated with all the circumstances of extreme violence and barbarity. Here were therefore both an army and a general, dangerous from their zeal and valour, who might be directed to act against John ; and Innocent, after keeping the thunder long suspended, gave at last authority to the bishops of London, Ely, and Worcester to fulminate the sentence of excommunication against him. These prelates obeyed ; though their brethren were deterred from publishing, as the pope required of them, the sentence in the several churches of their dioceses.

No sooner was the excommunication known, than the effects of it appeared. Geoffrey, archdeacon of Norwich, who was entrusted with a considerable office in the court of exchequer, being informed of it while sitting on the bench, observed to his colleague the danger of serving under an excommunicated king ; and he immediately left his chair, and departed the court. John gave orders to seize him, to throw him into prison, to cover his head with a great leaden cope ; and by this and other severe usage he put an end to his life. Nor was there any thing wanting to Geoffrey, except the dignity and rank of Becket, to exalt him to an equal station in heaven, with that great and celebrated martyr. Hugh de Wells, the chancellor, being elected, by the king's appointment, bishop of Lincoln, upon a vacancy in that see, desired leave to go abroad, in order to receive consecration from the archbishop of Rouen ; but he no sooner reached France than he hastened to Pontigray, where Langton then resided, and paid submission to him as his primate. The bishops, finding themselves exposed either to the jealousy of the king or hatred of the people, gradually stole out of the kingdom ; and at last there remained only three prelates to perform the functions of the episcopal office. Many of the nobility, terrified by John's tyranny, and obnoxious to him on different accounts, imitated

the example of the bishops ; and most of the others who remained were, with reason, suspected of having secretly entered into a confederacy against him. John was alarmed at his dangerous situation ; a situation which prudence, vigour, and popularity might formerly have prevented, but which no virtues or abilities were now sufficient to retrieve. He desired a conference with Langton at Dover ; offered to acknowledge him as primate, to submit to the pope, to restore the exiled clergy, even to pay them a limited sum as a compensation for the rents of their confiscated estates. But Langton, perceiving his advantage, was not satisfied with these concessions : he demanded that full restitution and reparation should be made to all the clergy ; a condition so exorbitant that the king, who probably had not the power of fulfilling it, and who foresaw that this estimation of damages might amount to an immense sum, finally broke off the conference.

The next gradation of papal sentences was to absolve John's subjects from their oaths of fidelity and allegiance, and to declare every one excommunicated who had any commerce with him in public or in private ; at his table, in his council, or even in private conversation : And this sentence was accordingly, with all imaginable solemnity, pronounced against him. But as John still persevered in his contumacy, there remained nothing but the sentence of deposition ; which, though intimately connected with the former, had been distinguished from it by the artifice of the court of Rome ; and Innocent determined to dart this last thunderbolt against the refractory monarch. But as a sentence of this kind required an armed force to execute it, the pontiff, casting his eyes around, fixed at last on Philip, king of France, as the person into whose powerful hand he could most properly entrust that weapon, the ultimate resource of his ghostly authority. And he offered the monarch, besides the remission of all his sins, and endless spiritual benefits, the property and possession of the kingdom of England, as the reward of his labour.

It was the common concern of all princes to oppose these exorbitant pretensions of the Roman pontiff, by which they themselves were rendered vassals, and vassals totally dependent of the papal crown : Yet even Philip, the most able monarch of the age, was seduced by present interest, and by the prospect of so tempting a prize, to accept the liberal offer of the pontiff, and thereby to ratify that authority which, if he ever opposed its boundless usurpations, might next day tumble him from the throne. He levied a great army ; summoned all vassals of the crown to attend him at Rouen ; collected a fleet of 1700 vessels, great and small, in the sea-ports of Normandy and Picardy ; and partly from the zealous spirit of the age, partly from the personal regard universally paid him, prepared a force, which seemed equal to the greatness of the enterprise. The king, on the other hand, issued out writs, requiring the attendance of all his military tenants at Dover. and even of all able bodied men, to defend the kingdom in this dangerous extremity. A great number appeared ; and he selected an army of 60,000 men ; a power invincible, had they been united in affection to their prince, and animated with a becoming zeal for the defence of their native country. But the people were swayed by superstition, and regarded their king with horror, as anathematised by papal censures : The barons, besides lying under the same prejudices, were all disgusted by his tyranny, and were, many of them, suspected of holding a secret correspondence with the enemy : And the incapacity and cowardice of the king, himself, ill fitted to contend with those mighty difficulties, made men prognosticate the most fatal effects from the French invasion.

Pandolf, whom the pope had chosen for his legate, and appointed to head this important expedition, had, before he left Rome, applied for a secret conference with his master, and had asked him, whether, if the king of England in this desperate situation, were willing to submit to the apostolic see, the church should, without

the consent of Philip, grant him any terms of accommodation ? Innocent, expecting from his agreement with a prince so abject both in character and fortune, more advantages than from his alliance with a great and victorious monarch, who, after such mighty acquisitions might become too haughty to be bound by spiritual chains, explained to Pandolf the conditions on which he was willing to be reconciled to the king of England. The legate, therefore, as soon as he arrived in the north of France, sent over two knights templars to desire an interview of John at Dover, which was readily granted : He there represented to him, in such strong, and probably in such true colours, his lost condition, the disaffection of his subjects, the secret combination of his vassals against him, the mighty armament of France, that John yielded at discretion, and subscribed to all the conditions which Pandolf was pleased to impose upon him. He promised, among other articles, that he would submit himself entirely to the judgment of the pope ; that he would acknowledge Langton for primate ; that he would restore all the exiled clergy and laity who had been banished on account of the contest ; that he would make them full restitution of their goods, and compensation for all damages, and instantly consign eight thousand pounds in part of payment ; and that every one outlawed or imprisoned for his adherence to the pope, should immediately be received into grace and favour. Four barons swore, along with the king, to the observance of this ignominious treaty.

But the ignominy of the king was not yet carried to its full height. Pandolf required him, as the first trial of obedience, to resign his kingdom to the church ; and he persuaded him, that he could nowise so effectually disappoint the French invasion, as by thus putting himself under the immediate protection of the apostolic see. John, lying under the agonies of present terror, made no scruple of submitting to this condition. He passed a charter, in which he said, that not constrained by fear, but of his own free will, and by the common advice and consent of his barons, he had, for remission of his own sins, and those of his family, resigned England and Ireland to God, to St. Peter and St. Paul, and to pope Innocent, and his successors in the apostolic chair : He agreed to hold these dominions as feudatory of the church of Rome, by the annual payment of a thousand marks ; seven hundred for England, three hundred for Ireland : And he stipulated, that if he or his successors should ever presume to revoke or infringe this charter, they should instantly, except upon admonition they repented of their offence, forfeit all right to their dominions.

In consequence of this agreement, John did homage to Pandolf as the pope's legate with all the submissive rites which the feudal law required of vassals before their liege-lord and superior. He came disarmed into the legate's presence, who was seated on a throne ; he flung himself on his knees before him ; he lifted up his joined hands, and put them within those of Pandolf ; he swore fealty to the pope ; and he paid part of the tribute which he owed for his kingdom as the patrimony of St. Peter. The legate, elated by this supreme triumph of sacerdotal power, could not forbear discovering extravagant symptoms of joy and exultation : He trampled on the money, which was laid at his feet, as an earnest of the subjection of the kingdom : An insolence of which, however offensive to all the English, no one present, except the archbishop of Dublin, dared to take any notice. But though Pandolf had brought the king to submit to these base conditions, he still refused to free him from the excommunication and interdict, till an estimation should be taken of the losses of the ecclesiastics, and full compensation and restitution should be made them.

87.—KING JOHN AND THE BARONS.

HUME.

The introduction of the feudal law into England by William the Conqueror, had much infringed the liberties, however imperfect, enjoyed by the Anglo-Saxons, in their ancient government, and had reduced the whole people to a state of vassalage under the king or barons, and even the greater part to a state of real slavery. The necessity also of entrusting great power in the hands of a prince, who was to maintain military dominion over a vanquished nation, had engaged the Norman barons to submit to a more severe and absolute prerogative, than that to which men of their rank, in other feudal governments, were commonly subjected. The power of the crown, once raised to a high pitch, was not easily reduced; and the nation, during the course of a hundred and fifty years, was governed by an authority unknown, in the same degree, to all the kingdoms founded by the northern conquerors. Henry I., that he might allure the people to give an exclusion to his elder brother Robert, had granted them a charter, favourable in many particulars to their liberties; Stephen had renewed the grant; Henry II. had confirmed it. But the concessions of all these princes had still remained without effect; and the same unlimited, at least irregular authority, continued to be exercised both by them and their successors. The only happiness was, that arms were never yet ravished from the hands of the barons and people: The nation, by a great confederacy, might still vindicate its liberties; and nothing was more likely, than the character, conduct, and fortunes of the reigning prince, to produce such a general combination against him. Equally odious and contemptible, both in public and private life, he affronted the barons by his insolence, dishonoured their families by his gallantries, enraged them by his tyranny, and gave discontent to all ranks of men by his endless exactions and impositions. The effect of these lawless practices had already appeared in the general demand made by the barons of a restoration of their privileges; and after he had reconciled himself to the pope, by abandoning the independence of the kingdom, he appeared to all his subjects in so mean a light, that they universally thought they might with safety and honour insist upon their pretensions.

But nothing forwarded this confederacy so much as the concurrence of Langton, archbishop of Canterbury; a man whose memory, though he was obtruded on the nation by a palpable encroachment of the See of Rome, ought always to be respected by the English. This prelate, whether he was moved by the generosity of his nature, and his affection to public good; or had entertained an animosity against John on account of the long opposition made by that prince to his election; or thought that an acquisition of liberty to the people would serve to increase and secure the privileges of the church; had formed the plan of reforming the government, and had prepared the way for that great innovation, by inserting those singular clauses above mentioned in the oath which he administered to the king, before he would absolve him from the sentence of excommunication. Soon after, in a private meeting of some principal barons at London, he showed them a copy of Henry I.'s charter, which, he said, he had happily found in a monastery; and he exhorted them to insist on the renewal and observance of it. The barons swore, that they would sooner lose their lives than depart from so reasonable a demand. The confederacy began now to spread wider, and to comprehend almost all the barons in England; and a new and more numerous meeting was summoned by Langton at St. Edmondsbury, under colour of devotion. He again produced to the assembly the old charter of Henry; renewed his exhortations of unanimity and vigour in the prosecution of their purpose; and represented in the strongest

colours the tyranny to which they had so long been subjected, and from which it now behoved them to free themselves and their posterity. The barons, inflamed by his eloquence, incited by the sense of their own wrongs, and encouraged by the appearance of their power and numbers, solemnly took an oath, before the high altar, to adhere to each other, to insist on their demands, and to make endless war on the king, till he should submit to grant them. They agreed, that, after the festival of Christmas, they would prefer in a body their common petition; and, in the mean time, they separated, after mutually engaging, that they would put themselves in a posture of defence, would enlist men and purchase arms, and would supply their castles with the necessary provisions.

The barons appeared in London on the day appointed, and demanded of the king, that, in consequence of his own oath before the primate, as well as in defence to their just rights, he should grant them a renewal of Henry's charter, and a confirmation of the laws of St. Edward. The king, alarmed with their zeal and unanimity, as well as with their power, required a delay; promised that, at the festival of Easter, he would give them a positive answer to their petition; and offered them the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Ely, and the earl of Pembroke, the Mareschal, as sureties for his fulfilling this engagement. The barons accepted of the terms, and peaceably returned to their castles.

During this interval, John, in order to break or subdue the league of his barons, endeavoured to avail himself of the ecclesiastical power, of whose influence he had, from his own recent misfortunes, had such fatal experience. He granted to the clergy a charter, relinquishing for ever that important prerogative for which his father and all his ancestors had zealously contended; yielding to them the free election on all vacancies; reserving only the power to issue a *congé d'élire*, and to subjoin a confirmation of the election; and declaring that, if either of these were withheld, the choice should nevertheless be deemed just and valid. He made a vow to lead an army into Palestine against the infidels, and he took on him the cross; in hopes that he should receive from the church that protection which he tendered to every one that had entered into this sacred and meritorious engagement; and he sent to Rome his agent, William de Maucclere, in order to appeal to the pope against the violence of his barons, and procure him a favourable sentence from that powerful tribunal. The barons also were not negligent on their part in endeavouring to engage the pope in their interests. They dispatched Eustace de Vescie to Rome; laid their case before Innocent as their feudal lord; and petitioned him to interpose his authority with the king, and oblige him to restore and confirm all their just and unbounded privileges.

Innocent beheld with regret the disturbances which had arisen in England, and was much inclined to favour John in his pretensions. He had no hopes of retaining and extending his newly acquired superiority over that kingdom, but by supporting so base and degenerate a prince, who was willing to sacrifice every consideration to his present safety. And he foresaw, that if the administration should fall into the hands of those gallant and high-spirited barons, they would vindicate the honour, liberty, and independence of the nation, with the same ardour which they now exerted in defence of their own. He wrote letters therefore to the prelates, to the nobility, and to the king himself. He exhorted the first to employ their good offices in conciliating peace between the contending parties, and putting an end to civil discord: To the second, he expressed his disapprobation of their conduct in employing force to extort concessions from their reluctant sovereign: The last he advised to treat his nobles with grace and indulgence, and to grant them such of their demands as should appear just and reasonable.

The barons easily saw, from the tenor of these letters, that they must reckon on

having the pope as well as the king for their adversary ; but they had already advanced too far to recede from their pretensions, and their passions were so deeply engaged, that it exceeded even the power of superstition itself any longer to control them. They also foresaw, that the thunders of Rome, when not seconded by the efforts of the English ecclesiastics, would be of small avail against them ; and they perceived, that the most considerable of the prelates, as well as all the inferior clergy, professed the highest approbation of their cause. Besides that these men were seized with the national passion for laws and liberty, blessings of which they themselves expected to partake ; there concurred very powerful causes to loosen their devoted attachment to the apostolic see. It appeared, from the late usurpations of the Roman pontiff, that he pretended to reap alone all the advantages accruing from that victory, which, under his banners, though at their own peril, they had every where obtained over the civil magistrate. The pope assumed a despotic power over all the churches. Their particular customs, privileges, and immunities, were treated with disdain. Even the canons of general councils were set aside by his dispensing power ; The whole administration of the church was centered in the court of Rome ; all preferments ran of course in the same channel ; and the provincial clergy saw, at least felt, that there was a necessity for limiting these pretensions. The legate, Nicholas, in filling those numerous vacancies which had fallen in England during an interdict of six years, had proceeded in the most arbitrary manner, and had paid no regard, in conferring dignities, to personal merit, to rank, to the inclination of the electors, or to the customs of the country. The English church was universally disgusted ; and Langton himself, though he owed his elevation to an encroachment of the Romish see, was no sooner established in his high office, than he became jealous of the privileges annexed to it, and formed attachments with the country subjected to his jurisdiction. These causes, though they opened slowly the eyes of men, failed not to produce their effect : They set bounds to the usurpations of the papacy : The tide first stopped, and then turned against the sovereign pontiff ; and it is otherwise inconceivable, how that age, so prone to superstition, and so sunk in ignorance, or rather so devoted to a spurious condition, could have escaped falling into an absolute and total slavery under the court of Rome.

About the time that the Pope's letters arrived in England, the malcontent barons on the approach of the festival of Easter, when they were to expect the king's answer to their petition, met by agreement at Stamford ; and they assembled a force consisting of above two thousand knights, besides their retainers and inferior persons without number. Elated with their power, they advanced in a body to Brackley, within fifteen miles of Oxford, the place where the court then resided ; and they there received a message from the king, by the archbishop of Canterbury and the earl of Pembroke, desiring to know what those liberties were which they so zealously challenged from their sovereign. They delivered to these messengers a schedule containing the chief articles of their demands ; which was no sooner shown to the king, than he burst into a furious passion, and asked, why the barons did not also demand of him his kingdom ; swearing that he would never grant them such liberties as must reduce them to slavery.

No sooner were the confederated nobles informed of John's reply, than they chose Robert Fitz-Walter their general, whom they called the *Mareschal of the army of God and of holy church* ; and they proceeded without further ceremony to levy war upon the king. They besieged the castle of Northampton during fifteen days, though without success ; The gates of Bedford castle were willingly opened to them by William Beauchamp, its owner ; They advanced to Ware in their way to London, where they held a correspondence with the principal citizens ; They were

received without opposition into that capital ; and finding now the great superiority of their force, they issued proclamations, requiring the other barons to join them ; and menacing them, in case of refusal or delay, with committing devastation on their houses and estates. In order to shew what might be expected from their prosperous arms, they made incursions from London, and laid waste the king's parks and palaces ; and all the barons, who had hitherto carried the semblance of supporting the royal party, were glad of this pretence for openly joining a cause which they always had secretly favoured. The king was left at Odiham, in Hampshire, with a poor retinue of only seven knights ; and after trying several expedients to elude the blow, after offering to refer all differences to the pope alone, or to eight barons, four to be chosen by himself, and four by the confederates, he found himself at last obliged to submit at discretion.

A conference between the king and the barons was appointed at Runnemedc, between Windsor and Staines ; a place which has ever since been extremely celebrated, on account of this great event. The two parties encamped apart, like open enemies ; and after a debate of a few days, the king, with a facility somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the charter which was required of him. This famous deed, commonly called the Great Charter, either granted or secured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom ; to the clergy, to the barons, and to the people.

88.—RUNNEMEDE.

C. KNIGHT.

The political history of John may be read in the most durable of antiquities—the Records of the kingdom. And the people may read the most remarkable of these records whenever they please to look upon it. Magna Charta, the great charter of England, entire as at the hour it was written, is preserved, not for reference on doubtful questions of right, not to be proclaimed at market-crosses or to be read in churches, as in the time of Edward I., but for the gratification of a just curiosity and an honest national pride. The humblest in the land may look upon that document day by day, in the British Museum, which more than six hundred years ago declared that “no freeman shall be arrested or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his tenement, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any manner proceeded against, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.” This is the foundation of the statute upon statute, and of what is as stringent as statute, the common law, through which for six hundred years we have been struggling to breathe the breath of freedom,—and we have not struggled in vain. The Great Charter is in Latin, written in a beautiful hand.

Runnemedc,—or Runingmede, as the Charter has it,—was, according to Matthew of Westminster, a place where treaties concerning the peace of the kingdom had been often made. The name distinctly signifies a place of council. *Ruene-med* is an Anglo-Saxon compound, meaning the Council-Meadow. We can never forget that Council-Meadow, for it entered into our first visions of Liberty :—

“Fair Runnemedc! oft hath my lingering eye
 Paus'd on thy tufted green and cultur'd hill ;
 And there my busy soul would drink her fill
 Of lofty dreams, which on thy bosom lie.
 Dear plain! never my feet have pass'd thee by,
 At sprightly morn, high noon, or evening still,
 But thou hast fathom'd all my pliant will
 To soul-ennobling thoughts of liberty.

Thou dost not need a perishable stone
 Of sculptur'd story ;—records ever young
 Proclaim the gladdening triumph thou hast known :—
 The soil, the passing stream, hath still a tongue ;
 And every wind breathes out an eloquent tone
 That Freedom's self might wake, thy fields among."

These are commonplace rhymes—schoolboy verses ; but we are not ashamed of having written them. Runnemedé was our Marathón. Very beautiful is that narrow slip of meadow on the edge of the Thames, with gentle hills bounding it for a mile or so. It is a valley of fertility. Is this a fitting place to be the cradle of English freedom? Ought we not, to make our associations harmonious, to have something bolder and sterner than this quiet mead, and that still water, with its island cottage? Poetry tells us that "rocky ramparts" are

"The rough abodes of want and liberty."—GRAY.

But the liberty of England was nurtured in her prosperity. The Great Charter, which says, "No freeman, or merchant, or villain shall be unreasonably fined for a small offence,—the first shall not be deprived of his tenement, the second of his merchandise, the third of his implements of husbandry," exhibited a state far more advanced than that of the "want and liberty" of the poet, where the iron race of the mountain cliffs

"Insult the plenty of the vales below."

Runnemedé is a fitting place for the cradle of English liberty. Denham, who from his Cooper's Hill looked down upon the Thames, wandering past this mead to become "the world's exchange," somewhat tamely speaks of the plain at his feet :

"Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down ;
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king and subject bear ;
 Happy when both to the same centre move,
 When kings give liberty and subjects love."

Our liberty was not so won. It was wrested from kings, and not given by them ; and the love we bestow upon those who are the central point of our liberty is the homage of reason to security. That security has made the Thames "the world's exchange ;" that security has raised up the great city which lies like a mist below Cooper's Hill ; that security has caused the towers of Windsor, which we see from the same hill, to rise up in new splendour, instead of crumbling into ruin like many a stronghold of feudal oppression. Our prosperity is the child of our free institutions ; and the child has gone forward strengthening and succouring the parent. Yet the iron men who won this charter of liberties dreamt not of the day when a greater power than their own, the power of the merchants and the villains, would rise up to keep what they had sworn to win, upon the altar of St. Edmundsbury. The Fitz-Walter, and De Roos, and De Clare, and De Peroy, and De Mandeville, and De Vesey, and De Mowbray, and De Montacute, and De Beauchamp,—these great progenitors of our English nobility,—compelled the despot to put his seal to the Charter of Runnemedé. But another order of men, whom they of the pointed shield and the masced armour would have despised as slaves, have kept, and will keep, God willing, what they won on the 15th of June, in the year of grace 1215. The thing has rooted into our English earth like the Ankerwyke Yew on the opposite bank of the Thames, which is still vigorous, though held to be older than the great day of Runnemedé.

Magna Charta is a record. Bishop Nicholson says, "Our stores of public records are justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority, whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort." Miles, nay, hundreds of miles, of parchment are preserved in our public offices, which incidentally exhibit the progress of the nation in its institutions and its habits, and decide many an historical fact which would otherwise be matter of controversy or of speculation. Nothing can more truly manifest the value of these documents than the fact that the actual place in which this said king John was, on almost every day, from the first year of his reign to the last, has been traced by a diligent examination of the Patent Rolls in the Tower of London. Mr. Hardy has appended to his curious Introduction to these Rolls, published by authority of the Record Commission, the "Itinerary of king John." A most restless being does he appear to have been, flying about in cumbrous carriages to all parts of England; sailing to Normandy; now holding his state in his palace at Westminster, now at Windsor; and never at ease till he was laid in his tomb at Worcester. We extract an instructive passage from Mr. Hardy's Introduction:—

"Rapin, Hume, Henry, and those English historians who have followed Matthew Paris, state that, as soon as king John had sealed the Great Charter, he became sullen, dejected, and reserved, and shunning the society of his nobles and courtiers, retired, with a few of his attendants, to the Isle of Wight, as if desirous of hiding his shame and confusion, where he conversed only with fishermen and sailors, diverting himself with walking on the sea-shore with his domestics; that, in this retreat, he formed plans for the recovery of the prerogatives which he had lately relinquished; and meditated, at the same time, the most fatal vengeance against his enemies; that he sent his emissaries abroad to collect an army of mercenaries and Brabçons, and dispatched messengers to Rome, for the purpose of securing the protection of the papal see; and that, whilst his agents were employed in executing their several commissions, he himself remained in the Isle of Wight, awaiting the arrival of the foreign soldiers.

"That these statements are partially if not wholly unfounded will appear by the attestations to the royal letters during the period in question.

"Previously to the sealing of Magna Charta, namely, from the 1st to the 3rd of June, 1215, the king was at Windsor, from which place he can be traced, by his attestations, to Odiham, and thence to Winchester, where he remained till the 8th. From Winchester he went to Merton; he was again at Odiham on the 9th, whence he returned to Windsor, and continued there till the 15th: on that day he met the barons at Runnemed by appointment, and there sealed the great charter of English liberty. The king then returned to Windsor, and remained there until the 18th of June, from which time until the 23rd he was every day both at Windsor and Runnemed, and did not finally leave Windsor and its vicinity before the 26th of the same month; John then proceeded through Odiham to Winchester, and continued in that city till the end of June. The first four days of July he passed at Marlborough, from which place he went to Devizes, Bradenstoke, and Calne; reached Cirencester on the 7th, and returned to Marlborough on the following day. He afterwards went to Ludgershall, and through Clarendon into Dorsetshire, as far as Corfe Castle, but returned to Clarendon on the 15th of July, from which place he proceeded, through Newbury and Abingdon, to Woodstock, and thence to Oxford, where he arrived on the 17th of that month; and in a letter dated on the 15th of July, between Newbury and Abingdon, the king mentions the impossibility of his reaching Oxford by the 16th, according to his appointment with the barons."

).—THE FIRST NAVAL VICTORY.

SOUTHEY.

Amid all his disputes with the Pope and with his barons, John never neglected his naval concerns, and, unpopular as he was with other classes, never lost the good-will of his seamen. In the seventh year of his reign, with the advice of his council, he prepared for attempting to recover Normandy, of which Philip Augustus had possessed himself; a strong national feeling was manifested in favour of this just enterprise, the barons vied with each other in their preparations, and so large a fleet was collected at Portsmouth, that it was believed so many ships had never been brought together before; the number of mariners on board is stated at 14,000, who had come from all parts of the kingdom to serve their country. But when all things were ready, and all in heart and hope, the Archbishop Hubert and the Earl of Pembroke, for reasons which have not been explained, compelled, rather than persuaded him to abandon his intention. Bitter curses were breathed by the sailors against the evil counsellors, as they deemed them, who had frustrated this mighty preparation; and John himself was "pinched so near the heart," by the disgrace and disappointment, that having got to Winchester, he repented him of having yielded, turned back to Portsmouth, embarked, sailed out of the harbour, and for two days kept hovering off, in hopes that the troops which had been dismissed would, when they heard this, follow his example; but it was too late.

An effort was made with more effect when Philip Augustus, under the Pope's sanction, prepared, as the champion of the Papal Church, to invade England, and depose an excommunicated king. Philip had long been provided for such an enterprise, little caring under what pretext he might undertake it. The possession of Normandy had given him more ships and seamen than any former king of France had ever commanded; and, collecting them from other ports, wherever they were to be obtained, he had brought together, in the three harbours of Boulogne, Calais, and Gravelines, not less than 1700 vessels. His army, too, was most formidable in number. Distracted as England was with internal troubles, greater vigour was never shown in its counsels than at this time. An embargo had been laid upon all ships capable of carrying six or more horses; in whatever ports they might be found, they were, if laden, to be unladed, and sent round to Portsmouth, well provided with good seamen, and well-armed; and the bailiffs of the respective ports were to see that they were properly furnished with moveable platforms for embarking and disembarking the horses. The fleet which he assembled is said to have been far stronger than the French king's, but this probably means in the size and equipment of the ships, and in the skill of the sailors, not in numbers. And, "he had got together such an army of men out of all the parts of his realm, . . . both of lords, knights, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, . . . that notwithstanding all the provision of victuals that might possibly be recovered, there could not be found sufficient store to sustain the huge multitudes of those that were gathered along the shore." A great number of the commons, therefore, were discharged, and sent home, retaining only the men-at-arms, yeomen, and freeholders, with the cross-bowmen or arbalisters, and archers. Even after this reduction, 60,000 men were assembled on Barham Downs; so that the chronicler might well say, "If they had been all of one mind, and well bent towards the service of their king and defence of their country, there had not been a prince in Christendom but that they might have defended the realm of England against him." The land preparations were rendered unnecessary, by John's submission to the legate, Pandolph; when he surrendered his crown, and, receiving it again from him, as the Pope's representative, swore fealty to the Church of Rome, and bound his kingdom, by a

written instrument, to an annual payment of 1000 marks for ever, in token of vassalage.

In those days this was not regarded as so unworthy an act as it is properly now considered ; nor was it in fear of the foreign enemy, that John had consented to it. Base as he was, he was of a race that never failed in courage. When Philip Augustus was informed, by the legate, that the king of England had submitted, and that, consequently, his aid was no longer required for reducing the disobedient son of the Church, he was exceedingly indignant, and his first impulse was to go forward with the enterprise, in defiance of the Pope. All his nobles and feudatory chiefs concurred in this, except the Earls of Boulogne and Flanders, whom a reasonable jealousy of Philip had induced to treat secretly with John. Their opposition frustrated his design, and he immediately turned his arms upon Flanders. Fernando do Portugal, son of king Sancho I., was then Earl of Flanders, in right of Joanna his wife, a man more brave than fortunate ; the name, indeed, in his family, seems to have carried misfortune with it. Philip had extorted from him, on his marriage, the towns of Aire and St. Omer, and the sense of the wrong then done him was ranking in his mind. On the other hand, he had not acted now as an open enemy ; and Philip, in the temper of one who was punishing a vassal for his breach of faith, besieged, and with little opposition took Calais, took possession of Ypres and Bruges, and then laid siege to Ghent, sending his fleet, meantime, to Damme. Fernando sent over to England for immediate aid, and John forthwith despatched 500 sail, under William, Earl of Holland, William Longspear Earl of Salisbury, his own bastard brother, and the Earl of Boulogne.

Damme, which was now to be the scene of the first great naval action between the English and French, and the first great naval victory recorded in the English annals, was at that time the port of Bruges, from whence it is about a mile distant, being situated near the junction of the rivers Rey and Lieve. It is supposed to have been a settlement of the Alans, and that the dog, in the arms of the town, and of which a fabulous story has been invented, refers to this origin. Then, and long afterwards, the sea came up to its walls ; till, about the year 1180, the Hollanders, with their characteristic and admirable industry, recovered here a track of rich country from the waters ; and it was from the dam which they constructed for its defence, and which extends from thence to Sluys, that the town took its name. A channel for the waters was made at the same time, two miles in length, forming what, for the vessels of that age, was a capacious harbour. The Hollanders, by whom this great work was planned and executed, settled there as a colony, greatly to the advantage of Flanders, from the earls of which province they obtained, in addition to the common privileges of Flemish subjects, an exemption from customs throughout the Flemish territory. In the course of little more than thirty years, Damme had become the great emporium of those parts. No other part of Europe had advanced so rapidly in civilization as this province. In the eighth century it was mostly covered with wood, and so infamous for the robberies and murders committed upon those whose ill-fortune led them thither, that it was called the merciless forest ; in the ninth, when the growing influence of religion had mitigated this barbarity, lands were given to any who would settle on them ; and in the tenth, when the manufactures to which it owed its early prosperity, and its after troubles, were introduced into Ghent, "a rate of barter was fixed, for want of money." By this rate, two fowls went for one goose, two geese for one pig, three lambs for a sheep, and three calves for a cow. In a little time the province was intersected with canals, and towns and cities arose and flourished ; many of which, though fallen to decay, bear witness still, in the splendour of their public buildings, to their former affluence. Ghent was now the seat of its manufactures, Bruges of

its merchants, and Damme was its port ; whither, as to a certain mart, the produce of the country, the furs of Hungary, the wines of Gascony and Rochelle, and the cloths of England, were brought, and from whence they were distributed to all parts.

When the French arrived off this harbour, they offered peace to the inhabitants, who were wholly incapable of defending themselves against such a force ; they obtained the money which they demanded as its price, and then they plundered the place. Not satisfied with this, they proceeded to ravage the country round about ; and the sailors, as well as land forces, were thus employed, when the English fleet, cruising in search of their enemy, approached. The English, as they neared the coast, espied many ships lying without the haven, which, capacious as it was, was not large enough to contain them all ; many therefore, were riding at anchor without the haven's mouth, and along the coast. Shallops were presently sent out to espy whether they were friends or enemies ; and if enemies, what their strength, and in what order they lay. These espials, approaching as if they had been fishermen, came near enough to ascertain that the ships were left without sufficient hands to defend them ; and, hastening back, told the commanders that the victory was in their hands, if they would only make good speed. No time was lost ; they made sail toward the enemy, and won the "tall ships" which were riding at anchor, with little difficulty, the men on board only requesting that their lives might be spared. The smaller ones, which were left dry when the tide was low, they spoiled of whatever was useful, and set on fire, the sailors escaping to the shore. This done, they set upon those that lay in the harbour, within the haven ; and "here was hard hold for a while," because of the narrowness of the place, allowing no advantage for numbers or for skill. "And those Frenchmen" says the chronicler, "that were gone abroad into the country, perceiving that the enemies were come, by the running away of the mariners, returned with all speed to their ships to aid their fellows, and so made valiant resistance for a time ; till the Englishmen, getting on board, and ranging themselves on either side of the haven, beat the Frenchmen so on the sides, and, the ships grappling together in front, that they fought as it had been in a pitched field, till that, finally, the Frenchmen were not able to sustain the force of the Englishmen, but were constrained, after long fight and great slaughter, to yield themselves prisoners"

The first act of the conquerors was to give thanks to God for their victory. They then manned three hundred of the prizes, which were laden with corn, wine, oil, and other provisions, and with military stores, and sent them to England ; the first fruits of that maritime superiority for which the church bells of this glorious island have so often pealed with joy. An hundred more were burnt, because they were drawn up so far upon the sands, that they could not be got out, without more hands and cost of time than could be spared for them. There still remained a great part of the enemy's fleet, higher up the harbour, and protected by the town, in which Philip had left a sufficient force to protect the stores which he had left there, and the money for the payment of his troops. The English landed, the Earl of Flanders joined them, and they proceeded to attack the place ; but by this there had been sufficient time for the French king to hasten, with an overpowering force, from the siege of Ghent. The English and their allies sustained a sharp action, and were compelled to retreat to their ships, with a loss, computed by the French at 2000 men. But they retreated no farther than to the near shores of the Isle of Walcheren ; and Philip saw the impossibility of saving the remainder of his fleet, considering the unskilfulness of his own seamen, as well as other things. He set fire to them, therefore, himself, that they might not fall into the enemy's hands. Such was the fate of that great naval armament, which is said to be the first French fleet mentioned in history ; and, as if the unfortunate town of Damme, which he

had promised not to injure, and the foreign merchants to whom his word was pledged, had not suffered enough by the previous spoil, he set the place on fire also, and it was consumed : and he wasted the country round with fire.

90.—THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN.

BURKE.

By his last concessions to the barons it must be confessed John was effectually dethroned, and with all the circumstances of indignity which could be imagined. He had refused to govern as a lawful prince, and he saw himself deprived of even his legal authority. He became of no sort of consequence in his kingdom ; he was held in universal contempt and derision ; he fell into a profound melancholy. It was in vain that he had recourse to the pope, whose power he had found sufficient to reduce, but not to support him. The censures of the holy see, which had been fulminated at his desire, were little regarded by the barons, or even by the clergy, supported in this resistance by the firmness of their archbishops, who acted with great vigour in the cause of the barons, and even delivered into their hands the fortress of Rochester, one of the most important places in the kingdom. After much meditation, the king at last resolved upon a measure of the most extreme kind, extorted by shame, revenge, and despair ; but, considering the disposition of the time, much the most effectual that could be chosen. He dispatched emissaries into France, into the Low Countries and Germany, to raise men for his service. He had recourse to the same measures to bring his kingdom to obedience, which his predecessor William had used to conquer it. He promised to the adventurers in his quarrel the lands of the rebellious barons ; and it is said, even empowered his agents to make charters of the estates of several particulars. The utmost success attended these negotiations, in an age when Europe abounded with a war-like and poor nobility ; with younger brothers, for whom there was no provision in regular armies, who seldom entered into the church, and never applied themselves to commerce ; and when every considerable family was surrounded by an innumerable multitude of retainers and dependants, idle, and greedy of war and pillage. The Crusade had universally diffused a spirit of adventure ; and if any adventure had the pope's approbation, it was sure to have a number of followers.

John waited the effect of his measures. He kept up no longer the solemn mockery of a court, in which a degraded king must always have been the lowest object. He retired to the Isle of Wight ; his only companions were sailors and fishermen, among whom he became extremely popular.* * Never was he more to be dreaded than in this sullen retreat, whilst the barons amused themselves by idle jests, and vain conjectures on his conduct. Such was the strange want of foresight in that barbarous age, and such the total neglect of design in their affairs, that the barons, when they had got the charter, which was weakened even by the force by which it was obtained, and the great power which it granted, set no watch upon the king ; seemed to have no intelligence of the great and open machinations, which were carrying on against them, and had made no sort of dispositions for their defence. They spent their time in tournaments and bear-baitings, and other diversions suited to the fierce rusticity of their manners. At length the storm broke forth, and found them utterly unprovided. The papal excommunication, the indignation of their prince, and a vast army of lawless and bold adventurers, were poured down at once upon their heads. Such numbers were engaged in this enterprise, that forty thousand are said to have perished at sea. Yet a number still remained sufficient to compose two great armies : one of which, with the enraged

This was the common opinion.—the article "Runnemed," page 314. Ed.

king at its head, ravaged without mercy the north of England; whilst the other turned all the west to a like scene of blood and desolation. The memory of Stephen's wars was renewed with every image of horror, misery, and crime. The barons, dispersed and trembling in their castles, waited who should fall the next victim. They had no army able to keep the field. The archbishop, on whom they had great reliance, was suspended from his functions. There was no hope even from submission: the king could not fulfil his engagements to his foreign troops at a cheaper rate than the utter ruin of his barons. In these circumstances of despair they resolved to have recourse to Philip, the ancient enemy of their country. Throwing off all allegiance to John, they agreed to accept Lewis, the son of that monarch, as their king. Philip had once more an opportunity of bringing the crown of England into his family, and he readily embraced it. He immediately sent his son into England with seven hundred ships, and slighted the menaces and excommunication of the pope, to attain the same object for which he had formerly aimed to support and execute them. The affairs of the barons assumed quite a new face by this reinforcement, and their rise was as sudden and striking as their fall. The foreign army of King John, without discipline, pay or order, ruined and wasted in the midst of its successes, was little able to oppose the natural force of the country, called forth and recruited by so considerable a succour. Besides, the French troops, who served under John, and made a great part of his army, immediately went over to the enemy, unwilling to serve against their sovereign in a cause which now began to look desperate. The son of the King of France was acknowledged in London, and received the homage of all ranks of men. John, thus deserted, had no other ally than the pope, who indeed served him to the utmost of his power; but with arms, to which the circumstances of the time alone can give any force. He excommunicated Lewis and his adherents; he laid England under an interdict; he threatened the King of France himself with the same sentence; but Philip continued firm, and the interdict had little effect in England. Cardinal Langton, by his remarkable address, by his interest in the sacred college, and his prudent submissions, had been restored to the exercise of his office; but steady to the cause he had first espoused, he made use of the recovery of his authority, to carry on his old designs against the king and the pope. He celebrated divine service in spite of the interdict; and by his influence and example taught others to despise it. The king, thus deserted, and now only solicitous for his personal safety, rambled, or rather fled from place to place at the head of a small party. He was in great danger in passing a marsh in Norfolk, in which he lost the greatest part of his baggage, and his most valuable effects. With difficulty he escaped to the monastery of Swinestead; where, violently agitated by grief and disappointments, his late fatigue the use and of an improper diet, threw him into a fever, of which he died in a few days at Newark, not without suspicion of poison, after a reign, or rather a struggle to reign, for eighteen years, the most turbulent and calamitous both to king and people, of any that are recorded in the English history. •

It may not be improper to pause here for a few moments and to consider a little more minutely the causes, which had produced the grand revolution in favour of liberty, by which this reign was distinguished; and to draw all the circumstances, which led to this remarkable event, into a single point of view. Since the death of Edward the Confessor only two princes succeeded to the crown upon undisputed titles. William the Conqueror established his by force of arms. His successors were obliged to court the people by yielding many of the prerogatives of the crown; but they supported a dubious title by a vigorous administration; and recovered by their policy, in the course of their reign, what the necessity of their affairs obliged them to relinquish for the establishment of their power. Thus was the nation kept

continually fluctuating between freedom and servitude. But the principles of freedom were predominant, though the thing itself was not yet fully formed. • The continual struggle of the clergy for the ecclesiastical liberties laid open at the same time the natural claims of the people ; and the clergy were obliged to shew some respect for these claims, in order to add strength to their own party. The concessions which Henry the Second made to the ecclesiastics on the death of Becket, which were afterwards confirmed by Richard the First, gave a grievous blow to the authority of the Crown ; as thereby an order of so much power and influence triumphed over it in many essential points. The latter of these princes brought it very low by the whole tenor of his conduct. Always abroad, the royal authority was felt in its full vigour without being supported by the dignity, or softened by the graciousness of the royal presence. Always in war, he considered his dominions only as a resource for his armies. The demesnes of the crown were squandered. Every office in the state was made vile by being sold. Excessive grants, followed by violent and arbitrary resummptions, tore to pieces the whole contexture of the government. The civil tumults, which arose in that king's absence, showed that the king's lieutenants at least might be disobeyed with impunity.

Then came John to the crown. The arbitrary taxes which he imposed very early in his reign, which offended even more by the improper use made of them than their irregularity, irritated the people extremely, and joined with all the preceding causes to make his government contemptible. Henry the Second, during his contests with the church, had the address to preserve the barons in his interests. Afterwards, when the barons had joined in the rebellion of his children, this wise prince found means to secure the bishops and ecclesiastics. But John drew upon himself at once the hatred of all orders of his subjects. His struggle with the pope weakened him ; his submission to the pope weakened him yet more. The loss of his foreign territories, besides what he lost along with them in reputation, made him entirely dependent upon England ; whereas his predecessors made one part of their territories subservient to the preservation of their authority in another, where it was endangered. Add to all these causes, the personal character of the king, in which there was nothing uniform or sincere, and which introduced the like unsteadiness into all his government. He was indolent, yet restless in his disposition ; fond of working by violent methods, without any vigour ; boastful, but continually betraying his fears ; showing on all occasions, such a desire of peace as hindered him from ever enjoying it. Having no spirit of order he never looked forward ; content by any temporary expedient to extricate himself from a present difficulty. Rash, arrogant, perfidious, irreligious, unquiet, he made a tolerable head of a party, but a bad king ; and had talents fit to disturb another's government, not to support his own. A most striking contrast presents itself between the conduct and fortune of John, and his adversary Philip. Philip came to the crown when many of the provinces of France, by being in the hands of too powerful vassals, were in a manner dismembered from the kingdom ; the royal authority was very low in what remained. He reunited to the crown a country as valuable as what belonged to it before ; he reduced his subjects of all orders to a stricter obedience than they had given to his predecessors. He withstood the papal usurpation, and yet used it as an instrument of his designs ; whilst John, who inherited a great territory, and an entire prerogative, by his vices and weakness gave up his independency to the pope, his prerogative to his subjects, and a large part of his dominions to the king of France.

01.—THE DEATH OF JOHN.

SHAKSPERE.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinestead Abbey.**Enter the Bastard and Hubert meeting.**Hub.* Who's there ? speak, ho ! speak quickly, or I shoot.*Bast.* A friend.—What art thou ?*Hub.* Of the part of England.*Bast.* Whither dost thou go ?*Hub.* What's that to thee ?

Why may I not demand of thine affairs,

As well as thou of mine ?

Bast. Hubert, I think.*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought :

I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well :

Who art thou ?

Bast. Who thou wilt : an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.*Hub.* Unkind remembrance ! thou, and endless night,
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.*Bast.* Come, come ; sans compliment, what news abroad ?*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.*Bast.* Brief, then ; and what's the news ?*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news ;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.*Bast.* How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?*Hub.* A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?*Hub.* Why, know you not ? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company ;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power !
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,

These Lincoln washes have devoured them ;
 Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
 Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;
 I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late ; the life of all his blood
 Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
 (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief,
 That being brought into the open air
 It would allay the burning quality
 Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
 Doth he still rage ?

Exit Bigot.

Pem. He is more patient
 Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes,
 In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
 With many legions of strange fantasies ;
 Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. 'T is strange, that death should sing.
 I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
 And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born
 To set a form upon that indigest
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter Bigot and Attendants, who bring in King John in a Chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;
 It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
 Upon a parchment ; and against this fire
 Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare ;—dead, forsook, cast off :
 And none of you will bid the winter come,
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

- Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so straight,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye
The tackle of mine heart is crack'd and burnt
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where, heaven he knows how we shall answer him :
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege ! my lord !—But now a king—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay
When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge ;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers ? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;
The dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the dauphin ;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
 For many carriages he hath despatch'd
 To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
 To the disposing of the cardinal.
 With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post
 To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so :—And you, my noble prince,
 With other princes that may best be spar'd,
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
 For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
 And happily may your sweet self put on
 The lineal state and glory of the land !
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
 I do bequeath my faithful services
 And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
 To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
 And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
 This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*]

92.—THE ANNALS OF HENRY III.

From the ' Penny Cyclopædia.'

Henry III., surnamed of Winchester, from the place of his birth, was the eldest son of King John, by his queen Isabella of Angoulême, and was born 1st October, 1206. His father having died 18th October, 1216, the boy was chiefly through the influence of the earl of Pembroke, lord marshal, acknowledged heir to the throne by those of the barons who were opposed to the French party ; and on the 28th he was solemnly crowned in the abbey-church of St. Peter, at Gloucester, by the papal legate Gualo. His reign is reckoned from that day.

On the 11th November following, at a great council held at Bristol, Pembroke was appointed protector or governor of the king and kingdom (Rector Regis et Regni) ; and this able and excellent nobleman continued at the head of affairs till his death in May, 1219 ; long before which event the dauphin Louis and the French had been compelled to quit the country, their evacuation having been finally arranged in a conference held at Kingston 11th September, 1217. After the death of Pembroke the administration of the government fell into the hands of Hubert de Burgh, who had greatly distinguished himself in the expulsion of the foreigners, and Peter des Roches, bishop of Winchester. De Burgh however and the bishop, who was

not an Englishman, but a native of Poitou, from coadjutors soon became rivals, and their attempts to throw each other down at length led, in 1224, to the resignation of Des Roches and his retirement from the kingdom. Meanwhile, on the 17th May, 1220, Henry, in consequence of some doubts being entertained about the efficacy of the former ceremony, had been crowned a second time at Westminster, by Langton, archbishop of Canterbury. In 1221 the relations of peace and alliance with Scotland, which had subsisted ever since the departure of the French, were made closer and firmer by the marriages of Alexander II., the king of that country, with Jane, Henry's eldest sister, and of De Burgh with the Princess Margaret, the eldest sister of Alexander. About the same time Pandulf, who had succeeded Gualo as papal legate, left the country, which was thus practically freed from the domination of Rome, although that power still persisted in asserting theoretically the vassalage of the crown which had been originally conceded by John, and which had also been acknowledged at his accession by the present king.

In 1222 Henry had been declared of age to exercise at least certain of the functions of government ; but his feeble character was already become sufficiently apparent, and this formality gave him no real power. It only served to enable De Burgh the more easily to get rid of his colleague. That minister, now left alone at the head of affairs, conducted the government with ability and success on the whole, though in a spirit of severity, which, whether necessary or not, could not fail to make him many enemies. A war broke out with France in 1225, which however was carried on with little spirit on either side, and produced no events of note, although Henry, in May, 1230, conducted in person an expedition to the Continent, from which great things were expected by himself and his subjects ; but he returned home in the following October, without having done anything. At this time France was suffering under the usual weakness and distraction of a regal minority, Louis IX., afterwards designated St. Louis, having, while yet only in his twelfth year, succeeded his father in 1226. A growing opposition to De Burgh was at length headed by Richard, earl of Cornwall, the king's brother, who possessed very great influence, not only from his nearness to the throne, but from his immense wealth ; and the consequence was the sudden expulsion of that minister from all his offices, and his consignment to prison, with the loss of all his honours and estates, in the latter part of the year 1232. Des Roches, the bishop of Winchester, who had returned to the country some time before this crisis, was now placed at the head of affairs ; but his administration, a course of insulting preference for his countrymen and other foreigners, and of open hostility to the great charter and the whole body of the national liberties, speedily proved unbearably distasteful to both barons and commons ; and a confederacy of the laity and the clergy, with Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, at its head, compelled his dismissal within little more than a year after his restoration to power. The archbishop now became chief minister. In 1236 Henry, being now in his thirtieth year, married Eleanor, the daughter of Raymond, count of Provence ; and this connection soon gave new and great umbrage to the nation, in consequence of the numbers of her relations and countrymen who came over with or followed the queen, and with whom she surrounded her weak husband, besides inducing him to gratify their rapacity with pensions, estates, honours, and the most lucrative offices in the kingdom. In the midst of the contests thus occasioned between the crown and the nobility, whose meetings for deliberation on national affairs were now commonly called parliaments, a renewal of active hostilities with France was brought about through a private resentment of Henry's mother Isabella, who, after the death of John, had returned and been re-married to Hugh, count of La Marche, to whom she had been espoused before she gave her hand to John : she had instigated La Marche

to insult and defy Alphonse, count of Poitou, the brother of the French king, after doing homage to him, and had then prevailed upon her son, the king of England, to take her part in the war with France that ensued. Henry again sailed for the Continent; but this expedition was still more unfortunate and disgraceful than the former: after being beaten by Louis in a succession of actions, he was glad to get home again, with the loss of army, money, baggage, and everything. A new truce for five years was then agreed to between the two countries.

These events of course did not tend to put the nation in better humour with the king, or to dispose the parliament to greater liberality. The contest with the crown however ended for the present in an attempt on the part of Henry to govern by the prerogative, which was so far successful that no effective resistance was made to it for many years. In the pressure of his embarrassments he several times reassembled the legislative body, but no accommodation was effected by these advances; the parliament was found as impracticable as ever, and the king resumed his arbitrary courses. In 1253, he succeeded in obtaining a grant of money by consenting to a solemn ratification of the great charters; a ceremony which had already been repeatedly performed in the course of the reign; and this enabled him to proceed at the head of a military force to Guienne, where a revolt against the English dominion had been excited by Alphonso, king of Castile. The dispute was soon settled by the arrangement of a marriage between Henry's eldest son Prince Edward, and Eleanor, the sister of Alphonso. After this Henry engaged in a project which speedily involved him in a complication of difficulties—the acceptance of the nominal crown of Sicily for his second son Edmund, from pope Innocent IV., who pretended to have it at his disposal in consequence of Frederick II., the late king, having died (A.D. 1250) in a state of excommunication, and who had ever since been hawking about the empty title among the princes of Europe, without finding any one simple enough to close with his proposals till he applied to the king of England. The exorbitant extent to which Henry was forced to carry his exactions in order to meet his engagements with the pontiff raised a spirit of resistance, which grew stronger and stronger, till it broke out into an open revolt against the supremacy of the crown. What is called by most of the old chroniclers 'the mad parliament' assembled at Oxford, 11th June, 1258, by adjournment from Westminster, where it had met on the 2nd of May previous; and placed the whole authority of the state in the hands of a committee of government, consisting of twelve persons appointed by the barons and as many by the king. The leader of the barons on this occasion was the famous Simon de Montfort, who was a Frenchman by birth, being the youngest son of the Count de Montfort, but who, in right of his mother, had succeeded to the English earldom of Leicester, and had so long ago as the year 1238 married Eleanor, countess dowager of Pembroke, and sister of king Henry. After the enjoyment however of a long course of court favour he had quarrelled with and been insulted by his royal brother-in-law in 1252, and although they had been apparently reconciled, it is probable that the feelings then excited had never been extinguished in either. From the imperfect accounts and the partial temper of the annalists of the time, it is difficult to obtain a clear view of De Montfort's character and objects; but if his position may be reasonably suspected to have acted upon him with its natural temptations, and led him to form designs more ambitious than he could venture openly to profess, it must be admitted that he stands remarkably free from any well-established or even probable imputation affecting his actual conduct, and that he was undoubtedly a person both of eminent ability and of many excellent as well as popular moral qualities. His cause was also undoubtedly in the main that of the national liberties, and he appears to have had throughout the national voice and heart with him. He and his

friends soon contrived to monopolize the whole power of the committee of government, and compelled the principal nominees of the king not only to relinquish their functions, but to fly from the kingdom. Dissensions now however broke out in the dominant party, and De Montfort found a rival aspirant to the supreme power in another of the great barons, Richard de Clare earl of Gloucester. The quarrels of the adverse factions enabled Henry, in the beginning of the year 1261, altogether to throw off the authority of the committee of government; and although the parliamentary party was on this occasion joined by Prince Edward, it was for the present effectually put down, De Montfort himself being obliged to take refuge in France. He returned however in April, 1263, and being now supported by Gilbert, earl of Gloucester, the son of his late rival, proceeded to prosecute his quarrel with the crown by force of arms. Henry had now his son Edward on his side; but the success of the insurgents nevertheless was such as to threaten the complete overthrow of the royal power, when an accommodation was effected through the interference of the king's younger brother, Richard, earl of Cornwall, called King of the Romans, to which dignity he had been elected a few years before. The result was to place De Montfort and his friends once more at the head of affairs, the king being reduced to a cipher, or a mere puppet in their hands. In the course of a few months however we find the war between the two parties renewed. The contest of arms was suspended for a short time in the beginning of the following year (1264) by an appeal on the part of a number of the most influential barons and bishops to the arbitration of Louis IX. of France; but his award, which was upon the whole favourable to Henry, was very soon disregarded. On the 14th of May the forces of the barons, led by De Montfort, and those of the royalists, commanded by the king in person, and by his son Edward, met at Lewes, in Sussex, where the former gained a complete victory, both Henry and his son being taken prisoners. This success of course once more placed all the power of the kingdom at the feet of the great baronial leader. His arrogance and assumption of superiority however, it is said, had already alienated from him some of his most powerful adherents, and disposed them to take measures for the restoration of the royal authority, when, on the Thursday of Whitsun-week, 1265, Prince Edward contrived to make his escape from Dover Castle, and to join the earl of Gloucester, who had now deserted the interest of De Montfort, and waited to receive him with an army at Ludlow in Shropshire. This event immediately led to the renewal of the war. On the 4th of August the two parties again encountered at Evesham; Edward here gave brilliant proof of the military talent which distinguished his future career, and the result was the defeat of the baronial forces with immense slaughter, De Montfort himself and his son Henry being both in the number of the slain. In this battle the king is said to have had a narrow escape; the earl, in whose camp he was, had compelled him to put on armour and mount a war-horse, from which he was thrown down in one of the charges, and would probably have been put to the sword or trampled to death had he not called out that he was 'Harry of Winchester,' when his voice was heard by his son, who came up and rescued him.

The victory of Evesham however, although it liberated Henry and re-established the royal government, did not completely put down the defeated party. The adherents of De Montfort maintained themselves, notwithstanding all the efforts of Prince Edward, in various parts of the kingdom, for more than two years longer. Even after the parliament, in October, 1267, had passed an Act of Concord, known by the name of the 'Dictum de Kenilworth,' by which easy terms of pardon were offered to all who would submit themselves, the insurrection was renewed by the people of London, with the earl of Gloucester at their head; but that rash and fickle personage almost immediately threw himself upon the king's mercy without

drawing the sword, and was glad to obtain pardon through the mediation of the king of the Romans, leaving his followers to their fate. A final arrangement was at last effected in a parliament which met at Marlborough on the 18th of November. The short remainder of the reign of Henry after this date passed without disturbance, or any remarkable events. His son Edward, leaving every thing tranquil, set out for the Holy Land in July, 1270, from which he had not returned when Henry died at Westminster on the Feast of St. Edmund, being the 16th of November, 1272, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and the fifty-seventh of his reign.

The reign of Henry III. is especially memorable in the history of the constitution as affording us the first distinct example of a parliament constituted as at present, of representatives from the counties, cities, and boroughs, as well as of the barons and higher clergy, or great tenants of the crown, lay and ecclesiastical. The assembly in question met at London, 22nd January, 1265, having been summoned in the name of king Henry, while he was in the hands of De Montfort, a few weeks before. Hence this great leader of the barons has been regarded as the introducer of the principle of popular representation into the English constitution, and the founder of the House of Commons.

Our statute law also begins with this reign—the earliest enactment on the statute-book being that entitled the ‘Provisions of Merton,’ passed in the 20th year of Henry III., A.D. 1235-6.

93.—THE DEFENCE OF DOVER CASTLE.

SOUTHEY.

The death of king John was a happy event for the nation, though he left a child of nine years old to succeed him. In most of the barons, who so often combined against him, there had been far more of personal animosity than of principle, * * more, perhaps, even than of personal views. But a child was an object of compassion; and they who already repented of having called in a foreign enemy were no longer withheld by hatred or by shame from following their English feelings, and taking the better part. Louis's tide of fortune began to ebb, when a force of 300 knights, with a great body of soldiers, embarked at Calais for his support, in a fleet consisting of eighty great ships and many smaller vessels, commanded by Eustace the monk. This man who was a Fleming by birth, had left his monastery to enjoy a patrimony which fell to him by the death of his brothers; that patrimony he appears to have dissipated; afterwards “he became a notable pirate, and had done ~~him~~ his days much mischief to the Englishmen.” The English government received timely intelligence of this expected succour to the enemy; and, accordingly, Philip de Albany and John Marshal were appointed to collect the power of the Cinque ports, and guard the seas against them. With the aid of Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent, then residing in the castle of Dover, they had not yet mustered more than forty vessels, great and small, on St. Bartholomew's day, when the French sailed, meaning to go up the Thames, and make for London. Not deterred by the inferiority of their forces, the English commanders put to sea, and encountered them; then gained the weather-gage, and, “by tilting at them with the iron beaks of their galleys, sunk several of the transports with all on board. They availed themselves of the wind also to try, with success, a new and singular mode of annoyance; for, having provided a number of vessels on their decks, filled with unslaked lime, and pouring water into them when they were at just distance, and in a favourable position, the smoke was driven into the enemies' faces,” so as to disable them from defending themselves, while the archers and cross-bowmen aimed

their destructive weapons with dreadful effect. Eustace, the monk, was found after long search hid in the hold of one of the captured ships : he offered a large sum for his ransom, so he might have his life spared, and offered also to enter into the service of the English king ; but as he had rendered himself singularly odious, Richard, a bastard son of king John, killed him, and sent his head to young Henry as a brotherly offering, and as a proof of their important victory. Louis was so disheartened by this reverse, that he was glad to make peace upon such terms as were proposed to him ; and receiving 15,000 marks for the release of the hostages whom the barons, who invited him, had put into his hands, he gave up such strongholds as were in his possession, and returned to France.

A remarkable instance occurred some fifteen years afterwards of the feeling with which the people regarded this naval victory, that in its immediate consequences had delivered the country from the presence of a foreign foe. In the course of the civil commotions, by which the reign of Henry III. was disturbed, Hubert de Burgh became an object of persecution to the then prevailing faction ; and being forcibly taken from the sanctuary, in which he had sought for protection, at Brentwood, a smith was sent for to make fetters for him. But when the smith understood that it was for Hubert, earl of Kent, he was called upon to perform the ignominious office, he refused to do it, uttering, says Speed, such words (if Mathew Paris do not poetise) as will show that honourable thoughts are sometimes found in the hearts of men whose fortunes are far from honour. For having first drawn a deep sigh, he said, " Do with me what ye please, and God have mercy on my soul ; but as the Lord liveth, I will never make iron shackles for him, but will rather die the worst death that is. Is not this that Hubert that restored England to England ? He who faithfully and constantly served John in Gascony, Normandy, and elsewhere, * * whose high courage, when he was reduced to eat horse-flesh, even the enemy admired ? He who so long defended Dover Castle, the key of England, against all the strong sieges of the French, and by vanquishing them at sea brought safety to the kingdom ? God be judge between him and you for using him so unjustly and inhumanly ! " It is to be regretted that this man's name has not been preserved ; none of his contemporaries deserved a more honourable remembrance. It was at the risk of his life that he thus obeyed the impulse of an honest heart ; and Hubert must have felt a prouder and worthier gratification at this brave testimony to his services than the largest grant could ever have given him, with which he was rewarded in the days of his prosperity.

94.—SIMON DE MONTFORT.

REV. J. WHITE.

In 1265 the cause of King Henry the Third seemed irremediably lost, and the revolted barons triumphant. The battle of Lewes had been fought in the previous year, at which the King, Prince Edward, (afterwards the great Edward the First,) and many of their retainers were made prisoners. There arose, however, divisions among the nobles ; and jealousy of their leader, the famous Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, tempted many of them to desert his cause. The prince at this fortunate moment effected his escape by engaging his retinue,—who also acted as his guard,—in races which tired their horses, and incapacitated them from overtaking him in his flight. He soon collected a great force, with which to rescue the king from the honourable imprisonment in which he was detained by Leicester. That sagacious statesman had endeavoured to counterbalance his opponents by summoning representatives from the cities and boroughs to the council of the

nation, thus constituting a Commons House of Parliament, and took the field with the feelings of the great body of the people enlisted on his side. This popularity was not destroyed by his death in the decisive battle of Evesham, which soon followed and restored Henry to his throne. His memory was long cherished among the peasantry, under the name of Sir Simon the Righteous; miracles were believed to be wrought at his tomb; and, in spite of his having been excommunicated by Rome, great complaints were made against the church for denying him the honours of canonization.

SCENE.—*A Hall in Simon de Montfort's Castle.*

De Montfort, De Vesci, De Lucy, Warrenne, Despencer, Gloster, and other Barons.

Warrenne. You think to let Prince Edward part in freedom;—
A knightly deed, high souled and generous,
Shall set the minstrels singing thro' all time,—
Yet we, who have no tower of refuge left
Like the great name of Montfort,—whose mere sound
Shall guard you round with walls unpassable—
Must pause ere we consent.

De Lucy, and others. 'Tis madness! treason

De Montfort. Hold, lords.—You give me a poor choice of names,
Traitor or madman;—thank the saints we are friends
And may speak doughty words yet break no bones.
I do not think I am mad;—in fact my faith
Is that I am rather wise, as wise men go
In these diseased times; a man's no fool
Who keeps his head and body in one piece
For fifty years or more, as I have done,—
And so we'll pass the madman: For the treason—
If we were nimble, quick tongued orators
We might discuss the point from noon till dawn;—
We fought the king at Lewes, hand to hand;—
We hold the king a prisoner; guard his doors
With sharp-edged swords; strip him of power and honour,
Use his great name against his sovran will,—
And therefore if De Lucy speaks the Law
—'Tis possible the Law might call us traitors.

De Lucy. 'Tis treason against us. If you set free
Prince Edward, we are lost!

Warrenne. If one must go,
Release the king; tie to his feeble flank
A wooden sword, and paste upon his brow
A paper crown.

De Montfort. The name of King would turn
The lath to hardest steel, and ring with fire
The trivial forehead till it scorch'd our eyes.
Ev'n now, though both are prisoners of our swords,
There is a glory round the Prince's nature,
That half enfolds frail Henry in its light;
If longer they are pent in the same channel
Edward's fresh force will fill the parent stream

With such impetuous gush, that scarce these bounds
 Shall hold the mingled current in its bed ;—
 Dispart them ; give the mountain beck its way
 To dash itself 'mid foam on rock and shore,
 But leave the sluggish, lazy, placid river
 To hold our argosies, and like the Nile,
 To enrich our fields with its imperial ooze—
 I say Prince Edward shall go free.

Gloster.

Not so ;—

I say he shall aby his father's fate.
 'Twere better yield at once and bend the knee
 At Henry's throne than trust to Edward's word.

De Montfort. I will not ask his word ; he shall go free
 Untrammel'd, uncondition'd. If he is calm
 His calmness shall bring peace to all the realm ;
 If he draw sword, what powers will join his banner,
 Rebellious 'gainst the standard of the king ?

Warrenne. If Leicester's sinewy hand held not the staff,
 The standard of the king might flap itself
 To ribbands in the all unheedful air.

De Montfort. Well sirs, I've held ere now the staff i' my hand,
 That saved your lordship's manors and your heads.

Gloster. And now you'd make a cudgel of that staff
 To beat us to your feet like mongrel hounds !
 If we *must* wear brass collars on our necks,
 I'll have a distich carved on mine, "Take notice
 This is an English dog and serves his Prince."

De Montfort. Go fetch and carry, fawn and wag the tail ;
 And gnaw the bones his Highness' hand may throw you ;
 But while I rule the realm,—albeit my blood
 Took not its native course through English veins,
 There shall no English heart have truer love
 To English rights than mine. There may be men
 English in name, in blood, in tongue, who yet
 Hold not an English spirit in their thoughts ;—
 My lords, I deal not in soft, honied phrases,
 And warn you, in short guise, I hold your lordships
 But as I'd hold the plumes that wave and shine
 Above our helm,—the summer breezes sway them,—
 Rains drench them,—winter tempests mar their hue,—
 Foes hack them off—yet stands the helm unscathed !
 You're but the spear's gay pennon, not the spear—
 You're but the sword's gemm'd handle, not the sword,
 You're but the burnished trumpet, not the breath
 That fills the heart with battle ; think, my lords,
 Ere the dread word is said that wakes the giant
 Now stretch'd in dreamy slumber, at whose voice
 Your towers shall crumble as if lightning touch'd them ;
 Your shields be shrivell'd as a reed in fire ;
 And rust and dust rain down on arms and name !

De Spencer. What giant is this ? I fain would run a tilt
 With his unwieldy worship. Righteous sir .

You've lived with priests and penitents so long
 You grow a Seer like them ; where lives the man
 So potent and big limb'd ?

De Montfort.

Oh ! you shall see him,—

For when he rises he shall take his way
 Thro' holt and town until he meets us here.
 You'd scarce suspect how strong and firm his sinews,
 For he bestrides no war horse, wears no arms,—
 But dressed in sober russet or rough serge
 Plods noiselessly on foot—

De Spencer.

I'll whack the churl

With my flat blade. How do you name him ?

De Montfort.

England,—

Nor crown, nor coronet, blazon, nor belt
 Are England more. The Many rules the Few.

Enter Marmion, hurriedly.

Marmion. My lords ! the Prince is fled—To wile the time
 He dared his train to essay their courser's speed ;
 With fiery gallop on they sped ;—their reins
 Hung on their horse's necks, which emulous stretch'd
 To attain the goal ;—nor failed the angry spur
 To rouse the lagging steed. The winner's cheek
 Gathered fresh blood when Edward to his side
 Buckled his sword as prize. Another course
 His highness' falcon paid ; a third his ring—
 Then when with drooping cars and panting sides
 The victors and the vanquish'd, with slow foot
 Toiled homewards,—springing quick on the black barb
 Which champ'd the bit that bound him to the tree
 Where he had stood while all the sports went on,—
 "Farewell," cried Edward, "tell my lord of Leicester
 "He shall have payment for his courtesy,
 "When I've had time to sharp the headsman's axe."

De Montfort. Did no one follow ?

Marmion.

For a faltering space

I prick'd to arrest his flight ; but all in vain.

De Montfort. What ! my good lords—this frolic prince, methinks
 Scarce finds fit audience for the merry jest—

De Lucy. The frolic prince !—when mirth shins on his face
 'Tis like the sunlight on an axe's blade
 Brightning but softening not. For one so young
 Ne'er saw I brow so hard or heart so cold.

De Montfort. Tut ! tut !—the brow grows solemn 'neath the shadow
 Of the rich crown that seems to clasp his head ;
 And for his heart—'tis for his friends to judge,
 Not we who stand like sentinels at the door
 And never felt the warmth that cheers the hearth.

Warrenne. I knew the eagle would not pine i' the cage :
 The rushing of his wings will wake the land
 As he affronts the sun with hoodless eye ;—
 Woe to the quarry where his swoop is made !

- *De Montfort.* Let lambs and pouting chickens look to it !
 There's ne'er a bird i' the air but has his match
 Beak against beak. I fear no eagles, I.
 Cheer you, my lords: we have a mightier name
 To gild our cause than king's or conqueror's—
 We have the force, the power of the whole land
 Transfused into the millions on its soil ;
 This day the Commons shall be called to Council.
 And woe to him who scorns the Nation's voice—
 Or Prince or Peer !—

95.—PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.

ITALIAN.

The progress of towns in several continental countries, from a condition bordering on servitude to wealth and liberty, has more than once attracted our attention in other parts of the present work. Their growth in England, both from general causes and imitative policy, was very similar and nearly co-incident. Under the Anglo-Saxon line of sovereigns, we scarcely can discover in our scanty records the condition of their inhabitants ; except retrospectively from the great survey of Domesday Book, which displays the state of England under Edward the Confessor. Some attention to commerce had been shown by Alfred and Athelstan ; and a merchant who had made three voyages beyond sea, was raised by a law of the latter monarch, to the dignity of a Thane. This privilege was not perhaps often claimed ; but the burgesses of towns were already a distinct class from the coorls or rustics, and, though hardly free according to our estimation, seem to have laid the foundation of more extensive immunities. It is probable, at least, that the English towns had made full as great advances towards emancipation as those of France. At the conquest, we find the burgesses or inhabitants of towns, living under the superiority or protection of the king, or of some other lord to whom they paid annual rents, and determinate dues or customs. Sometimes they belonged to different lords ; and sometimes the same burgess paid customs to one master, while he was under the jurisdiction of another. They frequently enjoyed special privileges as to inheritance ; and in two or three instances they seem to have possessed common property, belonging to a sort of guild or corporation ; but never, as far as appears by any evidence, had they a municipal administration by magistrates of their own choice. Besides the regular payments, which were in general not heavy, they were liable to tallages, at the discretion of their lords. This burthen continued for two centuries, with no limitation, except that the barons were latterly forced to ask permission of the king before they set a tallage on their tenants, which was commonly done when he imposed one upon his own. Still the towns became considerably richer ; for the profits of their traffic were undiminished by competition ; and the consciousness that they could not be individually despoiled of their possessions, like the villeins of the country around, inspired an industry and perseverance, which all the rapacity of Norman kings and barons was unable to daunt or overcome.

One of the earliest and most important changes in the condition of the burgesses was the conversion of their individual tributes into a perpetual rent from the whole borough. The town was then said to be affirmed, or let in fee-farm to the burgesses and their successors for ever. Previously to such a grant, the lord held the town in his demesne, and was the legal proprietor of the soil and tenements ; though I by no means apprehend that the burgesses were destitute of a certain estate in

their possessions. But of a town in fee-farm he only kept the superiority, and the inheritance of the annual rent, which he might recover by distress. The burgesses held their lands by burgage-tenure, nearly analogous to, or rather a species of, free socage. Perhaps before the grant they might correspond to modern copy holders. It is of some importance to observe, that the lord by such a grant of the town in fee-farm, whatever we may think of its previous condition, divested himself of his property, or lucrative dominion over the soil, in return for the perpetual rent; so that tallages subsequently set at his own discretion upon the inhabitants, however common, can hardly be considered as a just exercise of the rights of proprietorship.

Under such a system of arbitrary taxation, however, it was evident to the most selfish tyrant, that the wealth of his burgesses was his wealth, and their prosperity his interest; much more were liberal and sagacious monarchs, like Henry II., inclined to encourage them by privileges. From the time of William Rufus, there was no reign in which charters were not granted to different towns, of exemption from tolls on rivers and at markets, those lighter manacles of feudal tyranny; or of commercial franchises; or of immunity from the ordinary jurisdictions; or, lastly, of internal self-regulation. Thus the original charter of Henry I. to the city of London, concedes to the citizens, in addition to valuable commercial and fiscal immunities, the right of choosing their own sheriff and justice, to the exclusion of every foreign jurisdiction. These grants, however, were not in general so extensive till the reign of John. Before that time, the interior arrangement of towns had received a new organization. In the Saxon period, we find voluntary associations, sometimes religious, sometimes secular; in some cases for mutual defence against injury, in others for mutual relief in poverty. These were called guilds, from the Saxon verb *giddan*, to pay or contribute, and exhibited the natural, if not the legal character of corporations. At the time of the conquest, as has been mentioned above, such voluntary incorporations of the burgesses possessed in some towns either landed property of their own, or rights of superiority over those of others. An internal elective government seems to have been required for the administration of a common revenue, and of other business incident to their association. They became more numerous, and more peculiarly commercial after that æra, as well from the increase of trade, as through imitation of similar fraternities existing in many towns of France. The spirit of monopoly gave strength to those institutions, each class of traders forming itself into a body, in order to exclude competition. Thus were established the companies in corporate towns, that of the Weavers in London being perhaps the earliest; and these were successively consolidated and sanctioned by charters from the crown. In towns not large enough to admit of distinct companies, one merchant guild comprehended the traders in general, or the chief of them; and this, from the reign of Henry II. downwards, became the subject of incorporating charters. The management of their internal concerns, previously to any incorporation, fell naturally enough into a sort of oligarchy, which the tenor of the charter generally preserved. Though the immunities might be very extensive, the powers were more or less restrained to a small number. Except in a few places, the right of choosing magistrates was first given by king John; and certainly must rather be ascribed to his poverty, than to any enlarged policy, of which he was utterly incapable.

From the middle of the twelfth century to that of the thirteenth, the traders of England became more and more prosperous. The towns on the southern coast exported tin and other metals in exchange for the wines of France; those on the eastern sent corn to Norway; the Cinque-ports bartered wool against the stuffs of Flanders. Though bearing no comparison with the cities of Italy or the empire, they increased sufficiently to acquire importance at home. That vigorous preroga-

tive of the Norman monarchs, which kept down the feudal aristocracy, compensated for whatever inferiority there might be in the population and defensible strength of the English towns, compared with those on the continent. They had to fear no petty oppressors, no local hostility; and if they could satisfy the rapacity of the crown, were secure from all other grievances. London, far above the rest, our ancient and noble capital, might, even in those early times, be justly termed a member of the political system. This great city, so admirably situated, was rich and populous long before the conquest. Bede, at the beginning of the eighth century, speaks of London as a great market, which traders frequented by land and sea. It paid fifteen thousand pounds out of eighty-two thousand pounds, raised by Canute upon the kingdom. If we believe Roger Hovedon, the citizens of London, on the death of Ethelred II., joined with part of the nobility in raising Edmund Ironside to the throne. Harold I., according to better authority, the Saxon Chronicle, and William of Malmesbury, was elected by their concurrence. Descending to later history, we find them active in the civil war of Stephen and Matilda. The famous bishop of Winchester tells the Londoners, that they are almost accounted as noblemen on account of the greatness of their city; into the community of which it appears that some barons had been received. Indeed the citizens themselves, or at least the principal of them, were called barons. It was certainly by far the greatest city in England. There have been different estimates of its population, some of which are extravagant; but I think it could hardly have contained less than thirty or forty thousand souls within its walls; and the suburbs were very populous. These numbers, the enjoyment of privileges, and the consciousness of strength, infused a free and even mutinous spirit into their conduct. The Londoners were always on the barons' side in their contests with the crown. They bore a part in deposing William Longchamp, the chancellor and justiciary of Richard I. They were distinguished in the great struggle for Magna Charta; the privileges of their city are expressly confirmed in it; and the Mayor of London was one of the twenty-five barons to whom the maintenance of its provisions was delegated. In the subsequent reign, the citizens of London were regarded with much dislike and jealousy by the court, and sometimes suffered pretty severely by its hands, especially after the battle of Evesham.

Notwithstanding the influence of London in these seasons of disturbance, we do not perceive that it was distinguished from the most insignificant town by greater participation in national councils. Rich, powerful, honourable, and high-spirited as its citizens had become, it was very long before they found a regular place in parliament. The prerogative of imposing tallages at pleasure, unsparingly exercised by Henry III. even over London, left the crown no inducement to summon the inhabitants of cities and boroughs. As these indeed were daily growing more considerable, they were certain, in a monarchy so limited as that of England became in the thirteenth century, of attaining, sooner or later, this eminent privilege. Although therefore the object of Simon de Montfort in calling them to his parliament after the battle of Lewes was merely to strengthen his own faction, which prevailed among the commonalty, yet their permanent admission into the legislature may be ascribed to a more general cause. For otherwise it is not easy to see, why the innovation of an usurper should be drawn into precedent, though it might perhaps accelerate what the course of affairs was gradually preparing.

It is well known, that the earliest writs of summons to cities and boroughs, of which we can prove the existence, are those of Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, bearing date 12th of December, 1264, in the forty-ninth year of Henry III. After a long controversy, almost all judicious inquirers seem to have acquiesced in admitting this origin of popular representation. The argument may be very

concisely stated. We find from innumerable records that the king imposed tallages upon his demesne towns at discretion. No public instrument previous to the forty-ninth of Henry III. names the citizens and burgesses as constituent parts of parliament; though prelates, barons, knights, and sometimes free-holders are enumerated; while since the undoubted admission of the commons, they are almost invariably mentioned. No historian speaks of representatives appearing for the people, or uses the word citizen or burgess in describing those present in parliament. Such convincing, though negative, evidence is not to be invalidated by some general and ambiguous phrases, whether in writs and records, or in historians. Those monkish annalists are poor authorities upon any point where their language is to be delicately measured. But it is hardly possible, that writing circumstantially, as Roger de Hoveden and Matthew Paris sometimes did, concerning proceedings in parliament, they could have failed to mention the commons in unequivocal expressions, if any representatives from that order had actually formed a part of the assembly.

96.—THE BATTLE OF EVESHAM.

From "Old England."

When John died, what a state of confusion surrounded his helpless son—Louis the French Dauphin in the land with an army of French troops, and supported by the chief English barons, who had invited him over as their last refuge against John's tyranny. But a great and good man was then living—Pembroke, soon afterwards declared the Protector; who, collecting together at Gloucester the different branches of the royal family, as well as a host of the principal men of both political parties, suddenly appeared among them, and placing the young Henry, with all due honour and ceremony, before the assembled prelates and nobles, said "Albeit the father of this prince, whom here you see before you, for his evil demeanours hath worthily undergone our persecution, yet this young child, as he is in years tender, so is he pure and innocent from those of his father's doings," and so called upon them to appoint him their king and governor, and drive the French from the land. The assembly received the speech with cordial greeting, and the coronation ceremony was immediately hurried on. The crown had been lost in the Wash, so a plain circlet of gold was used. Pembroke was appointed the royal guardian, and the governor of the kingdom. That appointment saved Henry his throne, and the people of England their ~~satiation~~. Pembroke, who fully appreciated the motives of the disappointed barons, caused the Magna Charta to be revised and confirmed, with the view of satisfying them, and his character testified to all men that the act was done in good faith. The result was soon perceptible in the breaking up of the moral strength of the dangerous and unnatural confederacy. Then came the battle, or "Fair," of Lincoln, in 1217, in which the French and English allies were completely overthrown; and when Pembroke, hurrying from the ancient city with its bloody streets the same evening to Stow, was able to assure the trembling boy-king for the first time that he was really lord of England. Pembroke dealt firmly but generously with the allies, and before long Louis had returned to France, and the barons of England were once more united in support of their own monarch. Englishmen could ~~again look~~ on one another without rage or humiliation.

Henry's marriage with Eleanor, daughter of the Count of Provence, seems to mark with tolerable accuracy the period of the commencement of the struggle between him and his subjects. His minister, the Poictevin bishop, Des Roches, had given him a double course of practical instruction as to how he should rule, although

the people and the barons so little appreciated their share in the example, that they compelled Henry, in 1234, to dismiss him, with a whole host of his countrymen, not only from power, but from the island. Henry comforted himself on his marriage by taking Gascons and Provençals into his favour, since they would not let him have Poitevins; and upon them he lavished all possible wealth and honours. The barons remonstrated, and the king, wanting money, promised to behave better. When he next asked for funds, he was told of broken promises, and an oath was exacted. That broken too, the barons became more and more annoying and disrespectful; charged Henry with extravagance, and at last said in the most unmistakable English, they would trust him no longer, and therefore, if he wanted them to give him money, he must allow them to add to the gift a few public officers of their choice, such as the chief Justiciary, Chancellor, and so on. The king thought he would much rather stretch his prerogative a little over those especially subject to it, in matters of fine, benevolence, and purveyance; rob the Jews; and beg from everybody else; and admirably he did all these things. Even this hardly sufficed, so in 1248 he again met his barons in parliament, to see what they would do for him, but soon left them in disgust; they would provide nothing but lectures upon his past conduct, and advice as to his future; except, indeed, on their own conditions. That there were men in England who neither could nor would endure such government was to be expected; but one's admiration is especially warmed to find there were English women who could tell the king plain truths in plain words. The young widowed Countess of Arundel having failed to obtain what she alleged to be hers in equity, thus addressed him before his court: "O, my lord king, why do you turn away from justice? We cannot now obtain that which is right in your court. You are placed as a mean between God and us, but you neither govern us nor yourself, neither dread you to vex the church diversely, as is not only felt in present, but hath been heretofore. Moreover, you doubt not manifoldly to afflict the nobles of the kingdom." Henry listened with a scornful and angry look, and then cried out in a loud voice, "O, my lady countess, what I have the lords of England, because you have a tongue at will, made a charter, and hired you to be their orator and advocate?" But the lady had as much wit and presence of mind as courage, and answered, "Not so, my lord; for they have made to me no charter. But that charter which your father made, and yourself confirmed, swearing to keep the same inviolably and constantly, and often extorting money upon the promise that the liberties therein contained should be faithfully observed, you have not kept, but, without regard to conscience or honour, broken. Therefore are you found to be a manifest violator of your faith and oath. For where are the liberties of England, so often fairly engrossed in writing? so often granted? so often bought? I, therefore, though a woman, and all the natural loyal people of the land, appeal against you to the tribunal of the fearful judge," &c. The king was overawed, but of course remained unchanged; and the lady, as Matthew Paris tells us, lost her charges, hopes, and travail. When women thus speak, men must begin to act. A confederacy was soon formed, and the barons "determined to come strong to Oxford at Saint Barnabas day." According to their agreement they appeared in an imposing body before the king, "exquisitely armed, and appointed, that so the king and his aliens should be enforced, if they would not willingly assent." Of course their demand was the old demand—the Charter; but there was a new and very important addendum, that the country should be ruled, according to its provisions, by twenty-four men, to be then and there chosen by the assembly. The leader of the confederated barons was the king's brother-in-law, Simon de Montfort, a Frenchman by the father's side, but in every other respect one of the truest of Englishmen. Before events had shown Henry the lofty and

g spirit that his oppressions had raised, he had a kind of prescience of the fact, which is somewhat remarkable. Being one day, in the month of June, in his barge on the Thames, there came on so heavy a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, that Henry impatiently caused himself to be set down at the nearest mansion, which happened to be Durham House, where the Earl of Leicester then was. De Montfort came forth to meet him, and seeing the king's alarm, observed, "Sir, why are you afraid? the tempest is now past." Henry, looking at the speaker with a troubled and lowering aspect, replied, "I fear thunder and lightning above measure; but, by the head of God, I do more fear thee than all the thunder and lightning of the world." The quiet dignity of the earl's reply was admirable:—"My liege, it is injurious and incredible that you should stand in fear of me, who have always been loyal both to you and your realm, whereas you ought to fear your enemies, such as destroy the realm and abuse you with bad counsels." The war, towards which all things had been long tending, at last broke out. In 1264 there met at Lewes two great armies, the one headed by the king, and his son Prince Edward, who had till recently supported the barons, the other by De Montfort, whose soldiers were directed to wear white crosses on their breasts and backs, to show they fought for justice. The result was a complete triumph for the popular party; the king was taken prisoner in the battle, and the prince yielded himself also to captivity the day after, as a hostage of peace. De Montfort's power was now supreme over England, and though there appears not the smallest proof that he ill-used it, some among his brother nobles grew jealous, especially the earl of Gloucester. By his contrivance Prince Edward escaped; whose address and energy speedily raised once more a powerful royalist army. Seldom has a general been placed in a more difficult position. His own father was in De Montfort's hands—the feeling of the more enlightened of the people, those resident in the chief towns, was in favour of the "traitors"—above all, the bravest of England's chivalry were the men who had to be overthrown. Through all Edward's subsequent career, so brilliant in a military sense, there is no event that does more credit to his skill than the strategy by which he succeeded in placing himself between two bodies of the enemy, preventing them from joining each other, or simultaneously attacking him; and then confronting the chief adversary thus shorn of a considerable portion of his strength. There appeared, it seems,

In that black night before this sad and dismal day
Two apparitions strange, as dread heaven would bewray
The horrors to ensue: Oh most amazing sight!
Two armies in the air discerned were to fight,
Which came so near to earth, that in the morn they found
The prints of horses' feet remaining on the ground;
Which came but as a show, the time to entertain,
Till the angry armies joined to act the bloody scene!

Such, according to the Warwickshire poet Drayton, and the old chroniclers, were the dire portents by which the great battle of Evesham was preceded. The scene of this sanguinary encounter has been thus described in 'William Shakspeare: a Biography,' from personal observation:—

"About two miles and a half from Evesham is an elevated point near the village of Twyford, where the Alcester Road is crossed by another track. The Avon is not more than a mile distant on either hand, for flowing from Offenham to Evesham, a distance of about three miles, it encircles that town, returning in nearly a parallel direction, about the same distance, to Charlbury. The great road, therefore, passing Alcester to Evesham, continues, after it passes Twyford, through a narrow tongue

of land bounded by the Avon, having considerable variety of elevation. Immediately below Twyford is a hollow now called *Battlewell*, crossing which the road ascends to the elevated platform of *Greenhill*." Edward, early in the day on the 4th of August, 1265, appeared on the heights above Evesham. The young soldier at the head of the royalists, recently escaped from the custody of the veteran whom he is now to oppose, was the prince, burning to revenge his defeat and captivity, and to release his father the king. The great object of his manœuvres was to prevent a junction of the forces under Simon de Montfort and his eldest son. In order to effect this it was necessary to keep the old earl on the right bank of the Severn, with which view he destroyed all the bridges and boats on that river, and secured the fords. But the earl himself was not to be out-manœuvred by his clever young adversary—he managed to cross, and encamped at first near Worcester, hoping hourly that his son would join him. But Simon the younger, though he does not appear to have been deficient in patriotism or courage, was no match for a genius in war like Edward. He was surprised near Kenilworth by night, lost his horses and his treasure, and most of his knights, and was compelled to take refuge, almost naked, in the castle there, which was the principal residence of the De Montfort family. This, though as yet he knew it not, was a death-blow to the earl, who, still hoping and expecting with impatience to meet his son, marched on to Evesham. There he waited, but waited in vain. The day before the fatal 4th, no shadow of the truth clouding the confidence he felt in his son, he had solemn masses performed in the Abbey Church, and expressed himself well assured that his son would join him presently, and that Heaven would uphold his cause against a perjured prince. "The next morning he sent his barber Nicholas to the top of the abbey tower to look for the succour that was coming over the hills from Kenilworth. The barber came down with eager gladness, for he saw, a few miles off, the banner of young Simon de Montfort in advance of a mighty host. And again the earl sent the barber to the top of the abbey tower, when the man hastily descended in fear and horror, for the banner of young De Montfort was no more to be seen, but, coming nearer and nearer, were seen the standards of Prince Edward, and of Mortimer, and of Gloucester."

The danger attending the junction of such powerful personages, the grief and disappointment at the evident discomfiture of his son—fifteen of whose standards were presently raised in exulting mockery in front of the Royalist forces on the Evesham heights, and apprehension for that son's fate, must have altogether sorely tried the earl, who had the further bitterness of reflecting that Gloucester and his powerful father had been with him at the head of the barons, and had deserted him merely out of jealousy of his superior popularity. His greatest friend and counsellor was now armed to crush him. Under all these painful feelings, and seeing not only on the heights before him, but also on either side and in his rear, the heads of columns gradually blocking up every road, he exclaimed at once in despair and admiration, "They have learned from me the art of war." And then, instantly comprehending all that must follow, he is said to have exclaimed, according to one writer, "God have our souls all, our days are all done;" and according to another writer, "Our souls God have, for our bodies be theirs." But, had retreat been allowed him, he was not the man to avail himself of it. Having marshalled his men in the best manner, he spent a short time in prayer, and took the sacrament, as was his wont, before going into battle. Having failed in an attempt to force the road to Kenilworth, he marched out of Evesham at noon to meet the prince on the summit of the hill, having in the midst of his troops the old King Henry, his prisoner, encased in armour which concealed his features, and mounted on a war-horse. As the battle grew more and more desperate, the earl made his last stand

in a solid circle on the summit of the hill, and several times repulsed the charges of his foes, whose numbers, as compared with his own, were overwhelming. Gradually the royalists closed around him, attacking at all points. There was but little room, so the slaughter was confined to a small space, and it is fearful to picture to one's self the slow but sure progress of the work of death during that long summer afternoon and evening. Every man, valiant as a lion, resolved neither to give nor take quarter. In one of the charges the imbecile Henry was dismounted and in danger of being slain; but he cried out "Hold your hand! I am Harry of Winchester," which reaching the ears of the prince, he fought his way to his rescue, and succeeded in carrying him out of the mêlée. At length the barons' forces, wearied by the nature of the ground, which compelled them to be the assailants, and worn out by the determined resistance of the royalists, wavered in their attacks. At the going down of the sun, which they were never more to see setting in that western sky, Leicester himself, with his son Henry, and a handful of friends and retainers, were struggling on foot against a host of foes, who were animated by the exhilarating consciousness that the victory was theirs. And now the scene began to close. The earl's horse was killed under him, but De Montfort rose unhurt from the fall, and fought bravely on foot. Hope, however, there was none. It is said, that feeling for the brave youth who fought by his side, his son Henry, and for the few bravest and best of his friends that were left of all his followers, he stooped his great heart to ask the royalists if they gave quarter. "We have no quarter for traitors," was the merciless answer, on which the doomed veteran again exclaimed, "God have mercy upon our souls, our bodies must perish!" and rushed amid his foes with resolute despair. At last he saw his gallant son Henry fall, his noble adherents were then cut to pieces, and, finally, the veteran chief himself dropped, his sword still in his hand. The prophecy was verified which had been uttered twelve years before by the dying lips of the far-seeing Bishop of Lincoln, Robert Grosteste, whose views of the national abuses were as strong as De Montfort's. "Oh, my dear son," cried the venerable old man, laying his hands on the head of De Montfort's son Henry, "you and your father will die on one day, and by the same kind of death, but in the cause of truth and justice."

The remnant of the defeated army was pursued to Offenham, a mile and a half from Evesham, where the slaughter was very great, the bridge having been, probably, cut away by the prince's troops to prevent their retreat. The reservoir now called *Battlewell* is supposed to have been so choked with dead bodies, as to have remained long useless to the neighbouring peasantry, but this seems questionable. The bloody contest lasted from two in the afternoon till nine at night. No prisoners were taken; of one hundred and eighty barons and knights of De Montfort's party, there was not one knowingly left alive; although some ten or twelve of the knights, who were afterwards found to breathe when the dead were examined, were permitted to live if they could. A more savage, inhuman carnage never disgraced England; or one that inflicted more widely diffused and permanent sentiments of distress and horror. These sentiments have found undying record in a ballad written at the time in the Anglo-Norman French, which has been thus translated by Mr. George Ellis:—

In song my grief shall find relief;
 Sad is my verse and rude;
 I sing in tears our gentle peers
 Who fell for England's good.
 Our peace they sought, for us they fought,
 For us they dared to die;
 And where they sleep, a mangled heap
 Their wounds for vengeance cry.

On Evesham's plain is Montfort slain,
Well skill'd he was to guide;
Where streams his gore shall all deplore:
Fair England's flower and pride.

Ere Tuesday's sun its course had run
Our noblest chiefs had bled:
While rush'd to fight each gallant knight,
Their dastard vassals fled;
Still undismay'd, with trenchant blade
They hew'd their desperate way:
Not strength or skill to Edward's will,
But numbers give the day.

On Evesham's plain, &c.

Yet by the blow that laid thee low,
Brave earl, one palm is given;
Not less at thine than Becket's shrine
Shall rise our vows to heaven!
Our church and laws, your common cause:
'Twas his the church to save,
Our rights restored, thou, generous lord,
Shalt triumph in thy grave.

On Evesham's plain, &c.

Dispenser true, the good Sir Hugh,
Our justice and our friend,
Borne down with wrong, amidst the throng
Has met his wretched end.
Sir Henry's fate need I relate,
Or Leicester's gallant son,
Or many a score of barons more,
By Gloucester's hate undone?

On Evesham's plain, &c.

Each righteous lord, who brav'd the sword,
And for our safety died,
With conscience pure shall aye endure
The martyr'd saint beside.
That martyr'd saint was never faint
To ease the poor man's care:
With gracious will he shall fulfil
Our just and earnest prayer.

On Evesham's plain, &c.

On Montfort's breast a haircloth vest
His pious soul proclaim'd;
With ruffian hand the ruthless band
That sacred emblem stain'd:
And to assuage their impious rage,
His lifeless corse defaced,
Whose powerful arm long saved from harm
The realm his virtues graced,

On Evesham's plain, &c.

Now all draw near, companions dear,
To Jesus let us pray
That Montfort's heir his grace may share,
And learn to Heaven the way.

No priest I name; none, none I blame,
 Nor aught of ill surmise :
 Yet for the love of Christ above
 pray, be churchmen wise.

On Evesham's plain, &c.

No good, I ween, of late is seen
 By earl or baron done;
 Nor knight or squire to fame aspire,
 Or dare disgrace to shun.
 Faith, truth, are fled, and in their stead
 Do vice and meanness rule;
 E'en on the throne may soon be shown
 A flatterer or a fool.

On Evesham's plain, &c.

Brave martyr'd chief! no more our grief
 For thee or thine^e shall flow!
 Among the blest in Heaven ye rest
 From all your toils below.
 But for the few, the gallant crew,
 Who here in bonds remain,*
 Christ condescend their woes to end,
 And break the tyrant's chain.

On Evesham's plain, &c.

It was a striking evidence of the indestructibility of the principles for which De Montfort had fought and perished, that even in the hour of full success the king did not dare to revoke the Great Charter; and when he and a parliament held at Winchester passed severe sentences against the family and adherents of De Montfort, he provoked a new resistance, which occupied Prince Edward two years to put down. Kenilworth Castle especially resisted all efforts of the besiegers; and at last it became necessary to offer reasonable terms. The "Dictum de Kenilworth" was consequently enacted, and gradually all parties submitted. And thus ended the last armed struggle in England for Magna Charta.

* The few knights above mentioned who were found still alive among the bodies of the slain.

97.—CHRONOLOGY OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF THE CONQUEROR TO THE DEATH OF HENRY III.

A.D.

- 1066 Coronation of William in Westminster Abbey.
- 1068 William extends his conquests to Devonshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and Oxford, and many fortified cities.
- 1072 William advances into Scotland; subdues Malcolm III.
- 1073 William lays waste Northumbria; Egelwin, Bishop of Durham, retires to Lindisfarne; Durham is taken by William and fortified.
- Hugh the Wolf, Earl of Chester, invades North Wales and builds Rhuddlan Castle. Hereward raises an insurrection in Lincolnshire, Huntingdon, and Cambridge. The English make a fortified camp in the Isle of Ely; William besieges them for three months; the monks of Ely betray the camp; the English surrender, but Hereward escapes; he afterwards takes the oath of allegiance to William.
- William takes with him an English army and reduces Maine.
- Edgar Atheling goes to Rouen to William.
- 1077-9 Robert of Normandy, William's eldest son, claims that province; he is refused; he revolts; William besieges him in the Castle of Gesberoy; is wounded by Robert; he abandons the siege; Robert is reconciled to the king.
- 1085 The Dane-geld again laid on by the king.
- The king lays waste a circumference of ninety miles in Hampshire to make a hunting ground. He enacts the forest laws.
- 1087 July. William lays siege to Mantes; it is taken and burned; he receives an injury by his horse stumbling; he is carried to Rouen; removes to the monastery of St. Gervas; liberates state prisoners; bequeathes Normandy to Robert, and gives 5,000*l.* of silver to Henry.
- Sept. 9. Death of William the Conqueror.
- His body is carried to Caen and is buried in St. Stephen's church.
- Sept. 26. William Rufus is crowned at Westminster by Lanfrane, archbishop of Canterbury.
- The bishop of Bayeux raises an insurrection in England in favour of Robert of Normandy.
- The Normans are defeated at sea; Rufus calls the Saxons together; besieges Odo, the bishop, in Pevensey Castle; Pevensey and Rochester Castles are surrendered to the king.
- 1089 Archbishop Lanfranc dies; Rufus seizes the revenues of Canterbury.
- 1001 Jan. Rufus invades Normandy at the head of an English army; a peace is concluded and Rufus retains many towns.
- Rufus engages in a war with Malcolm III. of Scotland.
- Nov. 13. Malcolm III. and his son Edward killed at the siege of Alnwick Castle.
- Nov. 16. Queen Margaret his wife, the sister of Edgar Atheling, dies.
- 1096 Robert resigns Normandy to Rufus for a sum of money.
- 1100 Aug. 1. Rufus is slain by an arrow in the New Forest, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel.
- Rufus is buried in Winchester Cathedral.
- Aug. 5. Accession of Henry I.; he is crowned in Westminster Abbey by Maurice, bishop of London.
- Henry grants a charter of liberties; restores the rights of the church; and promises to restore the laws of Edward the Confessor.
- Nov. 11. Henry marries Maud, daughter of Malcolm, king of Scots.
- 1101 Henry goes to war with some of his barons; siege of Arundel Castle; of Bridgenorth; it is captured; capitulation of Shrewsbury.
- 1106 Henry invades Normandy; lays siege to Tenchebray; Robert marches to its relief; is defeated and taken prisoner, and Normandy falls into the possession of Henry.

A.D.

- 1106 Edgar Atheling is taken prisoner at the same place; is brought to England,* and a pension is allowed him.
 Duke Robert is committed to prison for life; he attempts to escape; is blinded by order of Henry.
- 1110 Matilda, the daughter of Henry, affianced to Henry V., emperor of Germany, and a tax laid on the country to pay the marriage portion.
- 1117 Thomas à Becket is born.
- 1118 Maud the Good, queen of Henry, dies.
 Henry is engaged in a war with his Norman barons,
 The Order of the Templars founded.
- 1120 Nov. 25. Henry sets sail from Barfleur for England.
 The Blanche-nef, the ship in which Prince William embarked, is wrecked and all perish.
- 1126 Matilda, the widow of the Emperor Henry V., and daughter of Henry I., is declared the next heir to the throne.
- 1127 Matilda is married to Geoffrey Plantagenet at Rouen.
- 1133 Matilda is delivered of a son at Mans, who is afterwards Henry II. of England.
 Henry again causes his barons to swear to support the succession of Matilda and her children.
- 1135 Robert of Normandy dies in Cardiff Castle.
 Nov. 25. Henry is taken sick while in Normandy.
 Dec. 1. He dies, leaving all his territories to his daughter Matilda.
 Stephen arrives in London, and is acknowledged king by the citizens.
 Dec. 26. He is crowned at Westminster.
 He calls a meeting of the barons and clergy at Oxford, who swear to obey him so long as he preserves the church discipline; the pope confirms his election as king.
 Stephen grants a charter of liberties; he allows his barons to fortify their castles.
- 1136 Stephen goes to Normandy and is received as the lawful successor.
- 1137 Robert Earl of Gloucester comes to England; swears fealty to Stephen; raises an insurrection in favour of Matilda; is aided by the King of Scots; Norwich and other royal castles are taken; Stephen regains them.
- 1138 March. David, king of Scots, invades England.
 Aug. 22. The battle of the Standard is fought at Northallerton.
- 1139 Matilda lands in England; Stephen surprises her in Arundel Castle; she is allowed to depart; the barons of the north and west join Matilda.
 Stephen defeats the barons at Ely and other places.
- 1141 Feb. 2. Robert Earl of Gloucester takes Stephen prisoner before Lincoln.
 March 2. The Bishop of Winchester abandons Stephen, and the following day gives his benediction to Matilda in Winchester Cathedral; she assumes royal authority.
 Matilda is driven from London by Queen Maud, and retires to Oxford; and thence to Winchester Castle.
- Aug. 2. The bishop besieges Winchester Castle.
- Sept. 14. Matilda makes her escape from the castle, and reaches Gloucester.
 Her adherents, the Earl of Gloucester, and others are taken prisoners.
- Nov. 1. Stephen is set at liberty in exchange for Robert Earl of Gloucester
- 1147 Oct. Robert Earl of Gloucester dies of a fever.
 Matilda quits England.
- 1150 Prince Henry succeeds as Duke of Anjou.
- 1152 Eleanor, wife of Louis VII. of France, is divorced.
 Prince Henry marries her, and attains Poitou, Guienne, and Aquitaine.
 He lands in England with an army; he is met by Stephen at Wallingford; a truce is agreed upon.
- 1155 Nov. 7. A peace is concluded at Winchester between Stephen and Prince Henry; the latter is adopted as his son; appointed his successor, and has the kingdom given to him after the king's death.
- 1154 Oct. 25. King Stephen dies, and is buried at Faversham Monastery.
 Dec. Henry arrives in England and enters Winchester.
 Dec. 19. He is crowned with his queen in Westminster Abbey.

A.D.

- 1156 Thomas à Becket is made chancellor of England, preceptor to the prince, and warden of the Tower.
- 1157 Henry invades Wales; the Welsh, after a few months, do homage and give hostages.
- 1164 Jan. 25. Becket and the clergy sign a series of articles rendering the clergy subject to the civil courts for felony at Clarendon, in Wiltshire, called the Constitutions of Clarendon.
- 1167 May. Becket excommunicates in the church of Vezelay the supporters of the constitutions of Clarendon; and several of the favourites of Henry.
- 1167 Dermond MacMurrough, king of Leinster, acknowledges himself vassal to Henry, at Aquitaine, and Henry grants him protection; he comes to England; engages with Richard de Clare, earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow, and Maurice Fitzgerald and Robert Fitzstephen, for aid in his restoration; returns to Ireland.
The Empress Matilda dies at Rouen.
- 1169 Peace is concluded between the kings of England and France; Henry's sons do homage for their several fiefs, &c. Marriage is agreed between Prince Richard, and Alice, a daughter of Louis.
- Dec. 1. Becket lands at Sandwich; proceeds to Canterbury.
- 1170 Maurice Fitzgerald arrives from England. Dublin is reduced.
- June 14. Prince Henry is crowned during his father's lifetime by the Archbishop of York.
- July 22. A congress is held on the borders of Touraine, when Henry and Becket are reconciled.
- Becket is murdered in St. Augustine's Church, Canterbury.
- 1171 Oct. 18. Henry, attended by Strongbow and a large army, lands at Crook, near Waterford, and receives the submission of many princes and chieftains; all Ireland, except Ulster, is subjugated.
- 1172 May. Henry is absolved from the murder of Becket by the pope's legates at Avranches. Prince Henry is again crowned; his consort Margaret, daughter of Louis of France, is crowned with him.
Prince Henry demands the sovereignty of either England or Normandy.
He flies to the French court.
- 1173 March. Richard and Geoffry, the king's other sons, go to the French court, and Queen Eleanor abandons her husband, but is retaken and imprisoned.
Prince Henry is acknowledged sole king of England by Louis of France; the three princes swear that they will not make peace with Henry without the consent of the barons of France.
Henry declares that England belongs to the jurisdiction of the pope.
- June. The war commences in Normandy, but the rebels and invaders are repulsed.
- 1174 July 8. Henry returns to England, and lands at Southampton, bringing as prisoners his own and Prince Henry's wife; does penance at the grave of Becket.
He is scourged in the church.
- July 12. Ranulph de Glanville takes William the Lion prisoner with sixty lords.
Henry is reconciled to his children, and peace is restored.
- Dec. William the Lion is released, on doing homage to Henry, by the treaty of Falaise.
- 1175 Henry again at variance with his eldest son; they are reconciled.
Ireland is subjected to England by treaty; the King of Ireland does homage.
- 1183 Prince Richard refuses to do homage to his brother Henry for the duchy;
war commences between them.
- 1183-4 King Henry and Prince Geoffry are at war with Prince Henry and Prince Richard;
Prince Henry submits to his father.
Prince Henry falls sick at Château Martel.
- June 11. He dies.
Henry takes Limoges by assault; takes several castles; captures Bertrand de Born; pardons him.
- 1186 Prince Geoffry is killed at a tournament.
- 1188 Jan. Peace between Henry and Philip; they meet and agree to march to the Holy Land.

A.D.

- 1188 Nov. Prince Richard does homage to King Philip for his father's continental territories. Philip and Richard take many of Henry's towns.
- 1189 July 6. King Richard dies at Chinon, and is buried at Fontevraud.
Queen Eleanor is liberated and made regent.
Richard I. returns to England, accompanied by Prince John.
Sept. 3. Richard is crowned at Westminster by Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury.
Massacre of the Jews in London.
Richard raises money for the crusade.
- 1190 March 16. A great massacre of the Jews at York.
Sept. 23. Richard arrives at Messina, and afterwards takes it.
Richard arrives at Rhodes; he sails for Cyprus, reduces the island, and sends the emperor to a castle at Tripoli; he marries Berengaria at Limasol; embarks for Acre.
June 8. Richard arrives at Acre; the siege of the castle proceeds. The kings of England and France quarrel.
- 1191 June 12. Acre is surrendered.
Philip quits Acre and returns to France.
The Crusaders massacre the hostages given at the capitulation of Acre.
Aug. 22. Richard marches towards Jerusalem.
Sept. 7. Defeats Saladin near Azotus and takes possession of Jaffa.
Oct. 9. Prince John is declared chief governor of England; Longchamp, the justiciary, is deposed; John obtains possession of the Tower.
Nov. Richard marches from Jaffa; retreats to Ascalon.
Quarrel between the Duke of Austria and Richard.
He negotiates for peace with Saladin.
- 1192 Saladin takes the town of Jaffa all but the citadel; Richard retakes it; battle of Jaffa.
Truce is made for three years between the Crusaders and Saladin.
Oct. Richard sails from Acre.
Nov. Reaches Corfu; he is driven on shore on the coast of Istria; he is discovered; is captured by the Duke of Austria and confined in the castle of Tiernstein.
John goes to France and does homage to King Philip for his brother's dominions on the continent.
- 1193 The Duke of Austria sells King Richard to the Emperor Henry; he is confined in the Tyrol.
Sept. 22. Terms are agreed upon for the liberation of Richard; 70,000 marks are raised for the ransom.
- 1194 Feb. Richard is liberated.
March 18. He lands at Sandwich, and marches to London.
May. Richard lands at Barfleure. John submits and is forgiven. Philip is defeated in several engagements.
- 1195 Hubert Walter is appointed grand justiciary.
- 1196 William Fitz-Osborne heads a secret society; he is arrested; he stabs Geoffry, a citizen; is hanged in West Smithfield.
- 1198 Richard defeats Philip near Gisors.
- 1199 April 6. Death of King Richard; is buried at Fontevraud.
May 25. John lands at Shoreham.
May 27. He is crowned at Westminster.
The French king demands for Arthur of Brittany all John's continental possessions except Normandy.
Arthur is knighted by Philip.
- 1200 Peace concluded, and Arthur disinherited.
John marries Isabella, the wife of the Count de la Marche.
He is recrowned at Westminster with his queen.
- 1201 Constance, mother of Arthur of Brittany, dies.
- 1202 Arthur invests the town of Mirebeau; takes it; Queen Eleanor, widow of Henry II., demands the citadel; John marches to her relief.
July 31. John obtains possession of the town and takes Arthur, the Count de la Marche, and others, prisoners.
Arthur is confined at Falaise and afterwards in the castle of Rouen.

A.D.

- 1203 April 3. Death of Arthur.
A general confiscation takes place in Brittany; many of John's territories are taken.
Dec. John sails from Rouen to England.
- 1204 Rouen, Verneuil, and Château Gaillard surrender to Philip, and Normandy is re-annexed to the French dominions.
Brittany, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitou acknowledge Philip.
- 1207 John disputes with the pope the right of appointing bishops; John de Gray is appointed Archbishop of Canterbury; the pope appoints Stephen Langton.
- 1208 March 23. The kingdom is laid under an interdict.
- 1209 John is excommunicated.
- 1213 John is deposed by the barons. Philip collects a large fleet for the invasion of England; John sends out ships; they destroy the principal part of the French fleet.
May 15. John swears fealty to the pope and surrenders his kingdom.
The Barons refuse to embark in an expedition against France; John makes war on them.
Aug. 25. Langton swears the barons at London to maintain the charter of Henry I.
Sept. 29. John again swears fealty to the pope.
- 1214 Nov. 20. The barons meet at St. Edmund'sbury, and swear to assert their rights.
- 1215 Jan. The barons demand the Great Charter.
The barons meet at Stamford; march to Oxford; they present the heads of their demands; they elect Robert FitzWalter their leader.
May 24. They enter London; John agrees to their terms.
June 15. Meeting at Runnymede; John grants the Great Charter.
John invites an army of foreign mercenaries, and takes Rochester Castle; the barons are excommunicated by the pope.
Dec. 16. The barons are again excommunicated and London laid under an interdict.
The English crown is offered to Louis, son of Philip, king of France, by the confederate barons.
- 1216 May 30. The French army lands at Sandwich; Louis takes Rochester Castle.
June 2. He enters London, and the barons do homage and swear fealty to him in St. Paul's Cathedral.
Louis unsuccessfully besieges Dover Castle.
Oct John marches through Peterborough; his baggage and army are nearly all swallowed up by the wash at Fosse-dike; he repairs to Swineshead Abbey.
Oct. 15. John is seized with fever; he appoints his son Henry his successor; the barons with him swear fealty to the prince.
Oct. 18. King John dies; is buried in Worcester Cathedral.
Accession of Henry III.
Oct. 26. Henry is crowned at St. Peter's Church, Gloucester.
Nov. 11. Great council at Bristol; the Earl of Pembroke chosen Protector; Magna Charta is revised.
Dec. 6. Louis takes Hartford Castle.
- 1217 May 20. The battle called "The Fair of Lincoln" fought.
Aug. 28. French fleet sails from Calais.
Aug. 24. Hubert de Burgh takes or destroys the whole.
Sept. 11. Louis agrees to abandon his claim on England.
Sept. 14. He sails for France.
Oct. 2. The barons who had adhered to Louis are received at court.
Oct. 4. New charter granted to the city of London.
The Charter of Forests is granted.
- 1219 May. The Earl of Pembroke, the regent, dies, and is buried in the Temple Church.
Hubert de Burgh and the Bishops of Winchester and Exeter are appointed regents.
Pandulph is made legate.
- 1225 A parliament is summoned at Westminster; money is granted on condition of the ratification of the two charters.
- 1236 Henry marries Eleanor, daughter of the Count of Provence.
- 1238 Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, and a canon, countess dowager of Pembroke, sister of King Henry.
- 1248 The parliament remonstrates with Henry, and refuse supplies.

- A.D.
 1260 Henry quarrels with the Earl of Leicester.
 1260 May 3. Henry solemnly swears in Westminster Hall to observe the charters, and obtains money.
 Prince Edward marries Eleanor, daughter of Alphonso, king of Castile.
 1260 Richard earl of Cornwall is elected king of the Romans; is crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle.
 1269 May 2. Parliament is assembled at Westminster; the barons appear armed.
 June 11. The parliament called the "Mad Parliament" meets at Oxford; committee of government appointed; and three sessions appointed to be held yearly; the king takes oaths to observe these acts.
 1261 Feb. 2. Henry dismisses the committee of government; seizes the Tower and the Mint; Prince Edward joins the barons; the king obtains a dispensation from the pope allowing him from his oaths taken at Oxford.
 1263 April. The Earl of Leicester returns to England.
 Oct. Henry defeats the barons and Prince Edward joins him.
 1264 The king and the barons refer their differences to the arbitration of Louis IX. of France; the civil war again rages.
 May 12. Battle of Lewes; the king, the King of the Romans, and Prince Edward, are taken prisoners; the truce of Lewes is concluded.
 1265 Parliament is called, in which for the first time representatives appear.
 Prince Edward escapes; battle of Kenilworth.
 Aug. 4. The battle of Evesham; the Earl of Leicester is slain.
 Parliament at Winchester; London deprived of its charter; dictum of Kenilworth.
 1267 Parliament at Marlborough; the dictum of Kenilworth accepted.
 1270 July. Prince Edward sails for the Holy Land.
 1271 Edward lands at Acre; takes Nazareth; the Moabites are massacred; returns to Acre, is wounded by an assassin.
 Dec. Richard, king of the Romans, dies.
 1272 Nov. 16. King Henry dies at Westminster, and is buried in the abbey.

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NOTICE

THE Editor has considered it expedient to close this Series with the reign of Elizabeth. He found that the difficulties of selection greatly increased as he advanced into the wide field of Modern History, which can scarcely be understood except in connected Annals.



OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

BOOK IV.

99 — ANNALS OF EDWARD I

From the "Penny Cyclopædia"

Edward I. king of England, surnamed Long shanks, from the excessive length of his legs, was the eldest son of king Henry III., by his wife Eleanor, second daughter of Raymond, count of Provence. He was born at Westminster, June 16, 1239.

Edward early manifested a character very unlike that of his weak and imprudent father. While yet only entering upon manhood, we find him taking part in important affairs of state. The more important of the transactions in which the Prince was engaged, have already been narrated.

After the war of the barons was ended, in 1267, at a parliament held at Northampton, prince Edward, together with several noblemen and a great number of knights, pledged themselves to proceed to join the crusaders in the Holy Land. The Prince accordingly, having first, in a visit to Paris, in August, 1269, made his arrangements with St Louis, set sail from England to join that king in May, the year following. St Louis died on his way to Palestine, and Edward, having spent the winter in Sicily waiting for him, did not arrive at the scene of action till the end of May, 1271. Here he performed several valorous exploits, which however were attended with no important result. His most memorable adventure was an encounter with a Saracen, who attempted to assassinate him, and whom he slew on the spot, but not before he had received a wound in the arm from a poisoned dagger, from the effects of which he is said to have been delivered by the princess, his wife, who sucked the poison from the wound. At last, having concluded a ten years' truce with the Saracens, he left Palestine in August, 1272, and set out on his return to England. He was at Messina, on his way home, in January, 1273, when he heard of the death of his father on the 16th of November preceding. He proceeded on his journey, and landed with his queen in England 26th July, 1274. They were both solemnly crowned at Westminster on the 19th of August following. The reign of Edward I., however, appears to have been reckoned not from the day of his coronation, according to the practice observed in the cases of all the preceding kings since the Conquest, but, according to the modern practice, from the day on which the throne became vacant, or at least from the 20th of November,

the day of his father's funeral, immediately after which the clerical and lay nobility were present in Westminster Abbey on the occasion had sworn fealty to the king at the high altar of that church.

The first military operations of Edward's reign were directed against the Welsh, whose prince Llewellyn, on being summoned to do homage, had contemptuously refused. Llewellyn was forced to sue for peace in November, 1277, after a single campaign; but in 1281 he again rose in arms, and the insurrection was not put down till Llewellyn himself was slain at Llanfair, 11th December, 1282, and his surviving brother Prince David was taken prisoner soon after. The following year the last-mentioned prince was barbarously put to death by drawing, hanging, and quartering, and Wales was finally united to England.

The conquest of Wales was followed by the attempt to conquer Scotland. By the death of Alexander III., in 1285, the crown of that country had fallen to his grand-daughter Margaret, called the Maiden of Norway, a child only three years old. By the treaty of Brigham, concluded in July, 1290, it was agreed that Margaret should be married to Edward, the eldest surviving son of the English king, but the young queen died in one of the Orkney Islands on her voyage from Norway in September of the same year. Edward made the first open declaration of his designs against the independence of Scotland at a conference held at Norham on the Tweed with the clergy and nobility of that kingdom on the 10th of May, 1291. Ten different competitors for the crown had advanced their claims; but they were all induced to acknowledge Edward for their lord paramount and to consent to receive judgment from him on the matter in dispute. His decision was finally pronounced in favour of John Balliol, at Berwick, on the 17th of November, 1292; on the next day Balliol swore fealty to him in the castle of Norham. He was crowned at Scone under a commission from his liege lord on the 30th of the same month, and on the 26th of December he did homage to Edward for his crown at Newcastle. The subject king, however, was soon made to feel all the humiliation of his position; and the discontent of his countrymen equalling his own, by the summer of 1294 all Scotland was in open insurrection against the authority of Edward. Meanwhile Edward had become involved in a war with the French king Philip IV. The first act of the assembled estates of Scotland was to enter into a treaty of alliance with that sovereign. But although he was farther embarrassed at this inconvenient moment by a revolt of the Welsh, Edward's wonderful energy in a few months recovered for him all that he had lost. In the spring of 1296 he laid a great part of Scotland waste with fire and sword, compelled Balliol to resign the kingdom into his hands, and then made a triumphant progress through the country as far as Elgin in Murray, exacting oaths of fealty from all classes wherever he appeared. It was on his return from this progress that Edward, as he passed the cathedral of Scone in the beginning of August, carried away with him the famous stone, now in Westminster Abbey, on which the Scottish kings had been accustomed to be crowned. He now placed the government of Scotland in the hands of officers appointed by himself, and bearing the titles of his ministers. But by the month of May in the following year Scotland was again in flames. The leader of the insurrection now was the celebrated William Wallace. He and his countrymen had been excited to make this new attempt to effect their deliverance from a foreign domination, partly by the severities of their English governors, partly by the circumstances in which Edward was at this time involved. The expenses of his Scottish and French wars had pressed heavily upon the resources of the kingdom; and when he asked for more money, both clergy and laity refused him any farther aid. This refusal, together with a series of grievances and a confirmation of the several great national

charters. After standing out for some time, he was obliged to comply with these terms: Magna Charta and the Charter of Forests were both confirmed, with some additional articles, in a parliament held at Westminster in October of this year.

Meanwhile, although he had got disencumbered for the present of the war on the Continent, by the conclusion of a truce with king Philip, the rebellion in Scotland had already gained such a height as to have almost wholly cleared that country of the English authorities. The forces of the government had been completely put to the rout by Wallace at the battle of Stirling, fought on the 11th September, and in a few weeks more not a Scottish fortress remained in Edward's hands. Wallace was now appointed Governor of Scotland, in the name of king John (Balliol). In this state of things Edward, about the middle of March 1298, returned to England from Flanders where he had spent the winter. He immediately prepared to march for Scotland. The great battle of Falkirk followed on the 22nd of July, in which Wallace sustained a complete defeat. But although one consequence of this event was the resignation by Wallace of his office of governor, it was not followed by the general submission of the country. The next five years were spent in a succession of indecisive attempts on the part of the English king to regain possession of Scotland; the military operations being frequently suspended by long truces. At length, having satisfied his barons by repeated renewals of the charters, and having finally relieved himself from all interference on the part of the king of France by a definitive treaty of peace concluded with him at Amiens on the 20th May, 1303, Edward once more set out for Scotland at the head of a force too numerous and too well appointed to be resisted by any strength that exhausted country could now command. The result was again its temporary conquest, and merciless devastation from the Tweed to the Murray Frith. The Castle of Stirling was the last fortress that held out; it did not surrender till the 20th of July in the following year. Edward meanwhile had wintered in Dunfermline; he only returned to England in time to keep his Christmas in Lincoln. Wallace fell into his hands in a few months afterwards, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered as a traitor, at Smithfield in London, on the 23rd August, 1305. But another champion of the Scottish independence was not long in appearing. Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, whose grandfather had been the chief competitor for the crown with Balliol, had resided for some years at the English court; but he now, in the beginning of February, 1306, suddenly made his escape to Scotland; and in a few weeks the banner of revolt against the English domination was again unfurled in that country, and the insurgent people gathered around this new leader. Bruce was solemnly crowned at Soane on the 27th March. On receiving this news Edward immediately prepared for a new expedition to Scotland; and sent the Earl of Pembroke forward to encounter Bruce, intending to follow himself as soon as he had completed the necessary arrangements. The army of Bruce was dispersed at Perth on the 19th June by Pembroke, who had thrown himself into that town; and the king of the Scots became for a time a houseless fugitive. But the great enemy of that unfortunate people had now reached the last stage of his destructive career. Edward got no farther than a few miles beyond Carlisle in his last journey to the north. After spending the winter months at Lanercost, where he was detained by a severe illness, he appears to have arrived in that city in the beginning of March, 1307; here he was again taken ill, but his eagerness to advance continued unabated: having somewhat recovered he again set out, although he was still so weak and suffered so much pain that he could accomplish no more than six miles in four days. On the 6th of July he reached the village of Burgh-upon-Sands, and next day expired to the words of Lord Hailes, 'in sight of that country which he had devoted to destruction.' On his deathbed he is said to have summoned his son and successor

to prosecute the design which it was not given to himself to finish: according to Froissart, he made him swear that after the breath had departed from the royal body he would cause it to be boiled in a cauldron till the flesh fell off, and that he would preserve the bones to carry with him against the Scots as often as they should rebel. This oath, however, if it was taken, was not kept. The corpse of king Edward was interred in Westminster Abbey on the 28th of October.

99.—THE CONQUEST OF WALES.

GOLDSMITH.

The Welsh had for many ages enjoyed their own laws, language, customs, and opinions. They were the remains of the ancient Britons, who had escaped the Roman and Saxon invasion, and still preserved their freedom and their country uncontaminated by the admission of foreign conquerors. But as they were, from their number, incapable of withstanding their more powerful neighbours on the plain, their chief defence lay in their inaccessible mountains, those natural bulwarks of the country. Whenever England was distressed by factions at home, or its forces called off to wars abroad, the Welsh made it a constant practice to pour in their irregular troops, and lay the open country waste wherever they came. Nothing could be more pernicious to a country than several neighbouring independent principalities, under different commanders, and pursuing different interests; the mutual jealousies of such were to harass the people; and wherever victory was purchased, it was always at the expense of the general welfare. Sensible of this, Edward had long wished to reduce that incursive people, and had ordered Llewelyn to do homage for his territories; which summons the Welsh prince refused to obey, unless the king's own son should be delivered as a hostage for his safe return. The king was not displeased at this refusal, as it served to give him a pretext for his intended invasion. He therefore, (A.D. 1277), levied an army against Llewelyn, and marched into his country with certain assurance of success. Upon the approach of Edward, the Welsh prince took refuge among the inaccessible mountains of Snowdon, and there resolved to maintain his ground, without trusting to the chance of battle. These were the steep retreats that had for many ages before defended his ancestors against all the attempts of the Norman and Saxon conquerors. But Edward, equally vigorous and cautious, having explored every part of his way, pierced into the very centre of Llewelyn's territories, and approached the Welsh army in its last retreat. Llewelyn at first little regarded the progress of an enemy that he supposed would make a transient invasion, and then depart; but this contempt was turned into consternation when he saw Edward place his forces at the foot of the mountains, and surround his army, in order to force it by famine. Destitute of magazines, and cooped up in a narrow corner of the country, without provisions for his troops, or pasturage for his cattle, nothing remained but death or submission; so that the unfortunate Welsh prince, without being able to strike a blow for his independence, was at last obliged to submit at discretion, and to receive such terms as the victor was pleased to impose. Llewelyn consented to pay fifty thousand pounds, as a satisfaction for damages; to do homage to the crown of England; to permit all other barons, except four near Snowdon, to swear fealty in the same manner; to relinquish the country between Cheshire and the river Conway; to do justice to his own family; and to deliver hostages for the security of his submission.

But this treaty was only of short duration: the oppression of the conqueror, and the indignant pride of the conquered nation, could not long remain without

producing new dissensions. The lords of the marches committed all kinds of injustice on their Welsh neighbours; and although Edward remitted the fifty thousand pounds, he laid other restrictions some time after upon Llewelyn, which that prince considered as more injurious. He particularly exacted a promise from him at Worcester, that he would retain (A.D. 1281) no person in his principality that should be disagreeable to the English monarch. These were insults too great to be endured, and once more the Welsh flew to arms. A body of their forces took the field, under the command of David, the brother of the prince, ravaged the plain country, took the castle of Hawarden, made Sir Roger Clifford, justice of the Marches, who was very dangerously wounded, their prisoner, and soon after laid siege to the castle of Rhudlan. An account of these hostilities being quickly brought to Edward, he assembled a numerous army, and set out with a resolution to exterminate Llewelyn and his whole family, and to reduce that people to such an abject state, that they should never after be able to revolt, or distress their peaceable neighbours. At first, however, the king's endeavours (A.D. 1282) were not attended with their usual success; having caused a bridge of boats to be laid over the Menai frith, a body of forces, commanded by Lord Latimer and De Thorne, passed over before it was finished to signalize their courage against the enemy. The Welsh patiently remained in their fastnesses till they saw the tide flowing in beyond the end of the bridge, and thus cutting off the retreat of the assailants. It was then that they poured down from the mountains with hideous outcries, and, with the most ungovernable fury, put the whole body, that had gotten over, to the sword. This defeat revived the sinking spirits of the Welsh, and it was now universally believed by that superstitious people, that Heaven had declared in their favour. A story ran, that it was foretold in the prophecies of Merlin, that Llewelyn was to be the restorer of Brutus's empire in Britain: a wizard had prognosticated that he should ride through the streets of London with a crown upon his head. These were inducements sufficiently strong to persuade this prince to hazard a decisive battle against the English. With this view he marched into Radnorshire; and passing the river Wye, his troops were surprised and defeated by Edward Mortimer, while he himself was absent from his army upon a conference with some of the barons of that county. Upon his return, seeing the dreadful situation of his affairs, he ran desperately into the midst of the enemy, and quickly found that death he so ardently sought for. One of the English captains, recognizing his countenance, severed his head from his body, and it was sent to London, where it was received with extreme demonstrations of joy. The brutal spirit of the times will sufficiently appear from the barbarity of citizens on this occasion; the head being encircled in a silver coronet, to fulfil the prediction of a wizard, it was placed by them upon a pillory, that the populace might glut their eyes with such an agreeable spectacle. David, the brother of this unfortunate prince, soon after shared the same fate; while his followers, quite dispirited by the loss of their beloved leader, obeyed but slowly, and fought with reluctance. Being at last totally abandoned, he was obliged to hide himself in one of the obscure caverns of the country; but his retreat being soon after discovered, he was taken, tried, and condemned as a traitor. His sentence was executed with the most rigorous severity; he was hanged, drawn and quartered, only for having bravely defended the expiring liberties of his native country, and his own hereditary possessions. With him expired the government, and the distinction of his nation. It was soon after united to the kingdom of England, made a principality, and given to the eldest son of the crown. Foreign conquest might add to the glory, but this added to the felicity of the kingdom. The Welsh were now blended with the conquerors; and in the revolution of a few ages, all national animosity was entirely forgotten.

100.—THE BARD.

[This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.]

“Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !
 Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 Tho’ fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
 Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears !”
 Such were the sounds that o’er the crest’d pride
 Of the first Edward’s scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s slagg’d side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
 “To arms !” cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quiv’ring lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o’er cold Conway’s foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air)
 And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 “Hark, how each grout oak and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
 O’er thee, oh king ! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more since Cambria’s fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewellyn’s lay.

“Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
 That hush’d the stormy main ;
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp’d head.
 On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
 Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish’d eagle screams, and passes by
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grissly band

I see them sit, they linger yet.

Avengers of their native land

With me in dreadful harmony they join,

And weave with bloody hands the tissue of their line

“Weave the warp and weave the woof,

The winding sheet of Edward's robe

Give ample room, and verge enough

The characters of hell to trace

Mark the year, and mark the night,

When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The shrieks of death, thro' Berkeley's roof that ring

Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She wolf of France, with uncles' fingers,

That tear'd the bowels of thy mingled mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs

The scourge of heaven! What terrors round him wait

Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,

And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

“Mighty victor, mighty lord

Low on his funeral couch he lies!

No pitying heart, no eye, affords

A tear to grace his obsequies

Is the sly warrior fled?

Thy son is gone! He rests among the dead!

The swan that in the noon-tide bellow'd in

Gone to salute the rising moon.

Fair laughs the morn' and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly rising o'er the universal plain

In gallant trim the gilded vessels glide

Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm,

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's way,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

“Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare,

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast

Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest

Heard ye the din of battle cry,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,

And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way

Ye towers of Julius, London's listing shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head

Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twinn'd with her blushing foe, we spread:

The bristled boar in infant-gore,
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo ! to sudden fate.
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done).
 Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But, oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
 Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll !
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue. hail !

"Girt with many a baron bold,
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face.
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,
 Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

"The verse adorn again
 Fierce war and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me ; with joy I see
 The different dooms our fates assign.

Be thine despair, and scept'red care,
 To triumph, and to die, are mine."
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

101.—THE STORY OF WILLIAM WALLACE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then employed in battle. Wallace, like all Scotsmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of the slain man's sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, sometimes with very few companions, against superior numbers of the English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms, is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying, a Scotsman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel, as on many former occasions; and Wallace, having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavouring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped by a back-door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, near Lanark, called the Cartland-cragg, all covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers. In the meantime, the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by committing this cruelty, increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which the champion had always borne against the English usurper. Hazelrigg also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, and often defeated them, and in time became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people called the *Barns of Ayr*. It is alleged that the English governor of Ayr had invited the greater part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts, to meet him at some large building, called the barn of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English earl entertained the treacherous purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halters with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof, and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the neck and thus hanged or trampled to death. Amongst those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner, was, it is said, Sir Reginald Crawford, sheriff of the county of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

When Wallace heard of what had befallen he was dreadfully enraged, and collecting his men in a wood near the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the mean while made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drunk plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace, learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman who knew the place to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors fast on the outside so that those within could not open them. On the other side the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood were soon burning in a bright flame. Then the English were awakened, and endeavoured to get out to save their lives. But the doors as I told you were secured on the outside, and bounded fast with ropes and besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scots, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot, and thus great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent but they had no better fortune than the others, for the prior of the convent caused all the friars to arm themselves, and attacking the English gate they put most of them to the sword. This was called the 'Tru of Ayr's Blessing'. We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true, but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country.

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Among these were Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of John de Warrane, Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well appointed army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers, and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army.

He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

"Go back to Warene," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the king of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on ;—we defy them to their very beards !"

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. Their leader, Sir Richard Lundin, a Scottish knight, who had gone over to the enemy at Irvine, hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that, to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge ; so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham, the treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once ; and Lundin gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army ; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armour and fought in battle. That took place which Sir Richard Lundin had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition ; but when about one half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle ; and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English treasurer. Some say they made saddle-girths of this same skin ; a purpose for which I do not think it could be very fit. It must be owned to have been a dishonourable thing of the Scots to insult thus the dead body of their enemy, and shows that they must have been then a ferocious and barbarous people.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat ; and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions ; some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented, or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England, and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing the people who were not in arms, and he endeavoured to protect the clergymen and others, who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with

me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence." The troops who followed Wallace received no pay, because he had no money to give them; and that was one great reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent their doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

Indeed, it appears, that, though Wallace disapproved of slaying priests, women, and children, he partook of the ferocity of the times so much, as to put to death without quarter all whom he found in arms. In the north of Scotland, the English had placed a garrison in the strong castle of Dunnottar, which, built on a large and precipitous rock, overhangs the raging sea. Though the place is almost inaccessible, Wallace and his followers found their way into the castle, while the garrison in great terror fled into the church or chapel, which was built on the very verge of the precipice. This did not save them, for Wallace caused the church to be set on fire. The terrified garrison, involved in the flames, ran some of them upon the points of the Scottish swords, while others threw themselves from the precipice into the sea, and swam along to the cliffs, where they hung like sea-fowl, screaming in vain for mercy and assistance.

The followers of Wallace were frightened at this dreadful scene, and falling on their knees before the priests who chanced to be in the army, they asked forgiveness for having committed so much slaughter, within the limits of a church dedicated to the service of God. But Wallace had so deep a sense of the injuries which the English had done to his country, that he only laughed at the contrition of his soldiers. "I will absolve you all, myself," he said. "Are you Scottish soldiers, and do you repent for a trifle like this, which is not half what the invaders deserved at our hands?" So deep-seated was Wallace's feeling of national resentment, that it seems to have overcome, in such instances, the scruples of a temper which was naturally humane.

Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he heard that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered; for which purpose he assembled a very fine army, and marched into Scotland.

In the mean time the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be governor, or protector of the kingdom, because they had no king at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector, or Governor, of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the king of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have a man of inferior condition to be general. This was base and mean conduct, and it was attended with great disasters to Scotland. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the king of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback.

The English king, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armour. He had also the celebrated archers of England, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle; because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scots had some good archers from the forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance;" meaning, I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks, and undaunted appearance, of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly, at full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, which were held out by the Scots to keep them back; and a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other.

The first line of cavalry was commanded by the Earl Marshal of England, whose progress was checked by a morass. The second line of English horse was commanded by Antony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, who, nevertheless, wore armour, and fought like a lay baron. He wheeled round the morass; but when he saw the deep and firm order of the Scots, his heart failed, and he proposed to Sir Ralph Basset, of Drayton, who commanded under him, to halt till Edward himself brought up the reserve. "Go say your mass, bishop," answered Basset contemptuously, and advanced at full gallop with the second line. However, the Scots stood their ground with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armour. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but on the contrary, fled away from the battle. It is supposed that this was owing to the treachery or ill-will of the nobility, who were jealous of Wallace. But it must be considered that the Scottish cavalry were few in number; and that they had much worse arms and weaker horses than their enemies. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain the discharge. It happened at the same time, that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of king Edward, were slain in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterwards distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The Scottish spearmen being thus thrown into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged with more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend

and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers, and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight.

This fatal battle was fought upon 22d July, 1298. Sir John the Grahame lies buried in the church-yard of Falkirk. A tombstone was laid over him, which has been three times renewed since his death. The inscription bears, "That Sir John the Grahame, equally remarkable for wisdom and courage, and the faithful friend of Wallace, being slain in battle by the English, lies buried in this place." A large oak tree in the adjoining forest, was long shown as marking the spot where Wallace slept before the battle, or, as others said, in which he hid himself after the defeat. Nearly forty years ago grandpapa saw some of its roots; but the body of the tree was even then entirely decayed, and there is not now, and has not been for many years, the least vestige of it to be seen.

After this fatal defeat of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace seems to have resigned his office of Governor of Scotland. Several nobles were named guardians in his place, and continued to make resistance to the English armies, and they gained some advantages, particularly near Roslin, where a body of Scots, commanded by John Comyn of Badenoch, who was one of the guardians of the kingdom, and another distinguished commander, called Simon Fraser, defeated three armies, or detachments of English in one day.

Nevertheless, the king of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace, alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country, or no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than thirty years after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head, for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner, and, shame it is to say, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow, and the tradition of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him at unawares, was, when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf which was placed on the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after time it was reckoned ill breeding to turn a loaf in that manner in there was a person named Menteith in company, a piece it was as much as to remind him, that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the champion of Scotland.

Whether Sir John Menteith was actually the person by whom Wallace was betrayed, is not perfectly certain. He was, however, the individual by whom the patriot was made prisoner, and delivered up to the English, for which his name and his memory have been long loaded with disgrace.

Edward having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused this gallant defender of his country to be brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before the English judges, and produced him there, crowned, in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. Wallace was accused of having

been a traitor to the English crown, to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then charged with having taken and burnt towns and castles with having killed many men, and done much violence. He replied, with the same calm resolution, 'that it was true he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland, and from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one is not only entitled to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so) the English judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon spikes of iron on London Bridge, and were termed the limbs of a traitor.

103.—WALLACE AND BRUCE.

ATTAN CUNNINGHAM.

[We have been favoured by Mr. Peter Cunningham with the following extract from an unpublished Drama, from the pen of his father.]

Carron Side.

Wallace mourning by the body of Graham.

Wallace. O thou calm in my mourning my bright career
Through heavens deep azure down with burning stars,
If thou wert in his lot in immortal things
To whom the leveller of man's fortunes
Are but vain shillows—thou dost in his place
Upon this earth and hood down my grief—
Cold calm thou art far more than thou and years
For thou pursued thy unrelenting career,
For thou nor dukes, though the world bendeth
Knee deep in blood, and heaped with slaughter
Choked the pure air, so that the full heart
Took up to the sky, on still thou shinnest on
I am and troubled though wronged made—
And orphans—one afflict the midnight air
Cold thou lookest down on these heroic dead
Stretched stark and still—sight to make man's heart—
And in his anger to forget the dead.

Enter Bruce—sings a verse of Carron.

Bruce. Hail who goes there?

Wallace. A man.

Bruce. Thou'rt proved this day

That thou art one—A word if thou art Wallace

Wallace. Sir, I am Wallace,—that thou art the Bruce,

Thou hast this day won in thy country's blood

See'st thou by the pale moon this face still paler?

It was a living man thine morn, 'a hero
In mind and courage, and a god in form.
Heir of poor Scotland's crown, dost thou not weep
To see this doleful sight?

Bruce. Yes, I could weep
To see thy gallant and heroic spirit,
Tasked to a toil surpassing human strength.—
Look on this land—its people few and poor,
Torn too by discord—its crown'd head a shadow—
Contending with the mightiest realm on earth,
With the most martial prince too.—If the love
Of Scotland warms thee in this hopeless strife,
Thy courage will but add weight to her chains.
If thou court'st personal grandeur and ambition,
Thou hast had proof to-day that our high nobles
Scorn thy peculiar merits; and regard
Thy worth as their reproach.

Wallace. Now I despair,
Who ne'er despaired till now ' Yes, Scotland's poor,
Its people few, its crowned king a shadow,
Its nobles mean and trait'rous, and its foes
Many and martial, and their monarch warlike.
I said all this and far more to my soul,
Ere I did draw the sword. But when I heard
The loud groan of its people: saw them chased
From rock to forest like the bleeding hart,
No nobles' hands stretch'd out to lead and save
I set my soul, sir, on this desperate task,
And O! I thought, when I storm'd some strong tower,
And slew some stronger tyrant, it would shame
Into their ancient valour Bruce or Douglas.
That no such change took place, is the blame mine?
No—by the heaven above me thine's the fault.
High birth, high fortune and high courage call

Enter Menteth privily unseen.

On Bruce to avenge his country's wrongs, and place
Our ancient crown on his heroic brow.

Bruce. Hark! sure that is the sound of an arm'd foot?

Wallace. Yea, or the Carron chafing with her rocks,
For she too covets freedom. Sir, can heaven
Find for men's virtue here a holier task
Than warring for one's country, or a higher
Than for the ancient crown of a free people?
For me I know that a most tragic end
Will make my name a wonder.—Yet I'll die
As freely as the summer sun gives light
If it will save my country.

Menteth. Now I see,
Lord Bruce, the poison sinks into thy soul.

[*aside.*

Bruce. I cannot reach my hand o'er this wild stream,
Nor clasp thee in the arms of strong affection,

- But I press thee in fancy to my soul,
 • Thou ill-requited patriot.

Wallace. Well requited now,
 Since my poor words and deeds have moved thy heart.—
 Throw the inglorious bonds of Edward off—
 Summon the lances of the Doon and Nith—
 Place the bright crown of Scotland on thy brow,—
 Call on thy subjects, and an age of wrongs
 Right in an hour in one of those great fields
 God gives the people.

Bruce. By the cross! I'll do it!
 By all I love in heaven, or dread in hell,
 Or hope on earth, I'll do it!

Menteth. Scotland's crown
 Will tempt thee to perdition, Bruce—I see
 These fair locks which the dames of Carrick love,
 The axe must sever, and, stern Wallace, thine,
 Since thou standest an armed spectre in the path,
 Must seek the summit of some royal tower
 And warp and wither in the sun and wind.—

Wallace. Do that, and Scotland will perform her part
 Her heart is whole—her spirit stunn'd not crushed.
 O Grame, could thy cold ear but hear these tidings!
 My heart leaps light in spite of all the blood
 Which has to-day been shed.

Bruce. We must act warily,
 Our foe is wise and warlike—crafty too.

Wallace. O Bruce, my king, I have a boon to beg.—
 When thou stand'st conqueror on some well fought field,
 And turn'st thy brow to heaven in prayer, thou'lt see
 My head stuck bleaching on some stronghold's top,
 Oh take it down, and reverently inter it—
 I have no more to ask.

Bruce. O! I shall hear
 That battle shout again that shakes men's hearts,
 And see that sword flash o'er opposing helmets—
 Thy right hand on my head shall set the crown.
 But we must meet, and when we meet I'll lay
 My plans before thee for this great redemption.
 Soon of this tryste I'll send in token to thee
 By an assured friend.

[*Exeunt Wallace, Bruce, and Menteth.*]

103—THE DEATH OF PIERS GAVESTON.

C. KNIGHT.

On the edge of the road that leads from Warwick to Coventry, is a knoll now almost covered with trees, which was the scene of one of the most remarkable events in our history. It was on this mount that Piers Gaveston, the favourite of a weak monarch, (Edward II.), was beheaded. The original name of this place was Blacklow-hill. It is now called either by that name, or by that of Gaveston-hill. We have visited this spot,—and the murder which was there committed appears to us to present a very appropriate illustration of the fierce and troublesome times when force was opposed to force, and the conflicts of power had not yet submitted to the sacred dominion of law and justice.

The establishment of general freedom, and of legal obligations, in a rude and martial state of society, is generally the work not of a few years, but of whole generations. Though the terms of Magna Charta evidently imply that the great principles of civil liberty were very early developed in England, yet it is evident that the condition of the great body of the people was still slowly improved, and that the crown and the nobility were too often involved in disputes for power, which would not admit of any very needed social amelioration. During the long reign of Henry III., the country was distracted by civil contests,—and in the succeeding sway of Edward I., the bold and martial character of the prince was communicated to the age in which he lived, and though many wholesome laws were established, the balance of authority and of interests in our constitution was still very imperfectly exhibited. The vices and frivolity of Edward II. again stirred the contests between the monarch and the barons. The event which we are about to record shows to what daring extremities these contests would sometimes lead.

Previous to the accession of Edward II. to the throne, in the year 1307, he had submitted himself, with the most blind and obstinate confidence, to the councils of his favourite, Piers Gaveston. This young man was a Gascon by birth. He is represented by historians to have been possessed of singular personal and mental acquirements,—to have been handsome, active, enterprising, and courageous—and superior in spirit and talent to the rough and unpolished barons of the English court. But he was notoriously unprincipled and profligate, and his pride and ambition were altogether of the most extravagant character. During the life of his father, the young prince Edward had exhibited marks of a vicious and dissolute disposition. He had incurred the displeasure of the king by his irregularities;—and his crimes being ascribed to the evil suggestion of Gaveston, the companion of his vices was banished the kingdom. The first act of the accession of Edward II., was to recall his favourite and to load him with fortune and honours. He made a grant to him of the whole estate belonging to the earldom of Cornwall;—and also bestowed upon him a sum of money, which, in the currency of our own days, would appear to exceed the most extravagant donations of the most thoughtless and luxurious princes of antiquity. Gaveston soon acquired an unbounded influence over the weak king. He removed all the high and responsible officers of the court from their stations, and filled them with his dependents. He procured himself to be appointed Great Chamberlain of the kingdom, and he became, indeed, the sole ruler of the English dominions. The monarch bestowed upon him his own niece in marriage,—and consummated the greatness of his favourite by appointing him guardian of the realm during a voyage which he made to France. Had Gaveston possessed the greatest discretion, it is probable that these honours would have excited the utmost jealousy amongst the English nobles. But he was

vain and presuming ; and his pride and insolence laid the foundation of an enmity, as extensive as it was bitter and unrelenting.

The unbounded power and ostentation of Gaveston soon called forth the fierce and uncompromising spirit of the barons. They demanded of Edward the banishment of his favourite. The king tampered with their claims ; and it soon appeared probable that the sword would decide the controversy. The barons solemnly demanded in Parliament that Gaveston should be expelled the kingdom ; the clergy denounced him excommunicated, should he continue in the island. The king at length appointed him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, assigned the whole revenue of that kingdom for his subsistence, and attended him to the place of his embarkation.

In a very short period Edward, being impatient for the return of his favourite, prevailed upon the pope to absolve Gaveston, according to the wretched superstition of those days, from the oath he had taken to leave the kingdom for ever. The sentence of excommunication was also suspended. At the Parliament which followed, the king induced the nobility to consent to Gaveston's recall. But the favourite had not learned prudence. He continued to display the same unbounded arrogance which had provoked the original resentment of the nobility ;—and he indulged without reserve a talent for ridicule, of all qualities the most dangerous to the possessor. The barons came armed to Parliament ;—and having a popular subject of complaint against the king, they succeeded in compelling him to authorise a commission for regulating the affairs of the kingdom. The monarch proceeded to the Scottish war against Robert Bruce, accompanied by Gaveston, but his enterprises were not eventually successful. Edward returned to England. The commission which he had authorised had formed many salutary, though perhaps extreme and unconstitutional regulations, for the restriction of the royal prerogative. One of the articles particularly insisted upon was the banishment of Gaveston. The king was compelled to yield, and his favourite left the realm, and for some time resided at Bruges, with all the splendour of a sovereign prince. The next year, 1312, he ventured to return to York. The barons almost immediately took arms, under pretence of holding tournaments. They suddenly united their forces, and proceeded to attack the king at Newcastle. The unhappy monarch fled with precipitation ;—and Gaveston secured himself in the fortress of Scarborough, then one of the strongest holds in the kingdom. A detachment of the baronial army immediately invested that post. Gaveston stood several assaults with great bravery ;—but, dreading to exasperate his enemies, he at length capitulated to the earl of Pembroke, on condition of being kept in safe custody, while the barons should deliberate on the disposal of his person, and if he should not agree to their terms, that he should be placed in the same posture of defence which he resigned. The barons in authority pledged themselves to the treaty, on pain of forfeiting all their possessions. The earl of Pembroke proposed to convey his prisoner to his own castle at Wallingford, but left him during one night at Deddington Castle, near Banbury. Guy, earl of Warwick, the implacable enemy of Gaveston, immediately seized upon his person. He bore him in triumph to Warwick Castle, where the earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Arundel, repaired to hold a consultation about their prisoner. His fate was speedily decided. He was dragged to Blacklow-hill, about two miles from Warwick Castle, where he was beheaded amidst the scorn and reproach of his implacable and perfidious enemies.

On the top of Blacklow-hill there is a rude stone, on which the name of Gaveston, and the date of his execution, are cut in ancient characters. As we have here sat, looking with delight upon the beautiful prospect which this summit presents, we could not avoid contrasting the peacefulness and the fertility that were spread around, with the wild appearance that the same spot must have presented, at the period of

lawless violence which we have described.* Beneath our feet the Avon was gliding in tranquillity and loveliness, pursuing its silent course through plenteous fields or by elegant villas—now ornamenting the mansion of the noble, and now bestowing its beauty upon the cottage of the peasant. When Gaveston fell, it glided amongst sterile cliffs, or through barren plains,—for equal laws had not then bestowed upon industry the blessing of security ;—the labourer worked for a severe task-master, and the possessions of the yeomen were under the control of a tyrannical lord. In the distant prospect we saw the lofty towers of Warwick Castle rising above the woods in ancient magnificence. When Gaveston perished, they were the scenes of many a midnight murder, and many an ignominious torture. Here had been the rude pomp, the fearful counsels, and the tumultuous passions, of the feudal days. The pride, and the devices, and the ambition of those times were now only “to point a moral, or adorn a tale.” The towers of antique splendour indeed remained ;—but they were associated with the beauties of modern adornment ; and the hand of taste had arrested the slow ravages of time, to preserve those memorials of past generations, whose records should teach us how much we have gained in intelligence and in happiness.

101.—THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

King Edward II. was not a wise and brave man like his father, but a foolish prince, who was influenced by unworthy favourites, and thought more of pleasure than of governing his kingdom. His father Edward I. would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army, before he had left Bruce time to conquer back so much of the country. But we have seen, that, very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skilful, though ambitious king, died when he was on the point of marching into Scotland. His son Edward had afterwards neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce when his force was small. But now, when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London, to tell the king, that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before Midsummer, then all the English nobles called out, it would be a sin and a shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward I. had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was, therefore, resolved, that the king should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a king of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the king of England possessed in France ;—many Irish, many Welsh,—and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparation which the king of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen ; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time ; and the officers he had under him, were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been

accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The king, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, which were better trained than any others in the world. Both these disadvantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brush-wood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky, that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last, should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the king posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the church of St. Numan's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succours from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons, (all flags of different kinds,) made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom, might be alarmed to see king Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23d of June (1314), the king of Scotland heard the news, that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the king to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant, that Randolph had lost some honour, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be

in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the king to go and assist him. The king refused permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault, I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish. I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly, but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day, since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done, especially as Randolph and Douglas were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the king and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armour, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The king, however, poorly mounted and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thrusting with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, cast him down to the ground. King Robert saw him and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry passed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that he broke his non-helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed a knight to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning being the 24th June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks bareheaded, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They knelt down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness!"—"Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Unphiraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas-day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk, and other places, have decided the victory, but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand,

they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armour. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish king, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to maintain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the king till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther, "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that, he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions: As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Lawrence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Lawrence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English king was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot, and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving king Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend, in the governor, Patrick earl of March. The earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing-skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of king Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary,

they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against king Robert and his soldiers.

There were several battles fought within England itself, in which the English had greatly the worst. One of these took place near Mitten, in Yorkshire. So many priests took part in the fight, that the Scots called it the Chapter of Mitten,—a meeting of the clergymen belonging to a cathedral being called a Chapter. There was a great slaughter in and after the action. The Scots laid waste the country of England as far as the gates of York, and enjoyed a considerable superiority over their ancient enemies, who had so lately threatened to make them subjects of England.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with blood-hounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province, to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes ; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which king Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honour and gratitude.

100.—THE FALL OF EDWARD II.

GOLDSMITH.

The king, finding himself steadily counteracted by all his subjects, had no resource but in another favourite, in whom he reposed all confidence, and from whose connections he hoped for assistance. The name of this new favourite was Hugh le Despenser, a young man of a noble English family, of some merit, and very engaging accomplishments. His father was a person of a much more estimable character than the son ; he was venerable from his years, and respected through life for his wisdom, his valour, and his integrity. But these excellent qualities were all diminished and vilified, from the moment he and his son began to share the king's favour. The turbulent barons, and Lancaster at their head, regarded them as rivals, and taught the people to despise those accomplishments that only served to eclipse their own. The king, equally weak and unjust in his attachments, instead of profiting by the wisdom of his favourites, endeavoured to strengthen himself by their power. For this purpose he married the young Spenser to his niece ; settled upon him some very large possessions in the marches of Wales ; and even dispossessed some lords unjustly of their estates, in order to accumulate them upon his favourite. This was a pretext for which the king's enemies had been long seeking : the earls of Lancaster and Hereford flew to arms ; and the lords Audley and Ancori, who had been dispossessed, joined them with all their forces. Their first measure was to require the king to dismiss or confine his favourite, the young Spenser ; menacing him, in case of a refusal, with a determination to obtain their wishes by force. This request was scarcely urged, when they began to shew their resolution to have redress, by pillaging and destroying the lands of young Spenser, and burning his houses. The estates of the father soon after shared the same fate ;

and the insurgents, having thus satiated themselves with the plunder of this most opulent family, marched to London, to inflict with their own hands that punishment which had been denied to their remonstrances. Finding a free entrance into the city, they so intimidated the parliament, that a sentence was procured of perpetual exile against the two Spencers, and a forfeiture of their fortune and estates. But an act of this kind, extorted by violence, was not likely to bind the king any longer than necessity compelled him. Some time after, having assembled a small army to punish one of those barons, who had offered an indignity to the queen, he thought it a convenient opportunity to take revenge on all his enemies at once, and to recall the two Spencers, whose company he so ardently desired. In this manner the civil war was rekindled, and the country once more involved in all the horrors of slaughter and devastation.

The king had now gotten the start of his adversaries, and hastened by forced marches towards the borders of Wales, where the enemy's chief power lay. Lancaster, however, was not slow in making head against him; having summoned all his vassals and retainers, and being joined by the earl of Hereford. Still farther to strengthen his party, he formed an alliance with the king of Scotland, with whom he had long been privately connected. But his diligence on this occasion proved ineffectual: the king, at the head of thirty thousand men, pressed him so closely, that he had not time to collect his forces; and, flying from one place to another, he was at last stopped in his way towards Scotland, by Sir Andrew Harela, who repulsed his forces in a skirmish, in which the earl of Hereford was slain, and Lancaster himself taken prisoner. As he had formerly shewn little mercy to Gaveston, there was very little extended to him upon this occasion. He was condemned by the court martial; led, mounted on a lean horse, to an eminence near Pontefract, in circumstances of the greatest indignity; and beheaded by a Londoner. The people, with whom he had once been a favourite, seemed to have quite forsaken him in his disgrace; they reviled him, as he was led to execution, with every kind of reproach; and even his own vassals seemed eager to remove suspicion, by their being foremost to insult his distress. About eighteen more of the principal insurgents were afterwards condemned and executed in a more legal manner while others found safety by escaping to the continent.

A rebellion thus crushed, served only to increase the pride and rapacity of young Spenser: most of the forfeitures were seized for his use; and, in his promptitude to punish the delinquents, he was guilty of many acts of rapine and injustice. He himself laid the train for his own future misfortunes, and an occasion soon offered for putting it into effect against him. The king of France, taking the advantage of Edward's weakness, resolved to confiscate all his foreign dominions. After a fruitless embassy from Edward, to dissuade that monarch from his purpose, the queen of England herself desired permission to go over to the court of France, to endeavour to avert the storm. The French king, though he gave her the kindest reception, was resolved to listen to no accommodation, unless Edward in person should appear, and do him homage for the dominions he held under him. This was reckoned a very dangerous step, and what the king of England could not think of complying with, nor what his favourite Spenser was willing to permit. In this exigence the queen started a new expedient, which seemed calculated to remove all difficulties. It was, that Edward should resign the dominion of Guienne to his son, now thirteen years of age; and that the young prince should go to Paris, to pay that homage which had been required of his father. With this proposal all parties agreed; young Edward was sent to Paris; and the queen, a haughty and ambitious woman, having thus gotten her son in her power, resolved to detain him till her own aims were complied with. Of these objects, one was the expulsion of

the Spensers ; against whom she had conceived a violent hatred, from their great influence over the king.

In consequence of this resolution she protracted the negotiation for some time ; and being at last desired by the king to return, she replied, that she would never again appear in England till Spenser should be removed from the royal presence, and banished from the kingdom. By this reply, she gained two very considerable advantages ; she became popular in England, where Spenser was universally disliked ; and she had the pleasure of enjoying the company of a young nobleman, whose name was Mortimer, upon whom she had lately placed her affections. This youth had, in some former insurrection, been condemned for high treason, but had the sentence commuted into perpetual imprisonment in the Tower. Thence, however, he had the good fortune to escape into France, and soon became distinguished among his party for his violent animosity to Spenser. The graces of his person and address, but particularly his dislike to the favourite, rendered him very acceptable to the queen ; so that, from being a partisan, he became a lover, and was indulged with all the familiarities that her criminal passion could confer. The queen's court now, therefore became a sanctuary for all the malcontents who were banished from their own country, or who chose to come over. A correspondence was secretly carried on with the discontented at home ; and nothing was now aimed at but to destroy the favourites, and dethrone the king.

To second the queen's efforts, many of the principal nobles prepared their vassals, and loudly declared against the favourite. The king's brother, the Earl of Kent, was led to engage among the rest ; the Earl of Norfolk was prevailed upon to enter secretly into the conspiracy ; the Earl of Leicester, heir to the Earl of Lancaster, was from principle attached to the cause : the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed his approbation of the queen's measures ; and the minds of the people were inflamed by all those arts which the designing practice upon the weak and ignorant. While the English were thus disposed to rebel, the queen prepared for her expedition ; and, accompanied by three thousand men-at-arms, passed over from Dordrecht to the British coast, and landed without opposition in Suffolk. She no sooner appeared than there seemed a general revolt in her favour ; three prelates, the Bishops of Ely, Lincoln, and Hereford, brought her all their vassals ; and Robert de Wateville, who had been sent to oppose her progress, deserted to her with all his forces.

In this exigence the unfortunate Edward vainly attempted to collect his friends, and bring the malcontents to their duty : he was obliged to leave the capital to the resentment of the prevailing party ; and the populace, immediately upon his desertion, flew out into those excesses which are the consequence of brutality unrestrained by fear. They seized Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, as he was passing through the city, beheaded him without any form of trial, and threw his body into the Thames. They also seized upon the Tower, and agreed to show no mercy to any who should oppose their attempts. In the meantime, the king found that the spirit of disloyalty was not confined to the capital, but was diffused over the whole kingdom. He had placed some dependence upon the garrison which was stationed in the Castle of Bristol, under the command of the elder Spenser ; but they mutinied against their governor, and that unfortunate favourite was delivered up, and condemned by the tumultuous barons to the most ignominious death. He was hanged on a gibbet in his armour, his body was cut to pieces and thrown to the dogs, and his head was sent to Winchester, where it was set on a pole, and exposed to the insults of the populace. Thus died the elder Spenser, in his ninetieth year, whose character even the malevolence of party could not tarnish. He had passed a youth of tranquillity and reputation ; but his fond compliance with his son's ambition at length involved his age in ruin, though not dis

Young Spenser, the unhappy son, did not long survive the father ; he was taken with some others who had followed the fortunes of the wretched king, in an obscure convent in Wales ; and the merciless victors resolved to glut their revenge in adding insult to cruelty. The queen had not patience to wait the formality of a trial ; but ordered him immediately to be led forth before the insulting populace, and seemed to take a savage pleasure in feasting her eyes with his distresses. The gibbet erected for his execution, was fifty feet high ; his head was sent to London, where the citizens received it in brutal triumph, and fixed it on the bridge. Several other lords also shared his fate ; all deserving pity indeed, had they not themselves formerly justified the present inhumanity, by setting a cruel example.

In the meantime, the king, who hoped to find refuge in Wales, was quickly discovered, and closely pursued by his triumphant enemies. Finding no hopes of succour in that part of the country, he took shipping for Ireland ; but even there his wretched fortune seemed willing to persecute him ; he was driven back by contrary winds, and delivered up to his adversaries, who expressed their satisfaction in the grossness of their treatment, he was conducted to the capital, amidst the insults and reproaches of the people, and confined in the Tower. A charge was soon after exhibited, in which no other crimes but his incapacity to govern, his indolence, his love of pleasure, and his being swayed by evil counsellors, were objected against him. His deposition was quickly voted by parliament ; a pension was assigned to him for his support ; his son Edward, a youth of fourteen, was fixed upon to succeed him, and the queen was appointed regent during the minority.

The deposed monarch but a short time survived his misfortunes ; he was sent from prison to prison, a wretched outcast, and the sport of his inhuman keepers. He had been at first consigned to the custody of the Earl of Leicester ; but this nobleman showing some marks of respect and pity, he was taken out of his hands, and delivered over to Lord Berkeley, Maltravers, and Gournay, who were intrusted with the charge of guarding him, each for a month. Whatever his treatment from Lord Berkeley might have been, the other two seemed resolved that he should enjoy none of the comforts of life while in their custody. They practised every kind of indignity upon him, as if their design had been to accelerate his death by the bitterness of his sufferings. Among other acts of brutal oppression, it is said that they shaved him for sport in the open fields, using water from a neighbouring ditch. The genius of the people must have been greatly debased, or they would never have permitted such indecencies to be practised on a monarch, whose greatest fault was the violence of his friendships. He is said to have borne his former indignities with patience, but all festivity forsook him upon this occasion ; he looked upon his merciless insulters with an air of fallen majesty, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, that the time might come when he should be more decently attended. This, however, was but a vain expectation. As his persecutors saw that his death might not arrive, even under every cruelty, till a revolution had been made in his favour, they resolved to rid themselves of their fears by destroying him at once. Accordingly, his two keepers, Gournay and Maltravers, repaired to Berkeley Castle, where Edward was then confined ; and having concerted a method of putting him to death without any external signs of violence, they threw him on a bed, holding him down by a table, which they placed over him. They then ran a horn-pipe up his body, through which they conveyed a red-hot iron ; and thus burned his bowels without disfiguring his body. By this cruel artifice, they expected to have their crime concealed ; but his horrid shrieks, which were heard at a distance from the castle, soon gave a suspicion of the murder ; and the whole was soon after divulged, by the confession of one of the accomplices.

106.—THE DEATH OF EDWARD II.

MARLOWE.

Enter Matrevis, Gurney, and Soldiers, with King Edward.

Mat. My lord, be not pensive ; we are your friends :
Men are ordain'd to live in misery ;
Therefore, come ; dalliance dangereth our lives.

Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go ?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest ?
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls ?
When will the fury of his mind assuage ?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood ;
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him :
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

Gur. Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge,
To keep your grace in safety :
Your passions make your dolours to increase.

Edw. This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoyed with stench ?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rent the closet of my heart :
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many
Oh, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements !

Mat. Here's channel-water, as our charge is given :
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

Edw. Traitors, away ! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water ?

Gur. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

Mat. Why strive you thus ! your labour is in vain.

Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain : so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his beard.]

Immortal powers, that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed soul,
Oh, level all your looks upon these daring men
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king !
Oh, Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd !
For me both thou and both the Spencers died ;
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine ; then, tush, for them I'll die.

Mat. Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.
Come, come, away ! now put the torches out ;
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

* * * * *

Enter the younger Mortimer.

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down ;
The commons now begin to pity him ;
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age ;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life ;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die ;
But read it thus, and that's another sense ;
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est,
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shalt it go,
That, being dead, if it chauce to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.
Within this room is lock'd the messenger
That shall convey it, and perform the rest ;
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.—
Lightborn, come forth !

[Reads.]

Enter Lightborn.

Art thou so resolute as thou wast ?

Light. What else, my lord ? and far more resolute.

Y. Mor. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it ?

Light. Ay, ay ; and none shall know which way he died.

Y. Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

Light. Relent ! ha ! ha ! I use much to relent.

Y. Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

Light. You shall not need to give instructions ;

'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man ;

I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers ;

To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat ;

To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point ;

Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill,

And blow a little powder in his ears ;

Or open his mouth, and pour quick-silver down.

But yet I have a braver way than these.

Y. Mor. What's that ?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me ; none shall know my tricks.

Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied.

Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis

[Given letter.]

At every ten-mile end thou hast a horse :

Take this *[Gives money]* : away, and never see me more !

Light. No ?

Y. Mor. No ; unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit.*

* * * *

Enter Matrevis and Gurney.

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

Gur. And so do I, Matrevis : yesternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with his savour.

Mat. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict : and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.

Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Mat. But stay ; who's this ?

Enter Lightborn.

Light. My Lord Protector greets you.

[*Gives letter.*

Gur. What's here ? I know not how to construe it.

Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce ;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.

Light. Know you this token ? I must have the king

[*Gives token.*

Mat. Ay, stay a while, thou shalt have answer straight.
This villain's sent to make away the king.

Gur. I thought as much.

Mat. And, when the murder's done,
See, how he must be handled for his labour,—
Pereat iste ! Let him have the king ;
What else ?—Here is the keys, this is the lake :
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do. Get you away :
Yet be not far off ; I shall need your help :
So that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.

Mat. Very well.

Gur. Need you any thing besides ?

Light. What else ? a table and a feather bed.

Gur. That's all ?

Light. Ay, ay : so, when I call you, bring it in.

Mat. Fear not thou that.

Gur. Here's a light to go into the dungeon.

[*Exit with Matrevis.*

Light. So, now must I about this gear : ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.—

Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart !

Echo. Who's there ? what light is that ? wherefore com'st thou ?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks :
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord !
Far is it from my heart to do you harm,
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery :
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state ?

Edw. Weep'st thou already ? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. Oh, villains !

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space ; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum ;
They give me bread and water, being a king ;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or not I know not
Oh, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes !
Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleimont.

Light. Oh, speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death,
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while ; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more stedfast on my God

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus ?

Edw. Whar mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus ?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's

Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left ; receive thou this . [Giving jewel.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul !
Know that I am a king : oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief ! where is my crown ?
Gone, gone ! and do I still remain alive ?

Light. You're ever watch'd, my lord : he down and rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep ;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.

Now, as I speak, they fall ; and yet with fear
Open again. Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no, for, if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps

Edw. Oh, let me not die yet ! oh, stay a while !

Light. How now, my lord ?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in my ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

Light. To rid thee of thy life — Matrevis, come !

Enter Matrevis and Gurney

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist —
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul !

Light. Run for the table

Edw. Oh, spare me, or despatch me in a trice !

*Matrevis brings in a table King Edward is murdered by holding
him down on the bed with the table, and stamping on it*

Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body

Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away

Light. Tell me, sir, was it not bravely done ?

Gur. Excellent well take this for thy reward

[Stabs Lightborn]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord
Away !

[Exeunt with the bodies.]

107 — THE ENGLISH POSSESSIONS IN FRANCE

B ST LEGER.

There are few subjects connected with English history of which the general reader is more apt to lose sight, than the acquisition, the continuance, and the loss, of those possessions in France, which became attached to our own crown from its being worn by the princes of the lines of Normandy and of Anjou. The matters relating to these provinces are but episodic to the main story of our country, — they were rather foreign dominions of the king than dependencies of the kingdom. From these causes, they appear upon the stage of our history only at distant and unconnected periods, when they chanced in any way to act upon the policy or the fortunes of England, — and thus no distinct, consecutive, and unbroken picture remains impressed upon the mind concerning them.

The English power in Aquitaine arose, as is well known, from the marriage of Henry II., with Eleanor, Duchess of Aquitaine, and Countess of Poitou, the repudiated wife of Louis VII of France. Eleanor had accompanied her first husband into Palestine, during one of the Crusades, — where, as he suspected, she was false to him in favour of a young Saracen. On his return to France, he applied to the

church for a divorce; and alleged the above reason in support of his demand. A council of prelates was accordingly held; which, avoiding the discussion of so delicate a question, found a simpler mode of acceding to the king's request. They discovered that Eleanor and her husband were cousins within the prohibited degrees, and they therefore pronounced the marriage null and void. The lady, accordingly, the marriage tie being dissolved, set off to return into her own dominions.

In her passage thither, she narrowly escaped marriage by force, two or three different times, from the gallant and loyal barons, through whose territories she passed. She was once imprisoned, and once, by a sudden change of route, escaped abduction; the flaw in her character being thus, as it would seem, overlooked, in consideration of her rich and extensive dower. She resisted, however, this approved method of wooing, (one of the suitors who employed it was Henry's younger brother,) and at last arrived safely at Poitiers, the capital of her minor state.

It was hither that Henry, who had not yet succeeded to the crown of England, came to try his fortune as a lover, and returned with the duchess as his bride into Normandy. For political, as well as personal, reasons, Louis had opposed this marriage. Henry was already duke of Normandy; he was the heir-apparent (his father being still alive) to the counties of Anjou and Touraine,—and the countries belonging to Eleanor, completed (with the exception of Brittany), the whole of western France, from the borders of Picardy to the Pyrenees. The possessions of Louis himself were in no degree equal to these. They were less in point of extent, and still more inferior in wealth, commerce, and civilisation. In point of fact, the French king possessed, at that time, nothing to the south of the Loire. He had, it is true, a suzerainty over the greater number of the various petty potentates, among whom that fine country was divided;—but it was little more than nominal, and frequently resisted and disputed, even to that limited extent. In the present instance, Louis endeavoured to exert, if not to stretch, the rights of a suzerain over a vassal—by commanding Henry not to marry without his consent. But as the practical extent of these rights was usually commensurate with the power of the respective parties, Henry paid no sort of attention to this mandate;—but, having married Eleanor, did homage to the French king for the possessions which he had gained through her.

To the inhabitants of Aquitaine, this change of husbands, on the part of their duchess, was by no means displeasing. It seems to have been the universal line of policy of the petty independencies, in the south of France, to endeavour to ally themselves as much as possible with potentates at a distance from their frontiers, and to shun connection with those in nearer neighbourhood. They felt that their liberties, even their distinctive existence, were likely to merge in a great neighbouring power, while from a distant ruler they had nothing of this kind to fear; and he, at the same time, would be able to protect them from encroachments on the former part, and would have a personal interest in doing so. Thus, therefore, the Aquitains,—however they might have preferred a chief born among themselves,—received with pleasure rather than otherwise, the assumption by Henry of the title and powers of duke, which, according to the customs of the time, his late marriage entitled him to assume.

Not long after this event, Henry became Count of Anjou, by the death of his father; on the condition, however, (to which he swore), of yielding it to his younger brother Geoffrey, as soon as he succeeded to the English crown. This stipulation he never fulfilled; but, exercising the right of the strongest, he retained the in-

heritance of his brother by force ; after whose death, he still further extended his possessions in France, by the acquisition of Brittany. This originated in the pretended right of Henry to the small county of Nantes ; which, detaching itself from Celtic Brittany, of which it had been only a forced appendage, had called Geoffrey of Anjou, the dispossessed brother, to be their Count. As the inheritance of this very brother, did Henry claim Nantes and its territory ;—and by getting his foot into this stirrup, did he ultimately ride supreme over Brittany altogether.

Thus did he become possessed of the whole western coast of France, south of Picardy ; and this was the zenith of the English power on the continent, previously to the time of Henry V.

But, though the inhabitants of Aquitaine preferred the alliance of the English to that of the French king, they still looked back with regret to the times when they were governed by one of their own nation, chosen by themselves—to the times, in a word, of their national independence. To regain this they made several struggles : especially, they took advantage of the dissension between Henry II. and his sons, to further this purpose. The county of Poitou, which had been a part of Eleanor's dowry, as well as Aquitaine, had already been given to prince Richard, and the Aquitains more than once placed him at their head, in their revolts against his father.

The repeated revolts, however, which took place in Aquitaine, during the latter part of the reign of Henry II., did not take it from under subjection to the English crown. On the contrary, it was destined to remain attached to our kings, after their old inheritance of Normandy was wrested from them, and incorporated with France. The immediate cause of this loss was the death of Arthur of Brittany.

Normandy, in despite of the many points of collision which existed between it and France, properly so called, became amalgamated with it in a period singularly short. Before half a century had elapsed, the feelings of the Normans were completely identified with those of the French, and became entirely sundered and foreign from their ancient brethren on the other side of the channel.

But Aquitaine still remained. Poitou, indeed, passed under the power of the French king ; but further it did not extend. One of the most important of the many errors which arise, in reading the history of early times, from giving modern signification to words, is with reference to the kingdom of France. Even at the period of which I am treating, the beginning of the 13th century, it was only slowly, and by degrees, extending itself to the south of the Loire. When Philip Augustus embarked for Palestine, France, strictly so called, did not possess a single port in the Mediterranean ; nay, it did not reach to within many leagues of it. By the death of Arthur and the forfeiture of John, Poitou was now added to Philip's dominions ; and as they thus adjoined Aquitaine, the people of the latter country, true to the principle I have more than once alluded to, adhered the more closely to England, in consequence of the nearer neighbourhood of France. During the reign of Henry III., there seems to have been but slight variation in the state of Aquitaine ; and its affairs seem to have gone on very peaceably from this time till, in the middle of the subsequent reign, when Edward I. was immersed in his Scottish projects, Philip the Bold took advantage of a quarrel between the crews of a French and an English vessel, near Bayonne, to prosecute the ambitious views which the kings of France had long had upon Aquitaine. He accordingly sent a citation to Edward to appear before him at Paris, as his vassal for the duchy of Aquitaine, to answer for the outrages committed by his Gascon subjects. With this Edward did not choose to comply ; but he sent his brother Edmund, earl of Lancaster, to Paris, to negotiate on the subject. Philip, however, who was exceedingly irritated,

would listen to no reasonable terms; and the earl had already set off on his return to England, when the two queens (consort and mother) interposed, and, through their active mediation, finally accomplished a pacification.

This business was one of the few in which Edward I. was foiled. He was, indeed, completely overreached, by a piece of bad faith on the part of the French king, quite as flagrant as any of those for which his own father had been so notorious. Philip, alleging that he had real cause of grievance against the Gascons, for their conduct towards his subjects,—it was agreed that, to save the point of honour, the duchy should be yielded up into his hands; in consideration of which it should be immediately restored. As soon, however, as the French king had obtained possession, all restoration was flatly refused; and a war, in consequence, ensued, with various fluctuations of success,—which was concluded by the matters in dispute being referred to the arbitration of the pope. The pope ultimately decreed, [A.D. 1299], “I. That king Edward, being then a widower, should marry the French king’s sister Margaret. II. That prince Edward, the king’s eldest son, should, at a convenient time, marry the lady Isabel, the French king’s daughter; and, III. That the king of England should make reparation for the French ships taken at the beginning of the war, and that sundry towns in Gascony should be put into the pope’s hands, that it might be understood unto whom the right appertained.”

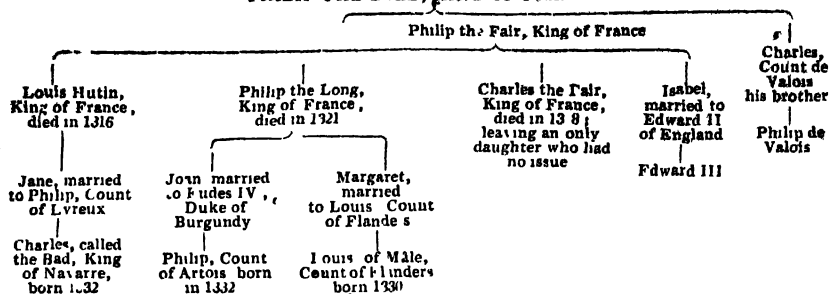
But this last article remained little better than a dead letter—the French king refusing to give up the towns which he held, and Edward, consequently, not paying compensation for the ships. About two years afterwards, however, the French king and the pope quarrelling, the former feared that the pontiff would excite Edward to make war upon him, on account of the retention of Gascony, and he accordingly yielded it up at once into his hands. The town of Bourdeaux had, shortly before, driven out the French; and now, of their own accord, returned under the government of the English, to whom, at all times, they showed particular attachment.

In the reign of Edward II., another somewhat similar attempt was made to deprive England of her sway in Aquitaine, arising, like the former, from the anomalous claims of suzerainty over an independent monarch. Upon the refusal of Edward, grounded upon some irregularity of the summons, the French king sent a considerable army into the south, which took possession of the Agenois, and threatened the whole duchy of Aquitaine. After considerable negotiations the queen was sent over to her brother, to endeavour to bring matters to an amicable issue; and it was ultimately agreed that the king of England should cede his continental dominions, consisting of the duchy of Aquitaine and the county of Ponthieu, to his eldest son, who should do homage for them to the French king; but that if the young prince died before his father, these territories should then revert to him.

Thus Edward III. became possessed of these French dominions before he succeeded to the throne of England. The great contest that ensued for the succession to the French crown, gave an entirely new complexion to the nature of the king’s dominions on the continent; and, in this place, they come very prominently forward upon the surface of our national history. The main interest, indeed, of that history lies, with a few intervening exceptions, in its foreign wars, for upwards of a century from this period. For, it is not until the ultimate expulsion of the English, in the reign of Henry VI., that the curtain can be considered as having finally fallen upon the great drama begun at the accession of Philip de Valois.

In order distinctly to lay before the reader the order of descent from which the claim of Edward III. to the throne of France arose, I subjoin a table which will, I think, make it more clear than any verbal detail :—

PHILIP THE BOLD, KING OF FRANCE



Edward III at first grounded his claim upon his being the male *nearest in blood* to the last king, who was capable of succeeding—he being his nephew, and Philip de Valois his cousin-german. According to the phraseology in which the dispute was conducted, he claimed not by right of *representation* (i.e., as representing his mother) but by right of *proximity*. The objections to this confused mode of argument appear to me to be unanswerable. Edward's right was derived *through his mother*, his claim, therefore, in fact, rested on his being grandson to Philip the Fair, (father of the three last kings), and consequently his heir in preference to his nephew. The first objection set up against this was the celebrated *Salic law*—which excluded females from succession to the crown of France. It being evident, however, that if the right of female succession were established, the daughters of any of the three last kings would have a claim preferable to his own, Edward admitted the authenticity of the Salic Law, as far as it regarded the exclusion of females themselves, but he alleged that this was on account of 'the natural unbecalliness of their sex,' and did not apply to their heirs, though it did to themselves. To this was opposed the almost universal usage of feudal inheritance, and the doctrine that no person could transmit a right which was not vested in himself. The extreme confusion that would arise from such a preposterous principle of succession is demonstrated by the circumstances of the present case. According to this doctrine, Edward would have succeeded to the French crown in 1328, on the death of Charles the Fair, but he would have been superseded by Louis of Mâle, who was born in 1330, of Margaret, second daughter of Philip the Long,—who again must have given place to his cousin Philip, Count of Artois, the son of Philip's eldest daughter—who, in the very year of his birth, must have yielded to Charles of Navarre, the grandson through a female of Louis Hutin, the last king who had inherited through a direct male line. A reference to the foregoing table will set this before the reader at a glance. Recent circumstances, also, had served to give peculiar force to the Salic Law. From Hugh Capet to Louis Hutin, the crown had descended from father to son through eleven generations. At his death, his queen was left pregnant, and his brother was appointed to the regency, in order to await the birth of the infant, that its sex might be ascertained. The queen produced a boy, but he died at the expiration of a few days, and Philip the Long was then declared king. In the interim (17th July, 1316) a council, at which all the princes of the blood and the great barons assisted, determined that if the queen bore a female, the crown of France descended of right to Philip the Long, but that that of Navarre would belong to Jane, daughter of Louis Hutin, as females were not excluded from that crown.

Notwithstanding this, on the death of the infant son of the queen, the Duke of Burgundy, who was maternal uncle to Jane, protested against Philip being crowned,

until his niece's claims had been investigated—although he had himself coincided in the decision of the council. Philip the Long, however, to set the question for ever at rest, convoked an assembly of all the great nobles of the state, including the bishops, and the University of Paris. This was held on the 2nd of February, 1317; when it was unanimously decided, "That the laws and the customs inviolably observed among the French, excluded females from the crown." To this decision the Duke of Burgundy and the Count de la Marche, (afterwards king, as Charles IV. or Le Bel,) who had joined in his former remonstrance, subscribed.

Philip the Long also died without male issue; and his brother, Charles the Fair, succeeded without opposition. He also died, leaving only a daughter, and his widow pregnant. It was now that the claim of Edward III. was first brought forward. For, as it was intended to appoint to the regency the prince who would succeed in the event of the queen bearing a daughter, Edward asserted that that person was himself. He sent, in consequence, ambassadors to Paris, who pleaded his cause, before the peers of France, in a solemn hearing of the cause, when the regency was conferred upon Philip of Valois. The queen was delivered of a daughter—and Philip then succeeded to the crown.

Some months after this accession, Edward did homage to Philip as King of France, for his Duchy of Aquitaine—thereby acknowledging the right of that prince. He was, at that time, engaged in wars with Scotland, and was also very young, and but recently seated on the throne. When, therefore, he assumed the title of King of France, in 1339, he pleaded these circumstances as having enforced his previous submission. We will admit for a moment the excuse of present necessity (the excuse of all others to be admitted with the most jealousy) for this acknowledgment,—and still upon his own showing, and indeed upon each and every view of the question the right of Edward was utterly null and futile. Admitting the Salic Law fully, Philip was the rightful heir; denying it fully, Jane, the daughter of Louis Hutin—and the two last kings had been usurpers;—admitting it partially, (to the exclusion namely of females, but not of their male heirs) Charles of Navarre,—who, at that time, was seven years old. As for the jargon of *proximity*, without tracing whence that proximity arose, it is a principle too extravagant even to be discussed; and, indeed, the case was really argued on the ground of females transmitting their rights, as before stated. Surely, therefore, it is clear that there never was a claim less founded than that of Edward III. to the crown of France.

Wholly untenable, however, as it was,—perhaps no other recorded in history ever occasioned such long and such bloody wars.

108.—THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

FROISSART.

The English army, after ravaging and plundering through Normandy, had advanced near to Paris, as if to threaten the capital; when suddenly it turned and retreated in the direction of Poethieu, which, as well as Aquitaine, now belonged to the English king. He was followed by an immense army, commanded by Philip le Valois himself. The English, in their route, had to cross the river Somme, a difficult matter, as the bridges were all cut down, with two or three exceptions only, and these, with the fords, were strongly guarded. At the ford of Blanchtache, however, after a spirited battle they forced their way, just in time to avoid an attack by Philip, at the head of his overwhelming forces. The French king, however, soon found that it was the position, and not the attack, that was objected to. That night the English king lay in the fields with his host, and "made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer. And when they were all departed to

take their rest, then the king entered into his oratory, and kneeled down before the altar praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey to his honour. Then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes, and heard mass, and the prince, his son (the Black Prince) with him, and the most part of his company were confessed and houseled. And after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed, and to draw to the field, to the same place before appointed. Then the king caused a park to be made by the wood-side, behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry." After arranging the army in three battalions, "the king leapt on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, of his marshals on the one hand, and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank, desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honour: he spake it so sweetly, and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battles (battalions) it was then nine of the day: then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure; and afterwards they ordered again their battles. Then every man lay down on the earth, and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come." It was in this position that they were found by the tumultuous French army, which came rushing on, crying "Down with them," "Let us slay them," in such a manner, that, says Froissart, there was no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order" that was among them. The day of this meeting was Saturday, August 6, 1346.

"The Englishmen, who were in three battles, lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet, fair and easily, without any haste, and arranged their battles: the first, which was the prince's battle; the archers there stood in manner of a herse (harrow), and the men-of-arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel, with the second battle, were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince's battle, if need were. The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order; for some came before, and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed; and (he) said to his marshals, 'Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis.' There were of the Genoese crossbows about fifteen thousand; but they were so weary of going a-foot that day a six league, armed with their crossbows, that they said to their constables, 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms, as we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Duke of Alençon, who said, 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need.' Also at the same season there fell a great rain and eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows, for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leap, and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot, then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one

pass (pace), and let fly their arrows so wholly, and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows pressing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, 'Slay these rascals ; for they shall lett (hinder) and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen the men-of-arms dash in among them, and kill a great number of them ; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press ; the sharp arrows ran into the men-of-arms, and into their horses and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoese ; and when they were down, they could not relyne again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went on foot, with great knives, and they went in among the men-of-arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners. The valiant King of Bohemia, called Charles of Luxenbourg, son to the noble emperor Henry of Luxenbourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, 'Where is the lord Charles, my son ?' His men said, 'Sir, we cannot tell, we think he be fighting.' Then he said, 'Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey ; I require you bring me so forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword.' They said they would do his commandment ; and to the intent that they might not lose him in the press, they tied all the reins of their bridles each to other, and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, his son, who wrote himself King of Bohemia, and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle ; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king his father was so far forward, that he struck a stroke with his sword, yea and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company, and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied to each other."

One of the most interesting incidents of the battle is connected with the behaviour of the king and his son ; and, absurdly enough, instead of appreciating the military sagacity of the former, and the full knowledge and sympathy with the feelings of his son and his companions, which induced him to send the message recorded in the following passage, doubts have been raised upon the incident relative to the king's valour. "The prince's battalion at one period was very hard pressed ; and they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill-hill ; then the knight said to the king, 'Sir, the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Reynold Cobham, and others, such as be about the prince, your son, are fiercely fought withal, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you, that you aid your battle will come and aid them, for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they will have much ado.' Then the king said, 'Is my son dead or hurt, or on the earth fell'd ?' 'No, Sir,' quoth the knight, 'but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid.' 'Well,' said the king, 'return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that faileth, as long as my son is alive ; and also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs, for, if God be pleased, I will this journey be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.' Then the knight returned again to them, and showed the king's words, *the which greatly encouraged them*, and they repined in that they had sent to the king as they did." The king of France stayed till the last. It was not until the evening that he could be induced to acknowledge that all was lost. Then, when he "had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Heynault

was one, who had remounted once the king (for his horse was slain with an arrow), then he said to the king, 'Sir, depart hence, for it is time ; lose not yourself wilfully ; if ye have loss this time, ye shall recover it again another season ;' And so he took the king's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner per force. Then the king rode till he came to the castle of La Broyes ; the gate was closed, because it was by that time dark ; then the king called the captain, who came to the walls, and said, 'Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of Franco.' The captain knew then it was the king, and opened the gate and let down the bridge ; then the king entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Heynault," and four others. The unhappy king, however, could not rest there, but "drank, and departed thence about midnight."

The recorded results of the battle would seem exaggerations but that they are so well authenticated. Besides the King of Bohemia, there perished the Duke of Lorraine, the Earl of Alençon, whose overweening pride and impetuosity had so much contributed to the fatal result, the Count of Flanders, eight other Counts, two archbishops, several other noblemen, and it is said twelve hundred knights and thirty thousand common persons. Such was the cost to humanity of one day's proceedings in the endeavour to conquer France.

109.—THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

FROISSART.

Only five days after the battle of Cressy, the people of Calais beheld the conqueror Edward III. before their town, and a siege commenced, almost unexampled for its severity, and the length of time it continued. The place might be considered as impregnable to direct assault, and the defenders were prepared to resist to the last. Edward, therefore, determined to surround the city so completely, that neither ingress nor egress should take place, and leave the rest to time and famine. His fleet blocked the harbour, and stopped approach that way ; whilst on the land he formed vast intrenchments. For the accommodation of his soldiers he built an immense number of wooden huts or houses, which the French called the "city of wood." The brave governor of Calais, John de Vienne, understood clearly the purpose of all this, and immediately took such precautions as he deemed necessary. The nature of one of his precautions give us a fearful illustration of the calamities of war. Seventeen hundred persons of the town, "useless mouths," as they were called, were driven out towards the English lines. Edward was then in one of his better moods ; he gave them all a good dinner, twopence in money each, and then dismissed them to take their several ways into the interior. A second experiment of the same kind was thought to be too much. Provisions having become exceedingly scarce, a new survey of the place was made, when five hundred more unfortunates were determined to be "useless mouths," and dismissed as before. It is dreadful to reflect upon their fate. They were driven back at the sword's point by the English soldiers, and as John de Vienne would not re-admit them, they are said to have all perished in the sight of their own townsmen. Strenuous exertions were made from time to time to relieve the place from the sea, and a few vessels did get in by stealth ; but afterwards ingenuity and strength became alike unavailable. The garrison then wrote to their king, Philip, to say they had eaten their horses, their dogs, and all the unclean animals they could find, and nothing remained but to eat each other. The letter fell into the hands of the English, and gave them a new motive for watchfulness, if any were needed, as it now became evident Calais must yield soon, or be relieved. Philip, however, knew the condition of the place, and resolved to make one great effort in its favour. The

Oriflamme, the sacred banner of the kingdom, that banner which was never to be used but on extraordinary occasions, was unfurled, and the vassals of the crown were summoned from every part to its support. In July, 1347, or eleven months after the commencement of the siege, the failing hearts of the garrison were inspired with new energies by the sight of the goodly array, in the distance, of their sovereign army. How were they to be disappointed! Philip, finding both the roads to the town so strongly guarded that he could only force his way by a very bold and costly attack, adopted an amusing expedient. He sent four of his principal lords to the English king, to complain that he was there to do battle, but *could find no way to come to him*, and therefore requested a meeting of council to advise a place. The nature of the answer may be readily imagined. And what did Philip then for the brave soldiers and citizens who had done everything for him?—turned round and retraced the road he had come. All the sufferings the defenders of Calais had experienced must have been light compared to the bitterness of their feelings as they saw the gradual disappearance of the army which had come expressly for their relief, yet failed even to strike a single blow. Such is the position of affairs at the moment Froissart commences the relation of an incident which has made the siege of Calais a memorable event throughout the civilised world, and shed lustre over it which appears only the more permanently brilliant in contrast with the factitious glare of mere military glory by which it was surrounded.

“After that the French king was thus departed from Sangate, they within Calais saw well how their succour failed them, for the which they were in great sorrow. Then they desired so much their captain, Sir John of Vienne, that he went to the walls of the town, and made a sign to speak with some person of the host. When the king heard thereof, he sent thither Sir Walter of Manny and Sir Basset; then Sir John of Vienne said to them, ‘Sirs, ye be right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye know well how the king my master hath sent me and others to this town, and commanded us to keep it to his behoof, in such wise that we take no blame, nor to him no damage; and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now our succours hath failed us, and we be so sore strained, that we have not to live withall, but that we must all die, or else courage for famine, without the noble and gentle king of yours will take mercy on us, and to let us go and depart as we be, and let him take the town and castle and all the goods that be therein, the which is great abundance.’ Then Sir Walter of Manny said, ‘Sir, we know somewhat of the intention of the king our master, for he hath showed it unto us; surely know we for truth it is not his mind that ye nor they within the town should depart so, for it is his will that ye all should put yourselves into his pure will to ransom all such pleaseth him, and to put to death such as he list; for they of Calais had done him such contraries and despites, had caused him to dispend so much goods and lost many of his men, that he is sore grieved against them.’ Then the captain said, ‘Sir, this is too hard a matter to us; we are here within, a small sort (company) of knights and squires, who have truly served the king our master, as well as ye serve yours in like case, and we have endured much pain and unease; but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did, rather than to consent that the worst lad in the town should have any more evil than the greatest of us all; therefore, sir, we pray you that of your humility, yet that ye will go and speak to the king of England, and desire him to have pity of us, for we trust in him so much gentleness, that by the grace of God, his purpose shall change.’ Sir Walter of Manny and Sir Basset returned to the king and declared to him all that had been said. The king said he would none otherwise, but that they should yield them up simply to his pleasure. Then Sir Walter said, ‘Sir, saving your displeasure in this, ye may be in the wrong, for ye shall give by this an evil example: if ye send

any of us your servants into any fortress, we will not be very glad to go if ye put any of them in the town to death after they be yielded, for in likewise they will deal with us if the case fell like ;' the which words divers other lords that were there present sustained and maintained. Then the king said, 'Sirs, I will not be alone against you all ; therefore, Sir Walter of Manny, ye shall go and say to the captain, that all the grace that he shall find now in me is, that they let six of the chief burgesses of the town come out bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands, and let them six yield themselves purely to my will, and the residue I will take to mercy.' Then Sir Walter returned, and found Sir John of Vienne still on the wall, abiding of an answer ; then Sir Walter showed him all the grace that he could get of the king. 'Well,' quoth Sir John, 'Sir, I require you tarry here a certain space till I go into the town and show this to the commons of the town, who sent me thither.' Then Sir John went into the market-place and sounded the common bell ; then incontinent men and women assembled there. Then the captain made report of all that he had done, and said, 'Sirs, it will be none otherwise, therefore take advice and make a short answer.' Then all the people began to weep and make such sorrow, that there was not so hard a heart, if they had seen them, but that would have had great pity of them : the captain himself wept piteously. At last the most rich burgess of all the town, called Eustace de St. Pierre, rose up and said openly, 'Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, either by famine or otherwise, when there is a mean to save them. I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God that might keep them from such mischief. As for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me ; wherefore, to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy.' When he had thus said, every man worshipped him, and divers kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sighs. Then another honest burgess rose and said, 'I will keep company with my gossip Eustace ;' he was called Johan D'Aire. Then rose up Jacques de Wisant, who was rich in goods and heritage ; he said also that he would hold company with his two cousins in likewise ; so did Peter of Wisant, his brother ; and then rose two other ; they said they would do the same. Then they went and apparelled them as the king desired. Then the captain went with them to the gate ; there was great lamentation made of men, women, and children at their departing. Then the gate was opened, and he issued out with the six burgesses, and closed the gate again ; so they were between the gate and the barriers. Then he said to Sir Walter of Manny, 'Sir, I deliver here to you as captain of Calais, by the whole consent of all the people of the town, these six burgesses, and I swear to you truly, that they be, and were to-day, most honourable, rich, and most notable burgesses of all the town of Calais ; wherefore, gentle knight, I require you pray the king to have mercy on them, that they die not.' Quoth Sir Walter, 'I cannot say what the king will do, but I shall do for them the best I can.' Then the barriers were opened, the burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town. When Sir Walter presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down, and held up their hands and said, 'Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgesses of Calais, and great merchants ; we have brought the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high nobles.' Then all the earls and barons and other that were there wept for pity. The king looked felly (savagely or vindictively) on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the great damage and displeasure

they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off. Then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf. Then Sir Walter of Manny said, 'Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign noblesse; therefore, now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give a cause to some to speak of you villainously; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company.' Then the king wryed away from him, and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, 'They of Calais have caused many of my men to be slaine, wherefore these shall die in likewise.' Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down, and sore weeping, said, 'Ah, gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril I have desired nothing of you; therefore, now I humbly require you, in the honour of the son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses.' The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said, 'Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you, wherefore I give them to you to do your pleasure with them.' Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure, and then she gave each of them six nobles, and made them to be brought out of the host in safe-guard, and set at their liberty."

110.—BATTLE OF POITIERS.

FROISSART.

From the period of the siege of Calais to that of which we are about to speak, the chief events may be briefly passed over. A truce for six years was agreed to, which was but indifferently kept on either side. Whilst it lasted, offers were made on the part of Edward to renounce all pretensions to the throne of France, if King John would yield the absolute sovereignty of Guienne, Calais, and the other territories which had been held by former English monarchs as fiefs. John consented, but his people were most indignant, and would not ratify the arrangement. So in 1355 the Black Prince set out on an expedition from Bordeaux with sixty thousand men, only a small part of whom were his countrymen. This cruel and ferocious march offers a strange contrast to the gentleness and delicacy which have stamped their impress upon occasional incidents in the career of the Prince, and in none more so than in one of those connected with the field of Poitiers, of which we shall have to speak. But such were the inconsistencies of chivalry, even in its highest stage of development. The Prince's route lay towards the foot of the Pyrenees, thence northward to Toulouse, where he once more changed his direction in order to seize the rich cities of Carcassonne and Narbonne, whence he returned to Bordeaux. And through all that fair country, a stranger might have followed his track by the blackened ruins of the towns and villages burnt, and the dismal outcries of their unhappy inhabitants. "When they entered into a town, and found it well replenished of all things, they tarried there a two or three days to refresh them. When they departed, they would destroy all the residue, strike out the heads of the vessels of wine, and burn wheat, barley, and oats, and all other things, to the intent that their enemies should have no aid thereof." Whilst the French, saddened by their disgraces and sufferings, were making the most strenuous efforts to collect an overwhelming force to crush the invader, the Black Prince in the following year commenced a similar expedition, though with a force not exceeding

twelve or fourteen thousand men. It was in the full tide of success of this march, that he suddenly found himself encompassed on all sides. So universal a feeling of detestation had penetrated the hearts and minds of the French people, that not a single individual could be found to give him intelligence of the position or number of King John's forces, and but for the wonderful steadiness and courage that have so often, in a military sense, redeemed our military errors, those plundering and ravaging expeditions might have worked a fatal retribution. It was late in the night of Saturday, the 16th of September, that a part of the English, who had been sent forward in advance of the army, "saw the great battle of the king: they saw all the field covered with men-of-arms." After a little skirmish, "which these English could not forbear," they "returned again to the Prince, and showed him all that they saw and knew: and said that the French host was a great number of people. 'Well,' said the Prince, 'in the name of God let us now study how we shall fight with them at our advantage.' That night the Englishmen lodged in a strong place among hedges, vines, and bushes; and their host was well watched."

On the French side, the king and his four sons, having been houseled, that is to say, having received the communion, drew forth his army into the field. "Then trumpets blew up through the host, and every man mounted on horseback, and went into the field, where they saw the king's banner wave with the wind. There might have been seen great nobles of fair harness [armour], and rich armoury of banners and pennons; for there was all the flower of France; there was none durst abide at home, without he would be shamed for ever." Three knights having been sent to learn the array and power of the English, said on their return, "Sir, we have seen the Englishmen; by estimation they be two thousand men-of-arms, and four thousand archers, and a fifteen hundred of other: howbeit, they be in a strong place; and, as far as we can imagine, they are in one battle: howbeit, they be wisely ordered, and along the way they have fortified strongly the hedges and bushes: one part of their archers are along by the hedges, so that none can go nor ride that way, but must pass by them; and that way must ye go, an ye purpose to fight with them. In this hedgo there is but one entry and one issue by likelihood that four horsemen may ride a-front. At the end of this hedge whereas no man can go nor ride, there be men-of-arms afoot, and archers afore them, in manner of a herse,* so that they will not lightly be discomfited." Such was the English position: as to the order of attack which the French ultimately determined upon, it may be best seen in development.

On the Sunday morning a new personage came upon the scene, the Cardinal of Perigord, who had been sent by the pope to endeavour to make peace between the King of France and his enemies. And most earnest was the Cardinal in the performance of his duty. First, in great haste, he came to king John, and knelt before him, holding up his hands, saying, "Sir, ye have here all the flower of your realm against a handful of Englishmen, as regards your company; and, Sir, if ye may have them accorded to you without battle, it shall be more profitable and honourable to have them by that manner, rather than to adventure so noble chivalry as ye have here present. Sir, I require you, in the name of God and humility, that I may ride to the Prince, and show him what danger ye have him in." The king said, 'It pleaseth me well; but return again shortly.' The Cardinal departed, and diligently he rode to the Prince, who was among his men afoot. Then the Cardinal alighted, and came to the Prince, who received him courteously. Then the Cardinal, after his salutation made, said, 'Certainly, fair son, if you and your council advise justly the puissance of the French King, ye will suffer me to treat to make

* Or harrow; i. e. the men were placed in the order of the mimic-combatants of a draught-board.

a peace between you, an I may.' The Prince, who was young and lusty, said, 'Sir, the honour of me and my people saved, I would gladly fall to any reasonable way.'" The Cardinal now "rode again to the king, and said, 'Sir, ye need not to make any great haste to fight with your enemies, for they cannot flee from you though they would, they be in such a ground : wherefore, Sir, I require you forbear for this day, till to-morrow the sun rising.' The king was loath to agree thereto, for some of his council would not consent to it : but, finally, the Cardinal showed such reasons, that the king accorded that respite. And in the same place there was put up a pavilion of red silk, fresh and rich, and leave gave for that day every man to draw to his lodgings, except the Constable's and Marshal's battles."

All efforts at reconciliation, however, were vain, although "that Sunday, all the day, the Cardinal travelled in riding from one host to the other, gladly to agree them." Many offers were made on both sides. In the main, the French king demanded that four of the principal Englishmen should be placed at his absolute disposal, and the Prince and all others to yield themselves as prisoners. The Prince offered to render all the towns and castles he had won in the present expedition, as well as the prisoners taken, and to swear not to bear arms against the French for seven years. At last King John made his final offer, that the Prince and a hundred of his knights only should yield themselves prisoners, which was absolutely rejected ; and the Cardinal in despair returned to Poitiers, in the neighbourhood of which the battle was fought.

All this while our countrymen were making admirable use of the time, strengthening the hedges, and widening and deepening the dykes. At sunrise on Monday morning the indefatigable Cardinal was once more seen passing to and fro between the hosts, thinking, says Froissart, "by his preaching to pacify the parties." Short and abrupt was the answer he received on each side. "Return whither ye will," said the Frenchman impatiently : "bring I rather no more words of treaty or peace ; and if ye love yourself, depart shortly." Hastening then to the Prince, he said, evidently with deep emotion, "Sir, do what you can—there is no remedy but to abide the battle, for I can find none accord in the French king." The Prince simply and cheerfully answered, "The same is our intent and all our people : God help the right !" As the Cardinal disappeared, the Prince turned to his men, and thus addressed them :—"Now, Sirs, though we be but a small company, as in regard to the puissance of our enemies, let us not be abashed therefore ; for the victory lieth not in the multitude of people, but whereas God will send it. If it fortune that the journey be ours, we shall be the most honoured people of all the world ; and if we die in our right quarrel, I have the king, my father, and brethren, and also ye have good friends and kinsmen ; these shall revenge us. Therefore, Sirs, for God's sake, I require you do your devoirs this day ; for if God be pleased, and Saint George, this day ye shall see me a good knight." And, continues Froissart, "these words and such other that the Prince spake, comforted all his people."

The battle began on all sides as the battalions of the Marshal of France approached, evidently in order to break the array of the archers. "They entered on horseback into the way where the great hedges were on both sides set full of archers. As soon as the men-of-arms entered, the archers began to shoot on both sides, and did slay and hurt horses and knights ; so that the horses, when they felt the sharp arrows, they would in no wise go forward, but drew back and flung, and took on so fiercely, that many of them fell on their masters, so that for the press they could not rise again, inasmuch that the Marshal's battle could never come at the Prince. Certain knights and squires, that were well horsed, passed through the archers, and thought to approach to the Prince, but they could not * * * * So within a short space

the Marshal's battles were discomfited, for they fell one upon another, and could not go forth; and the Frenchmen that were behind, and could not get forward, recoiled back and came on the battle of the Duke of Normandy, the which was great and thick, and were afoot. But anon, they began to open behind; for when they knew that the Marshal's battle was discomfited, they took their horses and departed, he that might best; also they saw a rout of Englishmen coming down a little mountain a-horseback, and many archers with them, who broke in on the side of the duke's battle.

"True to say, the archers did their company that day great advantage, for they shot so thick, that the Frenchmen wist not on what side to take heed; and, little and little, the Englishmen won ground on them; and when the men-of-arms of England saw that the Marshal's battle was discomfited, and the Duke's battle began to disorder and open, they leaped then on their horses, the which they had ready by them. Then they assembled together, and cried, 'St. George for Guienne!' and the Lord Chandos said to the Prince, 'Sir, take your horse and ride, for then this journey is yours. God is this day in your hands—get us to the French king's battle, for there lieth all the sore of the matter. I think verily by his valiantness he will not fly; I trust we shall have him, by the grace of God and St. George, so he be well fought withal; and, Sir, I heard you say that this day I shall see you a good knight.' The prince said, 'Let us go forth; ye shall not see me this day return back;' and said, 'Advance, banner, in the name of God and St. George!' The knight that bore it did his commandment; there was then a sore battle and perilous, and many a man overthrown, and he that was once down could not be relieved again without great succour and aid. As the prince rode and entered in among his enemies, he saw on his right hand, in a little bush, lying dead, the Lord Robert of Duras, and his banner by him. Then the prince said to two of his squires, and to three archers, 'Sirs, take the body of this knight on a targe and bear him to Poitiers, and present him from me to the Cardinal of Perigord, and say how I salute him by that token;' and this was done." * * * *

"The Prince was informed that the Cardinal's men were on the field against him, the which was not pertaining to the right order of arms, for men of the church, that cometh and goeth for treaty of peace, ought not by reason to bear harness, nor to fight for neither of the parties."

In this battle the king of France displayed great personal courage. His youngest son Philip, a boy of sixteen, fought by his side. The king would have been slain but for the exertions of a French knight, in the English service. He called to the king. 'Sir, yield you.' The king beheld the knight, and said, 'To whom shall I yield me? Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales?—if I might see him I would speak with him.' Denis answered and said, 'Sir, he is not here; but yield you to me, and I shall bring you to him.' 'Who be you?' quoth the king. 'Sir, I am Denis of Morberque, a knight of Artois; but I serve the king of England because I am banished the realm of France, and I have forfeited all I had there.' Then the king gave him his right gauntlet, saying, 'I yield me to you.' The whole scene following is such an admirable piece of dramatic and picturesque composition, that we cannot venture to abridge or mutilate it. At this time "there was a great press about the king, for every man enforced him to say, 'I have taken him,' so 'that the king could not go forward with his young son the lord Philip with him, because of the press. The Prince of Wales, who was *courageous and cruel as a lion*, took that day great pleasure to fight and to chase his enemies; the lord John Chandos, who was with him of all that day, never left him, for never took heed of taking any prisoner. Then, at the end of the battle, he said to the prince, 'Sir, it were good that you rested here, and set your banner

a-high in this bush, that your people may draw hither, for they be sore spread abroad, nor I can see no more banners nor pennons of the French party; wherefore, sir, rest and refresh you, for ye be sore chafed.' Then the prince's banner was set up a-high on a bush, and trumpets and clarions began to sound. Then the prince did off his bascinet, and the knights for his body and they of his chamber were ready about him, and a red pavilion pight up; and then drink was brought forth to the prince, and for such lords as were about him, the which still increased as they came from the chase. There they tarried and their prisoners with them. And when the two marshals were come to the prince, he demanded of them if they knew any tidings of the French king: they answered and said, 'Sir, we hear none of certainty, but we think verily he is either dead or taken, for he is not gone out of the battle.' Then the prince said to the earl of Warwick and Sir Reginald Cobham, 'Sirs, I require you to go forth, and see what ye can know, that at your return ye may show me the truth.' These two lords took their horses, and departed from the prince, and rode up a little hill to look about them: then they perceived a flock of men-at-arms coming together right wearily; there was the French king afoot in great peril, for Englishmen and Gascons were his masters; they had taken him from Sir Denis of Morbecque perforce, and such as were most of force said, 'I have taken him;—' Nay,' quoth another, 'I have taken him;' so they strave which should have him. Then the French king, to eschew that peril, said, 'Sirs, strive not; lead me courteously and my son to my cousin the prince, and strive not for my taking, for I am so great a lord (as to be able) to make you all rich.' The king's words somewhat appeased them; howbeit, ever as they went they made riot, and brawled for the taking of the king. When the two aforesaid lords saw and heard that noise and strife among them, they came to them and said, 'Sirs, what is the matter that ye strive for?' 'Sirs,' said one of them, 'it is for the French king, who is here taken prisoner, and there be more than ten knights and squires that challengeth the taking of him and of his son.' Then the two lords entered into the press, and caused every man to draw back, and commanded them in the prince's name, on pain of their heads, to make no more noise, nor to approach the king no nearer, without they were commanded. Then every man gave room to the lords, and they alighted and did their reverence to the king, and so brought him and his son in peace and rest to the Prince of Wales."

The battle began in the morning and ended at noon, and in that short space of time there was slain "all the flower of France; and there was taken, with the king and the lord Philip his son, a seventeen earls, besides barons, knights, and squires." Indeed, "when every man was come from the chase, they had *twice as many prisoners as they were in number in all*; then it was counselled among them because of the great charge and doubt to keep so many, that they should put many of them to ransom incontinent (immediately) in the field, and so they did; and the prisoners found the English and Gascons right courteous. There were many that day put to ransom and let go, all only on their promise of faith and truth to return again, between that and Christmas, to Bordeaux with their ransoms. Then that night they lay in the field, beside whereas the battle had been: some unarmed them, but not all; and unarmed all their prisoners, and every man made good cheer to his prisoner; for that day whosoever took any prisoner he was clear his, and might quit or ransom him at his pleasure. All such as were there with the prince were all made rich with honours and goods, as well by ransoming of prisoners as by winning of gold, silver, plate, jewels, that was there found."

Several interesting incidents marked the battle, and these Froissart has recorded with all his usual delightful simplicity and freshness. Among the noblemen who

particularly distinguished themselves on the English side was the lord James Audley, who, "with the aid of his four squires, fought always in the chief of the battle: he was sore hurt in the body and in the visage; as long as his breath served him he fought: at last, at the end of the battle, his four squires took him and brought him out of the field, and laid him under a hedge-side for to refresh him, and they unarmed him, and bound up his wounds as well as they could." Scarcely was the fight over, before the prince, remembering him of his faithful servant, sent to him, saying, "Go and know if he may be brought hither, or else I will go and see him there as he is." Feeble as he was, this message infused new strength into the brave knight's body, and he caused himself to be borne in a litter before the prince, who took him in his arms, and kissed him, and made him "great cheer." "Sir James," said he, "I and all ours take you in this journey for the best doer in arms: and to the intent to furnish you the better to pursue the wars, I retain you for ever to be my knight, with five hundred marks of yearly revenues, the which I shall assign you on mine heritage in England." With one more little story, we conclude these episodes of the great field of Poitiers. Also it fortune that another squire of Picardy, called John de Helenes, was fled from the battle, and met with his page, who delivered him a new fresh horse, whereon he rode away alone. The same season there was in the field the lord Berkley of England, a young lusty knight, who the same day had reared his banner, and he all alone pursued the said John of Helenes; and when he had followed the space of a league, the said John turned again and laid his sword in the rest instead of a spear, and came running toward the lord Berkley, who lifted up his sword to have stricken the squire, but when he saw the stroke come, he turned from it, so that the Englishman lost his stroke, and John struck him as he passed on the arm that the lord Berkley's sword fell into the field: when he saw his sword down, he lighted suddenly off his horse, and came to the place where his sword lay; and as he stooped down to take up his sword, the French squire did prick his sword at him, and by hap struck him through both the thighs, so that the knight fell to the earth and could not help himself: and John alighted off his horse and took the knight's sword that lay on the ground, and came to him, and demanded if he would yield him or not: the knight then demanded his name. 'Sir,' said he, 'I hight John of Helenes, but what is your name?' 'Certainly,' said the knight, 'my name is Thomas, and I am lord of Berkley, a fair castle on the river of Severn, in the marches of Wales.' 'Well, Sir,' quoth the squire, 'then ye shall be my prisoner, and I shall bring you in safeguard, and I shall see that you shall be healed of your hurt.' 'Well,' said the knight, 'I am content to be your prisoner, for ye have by law of arms won me.' There he sware to be his prisoner, rescue or no rescue. Then the squire drew forth the sword out of the knight's thighs, and the wound was open; then he wrapped and bound the wound, and set him on his horse, and so brought him fair and easily to Châtel-Herault, and there tarried more than fifteen days for his sake, and did get him remedy for his hurt; and when he was somewhat amended, then he got him a litter, and so brought him at his ease to his house in Picardy: there he was more than a year, till he was perfectly whole. And when he departed he paid for his ransom six thousand nobles, and so this squire was made a knight by reason of the profit that he had of the lord Berkley."

The supper that night on the field will, no doubt, live in the memory of most readers. Certainly never did chivalry show itself more vividly in the contrasted light which it so loved—of its terrible power and recklessness in the field, and its almost feminine grace and gentleness out of it—than at Poitiers. We have seen what the battle was: here is Froissart's notice of the supper. "The prince made the king and his son, the lord James of Bourbon, the lord John d'Artois, the earl

of Tancarville, the earl d'Estampes, the earl Dammartyn, the earl of Greuille, and the lord of Pertney, to sit all at one board, and other lords, knights, and squires at other tables; and always the prince served before the king, as humbly as he could, and would not sit at the king's board, for any desire that the king could make; but he said he was not sufficient to sit at the table with so great a prince as the king was: but then he said to the king, 'Sir, for God's sake make none evil nor heavy cheer, though God did not this day consent to follow your will: for, sir, surely the king my father shall bear you as much honour and amity as he may do, and shall accord with you so reasonably, that ye shall ever be friends together after: and, sir, methink you ought to rejoice, though the journey be not as you would have had it: for this day ye have won the high renown of prowess, and have past this day in valiantness all other of your party. Sir, I say not this to mock you: for all that be on our party, that saw every man's deeds, are plainly accorded by true sentence to give you the prize and chaplet.'"

III.—EDWARD III. AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

OLD PLAY.

[There is something more than pageantry and fighting in Froissart's story of Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury, viewed in connection with the Order of the Garter. How well the old chronicler tells of the unhallowed love of the king, and the constancy of the noble lady, when she welcomed him in the castle that she had been bravely defending against her enemies! "As soon as the lady knew of the king's coming, she set open the gates, and came out so richly beseen, that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness with her great beauty, and the gracious words and countenance she made. When she came to the king, she kneeled down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the castle, to make him cheer and honour, as she that could right do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the king himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady: he was stricken therewith to the heart, with a sparkle of fine love that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be loved as she. Thus they entered into the castle hand-in-hand; the lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber, nobly apparelled. The king regarded so the lady, that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, then she came to the king with a merry cheer, who was then in a great study, and she said, 'Dear sir, why do ye study so for? Your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing you have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you: let other men study for the remnant.' Then the king said, 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth that since I entered into the castle there is a study come into my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot.' 'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people.' God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted (feared) and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the King of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amead it when it shall please you, as ye have done divers times or (ere) this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.' 'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the king, 'other things lieth

at my heart that ye know not of : but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you hath so surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.' 'Then the lady said, 'Ah ! right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that is true that ye say, or that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me, and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir ; ye should in this case have but a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. I had never, as yet, such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice to be dismembered.' Herewith the lady departed from the king, and went into the hall to haste the dinner. When she returned again to the king, and brought some of his knights with her, and said, "Sir, if it please you to come into the hall, your knights abideth for you to wash ; ye have been too long fasting." Then the king went into the hall, and washed, and sat down among his lords, and the lady also. The king ate little ; he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be ; some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the king tarried there, and wist not what to do : sometime he imagined that truth and honour defended him to set his heart in such a case, to dishonour such a lady and such a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him ; on the other part, love so constrained him, that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the king debated to himself all that day and all that night : in the morning he arose, and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying, 'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.' 'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'God, the Father glorious, be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service, to your honour and to mine.' Therewith the king departed all abashed."

If we carry on the legend to the belief that the king subdued his passions, and afterwards met the noble woman in all honour and courtesy, we may understand the motto of the garter—"Evil be to him that evil thinks."]

This story has been dramatised, with considerable power, in an anonymous play "Edward III." which by some has been attributed to Shakspere.

The Countess of Salisbury is besieged in the castle of Roxburgh, but is speedily relieved from her besiegers by the arrival of Edward with his army. The king and the countess meet, and Edward becomes her guest. His position is a dangerous one, and he rushes into the danger.

Cou. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad :
What may thy subject do to drive from thee
This gloomy consort, sullen melancholy ?

Edw. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot straw
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame :—
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.

Cou. Now, God forbid, that any in my hoase
Should think my sovereign wrong ! Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

Edw. How near then shall I be to remedy ?

Cou. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power

- Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

Edw. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress.

Engage thy power to redeem my joys,

And I am joyful, countess, else, I die

Cou. I will, my liege

Edw. Swear, countess, that thou wilt.

Cou. By heaven, I will

Edw. Then take thyself a little way aside,

And tell thyself a king doth dote on thee,

Say, that within thy power it doth lie

To make him happy, and that thou hast sworn

To give me all the joy within thy power

Do this, and tell me when I shall be happy

Cou. All this is done, my thrice dread sovereign

That power of love, that I have power to give,

Thou hast with all devout obedience,

Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof

Edw. Thou hast not me say that I do dote on thee

Cou. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst,

Though little, I do prize it ten times less

If on my virtue, take it if thou canst

For virtues store by giving doth augment

Be it on what it will, that I can give,

And thou canst take away when thou wilt

Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy

Cou. O were it painted, I would wipe it off,

And dispossess myself, to give it thee

But, overmuch it is sacred to my life

Take one and both, for I live in his shadow,

It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life

Edw. But thou may'st lend it me to sport withal

Cou. As easy may my intellectual soul

Be lent away and yet my body live,

And lend my body, palace to my soul

Away from her and yet return to my soul

My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,

And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted,

If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,

I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me

The Earl of Warwick, father to the Countess of Salisbury, is required by Edward, upon his oath of duty, to go to his daughter, and command her to agree with his dishonourable proposals. The skill with which the father is made to deliver the message of the king, and to appear to recommend a compliance with his demands, but so at the same time as to make the guilty purpose doubly abhorrent, indicates no common power —

“*War.* How shall I enter in this graceless errand?

I must not call her child; for where's the father

That will, in such a suit, seduce his child?

Then, Wife of Salisbury,—shall I so begin?

No, he's my friend, and where is found the friend

That will do friendship such endamagement ?
 Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife,
 I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am,
 But an attorney from the court of hell ;
 That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,
 To do a message to thee from the king.
 The mighty king of England dotes on thee :
 He, that hath power to take away thy life,
 Hath power to take thine honour ; then consent
 To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life :
 Honour is often lost, and got again ;
 But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
 The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass ;
 The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee.
 The poets write, that great Achilles' spear
 Could heal the wound it made : the moral is,
 What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
 The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
 And grace his foragement, by being mild
 When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
 The king will in his glory hide thy shame ;
 And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
 Will lose their eyesight, looking in the sun.
 What can one drop of poison harm the sea,
 Whose hugy vastness can digest the ill,
 And make it lose his operation ?
 The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds
 And give the bitter potion of reproach
 A sugar'd sweet and most delicious taste :
 Besides, it is no harm to do the thing,
 Which without shame could not be left undone.
 Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
 Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
 And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.
Cou. Unnatural besiege ! Woe me, unhappy,
 To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
 And to be ten times worse invir'd by friends !
 Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
 But to corrupt the author of my blood,
 To be his scandalous and vile solicitor ?
 No marvel, though the branches be infected,
 When poison hath encompassed the root :
 No marvel, though the leprous infant die,
 When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
 Why, then, give sin a passport to offend,
 And youth the dangerous rein of liberty :
 Blot out the strict forbidding of the law ;
 And cancel every canon that prescribes
 A shame for shame, or penance for offence.
 No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will
 Will have it so, before I will consent
 To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee speak,
 And mark how I unsay my words again.
 An honourable grave is more esteem'd,
 Than the polluted closet of a king :
 The greater man, the greater is the thing,
 Be it good, or bad, that he shall undertake :
 An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
 Presents a greater substance than it is :
 The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
 The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss
 Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe :
 That sin doth ten times aggravate itself,
 That is committed in a holy place ;
 An evil deed, done by authority,
 Is sin and subornation : deck an ape
 In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
 Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
 A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
 Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame :
 That poison shows worst in a golden cup ;
 Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash ;
 Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds ;
 And every glory that inclines to sin,
 The shame is treble by the opposite.
 So leave I with my blessing in thy bosom ;
 Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
 When thou convert'st from honour's golden name
 To the black faction of bed-blotting shame !
Cou. I'll follow thee : And, when my mind turns so,
 My body sink my soul in endless woe !

*Exit.**Exit.*

During the tempest of Edward's passion, the Prince of Wales arrives at the Castle of Roxburgh, and the conflict in the mind of the king is well imagined :

Edw. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
 Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
 And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye ;
 Who, being rich enough in seeing her,
 Yet seeks elsewhere : and basest theft is that
 Which cannot check itself on poverty. —
 Now, boy, what news ?

Pri. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,
 The choicest buds of all our English blood,
 For our affairs in France ; and here we come,
 To take direction from your majesty.

Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
 His mother's visage ; those his eyes are hers,
 Who, looking wistly on me, made me blush ;
 For faults against themselves give evidence :
 Lust is a fire ; and men, like lanthorns, show
 Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
 Away, loose silks of wavering vanity !

Shall the large limit of fair Brittany
 By me be overthrown ? and shall I not
 Master this little mansion of myself ?
 Give me an armour of eternal steel ;
 I go to conquer kings : And shall I then
 Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend ?
 It must not be.—Come, boy, forward, advance !
 Let's with our colours sweep the air of France.

Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer,
 Desires access unto your majesty.

[*Advancing from the door and whispering him.*]

Edw. Why, there it goes ! that very smile of hers
 Hath ransom'd captive France ; and set the king,
 The dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
 Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends.

[*Exit Prince.*]

The countess enters, and with the following scene suddenly terminates the ill-starred passion of the king :—

Edw. Now, my soul's playfellow ! art thou come,
 To speak the more than heavenly word of yea,
 To my objection in thy beauteous love ?

Cou. My father on his blessing hath commanded—

Edw. That thou shalt yield to me.

Cou. Ah, dear my liege, your due.

Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less
 Than right for right, and tender love for love.

Cou. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate.—

But,—sith I see your majesty so bent,
 That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
 Your high estate, nor no respect respected
 Can be my help, but that your mightiness
 Will overbear and awe these dear regards,—
 I bind my discontent to my content,
 And, what I would not, I'll compel I will ;
 Provided that yourself remove those lets
 That stand between your highness' love and mine.

Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by heaven, I will.

Cou. It is their lives, that stand between our love,
 That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign.

Edw. Whose lives, my lady ?

Cou. My thrice loving liege,
 Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband ;
 Who living have that title in our love,
 That we cannot bestow but by their death.

Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.

Cou. So is your desire. If the law
 Can hinder you to execute the one,
 Let it forbid you to attempt the other :
 I cannot think you love me as you say,
 Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

Edw. No more ; thy husband and the queen shall die.
 Fairer thou art by far than Hero was ;

Beardless Leander not so strong as I :
 • He swom an easy current for his love :
 But I will, through a helly spout of blood,
 Arrive that Sestos where my Hero lies.

Cou. Nay, you'll do more ; you'll make the river too,
 With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,
 Of which my husband, and your wife, are twain.

Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
 And gives in evidence, that they shall die ;
 Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.

Cou. O perjur'd beauty ! more corrupted judge !
 When, to the great star-chamber o'er our heads,
 The universal session calls to count
 This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

Edw. What says my fair love ; is she resolute ?

Cou. Resolute to be dissolv'd ; and, therefore, this,—
 Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
 Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
 And see how I will yield me to thy hands.

[Turning suddenly upon him and showing two daggers.]

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives :
 Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
 And learn by me to find her where she lies ;
 And with the other I'll despatch my love,
 Which now lies fast asleep within my heart :
 When they are gone, then I'll consent to love.
 Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me ;
 My resolution is more nimble far,
 Than thy prevention can be in my rescue.
 And, if thou stir, I strike ; therefore stand still
 And hear the choice that I will put thee to :
 Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
 And never henceforth to solicit me ;
 Or else by heaven [*kneding*], this sharp-pointed knife
 Shall stain the earth with that which thou would'st stain,
 My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
 Or I will strike, and die, before thee here,

Edw. Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now
 The power to be ashamed of myself,
 I never mean to part my lips again
 In any word that tends to such a suit.
 Arise, true English lady ; whom our isle
 May better boast of, than o'er Roman might
 Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
 The vain endeavour of so many pens :
 Arise ; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
 Which after ages shall enrich thee with.
 I am awaked from this idle dream.

112.—BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

(Translated from the French in '*Historical Parallels*.')

[In 1361 the prince of Wales had married Joanna, styled the Fair, the daughter of his great uncle the earl of Kent, who had been put to death in the beginning of the present reign. This lady had been first married to William de Montacute, earl of Salisbury, from whom she had been divorced; and she had now been about three months the widow of sir Thomas Holland, who assumed in her right the title of earl of Kent, and was summoned to parliament as such. Soon after his marriage the prince of Wales was raised by his father to the new dignity of prince of Aquitaine and Gascony (the two provinces or districts of Guienne); and in 1363 he took up his residence, and established a splendid court in that quality, at Bordeaux. Edward's administration of his continental principality was very able and successful, till he unfortunately became involved in the contest carried on by Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, with his illegitimate brother Henry of Trastamare for the crown of Castile. Pedro having been driven from his throne by Henry, applied to the Black Prince for aid to expel the usurper. At this call Edward, forgetting everything except the martial feelings of the age and what he conceived to be the rights of legitimacy, marched into Spain, and defeated Henry at the battle of Najera, fought on the 3rd of April, 1367. He did not, however, attain even his immediate object by this success. Pedro had reigned little more than a year when he was again driven from his throne by Henry, by whom he was soon after murdered. Henry kept possession of the throne which he had thus obtained till his death, ten years after. Prince Edward, meanwhile, owing to Pedro's misfortunes, having been disappointed of the money which that king had engaged to supply, found himself obliged to lay additional taxes upon his subjects of Guienne, to obtain the means of paying his troops. These imposts several of the Gascon lords refused to submit to, and appealed to the king of France as the lord paramount. Charles on this summoned Edward to appear before the parliament of Paris as his vassal; and on the refusal of the prince, immediately confiscated all the lands held by him and his father in France. A new war forthwith broke out between the two countries. For a time the wonted valour of prince Edward again shone forth; but among the other fruits of his Spanish expedition was an illness caught by his exposure in that climate, which gradually undermined his constitution, and at length compelled him, in January, 1371, to return to England.]

- One day the prince of Wales was risen from dinner, and gone into a private chamber with his barons, who had been served with wine and spices. So they began to speak of many a bold deed of arms, of love-passages, of battles, and of prisons, and how St. Louis to save his life was made prisoner in Tunis, from whence he was ransomed for fine gold, paid down by weight. Until the prince, who spoke without caution, said, 'When a good knight well approved in battle is made prisoner in fair feat of arms, and has rendered himself, and sworn to abide prisoner, he should on no account depart without his master's leave. And also one should not demand such portion of his substance, that he be unable to equip himself again.' When the Sire de Lebrez heard these words, he began to take heed, and said to him, 'Noble Sire, be not angry with me if I relate what I have heard said of you in your absence.' 'By my faith,' said the prince, 'right little should I love follower of mine sitting at my table, if he heard said a word against my honour, and apprised me not of it.' 'Sire,' said he of Lebrez, 'men say that you hold in prison a knight whose name I well know, whom you dare not deliver.' 'It is true,' said Oliver de

Clisson, 'I have heard speak of it.' Then the prince swore and boasted, 'that he knew no knight in the world, but, if he were his prisoner, he would put him to a fair ransom, according to his ability.' And Lebret said, 'How then do you forget Bertrand du Guesclin, that he cannot get away?' And when the prince heard this, his colour changed; and he was so tempted by pride, anger, and disdain, that he commanded Bertrand to be brought before him; with whom he wished to make terms, in spite of all who had spoken of the matter, and would fain not let him be ransomed, unless they themselves should fix the amount.

Then certain knights went and found Bertrand, who, to amuse himself and forget his weariness, was talking with his chamberlain. Which knights saluted him. And Bertrand arose towards them, and showed a fair seeming, saying 'that they were come in good time.' Then he ordered the aforesaid chamberlain to bring wine. The knights answered 'that it was right fitting they should have much wine, good and strong; for they brought him good, joyful, and pleasant news with good will.' Then one of them who was wise and discreet said, 'that the prince sent for him to appear in his presence, and he thought that he would be ransomed by help of those friends he had at court, who were many.' 'What say you?' said Bertrand; 'I have neither halfpenny nor penny, and owe more than ten thousand livres, that have been lent me, which debt has accrued in this city while I have been prisoner.' One of them inquired of him, 'How have you accounted for so much?' 'I will answer for that,' said Bertrand; 'I have eaten, drunk, given, and played at dice with it. A little money is soon spent. But if I be set free, I shall soon have paid it: he saves his money, and has it in good keeping, who shall for my help lend me the keys of it.' And an officer who heard him said, 'Sir, you are stout-hearted, it seems to you that every thing which you would have must happen.' 'By my faith,' said Bertrand, 'you are right, for a dispirited man is nothing better than beaten and discomfited.' And the rest said, 'that he was like one enchanted, for he was proof against every shock.'

Then he was brought to the chamber where was the prince of Wales, and with him John Chandos, a true and valiant knight. And had they chosen to believe him, they would long before have disposed of the war: for he gave much good advice. And also there were Oliver de Clisson and other knights, before whom came Bertrand, wearing a grey coat. And when the prince saw him, he could not keep from laughing, from the time he saw him. Then he said, 'Well, Bertrand, how fare you?' And Bertrand approached him, bowing a little, and said, 'Sir, when it shall please you, I may fare better: many a day have I heard the rats and mice, but the song of birds it is long since I heard.* I shall hear them when it is your pleasure.' 'Bertrand,' said the prince, 'that shall be when you will; it will depend only on yourself, so that you will swear, and make true oath, never to bear arms against me, nor these others, nor to assist Henry of Spain. So soon as you wear this, we will fully set you free, and pay that you owe, and besides give thousand florins to equip you anew, if you consent to this; else you shall not go.' 'Sire,' said Bertrand, 'my deliverance then will not come to pass; for before I do so, may I lie by the leg in prison while I live. God willing, I will never be a reproach to my friends. For by Him who made the world, I will serve with my whole heart those whom I have served, and whose I have been from my outset. These are the good king of France, the noble Dukes of Anjou, of Berry, of Burgundy, and of Bourbon; whose I have been, as became me. But so please you,

* This expression will remind the reader of a favourite saying of the "Good Sir James" Douglas, the companion of Robert Bruce's dangers, that "It is better to hear the lark sing, than the mouse cheep;" meaning that he would never shut himself up in a castle while he could keep the open field.

suffer me to go. For you have held me too long in prison, wrongfully and without cause; and I will tell you how I had gone from France, I and my people meaning to go against the Saracens. And so I had promised Hugh de Carvalay, intending to work out my salvation.' 'Why then went you not straight without stopping?' said the prince. 'I will tell you,' said Bertrand in a loud voice. 'We found Peter, —the curse of God confound him! who had long since thrice falsely murdered his noble Queen, born of the noble line of Bourbon, and of the blood of my Lord, St. Louis, which lady was your cousin by the best blood in your body. Straightway then I stopped, to take vengeance for her, and to help Henry; for well I know, and surely I believe, that he is the right king and the true heir of Spain. And also to destroy, and put to an end, Jews and Saracens, of whom there are too many in these parts. Now through great pride you have come to Spain to the best of your ability, both through covetousness of gold and silver, and that you may have the throne after the death of Peter, who reigns wrongfully, by which journey you have, in the first place, injured your own blood, and troubled me and my people: whence it has come to pass, that after you have so ruined your friends, and you and your people have been all famished, and suffered great pain and labour, Peter has deceived you by cheating and trickery, for he has not kept faith nor covenant with you, for which, by my faith, I thank him heartily.' When Bertrand had related his reasons, the prince rose, and could not help saying that on his soul Bertrand was right, and the barons said that he had spoken truth. Then was there great joy stirring all round and about, and they said of Bertrand, one to another, 'See there a brave Breton.' But the prince called, and said to him, 'You shall not escape me without paying a good ransom; and yet it vexes me that you obtain such favour. But men say that I keep you prisoner because I fear you; and to the end that every one may cease to suspect this, and may know that I neither fear nor care for you, I will deliver you on payment of sufficient ransom.' 'Sir,' said Bertrand, 'I am a poor knight of little name, and not so born as that I should find help in plenty. And besides, my estate is mortgaged for purchase of war-horses, and also I owe in this town full ten thousand florins. Be moderate, therefore, and deliver me.' 'Where will you go, fair sir?' said the prince. 'Sir,' said Bertrand, 'I will go where I may regain my loss, and more I say not.' 'Consider then,' said the prince, 'what ransom you will give me: for what you will shall be enough for me.' 'Sir,' said Bertrand, 'I trust you will not stoop to retract your meaning. And since you are content to refer it to my pleasure, I ought not to value myself too low. So I will give and engage for my freedom one hundred thousand double golden florins.' And when the prince heard him his colour changed, and he looked round at his knights, saying, 'Does he mean to make game of me that he offers such a sum? for I would gladly quit him for the quarter.' 'Bertrand,' said he, 'neither can you pay it, nor do I wish such a sum; so consider again.' 'Sire,' said Bertrand, 'since you will not so much, I place myself at sixty thousand double florins; you shall not have less, sobeit you will discharge me.' 'Well,' said the prince 'I agree to it.' Then said Bertrand loudly, 'sir, prince Henry may well and truly vaunt that he will die king of Spain, cost him what it may, and he will lend me one half my ransom, and the king of France the other; and if I can neither go nor send to these two, I would get all the spin-stresses in France to spin it rather than that I should remain longer in your hands.*' And when the prince had heard him he thus said: 'What sort of man is this? He startles at nothing, either in act or thought, no more than if he had

* Si le gagneroite aincois a filler toutes les fillereses qui en France sont, que es que je demourasse plus entre vos mains.

all the gold which is in the world. He has set himself at sixty thousand double florins, and I would willingly have quitted him for ten thousand.' And all the barons also marvelled greatly. 'Am I then at liberty?' said the gallant Bertrand. And Chandos asked him whence the money should come. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have good friends, as I shall find, I am certain.' 'By my faith,' said Chandos, 'I am much rejoiced therefore, and if you have need of my help, thus much I say, I will lend you ten thousand.' 'Sir,' said Bertrand, 'I thank you. But before I seek anything of you I will try the people of my own country.'"

113—THE INSURRECTION OF THE PEASANTS.

HUME.

Edward had left his grandson involved in many dangerous wars. The pretensions of the duke of Lancaster to the crown of Castile, made that kingdom still persevere in hostilities against England. Scotland, whose throne was now filled by Robert Stuart, nephew to David Bruce, and the first prince of that family, maintained such close connections with France, that war with one crown almost inevitably produced hostilities with the other. The French monarch, whose prudent conduct had acquired him the surname of *wise*, as he had already baffled all the experience and valour of the two Edwards, was likely to prove a dangerous enemy to a minor king; but his genius, which was not naturally enterprising, led him not, at present, to give any disturbance to his neighbours: and he laboured, besides, under many difficulties at home, which it was necessary for him to surmount before he could think of making conquests in a foreign country. England was master of Calais, Bordeaux, and Bayonne; had lately acquired possession of Cherbourg from the cession of the king of Navarre, and of Brest from that of the duke of Brittany; and having thus an easy entrance into France from every quarter, was able, even in its present situation, to give disturbance to his government. Before Charles could remove the English from these important posts, he died in the flower of his age, and left his kingdom to a minor son, who bore the name of Charles VI.

Meanwhile the war with France was carried on in a manner somewhat languid, and produced no enterprise of great lustre or renown. Sir Hugh Calverly, governor of Calais, making an inroad into Picardy with a detachment of the garrison, set fire to Boulogne. The duke of Lancaster conducted an army into Brittany, but returned without being able to perform anything memorable. In a subsequent year, the duke of Gloucester marched out of Calais with a body of 2000 cavalry, and 8000 infantry, and scrupled not, with his small army, to enter into the heart of France, and to continue his ravages through Picardy, Champagne, the Brie, the Beaufie, the Gatinois, the Orleanois, till he reached his allies in the province of Brittany. The duke of Burgundy, at the head of a more considerable army, came within sight of him; but the French were so overawed by the former successes of the English that no superiority of numbers could tempt them to venture a pitched battle with the troops of that nation. As the duke of Brittany, soon after the arrival of these succours, formed an accommodation with the court of France, this enterprise also proved in the issue unsuccessful, and made no durable impression upon the enemy.

The expences of these armaments, and the usual want of money attending a minority, much exhausted the English treasury, and obliged the parliament, besides making some alterations in the council, to impose a new and unusual tax of three groats on every person, male and female, above fifteen years of age; and they ordained that, in levying that tax, the opulent should relieve the poor by an equitable compensation. This imposition produced a mutiny, which was singular in its cir-

circumstances. All history abounds with examples where the great tyrannise over the meaner sort ; but here the lowest populace rose against their rulers, committed the most cruel ravages upon them, and took vengeance for all former oppressions.

The faint dawn of the arts and of good government in that age, had excited the minds of the populace in different states of Europe, to wish for a better condition, and to murmur against those chains which the laws, enacted by the haughty nobility and gentry, had so long imposed upon them. The commotions of the people in Flanders, the mutiny of the peasants in France, were the natural effects of this growing spirit of independence ; and the report of these events being brought in England, where personal slavery, as we learn from Froissart, was more general than in any other country in Europe, had prepared the minds of the multitude for an insurrection. One John Wall also, a seditious preacher, who affected low popularity, went about the country, and inculcated on his audience the principles of the first origin of mankind from one common stock, their equal right to liberty and to all the goods of nature, the tyranny of artificial distinctions, and the abuses which had arisen from the degradation of the more considerable part of the species, and the aggrandisement of a few insolent rulers. These doctrines, so agreeable to the populace, and so conformable to the ideas of primitive equality which are engraven in the hearts of all men, were greedily received by the multitude, and scattered the sparks of that sedition, which the present tax roused into a conflagration.

The imposition of three groats a head had been farmed out to tax-gatherers in each county, who levied the money on the people with rigour ; and the clause, of making the rich ease their poorer neighbours of some share of the burden, being so vague and undeterminate, had, doubtless, occasioned many partialities, and made the people more sensible of the unequal lot which fortune had assigned them in the distribution of her favours. The first disorder was raised by a blacksmith in a village of Essex. The tax-gatherers came to this man's shop while he was at work ; and they demanded payment for his daughter, whom he asserted to be below the age assigned by the statute. One of these fellows offered to produce a very indecent proof to the contrary, and at the same time laid hold of the maid, which the father resenting, immediately knocked out the ruffian's brains with his hammer. The bystanders applauded the action, and exclaimed, that it was full time for the people to take vengeance on their tyrants, and to vindicate their native liberty. They immediately flew to arms ; the whole neighbourhood joined in the sedition. The flame spread in an instant over the county ; it soon propagated itself into that of Kent, of Hertford, Surrey, Sussex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Lincoln. Before the government had the least warning of the danger, the disorder had grown beyond control or opposition ; the populace had shaken off all regard to their former masters, and being headed by the most audacious and criminal of their associates, who assumed the feigned names of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, Hob Carter, and John Miller, by which they were fond of denoting their mean origin, they committed every where the most outrageous violence on such of the gentry or nobility who had the misfortune to fall into their hands.

The mutinous populace, amounting to a hundred thousand men, assembled on Blackheath under their leaders Tyler and Straw ; and as the princess of Wales, the king's mother, returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury, passed through the midst of them, they insulted her attendants, and some of the most insolent among them, to show their purpose of levelling all mankind, forced kisses from her ; but they allowed her to continue her journey, without attempting any farther injury. They sent a message to the king, who had taken shelter in the Tower, and they desired a conference with him. Richard sailed down the river in a barge for that purpose ; but on his approaching the shore, he saw such symptoms of tumult and insolence

that he put back, and returned to that fortress. The seditious peasants, meanwhile, favoured by the populace of London, had broken into the city, had burned the duke of Lancaster's palace of the Savoy, cut off the heads of all the gentlemen whom they laid hold of, expressed a particular animosity against the lawyers and attorneys, and pillaged the warehouses of the rich merchants. A great body of them quartered themselves at Mile-end; and the king, finding no defence in the Tower, which was weakly garrisoned, and ill supplied with provisions, was obliged to go out to them, and ask their demands. They required a general pardon, the abolition of slavery, freedom of commerce in market-towns without toll or impost, and a fixed rent on lands, instead of the services due by villeinage. These requests, which, though extremely reasonable in themselves, the nation was not sufficiently prepared to receive, and which it was dangerous to have extorted by violence, were however complied with; charters to that purpose were granted them, and this body immediately dispersed, and returned to their several homes.

During this transaction, another body of the rebels had broken into the Tower; had murdered Simon Sudbury, the primate and chancellor, with Sir Robert Hales, the treasurer, and some other persons of distinction; and continued their ravages in the city. The king, passing along Smithfield, very slenderly guarded, met with Wat Tyler, at the head of these rioters, and entered into a conference with him. Tyler, having ordered his companions to retire, till he should give them a signal, after which they were to murder all the company except the king himself, whom they were to detain prisoner, feared not to come into the midst of the royal retinue. He there behaved himself in such a manner, that Walworth, the mayor of London, not able to bear his insolence, drew his sword, and struck him so violent a blow as brought him to the ground, where he was instantly dispatched by others of the king's attendants. The mutineers, seeing their leader fall, prepared themselves for revenge; and the whole company, with the king himself, had undoubtedly perished on the spot, had it not been for an extraordinary presence of mind which Richard discovered on the occasion. He ordered his company to stop; he advanced alone towards the enraged multitude; and accosting them with an affable and intrepid countenance, he asked them, "What is the meaning of this disorder, my good people? Are ye angry that ye have lost your leader? I am your king: I will be your leader." The populace, overawed by his presence, implicitly followed him. He led them into the fields to prevent any disorder which might have arisen from their continuing in the city. Being there joined by Sir Robert Knolles, and a body of well-armed veteran soldiers, who had been secretly drawn together, he strictly prohibited that officer from falling on the rioters, and committing an undistinguished slaughter upon them, and he peaceably dismissed them with the same charters which had been granted to their fellows. Soon after, the nobility and gentry, hearing of the king's danger, in which they were all involved, flocked to London with their adherents and retainers, and Richard took the field at the head of an army 40,000 strong. It then behoved all the rebels to submit. The charters of enfranchisement and pardon were revoked by parliament; the people were reduced to the same slavish condition as before, and several of the ringleaders were severely punished for the late disorders. Some were even executed without process or form of law. It was pretended that the intentions of the mutineers had been to seize the king's person, to carry him through England at their head, to murder all the nobility, gentry, and lawyers, and even all the bishops and priests, except the mendicant friars; to dispatch afterwards the king himself; and having thus reduced all to a level, to order the kingdom at their pleasure. It is not impossible but many of them, in the delirium of their first success, might have formed such projects; but of all the evils incident to human society, the insurrections of the

populace, when not raised and supported^d by persons of higher quality, are the least to be dreaded. The mischiefs consequent to an abolition of all rank and distinction become so great, that they are immediately felt, and soon bring affairs back to their former order and arrangement.

114.—THE BANISHMENT OF BOLINGBROKE AND MOWBRAY.

SHAKESPEARE.

Scene—Coventry.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his throne; Gaunt, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter Norfolk, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival hère in arms :

Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms :

Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel :

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath ;

As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,

(Which heaven defend a knight should violate !)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,

Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me :

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[*He takes his seat*

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war ;

And formally according to our law

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists ?

Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ;

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand
And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear ;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [*to Lord Marshal*] I take my leave of you ;
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle :—
Not sick, although I have to do with death ;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
And proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxy coat,
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

[*To Gaunt.*]

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous !
Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live !

Boling. Mine innocency, and saint George to thrive.

[*He takes his seat.*]

Nor. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord ; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend thy right !

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer*] to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again ;
Withdraw with us ; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
Draw near,

A long flourish.

[*To the Combatants.*]

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords ;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories :
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—
The hopeless word of, never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego :
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or; being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engag'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate ;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer :—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor ever look upon each other's face ;
Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
Nor ever by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this

Boling. Norfolk—so far as to mine enemy ;

By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land ;
 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm ;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know ;
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
 Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
 Save back to England ; all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy grieved heart ; thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years
 Pluck'd four away :—Six frozen winters spent,
 Return [to *Boling.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
 Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs
 End in a word : Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
 He shortens four years of my son's exile ;
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
 For ere the six years that he hath to spend
 Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
 My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
 Thy word is current with him for my death :
 But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
 Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave ;
 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
 You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather
 You would have bid me argue like a father
 [O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooch his fault I should have been more mild :
 A partial slander sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]
 Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
 I was too strict, to make mine own away ;

But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt K. Richard and Train*

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride
As far as land will let me by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages ; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the king exil'd thee : or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd ;
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance :
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stray.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [Exit.]

115.—THE RETURN OF BOLINGBROKE.

SHAKSPERE.

Scene—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.

Enter King Richard, Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well ; I weep for joy,
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :
 As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting ;
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle carth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord ; that Power that made you king
 Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
 [The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse :
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel ; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power !

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men :
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale as'd dead ?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side ;

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Ann. Comfort, my liege, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?

Awake thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?

High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who come here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;

And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us.

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state;

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !
 Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !
 Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :
 Again uncursè their souls ; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse
 Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
 And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead ?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power ?

K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak :
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose excentors, and talk of wills :
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death ;
 And that small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd :
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends :—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes.
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 [And so your follies fight against yourself.]

Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
 And fight and die, is death destroying death ;
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him ;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown
 An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day :
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye ;
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer, by small and small,
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—
 Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ;
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
 Of that sweet way I was in to despair !

[To *Aum.*

What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey
 That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none :—Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence.—Away,
 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exit.*

116.—THE DEPOSITION OF RICHARD.

SHAKSPERE.

The scene of fiery contention in Westminster Hall, which we are about to give, follows the chroniclers very literally. Shakspeare has, however, placed this remarkable exhibition of imitative charges and recriminations before the deposition of Richard. It took place after Henry's coronation. The protest of the Bishop of Carlisle, whom Holmshed calls "a bold bishop and a faithful," also, according to most authorities, followed the deposition. It is stated to have been made on a request from the Commons that Richard might have "judgment decreed against him, so as the realm were not troubled by him." There is considerable doubt whether this speech was delivered at all. It does not appear that Richard made his resignation in Parliament, but that Northumberland and other peers, prelates, and knights, with justices and notaries, attended the captive on the 29th September, 1399, in the chief chamber of the king's lodging in the Tower, where he read aloud and subscribed the scroll of resignation, saying that, if it were in his power, he would that the Duke of Lancaster there present should be his successor. These instruments were read to the Parliament the day following. So Holmshed relates the story. Froissart, however, details the ceremonies of the surrender with more minuteness. "On a day the Duke of Lancaster, accompanied with lords, dukes, prelates, earls, barons, and knights, and of the notablest men of London, and of other good towns, rode to the Tower, and there alighted. Then King Richard was brought into the hall, apparelled like a king in his robes of state, his sceptre in his hand, and his crown on his head; then he stood up alone, not holden nor stayed by no man, and said aloud. 'I have been King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland, about twenty two years, which signiory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin Henry of Lancaster, and I desire him here, in this open presence, in entering of the same possession, to take this sceptre:' and so delivered it to the duke, who took it." There can be no doubt that this apparently willing resignation, which his enemies said was made even with a merry countenance, was extorted from Richard by the fear of death. Northumberland openly proclaimed this when he rebelled against Henry. In a very curious manuscript in the library of the king of France, from which copious extracts are given in Mr Webb's notes to the 'Metrical History,' there is a detailed account of a meeting between Richard and Bolingbroke in the Tower, at which York and Aumerle were present,—where the king, in a most violent rage, says, 'I am king, and will still continue king, in spite of all my enemies.' Shakspeare has most skilfully portrayed this natural struggle of the will of the unhappy man, against the necessity by which he was overwhelmed. The deposition scene shows us,—as faithfully as the glass which the poet introduces exhibits the person of the king,—the vacillations of a nature irresolute and yielding, but clinging to the phantom of power when the substance had passed away. There can be no doubt that Shakspeare's portrait of Richard II. is as historically true as it is poetically just.

SCENE.—*London. Westminster Hall.*

Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee hence, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.

Would God, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on his king?
 And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
 Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbend it, God,
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Start'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford, here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the woofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
 Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here.

My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender: so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*]

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
 Little are we beholden to your love,
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

[*To Carlisle.*]

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—

Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I will remember
 The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
 Did they not sometimes cry, all hail! to me?
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
 Here, cousin, on this side my hand; on that side thine.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets filling one another:
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down unseen, and full of water.
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine.
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you gave me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
 My care is loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care is gain of care, by new care won;
 The care I give I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no: so, if; for I must nothing be;
 Therefore no, no, for I will go to thee
 Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
 I gave this heavy weight from off my head;
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand;
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny;
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast a'l achiev'd!
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit.

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save King Henry unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !
 What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read
 These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person, and your follower
 Against the state and profit of this land ;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

[Offering a paper.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up follies ! Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
 Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest :
 For I have given here my soul's consent
 To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
 Made glory base ; a sovereignty a slave ;
 Proud majesty a subject ; state a peasant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
 No, nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,——
 No, not that name was given me at the font,——
 But 't is usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself !
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bohagbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops ! —
 Good king.—great king,——(and yet not greatly good,)
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper; while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.

No deeper wrinkles yet ! Hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds ?—O flattering glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,

Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men ? Was this the face

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?

Is this the face which fac'd so many follies,

That was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke ?

A brittle glory shineth in this face :

As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport;—

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow ? Ha ! let's see:—

'Tis very true my grief lies all within ;

And these external manners of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ;

There lies the substance, and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause : I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it ?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin ? I am greater than a king.

For when I was a king my flatterers

Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good ! Convey ?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Ex. K. Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

117.—HOW SIR JOHN FROISSART ARRIVED IN ENGLAND.

FROISSART.

[*From Lord Berners's Translation.*]

True it was, that I Sir John Froissart, (as at that time treasurer and canon of Chimay, in the earldom of Hainault, in the diocese of Liege), had great affection to go and see the realm of England; when I had been in Abbeville, and saw that truce was taken between the realms of England and France, and other countries to them conjoined, and their adherents, to endure four years by sea and by land. Many reasons moved me to make that voyage; one was, because in my youth I had been brought up in the court of the noble king Edward the Third, and of queen Philippa his wife, and among then children, and other barons of England, that as then were alive, in whom I found all nobleness, honour, largess, and courtesy; therefore I desired to see the country, thinking thereby I should live much the longer, for I had not been there twenty-seven years before, and I thought, though I saw not those lords that I left alive there, yet at the least I should see their heirs, the which should do me much good to see, and also to justify the histories and matters that I had written of them. And on I took my journey, I spoke with duke Aubert of Baviere, and with the earl of Hainault, Holland, Zeland, and lord of Freese, and with my lord William earl of Ostrevaunt, and with my right honourable lady Jane duchess of Brabant and of Luxembourg, and with the lord Engerant, lord Coucy, and with the gentle knight the lord of Gomegynes, who in his youth and mine had been together in England in the king's court, in likewise so had I seen there the lord of Coucy, and divers others nobles of France, holden great households in London, when they lay there in hostage for the redemption of king John, as then French king, as it hath been shewed here before in this history.

These said lords and the duchess of Brabant, counselled me to take this journey, and gave me letters of recommendation to the king of England and to his uncles, saying the lord Coucy; he would not write to the king because he was a Frenchman, therefore he durst not, but to his daughter, who as then was called duchess of Ireland; and I had engrossed in a fair book well enlumined, all the matters of armours and moralities, that in four and twenty years before I had made and compiled, which greatly quickened my desire to go into England to see king Richard, who was son to the noble prince of Wales and of Aquitaine, for I had not seen this king Richard sith he was christened in the Cathedral church of Bourdeaux, at which time I was there, and thought to have gone with the prince the journey into Galicia in Spain; and when we were in the city of Astc,* the prince sent me back into England, to the queen his mother.

For these causes and other I had great desire to go into England to see the king and his uncles. Also I had this said fair book well covered with velvet, garnished with clasps of silver and gilt, thereof to make a present to the king at my first coming to his presence; I had such desire to go this voyage, that the pain and travail grieved me nothing. Thus provided of horses and other necessaries, I passed the sea at Calais, and came to Dover, the 12th day of the month of July (1396); when I came there I found no man of my knowledge, it was so long sith I had

been in England, and the houses were all newly changed, and young children were become men, and the women know me not, nor I them; so I abode half a day and all a night at Dover; it was on a Tuesday, and the next day by nine of the clock I came to Canterbury, to Saint Thomas' Shrine, and to the tomb of the noble prince of Wales, who is there interred right richly; there I heard mass, and made mine offering to the holy saint, and then dined at my lodging, and there I was informed how king Richard should be there the next day on pilgrimage, which was after his return out of Ireland, where he had been the space of nine months or there about, the king had a devotion to visit Saint Thomas' shrine, and also because the prince his father was there buried then I thought to abide the king there, and so I did; and the next day the king came thither with a noble company of lords, ladies, and damoselles and when I was among them they seemed to me all new folks, I knew no person; the time was sore changed in twenty seven years, and with the king as then was none of his uncles, the duke of Lancaster was in Aquitaine, and the dukes of York and Gloucester were in other businesses, so that I was at the first all abashed, for if I had seen any ancient knight that had been with king Edward, or with the prince, I had been well comforted and would have gone to him, but I could see none such Then I demanded for a knight called Sir Richard Stury, whether he were alive or not? and it was shewed me yes but he was at London. Then I thought to go to the Lord Thomas Percy great seneschal of England, who was there with the king so I acquainted me with him, and I found him right honourable and gracious, and he offered to present me and my letters to the king, whereof I was right joyful for it beloveth me to have some means to bring me to the presence of such a prince as the king of England was so he went to the king's chamber, at which time the king was gone to sleep, and so he shewed me, and bade me return to my lodging and come again and so I did, and when I came to the bishop's palace, I found the Lord Thomas Percy ready to ride to Ospring and he counseled me to make us then no knowledge of my being there, but to follow the court and said he would cause me ever to be well lodged till the king should be at the fair castle of Leeds, in Kent I ordered me after his counsel and rode before to Ospring, and by adventure I was lodged in an house where was lodged a gentle knight of England, called Sir William Lisle, he was turned there behind the door, because he had pain in his head all the night before he was one of the king's privy chamber, and when he saw that I was a stranger, and as he thought, of the marches of France, because of my language, we fell in acquaintance together for gentlemen of England are courteous, tractable, and glad of acquaintance, then he demanded what I was and what business I had to do in those parts, I shewed him a great part of my coming thither, and all that the Lord Thomas Percy had said to me, and ordered me to do He then answered and said, how I could not have a better mean, and that on the Friday the king should be at the castle of Leeds, and he shewed me that when I came there, I should find there the Duke of York, the king's uncle, whereof I was right glad, because I had letters directed to him, and also that in his youth he had seen me, in the court of the noble king Edward his father, and with the queen his mother Then on the Friday in the morning Sir William Lisle and I rode together, and on the way I demanded of him if he had been with the king in the voyage into Ireland He answered me yes Thou I demanded of him the manner of the hole that is in Ireland, called Saint Patrick's Purgatory, if it were true that was said of it or not Then he said that of a surety such a hole there was, and that he himself and another knight of England had been there while the king lay at Duvelin,* and said how they entered into the

hole and were closed in at the sun going down, and abode there all night, and the next morning issued out again at the sun rising. Then I demanded if he had any such strange sights or visions as were spoken of. Then he said how that when he and his fellow were entered and past the gate that was called the Purgatory of Saint Patrick, and that they were descended and gone down three or four paces, descending down as into a cellar, a certain hot vapour rose against them, and strake so into their heads, that they were fain to sit down on the stairs, which are of stone; and after they had sat there a season, they had great desire to sleep, and so fell asleep and slept there all night. Then I demanded that if in their sleep they knew where they were, or what visions they had. He answered me, that in sleeping they entered into great imaginations and in marvellous dreams, otherwise than they were wont to have in their chambers: and in the morning they issued out, and within a short season clean forgot their dreams and visions, wherefore he said he thought all that matter was but a fantasy. Then I left speaking any further of that matter, because I would fain have known of him what was done in the voyage in Ireland: and I thought as then to have demanded what the king had done in that journey; but then company of other knights came and fell in communication with him, so that I left my purpose for that time. Thus we rode to Leeds, and thither came the king, and all his company, and there I found the Lord Edmond Duke of York. Then I went to him and delivered my letters from the earl of Hainault his cousin, and from the earl of Ostrevant. The duke knew me well, and made me good cheer, and said. Sir John, hold you always near to us, and we shall shew you love and courtesy; we are bound thereto for the love of time past, and for love of my lady the old queen my mother, in whose court ye were, we have good remembrance thereof. Then I thanked him as reason required. So I was advanced by reason of him and Sir Thomas Percy, and Sir William Lisle; by their means I was brought into the king's chamber, and into his presence by means of his uncle the duke of York. Then I delivered my letters to the king, and he took and read them at good leisure. Then he said to me that I was welcome, as he that had been and is of the English court. As on that day I shewed not the king the book that I had brought for him, he was so sore occupied with great affairs, that I had as then no leisure to present my book.

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On the Sunday following all such as had been there were departed, and all their councillors, except the duke of York, who abode still about the king; and the Lord Thomas Percy and Sir Richard Stury shewed my business to the king. Then the king desired to see my book that I had brought for him: so he saw it in his chamber, for I had laid it there ready on his bed. When the king opened it, it pleased him well, for it was fair enlumined and w. tten, and covered with crimson velvet, with ten buttons of silver and gilt, and roses of gold in the midst, with two great clasps gilt, richly wrought. Then the king demanded me whereof it treated, and I shewed him how it treated matters of love; whereof the king was glad and looked in it, and read it in many places, for he could speak and read French very well; and he took it to a knight of his chamber, named Sir Richard Creadon, to bear it into his secret chamber.

118.—THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

FROISSART.

The same Sunday I fell in acquaintance with a squire of England, called Henry Cristall; an honest man and a wise, and could well speak French: he companied with me, because he saw the king and other lords made me good cheer, and also he had seen the book that I gave to the king; also Sir Richard Stury had shewed him how I was a maker of histories. Then he said to me as hereafter followeth. Sir John, quoth he, have ye not found in the king's court sith ye came hither no man that hath told you of the voyage that the king made but late into Ireland, and in what manner the four kings of Ireland are come into the obeisance of the king of England? and I answered, no. Then shall I shew you, quoth the squire, to the intent that ye may put it in perpetual memory, when ye return into your own country, and have leisure thereto. I was rejoiced of his words, and thanked him. Then he began thus, and said: Sir John, it is not in memory that either any king of England made such apparel and provision for any journey to make war against the Irishmen, nor such a number of men of arms nor archers. The king was nine months in the marches of Ireland, to his great cost and charge to the realm, for they bare all his expenses; and the merchants, cities, and good towns of the realm thought it well bestowed, when they saw the king return home again with honour. The number that he had thither, gentlemen and archers, were four thousand knights, and thirty thousand archers, well paid weekly, that every man was well pleased; but I shew you, because ye should know the truth, Ireland is one of the evil countries of the world to make war upon, or to bring under subjection, for it is closed strongly and widely with high forests, and great waters and marshes, and inhabitable; it is hard to enter to do them of the country any damage, nor ye shall find no town nor person to speak withal, for the men draw to the woods, and dwell in caves and small cottages, under trees and among bushes and hedges, like wild savage beasts: and when they know that any man maketh war against them, and is entered into their countries, then they draw together to the straits and passages, and defend it, so that no man can enter into them; and when they see their time, they will soon take their advantage on their enemies, for they know the country and are light people: for a man of arms being never so well horsed, and run as fast as he can, the Irishman will run a foot as fast as he and overtake him, yea, and leap up upon his horse behind him, and draw him from his horse: for they are strong men in the arms, and have sharp weapons with large blades with two edges, after the manner of dart heads, wherewith they will slay their enemy; and they repute not a man dead till they have cut his throat and open his belly and taken out his heart, and carry it away with them: some say, such as know their nature, that they do eat it, and have great delight therein: they take no man to ransom; and when they see at any encounter that they be overmatched, then they will depart asunder, and go and hide themselves in bushes, woods, hedges, and caves, so that no man shall find them: also Sir William of Windsor, who hath most used the wars in those parts of any other Englishman, yet he could never learn the manner of the country, nor know their conditions. They be hard people, and of rude engin and wit, and of divers frequentations and usage; they set nothing by jollity nor fresh apparel, nor by nobleness: for though their realm be sovereignly governed by kings, whereof they have plenty, yet they will take no knowledge of gentleness, but will continue in their rudeness, according as they are brought up. Truth it is, that four of the principal kings and, most puissant, after the manner of the country, are come to the obeisance of the king of England by love and fairness, and not by battle nor constraint. The earl of Ormond, who mareheth upon them,

hath taken great pain, and hath so treated with them, that they came to Duvelin to the king, and submitted them to him, to be under the obeisance of the crown of England, wherefore the king and all the realm reputeth this for a great and honourable deed, and thinketh this voyage well bestowed, for king Edward of good memory did never so much upon them as king Richard did in this voyage; the honour is great, but the profit is but little, for though they be kings, yet no man can devise nor speak of ruder personages.

I shall shew you somewhat of their rudeness, to the intent it may be ensample again people of other nations; I know it well, for I have proved it by themselves: for when they were at Duvelin I had the governance of them about a month, by the king's commandment and his counsel, to the intent that I should learn them to use themselves according to the usage of England, and because I could speak their language as well as French or English, for in my youth I was brought up among them; I was with the earl of Ormond, father to the earl that now is, who loved me right well, because I could as then ride and handle an horse meetly well; and it fortun'd one time that the said earl (who as then was my master) was sent with three hundred spears and a thousand archers into the marches of Ireland, to make war with the Irishmen; for always the Englishmen have had war with them, to subdue and put them under; and on a day as the said earl went against them, I rode on a goodly horse of his, light and swift: thus I rode and followed my master, and the same day the Irishmen were laid in a bushment, and when we came near them they opened their bushment; then the English archers began to shoot so eagerly, that the Irishmen could not suffer it, for they are but simply armed, therefore they recoiled and went back: then the earl my master followed in the chase, and I that was well horsed followed him as near as I could; and it fortun'd so that my horse was afraid, and took his bridle in his teeth and ran away with me, and whether I would or not, he bare me so far forth among the Irishmen, that one of them, by lightness of running, leapt up behind me, and embraced me in his arms, and did me none other hurt, but so led me out of the way, and so rode still behind me the space of two hours, and at the last brought me into a secret place, thick of bushes, and there he found his company, who were come thither and scaped all dangers, for the Englishmen pursued not so far: then as he shewed he had great joy of me, and led me into a town and a strong house among the woods, waters, and rivers. The town was called Harpely, and the gentleman that took me was called Brine Costeret, he was a goodly man, and as it hath been shewed me, he is as yet alive; howbeit, he is very aged. This Brine Costeret kept me seven year with him, and gave me his daughter in marriage, of whom I had two daughters. I shall shew you how I was delivered.

It happened at the seven years end one of their kings, named Arthur Mackemur, king of Leinster, made an army against duke Lion of Clarence, son to king Edward of England, and against Sir William of Windsor: and not far from the city of Leinster, the Englishmen and Irishmen met together, and many were slain and taken on both parties, but the Englishmen obtained the victory, and the Irishmen fled, and the king Arthur saved himself, but Brine Costeret, my wife's father, was taken prisoner under the duke of Clarence banner: he was taken on the same courser that he took me on; the horse was well known among the earl of Ormond's folks; and then he shewed how I was alive and was at his manor of Harpelin, and how I had wedded his daughter, whereof the duke of Clarence, Sir William Windsor, and the Englishmen, were right glad. Then it was shewed him that if he would be delivered out of prison, that he should deliver me into the Englishmen's hands,

and my wife and children ; with great pain he made that bargain, for he loved me well, and my wife his daughter, and our children ; when he saw he could make his finance none otherwise, he accorded thereto, but he retained mine eldest daughter still with him ; so I and my wife and our second daughter returned into England, and so I went and dwelt beside Bristow, on the river of Severn : my two daughters are married, and she in Ireland hath three sons and two daughters, and she that I brought with me hath four sons and two daughters ; and because the language of Irish is as ready to me as the English tongue, (for I have always continued with my wife, and taught my children the same speech), therefore the king my sovereign lord and his council, commanded me to give attendance on these four kings, and to govern and bring them to reason, and to the usage and customs of England, seeing they had yielded them to be under his obeisance, and of the crown of England and they were sworn to hold it for ever ; and yet I ensure you for all that, I did my power to ensign and to learn them good manner, yet for all that, they be right rude and of gross engin : much pain I had to make them to speak anything in fair manner : somewhat I altered them but not much, for in many cases they drew to their natural rudeness. The king my sovereign lord's intent was, that in manner, countenance, and apparel of clothing, they should use according to the manner of England, for the king thought to make them all four knights : they had a fair house to lodge in in Duveln, and I was charged to abide still with them and not to depart ; and so two or three days I suffered them to do as they list, and said nothing to them, but followed their own appetites ; they would sit at the table and make countenance neither good nor fair. Then I thought I should cause them to change that manner : they would cause their minstrels, their servants, and varlets, to sit with them and to eat in their own dish, and to drink of their cups ; and they shewed me that the usage of their country was good, for they said, in all things, (except their beds,) they were and lived as common. So the fourth day I ordained other tables to be covered in the hall, after the usage of England, and I made these four kings to sit at the high table, and then minstrels at another board, and their servants and valets at another beneath them, whereof by seeing they were displeased, and beheld each other and would not eat, and said how I would take from them their good usage, wherein they had been nourished. Then I answered them smiling to appease them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they did before, and that they must leave it, and use the custom of England, and that it was the king's pleasure they should so do, and how he was charged so to order them. When they heard that, they suffered it, because they had put themselves under the obeisance of the king of England, and persevered in the same as long as I was with them ; yet they had one use which I knew well was used in their country, and that was they did wear no breeches ; I caused breeches of linen cloth to be made for them. While I was with them I caused them to leave many rude things, as well in clothing as in other causes. Much ado I had at the first to cause them to wear gowns of silk furred with minever and grey : for before these kings thought themselves well appareled when they had on a mantle. They rode always without saddles and stirrups, and with great pain I made them to ride after our usage. And on a time I demanded them of their belief, wherewith they were not content, and said how they believed on God and on the Trinity, as well as we. Then I demanded on what pope was their affection. They answered me, on him of Rome. Then I demanded if they would gladly receive the order of knighthood, and that the king of England should make them knights, according to the usage of France and England, and other countries. They answered how they were knights already, and that sufficed for them. I asked where they were made knights, and how and when. They answered, that in the age of seven year they were made

knights in Ireland, and that a king maketh his son a knight, and if the son have no father alive, then the next of his blood may make him knight, and then this young knight shall begin to joust with small spears, such as they may bear with their ease, and run against a shield set on a stake in the field, and the more spears that he breaketh, the more he shall be honoured. I knew their manner well enough, though I did demand it. But then I said, that the knighthood that they had taken in their youth, sufficed not to the king of England, but I said he should give them after another manner. They demanded how. I answered, that it should be in the holy church, which was the most worthiest place. Then they enclined somewhat to my words. Within two days after the earl of Ormond came to them, who could right well speak the language, for some of his lands lay in those parts; he was sent to them by the king and his council; they all honoured him and he them: then he fell in sweet communication with them, and he demanded of them how they liked me. They answered and said, well, for he hath well shewed us the usage of this country, wherefore we ought to thank him, and so we do. This answer pleased well the earl of Ormond. Then he entered little and little to speak of the order of chivalry, which the king would they should receive; he shewed it them from point to point, how they should behave themselves, and what pertained to knighthood. The Earl's words pleased much these four kings, whose names were these:—first, the great Anele, king of Meete; the second, Brine of Thomond, king of Thomond; the third, Arthur of Mackemur, king of Leinster; the fourth, Conhue, king of Cheveno and Darpe; they were made knights by king Richard of England, in the Cathedral church of Duvelin, dedicate of St. John Baptist: it was done on our lady day in March, as then it fell on a Thursday. These four kings watched all the night before in the church, and the next day at high mass time, with great solemnity, they were made knights, and with them Sir Thomas Orphen, Sir Joatas Pado, and Sir John Pado his cousin. These kings sat that day at the table with king Richard; they were regarded of many folks, because their behaving was strange to the manner of England, and other countries, and over naturally men desire to see novelties. Then I sir John Froissart said: Henry, I believe you well, and I would it had cost me largely that I had been there: and surely this year past I had come hither, and it had not been for that I heard of the death of queen Anne of England, which did let me: but one thing I would desire of you to know, how these four kings of Ireland come so soon to the king of England's obeisance, when king Edward the king's grandfather, who was so valiant a prince and so redoubted over all, could never subdue them nor put them under, and yet he had always war with them; and in that they are subdued now, ye said it was by treaty, and by the grace of God; indeed the grace of God is good, who so can have it, it is much worth; but it is seen now-a-days, that earthly princes getteth little without it be by puissance. I desire to know this, for when I shall come into Hainault, of which country I am of, I shall be examined of this and many other things, both by duke Aubert of Baviere, earl of Hainault, of Holland, and of Zeland, and also by his son William of Baviere, who writeth himself lord of Bese, which is a great country, and a puissant, which country the said duke and his son claimeth to have by right succession, and so did their predecessors before them: but the Fresons would never fall to any reason, nor come under obeisance, nor as yet do not unto this day. Then answered Sir Henry Cristall and said: Sir John, to shew you the very truth I can not, but as many a one saith, and it is to suppose, that the great puissance that the king hath ever with him, and tarried there in their country nine months, and every man said, abashed the Irishmen: also the sea was closed from them on all parts, whereby their livings and merchandises might not enter into their countries, and so they that dwell far within the realm cared little for it, (for they knew not

what merchandise meaneth, nor they live but grossly and rudely like unto beasts;) yet such as liveth in the marches of England, and by the sea coast, use feat of merchandise with us, and into other places. King Edward of noble memory, in his time had to answer so many wars, what in France, Brittany, Gascony, and Scotland, so that his people were divided in divers places, and sore occupied, wherefore he could not send no great number into Ireland; but when the Irishmen saw the great number of men of war that king Richard had in Ireland this last journey, the Irishmen advised themselves and came to obeisance; and indeed of old time there was a king in England named Edward, who is a saint and canonised, and honoured through all this realm: in his time he subdued the Danes, and discomfited them by battle on the sea three times: and this saint Edward king of England, Lord of Ireland, and of Aquitaine, the Irishmen loved and dread him much more than any other king of England that had been before: and therefore our sovereign lord king Richard this year past, when he was in Ireland, in all his armories and devices; he left the bearing of the arms of England, as the harts and fleur de lises quarterly, and bare the arms of this saint Edward, that is a cross patent, gold and goules, with four white martlets in the field: whereof it was said the Irishmen were well pleased, and the sooner they inclined to him; for of truth the predecessors of these four kings obeyed with faith and homage to the said king Edward, and they repute king Richard a good man and of good conscience, and so they have done to him faith and homage, as they ought to do, and in like manner as their predecessors sometime did to saint Edward. Thus I have shewed you the manner how the king our sovereign lord hath this year accomplished and furnished his voyage in Ireland; put it in your memorial, to the extent that when ye shall return into your own country, ye may write it in your chronicle, with many other histories that depend to the same matter. Then I thanked him, and said it should be done. So I took leave of him. Then I met with March the herald, and I demanded of him what arms this Henry Crisall bare; and I shewed the herald how this Sir Henry had shewed me the manner of the king's journey in Ireland, and the state of the four kings, who had been, (as he said,) in his governing, more than fifteen days at Duvelin. The herald answered me and said: sir, he beareth in his arms silver, a chevron goules, three besans goules. All these things I did put in writing, because I would not forget them.

110.—THE DISCONTENTS IN ENGLAND.

FROISSART.

The state generally of all men in England began to murmur and to rise one against another, and ministering of justice was clean stopped up in all courts of England, whereof the valiant men and prelates, who loved rest and peace, and were glad to pay their duties, were greatly abashed, for there rose in the realm companies in divers routs, keeping the fields and highways, so that merchants durst not ride abroad to exercise their merchandise for doubt of robbing: and no man knew to whom to complain to do them right, reason, and justice, which things were right prejudicial and displeasing to the good people of England, for it was contrary to their accustomed usage; for all people, labourers and merchants in England were wont to live in rest and peace, and to occupy their merchandise peaceably, and the labourers to labour their lands quietly; and then it was contrary, for when merchants rode from town to town with their merchandise, and had other gold or silver in their purses, it was taken from them, and from other men, and labourers out of their houses: these companions would take wheat, oats, beefs, muttons, porks, and

the poor men durst speak no word. These evil deeds daily multiplied so, that great complaints and lamentations were made thereof throughout the realm, and the good people said, the time is changed upon us from good to evil, ever since the death of good king Edward the Third, in whose days justice was well kept and ministered: in his days there was no man so hardy in England to take a hen or a chicken, or a sheep, without he had paid truly for it, and now-a-days all that we have is taken from us, and yet we dare not speak, these things cannot long endure, but that England is likely to be lost without recovery, we have a king now that will do nothing, he enterdeth but to idleness and to accomplish his pleasure, and by that he sheweth, he careth not how every thing goeth so he may have his will. It were time to provide for remedy, or else our enemies will rejoice and mock us.

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Thus the Londoners communed together, and not all only they, but also in divers other places of the realm, but the chief insurrection that the people were in, was by the first setting on of them of London, for the commons of London were as chief, and by them lightly all other commons would be ruled, and upon the mischief that they saw apparent in England, they had divers secret counsels together, and with them certain prelates and other knights of the realm, and they concluded to send into France for the earl of Derby, and were determined when he were come to shew him the evil governing of king Richard, and to put to him the crown and governing of the realm of England, and so to make him king and his heirs for ever, so that he will keep the realm in all good usages. Then it was thought that he that should go on that message must be a wise man and of good credence, for they thought it should be a great matter to get the earl of Derby out of France for they said that for any simple words of a mean messenger, or for any letters, he would give no faith thereto, but rather think it should be to betray him. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, a man of honour and prudence, was desired to do that message, who for the common profit of the realm accorded to go at their desires, and ordained for his departure so wisely that none knew thereof but such as ought to know it, and so he took a ship at London, and but seven all only with him, and so past without any peril, and came to Sluse in Flanders, and from thence to Ardenburg, and so to Gaunt, to Andwarpe,* to Athe in Brabant, and to Conde, and so to Valenciennes, and there took his lodging at the sign of the Swan, in the market place, and there tarried a three days, and refreshed himself, he rode not like no bishop, but like a monk pilgrim, and discovered to no man what he was nor what he intended to do. The fourth day he departed, and took a man to be his guide to Paris, saying how he would go a pilgrimage to Saint More. He did so much that he came thither where is the earl of Derby was, at a place called Vincetou,† beside Paris. When the Earl of Derby saw the bishop of Canterbury coming to him, his heart and spirits rejoiced, and so did all such as were about him, for he thought well then to hear some news out of England. The bishop shewed not as then the cause of his coming, but dissimuled because every man should not know his intent, and therefore to cover his business, he said openly, he was come on pilgrimage to Saint More. All such as were about the earl thought it had been so. When the bishop saw his time he took apart the earl of Derby alone into a chamber, and closed the door to them, then the bishop shewed the earl the debility of the realm of England, and of the desolation thereof, and how justice had no place to reign for fault of a good king, and how certain valiant men and prelates, with the Londoners and other in general, had devised a remedy, and for that cause he

* Oudenarde.

† Hotel de Winchester.

was sent thither to him, to desire him to return into England, and they would make him king, because that Richard of Bourdeaux had done, and consented to be done so many evil deeds, that all the people sorrowed it, and are ready to rise against him; and therefore, sir, now is the time or never for you to seek for your deliverance and profit, and for the wealth of your children: for if ye entend not to help yourself and them also none other will; for Richard of Bourdeaux giveth to them of his chamber and to other daily part of your inheritance and of your children, of the which many valiant men and the Londoners were sore displeased therewith, if they could amended it, but they durst never speak till now; but because the king hath evil used himself against you and against your uncle the duke of Gloucester, who was taken by night and conveyed to Calais and there murdered, and the earl of Arundel beheaded without title of any good reason, and the earl of Warwick exiled, and you banished, and thus the realm of England is near disherited of all noble men, by whom the realm should be sustained: and also the king hath banished the earl of Northumberland and the lord Percy his son, because they spake somewhat against the king's governance and his council. Thus they daily increase in doing evil, and none dare speak against it; great part of the realm have pity thereof, and therefore they desire you to sleep no longer, but to take leave of the French king and return into England, there shall you be received with joy: and all this that I have said they will firmly uphold, for they desire to have none other king but you, ye are so well beloved in the realm.

When the earl had heard the bishop's words at length, he was not hasty in giving of answer, but leaned out of a window looking down into a garden, and studied a certain space and had many imaginations; at last he turned him to the archbishop and said: Sir, your words causeth me to study. Loath I would be to take on me this enterprise, and loath I would be to leave it, for I know well that it will be long or I cannot return into England, without it be by the same means that ye have declared. Loath I would be to encline to your words, for the French king here and the Frenchmen do to me, and have done, and will do (if I list here to tarry), all the honour and courtesy that I can desire: and if so be by reason of your words, and promise of the Londoners, my good friends, that I should apply and agree to their wills and desire, and that thereby king Richard should be taken and destroyed, I should in that case bear great blame, whereof I would be right loath, if any other means might be found. Sir, quoth the bishop, I am sent thither to you in hope of all goodness; call to you your council, and shew them what I have said, and I shall also shew them the cause of my coming, and I think they will not counsel you to the contrary. That shall I do, quoth the earl, for such a weighty matter requireth counsel. Then the earl called to him his council such as he trusted best. When they were before him, then the earl caused the bishop to shew them all the matter, and the cause of his coming thither. Then the earl demanded counsel what was best for him to do. They all answered with one voice: sir, God hath taken pity of you: howsoever ye do, refuse not this bargain, for ye shall never have a better: and surely whosoever will enquire of your lineage, and from whence ye descended, ye are of the right stock and generation of Saint Edward, sometime king of England. Sir, thank the Londoners your good friends, who will help to deliver you out of danger, and have pity on your children, and of the desolation of the realm of England; and sir, remember well what wrongs and injuries this Richard of Bourdeaux hath done to you and doth daily; for when the marriage between you and the Countess of Ewe was near of a point, did not the earl of Salisbury break it, and called you traitor in the presence of the French king and other lords? which words are not to be pardoned, but ye ought to desire how to be

revenged. Sir, if ye will not help yourself, who should help you? Sir, take good advice herein.

When the earl heard his counsellors so earnestly counsel him, his spirits opened and said: Sirs, I will do as ye will have me, for to have your counsel was the intent that I sent for you. Sir, quoth they, ye say well; and sir, we counsel you truly to our power, and as the matter requireth. Then as secretly as they could they ordained for their departure, then it was devised how they might pass the sea, or any knowledge thereof should come into England.

120.—THE CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD.

FROISSART.

It was said to the king, when the matter could no longer be hid. Sir, advise you well, ye have need of good counsel shortly, for the Londoners and other cometh against you with great puissance, and hath made the earl of Derby your cousin their chief captain, they have got him out of France, this hath not been done without great treaty. When the king heard that, he was sore abashed, and wist not what to say, for all his spirits trembled, for then he saw well the matters were likely to go evil against him, without he could get puissance to resist them. Then the king said: Sirs, make all our men ready, and send throughout my realm for aid, for I will not fly before my subjects. Sir, quoth they, the matter goeth evil, for your men do leave you, and fly away, ye have lost the one half, and all the rest are sore abashed, and loseth countenance. Why? quoth the king; what will ye that I shall do? Sir, leave the field, for ye are not able to keep it, and get you into some strong castle till sir John Hollar and your brother come, who is advertised of all this matter, and when he is come he shall find some remedy, either by force of arms or else by treaty, at least to bring you into some better case than ye be in at this present time, for if ye keep the field, peradventure some will forsake you and go to him. To this counsel the king agreed. At that time the earl of Salisbury was not with the king, he was in his country. When he heard how the earl of Derby with the Londoners and great puissance rode against the king, he imagined that the matter was in peril for him and for the king, and for such as the king had been counselled by, so he sat still to hear other tidings, also the Duke of York was not with the king, but his son the earl of Rutland was always with the king, for two causes, the one was, king Richard loved him entirely, and another was, because he was constable of England, therefore by right he ought to be with the king. When the king had supped, new tidings came again to him, saying: sir, it is time to take advice how ye will order yourself, your puissance is not sufficient against them that cometh against you, it cannot avail you to make battle against them, it behoveth you to pass this danger by sad advice and good counsel, and by wisdom appease them that be your evil willers, as ye have done or this time, and then correct them after at leisure. There is a castle a twelve mile hence, called the castle of Flint, which is strong, we counsel you to go thither, and close you within it till ye hear other news from the earl of Huntingdon your brother, and from others of your friends, and send into Ireland for succours, and the French king your father-in-law, when he knoweth of your need, he will comfort you. The king followed that counsel, and appointed them that should ride with him to the castle of Flint; and he ordained his cousin earl of Rutland to tarry still at Bristol, and that they should be ready to set forward when he sent to them, and that he was of power to fight with his enemies. The next day the king, with such as were of his household, rode to the castle of Flint, and entered in the castle without making

any semblant to make any war, but to abide there and to defend the castle if they were assailed.

The earl of Derby and the Londoners had their spies going and coming, who reported to them all the state of the king; and also the earl knew it by such knights and squires as daily came from the king's part to the earl, who had sure knowledge that the king was gone to the castle of Flint, and had no company with him but such as were of his own household, and seemed that he would no war, but to scape that danger by treaty. Then the earl determined to ride thither, and to do so much to have the king either by force or by treaty. Then the earl and all his company rode thither, and within two mile of the castle they found a great village; there the earl tarried and drank, and determined in himself to ride to the castle of Flint with two hundred horse, and to leave the rest of his company still there: and he said he would do what he could by fair treaty to enter into the castle by love and not perforce, and to bring out the king with fair words, and to assure him from all peril, except going to London, and to promise him that he should have no hurt of his body, and to be mean for him to the Londoners, who were not content with him. The earl's devise seemed good to them that heard it, and they said to him: Sir, beware of dissimulation; this Richard of Bourdeaux must be taken either quick or dead, and all the other traitors that be about him and of his counsel, and so to be brought to London and set in the tower; the Londoners will not suffer you to do the contrary. Then the earl said: Sirs, fear not, for all that is enterprised shall be accomplished; but if I can get him out of the castle with fair words, I will do it; and if I can not, I shall send you word thereof, and then ye shall come and lay siege about the castle, and then we will do so much by force or by assault, that we will have him quick or dead, for the castle is well pregnable. To those words accorded well the Londoners. So the earl departed from the army, and rode with two hundred men to the castle, where as the king was among his men right sore abashed. The earl came riding to the castle gate, which was fast closed, as the case required: the earl knocked at the gate; the porters demanded who was there; the earl answered, I am Henry of Lancaster; I come to the king to demand mine heritage of the Duchy of Lancaster; shew the king this from me. Sir, quoth they within, we shall do it. Incontinent they went into the hall and into the dungeon where as the king was, and such knights about him as had long time counselled him. Then these news were shewed to the king, and said: Sir, your cousin of Derby is at the gate, who demandeth of you to be set in possession of the Duchy of Lancaster his inheritance. The king then regarded such as were about him, and demanded what was best to do. They said: Sir, in this request is none evil; ye may let him come into you with twelve* persons in his company, and hear what he will say; he is your cousin, and a great lord of the realm; he may well make your peace and he will, for he is greatly beloved in the realm, and specially with the Londoners, who sent for him into France; they be as now the chief that be against you. Sir, ye must dissimule till the matter be appeased, and till the earl of Huntingdon your brother be with you; and it cometh now evil to pass for you that he is at Calais, for there be many now in England that be risen against you, that and they knew that your brother were about you, they would sit still and durst not displease you: and yet he hath to his wife the earl of Derby's sister: by his means we suppose ye should come to peace and concord. The king agreed to those words, and said: go and let him come in with twelve† with him and no more. Two knights went down to the gate, and opened the wicket and issued out and made reverence to the earl, and received him with gracious words,

* Eleven.

† Eleven.

for they knew well that they had no force to resist them, and also they knew well the Londoners were sore displeased with them : therefore they spake fair, and said to the earl : sir, what is your pleasure ? the king is at mass ; he hath sent us hither to speak with you. I say, quoth the earl, ye know well I ought to have possession of the Duchy of Lancaster ; I am come in part for that cause, and also for other things that I would speak with the king of. Sir, quoth they, ye be welcome, the king would be glad to see you and to hear you, and hath commanded that ye come to him all only with twelve persons. The earl answered, it pleaseth me well ; so he entered into the castle with twelve persons, and then the gate closed again, and the rest of his company tarried without.

Now consider what danger the earl of Derby was in, for the king then might have slain him and such as were with him, as easily as a bird in a cage ; but he feared not the matter, but boldly went to the king, who changed colours when he saw the earl. Then the earl spake aloud, without making of any great honour or reverence, and said : Sir, are ye fasting ? The king answered and said, yea, why ask you ? It is time, quoth the earl, that ye had dined, for ye have a great journey to ride. Why, whither should I ride ? quoth the king. Ye must ride to London, quoth the earl, wherefore I counsel you eat and drink, that ye may ride with the more mirth. Then the king, who was sore troubled in his mind, and in a manner afraid of those words, said : I am not hungry ; I have no lust to eat. Then such as were by, who were as then glad to flatter the earl of Derby, for they saw well the matter was like to go diversely, said to the king : sir, believe your cousin of Lancaster, for he will nothing but good. Then the king said : well, I am content ; cover the tables. Then the king washed and sat down and was served. Then the earl was demanded if he would sit down : he said no, for he was not fasting.

In the mean season while the king sat at dinner, who did eat but little, his heart was so full that he had no lust to eat, all the country about the castle was full of men of war ; they within the castle might see them out of the windows, and the king when he rose from the table might see them himself. Then he demanded of his cousin what men they were that appeared so many in the fields. The earl answered and said : the most part of them be Londoners. What would they have ? quoth the king. They will have you, quoth the earl, and bring you to London, and put you into the Tower ; there is none other remedy, ye can scape none otherwise. No, quoth the king, and he was sore afraid of those words, for he knew well the Londoners loved him not, and said ; cousin, can ye not provide for my surety ? I will not gladly put me into their hands, for I know well they hate me, and have done long, though I be their king. Then the earl said : Sir, I see no other remedy but to yield yourself as my prisoner ; and when they know that ye be my prisoner they will do you no hurt ; but ye must so ordain you and your company to ride to London with me, and to be as my prisoner in the Tower of London. The king, who saw himself in a hard case, all his spirits were sore abashed, as he that doubted greatly that the Londoners would slay him. Then he yielded himself prisoner to the earl of Derby, and bound himself, and promised to do all that he would have him to do. In likewise all other knights, squires, and officers yielded to the earl, to eschew the danger and peril that they were in : and the earl then received them as his prisoners, and ordained incontinent horses to be saddled and brought forth into the court and the gates opened, then many men of arms and archers entered ; then the earl of Derby caused a cry to be made ; on pain of death no man to be so hardy to take away any thing within the castle, nor to lay any hands upon any person, for all were under the earl's safeguard and protection ; which cry was kept, no man durst break it. The earl had the king down into the court talking together, and caused all the king's whole household and estate to go forward, as of custom

they had done before, without changing or minishing of any thing. While every thing was preparing, the king and the earl communed together in the court, and were well regarded by the Londoners; and as it was informed me, king Richard had a greyhound called Mathe, who always waited upon the king, and would know no man else: for whensoever the king did ride, he that kept the greyhound did let him loose, and he would straight run to the king and fawn upon him, and leap with his fore-feet upon the king's shoulders; and as the king and the earl of Derby talked together in the court, the greyhound, who was wont to leap upon the king, left the king and came to the earl of Derby, duke of Lancaster, and made to him the same friendly countenance and cheer as he was wont to do to the king. The duke, who knew not the greyhound, demanded of the king what the greyhound would do. Cousin, quoth the king, it is a great good token to you, and an evil sign to me. Sir, how know you that? quoth the duke. I know it well, quoth the king: the greyhound maketh you cheer this day as king of England, as ye shall be, and I shall be deposed; the greyhound hath this knowledge naturally; therefore take him to you, he will follow you and forsake me. The duke understood well those words, and cherished the greyhound, who would never after follow king Richard, but followed the duke of Lancaster.

121.—THE DEPOSITION OF RICHARD.

FROISSART.

When the duke of Lancaster had set his cousin king Richard in the Tower of London, and certain of his councillors, and had set sure keeping on them, the first thing then that the duke did, he sent for the earl of Warwick, who was banished, and commanded to be in the Isle of Wight, and discharged him clean thereof; and secondly, the duke of Lancaster sent to the earl of Northumberland, and to the lord Percy his son, that they should come to him, and so they did: after he enquired and sought out to have the four companions that had strangled his uncle the duke of Gloucester in the castle of Calais; they were so well sought out, that they were all taken: they were set in prison apart in London. Then the duke of Lancaster and his council took advice what should be done with king Richard, being in the Tower of London; where as king John of France was kept, while king Edward went into the realm of France: then it was thought that king Richard should be put from all his royalty and joy that he had lived in, for they said, the news of his taking should spread abroad into all realms christened; he had been king twenty-two year, and as then they determined to keep him in prison: then they regarded what case the realm stood in, and did put all his deeds in articles to the number of twenty-eight. Then the duke of Lancaster and his council went to the Tower of London, and entered into the chamber where king Richard was, and without any reverence making to him, there was openly read all the said articles, to the which the king made none answer, for he saw well all was true that was laid to his charge, saving he said, all that I have done passed by my council. Then he was demanded what they were that had given counsel, and by whom he was most ruled; he named them, in trust thereby to have been delivered himself in accusing of them, as he had done beforetime, trusting thereby to scape, and to bring them in the danger and pain, but that was not the mind of them that loved him not. So as at that time they spake no more but departed, and the duke of Lancaster went to his lodging, and suffered the mayor and the men of law to proceed: they went to the Guildhall, where as all the matters of the city were determined, and then much people assembled there. When they saw the governors

of the city go thither, they thought some justice should be done, as there was indeed I shall shew you how First, the articles that were made against the king, the which had been read before him in the Tower, were read again there openly; and it was shewed by him that read them, how the king himself denied none of them, but confessed that he did them by the counsel of four knights of his chamber, and how by their counsel he had put to death the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Arundel, Sir Thomas Corbet, and other, and how they had long excited the king to do those deeds which deeds, they said, were not to be forgiven, but demanded punishment, for by them and their counsel the justice of right was closed up through all the courts of England, Westminster, and other, whereby many evil deeds followed, and companies and rowts of thieves and murderers rose and assembled together in divers parts of the realm, and robbed merchants by the ways, and poor men in their houses, by which means the realm was in great peril to have been lost without recovery, and it is to be imagined that finally they would have rendered Calais, or Guisnes, or both, into the Frenchmen's hands These words thus shewed to the people made many to be abashed, and many began to murmur and said these causes demand punishment, that all other may take ensample thereby, and Richard of Bourdeaux to be deposed, for he is not worthy to bear a crown, but ought to be deprived from all honour, and to be kept all his life in prison with bread and water Though some of the villains murmured, other said on high Sir Mayor of London, and ye other that have justice in your hands to minister, execute justice for we will ye spare no man, for ye see well the case that ye have shewed as demandeth justice incontinent, for they are judges upon their own deeds. Then the mayor and other of the governors of the law went together into the chamber of judgment, then these four knights were judged to die, and were judged to be had to the foot of the Tower, where as king Richard was, that he might see them drawn along by the dyke with horses each after other, through the city into Cheapside, and then their heads stricken off there, and set upon London bridge, and their bodies drawn to the gibbet, and there hanged

This judgment given they were delivered to execution, for the Mayor of London, and such as were deputed to the matter went from the Guildhall to the Tower, and took out the four knights of the king, whose names were called Sir Bernard Brokes, Sir Muelays, Master John Darby, Receiver of Lincoln, and Master Stell, the king's Steward, each of them were tied to two horses, in the presence of them that were in the Tower, and the king might well see it out of the windows, where-with he was sore discomfited, for all other that were there with the king looked to be in the same case, they knew them of London so cruel Thus these four knights were drawn one after another along through the city till they came into Chepe, and there on a fisher's stall their heads were stricken off and set upon London bridge, and their bodies drawn by the shoulders to the gibbet, and there hanged up This justice thus done, every man went to their lodgings King Richard knowing himself taken, and in the danger of the Londoners, was in great sorrow in his heart, and reckoned his puissance nothing for he saw how every man was against him, and if there were any that ought him any favour, it lay not in their power to do him any aid, nor they durst not shew it Such as were with the king, Sir, have but small trust in our lives as it may well appear, for when your cousin of Lancaster came to the castle of Flint, and with your own good will ye yielded you to him, and he promised that you and twelve of yours should be his prisoners and have no hurt, and now of those twelve, four be executed shamefully, we are like to pass the same way, the cause is these Londoners, who hath caused the duke of Lancaster your cousin to do this deed, had him so sore bound to them that they must do as they will have him; God doth much for us, if he suffer that

we might die here our natural death, and not a shameful death; it is great pity to think on this. With those words king Richard began tenderly to weep and wring his hands, and cursed the hour that ever he was born, rather than to have such an end. Such as were about him had great pity, and recomforted him as well as they might. One of his knights said: Sir, it behoveth you to take comfort; we see well, and so do you, that this world is nothing, the fortunes thereof are marvellous, and sometime turn as well upon kings and princes, as upon poor men; the French king, whose daughter ye have married, can not now aid you, he is so far off; if ye might scape this mischief by dissimulation, and save your life and ours, it were a good enterprise: peradventure within a year or two there would be had some recovery. Why, quoth the king, what would ye that I should do? There is nothing but I would be glad to do it, to save us thereby. Sir, quoth the knight, we see for truth that these Londoners will crown your cousin of Lancaster as king, and for that entent they sent for him, and so have aided him and do; it is not possible for you to live, without ye consent that he be crowned king: wherefore sir, we will counsel you, (to the entent to save your life and ours), that when your cousin of Lancaster cometh to you to demand any thing, then with sweet and treatable words say to him, how that ye will resign to him the crown of England, and all the right that ye have in the realm, clearly and purely into his hands, and how that ye will that he be king; thereby ye shall greatly appease him and the Londoners also; and desire him effectuously to suffer you to live and us also with you, or else every man apart, as it shal please him, or else to banish us out of the realm for ever, for he that loseth his life, loseth all. King Richard heard those words well, and fixed them surely in his heart, and said he would do as they counselled him, as he that saw himself in great danger: and then he said to them that kept him, how he would gladly speak with his cousin of Lancaster.

It was shewed the Duke of Lancaster how Richard of Bourdeaux desired to speak with him. The duke in an evening took a barge and went to the Tower by water, and went to the king, who received him courteously, and humbled himself greatly, as he that saw himself in great danger, and said: Cousin of Lancaster, I regard and consider mine estate, which is as now but small, I thank God thereof; as any more to reign or to govern people, or to bear a crown, I think it not, and as God help me I would I were dead by a natural death, and that the French King had again his daughter; we have had as yet no great joy together, nor sith I brought her into England, I could never have the love of my people as I had before. Cousin, all things considered, I know well I have greatly trespassed against you, and against other noble men of my blood; by divers things, I perceive I shall never have pardon nor come to peace, wherefore with mine own free and liberal will, I will resign to you the heritage of the Crown of England, and I require you take the gift thereof with the resignation. When the Duke heard that, he said: Sir, it is convenient that part of the three estates of the realm be called to these words, and I have sent already for some noble men, prelates, and councillors of the good towns of England, and I trust they will be here within these three days, sufficient of them, for you to make a due resignation before them, and by this means ye shall greatly appease many men within the realm; for to withstand such enormities and evils as have been used in the realm for fault of justice, who had no place to reign, I was sent for from beyond the sea: And the people would crown me, for the renome runneth throughout England, that I have more right to the crown than ye have; for when our grandfather King Edward the Third did choose and make you king, the same was as then shewed him, but he loved so his son the prince, that none could break his purpose nor opinion, but that ye should be king; and if ye would have followed the steps of your father the prince, and have

believed his counsel, as a good son ought to have done, ye might have been still king, and have continued your estate ; but ye have always done the contrary, so that the common renowne runneth through England, and in other places, 'that ye were never son to the Prince of Wales, but rather son to a priest or to a canon ; for I have heard of certain knights that were in the prince's house, mine uncle, how that he knew well that his wife had not truly kept her marriage, your mother was cousin-german to King Edward, and the king began to hate her, because she could have no generation ; also she was the king's gossip of two children at the font : and she that could well keep the prince in her bandon by craft and subtlety, she made the prince to be her husband, and because she could have no child, she doubted that the prince should be divorced from her : she did so much that she was with child with you, and with another before you ; as of the first I cannot tell what to judge, but as for you because your conditions have been seen contrary from all nobleness and prowess of the Prince, therefore it is said that ye be rather son to a priest or to a canon, for when ye were gotten and born at Boideaux, there were many young priests in the prince's house. This is the bruit in this country, and your works have well followed the same, for ye be always inclined to the pleasure of the Frenchmen, and to take with them peace to the confusion and dishonour of the realm of England. And because mine uncle of Gloucester, and the Earl of Arundel, did counsel you truly and faithfully to keep the honour of the realm, and to follow the steps of your ancestors, ye have traitorously caused them to die ; as for me I have taken on me to defend your life as long as I may for pity, and I shall pray the Londoners and the habitants of them that ye have slain and banished, to do the same. Cousin, I thank you, quoth the king, I trust more in you than in any other. It is but right that ye so should do, for if I had not been, ye had been taken by the people and deposed with great confusion, and slain, by reason of your evil works. King Richard heard well all the duke's words, and wist not what to say against it, for he saw well that force nor arguments could not avail him, but rather meekness and humility : wherefore he humbled him, and prayed the duke to save his life.

When the Duke of Lancaster had been at the Tower two hours with King Richard, and had shewed him part of his faults, then he returned. And the next day he sent forth more commandents into all parts of the realm, to cause noble men and other to come to London : his uncle the Duke of York came to London, and the Earl of Rutland his son, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Thomas Percy his brother ; the Duke of Lancaster made them good cheer : thither came also great number of prelates and abbots. And on a day the Duke of Lancaster accompanied with lords, dukes, prelates, earls, barons, and knights, and of the notablest men of London, and of other good towns, rode to the Tower, and there alighted. Then King Richard was brought into the hall, apparelled like a king in his robes of state, his sceptre in his hand, and his crown on his head : then he stood up alone, not holden nor stayed by no man, and said aloud : I have been King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and Lord of Ireland, about twenty-two years, which signiory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage, I clearly resign here to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster : and I desire him here in this open presence, in entering of the same possession, to take this sceptre : and so delivered it to the duke, who took it. Then King Richard took the crown from his head with both his hands, and set it before him, and said : Fair cousin, Henry Duke of Lancaster, I give and deliver you this crown, wherewith I was crowned King of England, and therewith all the right thereto depending. The Duke of Lancaster took it, and the Archbishop of Canterbury took it out of the duke's hands. This resignation thus done, the Duke of Lancaster called a notary, and demanded to have letters

and witness of all the prelates and lords there being present. Then Richard of Bordeaux returned again into the chamber from whence he came. Then the Duke of Lancaster and all other leapt on their horses, and the crown and sceptre were put in a coffer, and conveyed to the Abbey of Westminster, and there kept in the treasury. And every man went to their lodgings, and abode till the day of Parliament and council should be at the Palace of Westminster.

122.—EXETER'S CONSPIRACY AGAINST HENRY IV.

HALL.

At this time was an abbot in Westminster, a man of apparent virtues, professing openly Christ, christian charity, and due subjection and obeisance to his prince; which abbot hearing king Henry once say, when he was but earl of Derby, and of no mature age, or grown gravity, that princes had too little, and religious had too much, imagined in himself that he now obtaining the crown of the realm, if he were therein a long continuer, would remove the great beam that then grieved his eyes and pricked his conscience. For you must understand that these monastical persons, learned and unilliterate, better fed than taught, took on them to write and register in the book of fame, the noble acts, the wise doings and politic governances of kings and princes, in which cronography, if a king gave to them possessions or granted them liberties, or exalted them to honour and worldly dignity, he was called a saint, he was praised without any desert above the moon, his genealogy was written, and not one iota that might exalt his fame, was either forgotten or omitted. But if a christian prince had touched their liberties, or claimed any part justly of their possessions, or would have intermitted in their holy franchises, or desired aid of them against his and their common enemies. Then tongues talked and pens wrote, that he was a tyrant, a depresser of holy religion, an enemy to Christ's church and his holy flock, and a damned and accursed person with Dathan and Abiron to the deep pit of hell. Whereof the proverb begun, give and be blessed, take away and be accursed. Thus the fear of losing their possessions, made them pay yearly annates to the Romish bishop: thus the fear of correction and honest restraint of liberty, made them from their ordinaries, yea almost from obedience of their princes, to sue dispensations, exemptions and immunities.

This abbot that I spake of which could not well forget the saying of king Henry, and being before in great favour and high estimation with king Richard, called to his house on a day in the term season, all such lords and other persons which he either knew or thought to be as affectionate to king Richard, and curious to the estate and advancement of king Henry, whose names were, John Holland, duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon, Thomas Holland, duke of Surrey and earl of Kent, Edward, duke of Aumerle and earl of Rutland, son to the duke of York, John Montague, earl of Salisbury, Hugh Spenser, earl of Gloucester, John, the bishop of Chichester, Sir Thomas Blount, and Magdalen, one of king Richard's chapel, a man as like to him in stature and proportion in all lineaments of his body, as unlike in birth, dignity, or conditions. This abbot highly feasted these great lords and his special friends, and when they had well dined, they all withdrew themselves into a secret chamber and sat down to council; when they were set, John Holland, duke of Exeter, whose rage of revenging the injury done to king Richard was nothing mitigate nor mollified, but rather increased and blossomed, declared to them their allegiance promised, and by oath confirmed to king Richard his brother, forgetting not the high promotions and notable dignities which he and all other there present had obtained by the high favour and munificent liberality of his said brother, by

the which they were not only by oath and allegiance bound, and also by kindness and urbanity incensed and moved to take part with him and his friends, but also bound to be revenged for him and his cause, on his mortal enemies and deadly foes, in which doing he thought policy more meet to be used than force, and some witty practise rather to be experimented than manifest hostility or open war. And for the expedition of this enterprise he devised a solemn justes to be enterprised between him and twenty on his part, and the earl of Salisbury and twenty on his part, at Oxford: to the which triumph, king Henry should be invited and desired, and when he were most busily regarding the martial play and warly disport, he suddenly should be slain and destroyed. And by this means king Richard, which was yet alive, should be restored to his liberty and reposessed of his crown and kingdom, and appointed further who should assemble the people, the number and persons, which should accomplish and perform this invented assay and policy.

This device so much pleased the seditious congregation, that they not only made an indenture sextipartite sealed with their seals and signed with their hands, in the which each bound himself to other to endeavour themselves both for the destruction of king Henry, and the creation of king Richard, but also sware on the Holy Evangelists the one to be true and secret to the other, even to the hour and point of death. When all things were thus appointed and concluded, the duke of Exeter came to the king to Windsor, requiring him, for the love that he bare to the noble acts of chivalry, that he would vouchsafe not only to repair to Oxford to see and behold their manly feats, and warlike pastime: but also to be the discoverer and indifferent judge (if any ambiguity should arise) of their courageous acts and royal triumph. The king seeing himself so effectuously desired, and that of his brother-in-law, and nothing less imagining than that which was pretended, gently granted and friendly condescended to his request. Which thing obtained, all the lords of this conspiracy departed to their houses (as they noised) to set armourers on work for trimming of their harness against the solemn justes. Some had the helm, the visor, the two baviars and the two plackards of the same, curiously graven and cunningly costed: some had their collars fretted, and other had them set with gilt bullions: one company had the plackard, the rest, the burley, the tassels, the lamboys, the backpiece, the tapul, and the border of the cumass all gilt: and another band had them all enameled azure. One sort had the vambraces, the paceguards, the grandguards, the poldren, the pollettes, parted with gold and azure: and another flock had them silver and sable. Some had the mainfers, the close gauntlets, the guisettes, the flamards, dropped and gutted with red, and other had them speckled with green: one sort had the cuisses, the greaves, the surlettes, the sockets on the right side and on the left side silver. Some had the spear, the bur, the cronet, all yellow, and other had them of divers colours. One band had the scafferon, the cranet, the bard of the horse, all white, and other had them all gilt. Some had their arming swords freshly burnished, and some had them cunningly varnished; some spurs were white, some gilt, and some coal black. One part had their plumes all white, another had them all red, and the third had them of several colours. One wore on his headpiece his lady's sleeve, and another bare on his helm the glove of his dearling: but to declare the costly bases, the rich bards, the pleasant trappers both of goldsmith's work and embroidery, no less sumptuously than curiously wrought, it would ask a long time to declare, for every man after his appetite devised his fantasy, verifying the old proverb, so many heads, so many wits.

The Duke of Exeter came to his house and raised men on every side, and prepared horse and harness, meet and apt for his compassed purpose. When the Duchess his wife which was sister to King Henry perceived this, she no less trouble conjectured to be prepared against her brother than was indeed.

eminent and at head, wherefore she wept and made great lamentation. When the Duke perceived her dolour, he said, "What, Bess, how chanceth this? when my brother King Richard was deposed of his dignity, and committed to hard and sharp prison which had been king and ruled this realm nobly by the space of twenty-two years, and your brother was exalted to the throne and dignity imperial of the same, then my heart was heavy, my life stood in jeopardy, and my comb was clearly cut, but you then rejoiced, laughed, and triumphed, wherefore I pray you be content that I may as well rejoice and have pleasure at the delivering and restoring of my brother justly to his dignity, as you were jocund and pleasant when your brother unjustly and untruly deprived and disseized my brother of the same. For of this I am sure, that if my brother prosper, you and I shall not fall nor decline: but if your brother continue in his estate and magnificence, I doubt not your decay nor mine, but I suspect the loss of my life, beside the forfeiture of my lands and goods." When he had said, he kissed his lady which was sorrowful and pensive, and he departed toward Oxford with a great company both of archers and horsemen, and when he came there, he found ready all his mates and confederates well appointed for their purpose, except the Duke of Aumerle, Earl of Rutland, for whom they sent messengers in great haste. This Duke of Aumerle went before from Westminster to see his father the Duke of York, and sitting at dinner had his counpane of the endenture of the confederacy, whereof I spake before, in his bosom.

The father espied it and demanded what it was; his son lowly and benignly answered that it might not be seen, and that it touched not him. 'By Saint George,' quoth the father, I will see it, and so by force took it out of his bosom, when he perceived the content and the six signs and seals set and fixed to the same, whereof the seal of his son was one, he suddenly rose from the table, commanding his horses to be saddled, and in a great fury said to his son, thou traitor thief, thou hast been a traitor to King Richard, and wilt thou now be false to thy cousin King Henry? Thou knowest well enough that I am thy pledge, borrow, and mainperner, body for body, and land for goods in open parliament, and goest thou about to seek my death and destruction? by the Holy Rood, I had liefer see thee strangled on a gibbet. And so the Duke of York mounted on horseback to ride towards Windsor to the King, and to declare the whole effect of his son and his adherents and partakers. The Duke of Aumerle seeing in what case he stood took his horse and rode another way to Windsor, riding in post thither, (which his father being an old man could not do.) And when he was alighted at the castle gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saying that he must needs deliver the keys to the King. When he came before the King's presence he kneeled down on his knees, beseeching him of mercy and forgiveness. The King demanded the cause: then he declared to him plainly the whole confederacy and entire conjuration in manner and form as you have heard. Well, said the King, if this be true we pardon you, if it be fained at your extreme peril be it. While the King and the Duke talked together, the Duke of York knocked at the castle gate, whom the King caused to be let in, and there he delivered the endenture which before was taken from his son, into the King's hands. Which writing when he had read, and seen, perceiving the signs and seals of the confederates, he changed his former purpose. For the day before he hearing say that the challengers were all ready and that the defenders were come to do their devoir, purposed to have departed toward the triumph the next day, but by his prudent and forecasting counsel, somewhat stayed till he might see the air clear and no dark cloud near to the place where the lists were. And now being advertised of the truth and verity, how his destruction and death was compassed, was not a little vexed, but with a great and merciless agony per-

turbed and unquieted, and therefore determined there to make his abode not having time to look and gaze on justes and tourneys, but to take heed how to keep and conserve his life and dignity, and in that place tarried till he knew what way his enemies would set forward, and shortly wrote to the Earl of Northumberland his High Constable, and to the Earl of Westmoreland his High Marshal, and to other his assured friends of all the doubtful danger and perilous jeopardy. The conjurators perceiving by the lack of the Duke of Aumerle's coming, and also seeing no preparation made there for the King's coming, imagined with themselves that their enterprise was intimate and published to the King. Wherefore that thing which they attempted privily to do, now openly with spear and shield they determined with all diligent celerity to set forth and advance. And so they adorned Magdalene, a man resembling much King Richard, in royal and princely vesture, calling him King Richard, affirming that he by favour of his keepers was delivered out of prison and set at liberty, and they followed in a quadat array to the extent to destroy King Henry as the most pernicious and venomous enemy to them and his own natural country. While the confederates with this new published idol accompanied with a puissant army of men, took the direct way and passage towards Windsor, King Henry being admonished of their approaching, with a few horse in the night, came to the Tower of London about twelve of the clock, where he in the morning caused the Mayor of the city to apparel in armour the best and most courageous persons of the city, which brought to him three thousand archers and three thousand billmen, beside them that were deputed to defend the city.

The lords of the confederacy entered the Castle of Windsor, where they finding not then prey, determined with all speed to pass forth to London. But in the way, changing their purpose they returned to the town of Colbrook, and there tarried. These lords had much people following them, what for fear and what for enticacy, surely believing that king Richard was there present and in company. King Henry issued out of London with twenty thousand men, and came to Hounslow Heath, where he pitched his camp, abiding the coming of his enemies but when they were advertised of the king's puissance, or else amazed with fear, or forethinking and repenting their bygone baseness, or mistrusting their own company and fellows, departed from thence to Bickhamstead, and so to Chichester, and there the lords took their lodging. The duke of Surrey, earl of Kent, and the earl of Salisbury in one inn, and the duke of Exeter, and the earl of Gloucester in another, and all the host lay in the fields. The Bailey of the town, with four score archers, set on the house where the duke of Surrey and other lay the house was manly assaulted and strongly defended a great space. The duke of Exeter being in another inn with the earl of Gloucester, set fire on divers houses in the town, thinking that the assailants would leave their assault and rescue their goods, which thing they nothing regarded. The host lying with it hearing noise and seeing fire in the town, believing that the king was come thither with his puissance, fled without measure to save themselves. The duke of Exeter and his company seeing the force of the townsmen more and more encrease, fled out of the backside intending to repair to the army, which they found dispersed and retired. Then the duke seeing no hope of comfort, fled into Essex, and the earl of Gloucester going toward Wales was taken and beheaded at Bristow. Magdalene flying into Scotland, was apprehended and brought to the tower. The lords which fought still in the town of Chichester were wounded to death, and taken, and their heads stricken off and sent to London: and there were taken Sir Bennet Shelley or Cell, and Sir Barnard Brokas, and twenty-nine other lords, knights, and esquires, and sent to Oxford, where the king then sojourned, where Sir Thomas Blount and all the other prisoners were executed. When the duke of Exeter heard that his complices were taken,

and his counsellors apprehended, and his friends and allies put in execution, he lamented his own chance, and bewept the misfortune of his friends, but most of all bewailed the fatal end of his brother king Richard, whose death he saw as in a mirror by his unhappy sedition and malicious attempt to approach, and so wandering, lurking and hiding himself in privy places, was attacked in Essex, and in the lordship of Plasshey, a town of the duchess of Gloucester, and there made shorter by the head, and in that place especially, because that he in the same lordship seduced and falsely betrayed Thomas duke of Gloucester, and was the very onward actor and open dissimulator of his death and destruction. So the common proverb was verified, as you have done so shall you feel.

123—THE REVOLVING OF THE PERCIES

SHAKSPEARE

[Holmshed thus describes the origin of the quarrel between the Percies and the king —

"Henry, Earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas, Earl of Worcester, and his son the Lord Henry Percy summoned Hotspur, which was to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign both faithful friends and earnest advisers, began now to envy his wealth and authority, and especially they were grieved, because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Hemeldon and Nesbit for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake, Earl of Fife, the Duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require the deliverance of the residue, and that with great thankings, where with the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and then peculiar prizes, by the council of the Lord Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to put the middle and set thins in a wheel, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and there required of him, that either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, then a young gentleman, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with chains, only for that he took his part and was to him faithful and true.

"The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer, that the Earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his complices, therefore he would neither ransom him nor release him.

"The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, inasmuch that Henry Hotspur said openly, 'Percy, the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him.' So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund, Earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of king Henry) entered in league with the foresaid Owen Glendower."

The refusal of Henry IV to ransom Mortimer, or to allow him to be ransomed, proceeded from a not unnatural jealousy, but the prisoner of Glendower, was not "the heir of the realm," as Holmshed represents, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, the uncle of the young Lail of March, whom Henry kept in close custody, because he had a prior claim to the crown by succession. Sir Edmund Mortimer was the "brother in law to Hotspur, who had married his sister Shakspeare has, of course, followed Holmshed in confounding Sir Edmund Mortimer with the Earl of March,—but those from whom accuracy is required, have fallen into the same error as the old Chronicler,—amongst others Rapin and Hume. A despatch of the king to his council states, "The rebels have taken my beloved cousin, Esmon Mortymer." Edmund, Earl of March, was at this period only ten years old, and a state prisoner.

The Earl of Westmoreland, who appears throughout this play as one of the most faithful adherents of the king, was a partisan of Bolingbroke from his first landing. He was subsequently actively engaged in suppressing the insurrection in Yorkshire.]

SCENE.—*King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down.
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul no'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you,—
You were about to speak.

[*Exit Wor.*
To North.

North. Yes, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deriv'd
As was deliver'd to your majesty :
Either envy, therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd.
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff : and till he smil'd and talk'd ;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my^o wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or should not ;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow hath destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I besecch you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners
 But with proviso, and exception,
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
 Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?
 Shall we buy treason ? and indent with foes,
 When they have lost and forfeit'd themselves ?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war ;—To prove that truth
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour

In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;
 He never did encounter with Glendower .
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not asham'd ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you — My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son : —
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them.
 I will not send them : — I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause awhile ;
 Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?
 'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
 In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop 'till the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

To Worcester.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone ?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
 By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was : I heard the proclamation :

And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition,
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murder'd.

Wor And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of

Hot But, soft, I pray you, Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North He did, myself did hear it

Hot Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, we in the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents or base second means,
The cords, the ladders or the hummers rather?
O, pardon, if that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this sullen king
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage their lives in an unjust behalf—
As both of you, God! y'udon it! have done—
'To put down Richard, that sweet lovely king,
And plant this thorn, this crooked Bolingbroke?
And shall it in mere shame, be further spoken,
That you are fold, discorded, and shook off
From him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No, yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world as un-
Revenge the poisoning and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths
Therefore I say,—

Hot Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear

Hot If he fall in, good night,—or swim,—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,

And let them grapple,—the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare

North Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience

Hot By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without contrivance, all her dignities
But out upon this half-fiddling-ship!

Wor He apprehends a world of figures here
But not the form of what he should attend—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
And list to me

Hot I cry you mercy

Wor The same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not
I'll keep them, by this hand

Wor You stut away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes—
Those prisoners you shall keep

Hot Nay, I will, that's flat—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbid my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a sturling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion

Wor Hear you, cousin, a word

Hot All studies here I solemnly deny
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke
And that same sword and buckler prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him best,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale

Wor Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend

North Why, what a wasp-tongued and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot Why, look you, I am whip'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke
In Richard's time,—What d'ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire,—

'T was where the madcap^d duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurge

North At Berkleigh castle

Hot You say true —

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look,—“when his infant fortune came to age,”
And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin,” —
O, the devil take such cozners !—God forgive me !——
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done

Wor Nry, if you have not, tell't again

We'll stay your leisure

Hot I have done, in sooth.

Wor Then once more to your Scottish prisoners
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only man
For powers in Scotland which, for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted—You, my lord
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop

Hot Of York, is it not ?

Wor True, who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop
I speak not this in estimation
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is rummur'd, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on

Hot I smell it

Upon my life it will do wondrous well

North Before the game's a foot thou still lett'st slip

Hot Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot —

And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor And so they shall

Hot In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd

Wor And 't is no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a herd
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love

Hot He does, he does, we'll be reveng'd on him

Wor Cousin, farewell,—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course,

120 *North.*

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.
 I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
 (As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot Uncle, adieu —O, let the hours be short,
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [Exeunt

124—THE BATTLE OF SHIRLESBURY

SHAKESPEARE

[“King Henry, says Holmshed, “advised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near to Shrewsbury before they were in doubt of any such thing. The Percies, according to the Chronicle, sent to the king the celebrated manifesto which is contained in Hardyng’s Chronicle. The interview of Worcester with the king, and its result, are thus described by Holmshed. “It was reported for a truth that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the Earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said.”—

“O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,—
 The liberal kind offer of the king

In the Chronicle, Holmshed exhorts the troops, Shakespeare clothes the exhortation with his own poetical spirit

“Now, I beseech you—Percy!—and set on,”

is found in the Chronicle —“The adversaries called *Prince Percy*. The danger of the king, and the circumstance of others being imprisoned like him, are also mentioned by Holmshed

The prowess of Prince Henry in this his first great battle is thus described by Holmshed. “The Prince that day help his father like a lusty young gentleman, for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noble men that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would in no wise suffer them so to do, lest his departure from his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts, and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased, either to fight where the battle was most hottest, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need.”

The personal triumph of Henry over Hotspur is a dramatic creation, perfectly warranted by the obscurity in which the Chronicle leaves the matter.]

SCENE.—*King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff*

K Hen How bloodily the sun begins to peep
 Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
 At his distemperature

P. Hen † The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
 And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 Foretells a tempest and a blustering day

K Hen Then with the losers let it sympathise;
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win

• *Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon*
 How now, my lord of Worcester? 't is not well,

That you and I should meet upon such terms
 As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it ? will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-aborred war ?
 And move in that obedient orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural light ;
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent
 Of breached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege .

For mine own part I could be well content
 To entertain the lag end of my life
 With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it .

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
 Of favour from myself, and all our house ;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The danger of the time : You swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
 To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
 What with the injuries of a wanton time ;
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And, being fed by us, you used us so
 As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird
 Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;

Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means .
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation ;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so uare we venture thee,
 Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well ; even those we love
 That are misled upon your cousin's part :
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do :—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
 We will not now be troubled with reply :
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms .

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;
For on their answer will we set on them :
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

125.—TUE DEATH OF HENRY IV.

SHAKSPERE.

[The circumstances which preceded the death of Henry IV., including the story of the prince removing the crown, are thus detailed by Holinshed :—

"In this fourteenth and last year of King Henry's reign, a council was holden in the White Friars in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and galleys to be builded and made ready, and all other things necessary to be provided, for a voyage which he meant to make into the Holy Land, there to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels. The morrow after Candlemas-day, began a Parliament which he had called at London ; but he departed this life before the same Parliament was ended : for now that his provisions were ready, and that he was furnished with all things necessary for such a royal journey as he pretended to take into the Holy Land, he was eftsoones taken with a sore sickness, which was not a leprosy (saith Master Hall), as foolish friars imagined, but a very apoplexy. During this, his last sickness, he caused his crown (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's-head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had been departed, covered his face with a linnen cloth. The prince his son being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father being suddenly revived out of that trance, quickly perceived the lack of his crown, and having knowledge that the prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself: the prince with a good audacity answered, Sir, to mine, and all men's judgments, you seemed dead in this world; wherefore I, as your next heir apparent, took that as mine own, and not as yours. Well fair son, said the king (with a great sigh), what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well, quoth the prince, if you die king I will have the garland, and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done. Then, said the king, I commit all to God, and remember you to do well ; and with that turned himself in his bed, and shortly after departed to God, in a chamber of the Abbots of Westminster called Jerusalem. We find, that he was taken with his last sickness, while he was making his prayers at Saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave, and so to proceed forth on his journey : he was so suddenly and grievously taken, that such as were about him feared lest he would have died presently ; wherefore, to relieve him, if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him : at length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king, laudes be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."]

SCENE.—Westminster.—*King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Warwick, and others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,

And everything lies level to our wish :
 Only we want a little personal strength ;
 And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
 Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
 Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, where is the prince your
 brother ?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?

P. Humph. No, my good lord ; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father ?

K. Hen. Nothing but wd'l to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;

And noble offices thou mayst effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren :

Therefore omit him not ; blunt not his love

Nor loose the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd ;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity :

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint ;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :

Chide him for his faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :

But, being moody, give him line and scope ;

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,

Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;

A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in :

That the united vessel of their blood,

Mingled with venom of suggestion,

(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,) ,

Shall never leak, though it do work as strong

As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas ?

Cla. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Cla. With Poinis, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
 And he the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them : therefore my grief

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors,
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affection fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite ;
 The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows comes to no further use,
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers : and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
 In the dead carrion.—Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign ! and now happiness
 Added to that that I am to deliver !
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand.
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law ;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
 The manner how this action hath been borne
 Here at more leisure may your highness read ;
 With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look ? here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty ;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of !
 The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick ?
 Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?

She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health, or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not
I should rejoice now at this happy news,

- And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy —
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill

[Swoons]

P Humph Comfort, your majesty !

Cla O my royal father !

West My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War Be patient, princes, you do know, these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary

Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight be well

Cla No, no, he cannot long hold out the c'pangs,

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the muck, that should confine it in,

So thin, that life looks through and will break out

P Humph The people fear me, for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and lordly births of nature

The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over

Cla The river hath thrice flow'd, noebb between

And the old folk, time's dotting chronicles,

Say it did so, a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died

War Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers

P Humph This apoplexy will, certain, be his end

K Hen I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber softly, pray

[They convey the King into an inner part of the
room and place him on a bed]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

Unless some dull and favourable hum

Will whisper music to my weary spirit

War Call for the music in the other room

K Hen Set me the crown upon my pillow here

Cla His eye is hollow, and he changes much

War Less noise, less noise

• Enter Prince Henry

P Hen Who saw the duke of Clarence ?

Cla I am here, brother, full of heaviness

P Hen How now ! rain within doors, and none abroad !

How doth the king ?

P Humph Exceeding ill

P Hen Heard he the good news yet ?

Tell it him

P Humph He alter'd much upon the hearing it

P Hen If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physio

War Not so much noise, my lords,—sweet prince, speak low,
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now.
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigold bath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sit.— [Putting it on his head.]
Which Heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me [Exit.]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him.
He is not here.

War. Thus door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [Exit Warwick.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
 When gold becomes her object !
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
 Their bones with industry ;
 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets ;
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
 Are murther'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me ?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes ;—Come hither to me, Harry :—
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
 Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
 Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
 Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
 Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life.
 What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
 Then get thee gone ; and dig my grave thyself ;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 • Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head :
 Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
 For now a time is come to mock at form.
 Harry the fifth is crown'd—Up, vanity !
 Down, royal state ! all you sago counsellors, hence !
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness !
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
 Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
 England shall double gild his treble guilt :
 England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again.
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !
P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
 The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown :
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
 (Which my most true and inward dutious spirit
 Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending !
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
 • O, let me in my present wildness die ;
 And never live to show th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it :—“ The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable ;

[Kneeling.]

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up."—Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or 'vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:
 To thee it shall descend with better quick.
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mood: for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be :
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace and happiness to my royal father !

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John ;
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare wither'd trunk : upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.
 Where is my lord of Warwick ?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick !

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to Heaven !—even there my life must end.
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land :—
 But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

126.—KING HENRY V. AND THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

SHAKESPEARE.

[The story is told by Sir Tomas Elyot, in his book of 'The Governor,' of the committal of Prince Henry to the Fleet by the Lord Chief Justice. This tradition was believed (perhaps upon the authority of Elyot) by Sir Edward Coke and Sir John Hawkins ; and was referred to by them in legal arguments. The anecdote, as detailed by Elyot, is very amusing :—

"A good Judge, a good Prince, a good King.

"The most renowned prince, King Henry V., late king of England, during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage. It happened that one of his servants whom he favoured well, was for felony by him committed arraigned at the King's Bench ; wherefore the prince being advertised, and incensed by light persons 'bout him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved and set at liberty. Whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered according to the antient laws of this realm ; or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, of the king his father his gracious pardon, whereby no law or justice should be derogate.

"With which answer the prince nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himself to take away his servant. The judge considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner and depart his way ; at which commandment the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of

judgement, men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage : but the judge sitting still without moving, declaring the majesty of the king's place of judgement, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these words following;—

“‘ Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double obedience : wherefore eftsoones in his name, I charge you to desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt, and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you, and remain ye there prisoner until the pleasure of the king your father be further known.’ With which words being abashed, and also wondering at the marvellous gravity of that worshipful justice, the noble prince laying his weapon apart, doing reverence, departed and went to the King's Bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants disdained, came and shewed to the king all the whole affair, whereat he a whiles studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up towards heaven, abraid with a loud voice : ‘ O merciful God, how much am I bound to your infinite goodness, specially for that you have given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can sutler seembably and obey justice.’ ”]

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ;

This is the English, not the Turkish court ;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry : Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you ;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad :

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too :

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears

By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me —and you most ;

[*To the Chief Justice.*]

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No ! How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me ?

What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

Th' immediate heir of England ! Was this easy

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten !

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;

The image of his power lay then in me :

And, in th' administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland
 To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person :
 Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son :
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
 After this cold consideration, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words :—
 Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son :
 And no less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me :
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this remembrance.—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty
 Now call we our high court of parliament
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation,
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand

[To the Lord Chief Justice]

Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before rememb'rd, all our title
 And (Heaven consigning to my good intents)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heaven shorten Henry's happy life one day

[Exeunt]

127—THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

PENNY MAG ●

WHEN Henry V had been little more than a year upon the throne, he was prompted by his own love of war, by the spirit of the English people, and by the wretched condition of the French to demand the crown of France, as the representative of Isabella, the wife of the second Edward, in whose right Edward III had founded his pretensions. But Henry's claims were even more absurd than Edward's, for, supposing the claims of Edward to have been admissible, the right to the crown of France would then rest not with Henry, but with Edward Mortimer, the Earl of March. Henry's project of conquest however, was warmly encouraged by the church, and by both houses of Parliament. At council, which met at Westminster, on the 16th of April, 1415, Henry announced his firm purpose of making a voyage, in his own proper person, to recover his dominions in France. Both bishops and lay-lords enthusiastically applauded this resolution and assured him of their hearty co-operation. Some attempts at negotiation were made by France, to avert the coming storm, but they did not emanate from any established government, for nothing was reigning in that unhappy country but anarchy, crime, and confusion among all classes. At Winchester, as Henry was on his way to Southampton to embark, he was met by the Archbishop of Bourges, who had been despatched by the Duke of Berry, in the vain hope of preventing for a short time the threatened danger. But Henry told this prelate that the crown of France was his right, and that he would win it by the sword. The archbishop, who was a brave man, replied, that his master, King Charles, had made the most liberal offers, not out of fear, but from his compassion and love of peace. "If thou makest thy attempt," he continued, "he will call upon the blessed Virgin and all the saints, and then, with their aid, and the support of faithful subjects and allies, thou wilt be driven into the sea, or thou wilt be taken captive or slain." "We shall see," replied the king, and, dismissing the archbishop with many rich presents, he continued his way to Southampton. The sudden intelligence of a conspiracy against his life checked his progress, and he was detained in England for some time. At last Henry embarked

and set sail from Southampton. His fleet amounted to twelve or fourteen hundred sail of vessels, from twenty to three hundred tons burthen; his army to six thousand five hundred horse, and about twenty-four thousand foot, of all kinds. On the 13th of August he anchored in the mouth of the Seine, three miles from Harfleur, a very strong fortress on the left bank of that river. On the following day he began to land troops and stores. He was never interrupted, although the operation took up three whole days; and the place of debarkation presented many difficulties. A proclamation was issued forbidding, under pain of death, all excesses against the peaceful inhabitants; and it is remarked, by contemporary (French as well as English) historians, that Henry enforced the uniform good treatment of the people of the districts through which he afterwards passed; and that, too, even when his own army were suffering the greatest privations. On the 17th he laid siege to Harfleur, which was very strongly garrisoned.

The loss sustained by Henry's army was very great, not so much from the sword, or the awkward artillery of those times, as from a frightful dysentery, brought on by the damp and unwholesome situation of the place. He lost many of his great captains, and the men died by hundreds. But the garrison, despairing of relief, and suffering dreadfully from the same dysentery, capitulated after a siege of thirty-six days. The sick and wounded were then shipped for England, and Henry remained a few days in the captured town.

With the small force which now remained to the King of England it seemed madness to undertake any great enterprise. It is said that a council of war recommended that he should re-embark; but Henry scorned the notion of returning to England with no honour gained, save the taking of a single town. "No," said he, "we must first see, by God's help, a little more of this good land of France, which is all our own." With the reductions made by the siege, by sickness, and by leaving a garrison at Harfleur, the army did not exceed nine thousand men. They were drawn out and prepared to march through the hostile provinces of Normandy, Picardy, and Artois to Calais. The march began on the 6th of October when a great force under the king and dauphin were at Rouen, and another, under the Constable of France, in Picardy, whither troops were pouring in all directions. Henry met with no great resistance in his passage through Normandy. On the 12th he reached the memorable ford of Blanche-Taque, where he hoped to pass like Edward III.; but the French, taught by experience, had resolved to defend the line of the Somme, and had fortified both banks, by driving strong palisades across the ford, and placing archers behind them. Henry made several attempts to force a passage at other points, but he was foiled; every ford was fortified, and columns of horse and foot manœuvred on the right bank, keeping in line with him as he moved up the left. A good part of his army began to feel dispirited; but at last, on the morning of the 19th, Henry had the good fortune to find a ford between Betencourt and Voveune, which had not been staked by the people of St. Quentin. He dashed across the ford, the van-guard firmly established itself on the right bank; and then the rest of the army and the baggage got across with safety. At this the French Constable, much disheartened, fell back upon St. Pol, in Artois. King Henry quietly followed, by the same road. His small force was still more reduced by sickness, while that of the French kept increasing every day, and in a short time the whole of the royal army of France was in Artois. "They sent," says Stow, "three heralds to the King of England, to give understanding that he should not escape without battle;" unto whom the king answered, "All things be done at the pleasure of God. I will keep the right way towards Calais; if our adversaries do attempt to disturb us in our journey, we think they shall not do it without their own great danger and peril." And Henry was as good as his word; he went straight on,

never going out of his way, nor moving faster nor slower than he had intended. On the 24th he crossed the deep river of Ternois, and soon after came in sight of part of the enemy. He expected an attack and formed in order of battle; but the columns he saw withdrew to Azincourt. Henry then marched on to Maisonnelles, a large village, only a few bow-shots from the enemy's outposts. Provisions were brought in, the men refreshed themselves, and had some rest. When the moon rose, officers were sent out to ascertain the position of the French. All night long the English played upon their trumpets, and other martial instruments, so that the whole neighbourhood was filled with the sound of their music. Although they were very tired, and cold, and hungry, they kept up a cheerful spirit; but many of them confessed their sins, took the sacrament, and made their wills.

The night was passed in a very different manner by the French army. They were very confident and very boisterous. The Constable of France struck the royal banner into the ground on the Orlais road; and the other princes, knights, and barons planted their banners around it with loud acclamations. The Constable ordered them to pass the night every troop near its own standard. It was rainy and cold, but they lit large fires all along their line; and, as they warmed themselves, the soldiers passed the wine-cup round, made great boastings, and calculated the proper ransoms of the king and great barons of England, whom they made quite sure of taking prisoners on the morrow. The pages and valots of the army rode about looking for hay and straw to lay on the damp ground; horses slipped and floundered about in the clayey soil and there was a continual movement and noise, and a very evident want of discipline: horsemen were heard afar off calling to one another, but by some awkward chance there were no musical instruments to enliven their hearts. It was remarked that very few of their horses neighed during the night, which, adds Monstrelet, was considered as a very bad omen. But there were some who were not quite so confident of the result. The Duke of Berri, who had fought at Poitiers sixty years ago, and who remembered how certain the French had then been of victory, opposed the plan of giving battle altogether, and prevented the project of placing Charles in person at the head of his forces. "It is better," said the old man, "to lose the battle than the king and the battle."

At the dawn of the morning, "after prayers and supplications of the king, his priests and people, done with great devotion," Henry placed his men in battle array. He formed them into three divisions and two wings; but the divisions stood so close together that they appeared as one. The archers were placed in advance of the men-at-arms in the form of a wedge.

"The night before," says old Stow, "by the advice and counsel (as it is said) of the Duke of York, the king had given commandment through his host, that every man should purvey him a stake sharp at both ends, which the Englishmen fixed in the ground before them in the field, to defend them from the oppression of horsemen." These stakes formed together an excellent rampart, in the nature of *chevaux de frise*, and they could be moved and fixed again in case of a change of position. The upper end of the stakes, which projected against the enemy, was tipped with iron: this was a new precaution, and had never been used in war before by Christians. Henry had given orders that the baggage, the priests, the tents, and horses—for this fight, like Crecy and Poitiers, was to be fought on foot—should be placed in the rear. When these dispositions were made Henry mounted a small gray horse and rode along the lines. The brave and cheerful aspect of Henry's countenance on that morning, his martial bearing and his kingly costume, as they are described by our old chroniclers, afford a fine study for the painter. He wore on his head a bright helmet, whereupon was set a crown of gold, replete with pearl and precious stones, marvellous rich; and on his surcoat the arms of Eng-

land and France were embroidered. But what struck the English more than the gold and sparkling gems was the bright lively blue eye of the hero, whose countenance, like that of Edward the Third on the like occasion, was serenely cheerful. As he rode from rank to rank, he said a few inspiring words to each. He told them that he had made up his mind to conquer or to die there—that England should never have to pay a ransom for him. He told the archers that the French had sworn an oath to cut off the three fingers of their right hand to unfit them for their craft, and he reminded them of the atrocities committed at Soissons, where two hundred brave Englishmen (prisoners of war) had been hanged like dogs. "We have not come," said the heroic king, "into our kingdom of France like mortal enemies; we have not burnt towns and villages, we have not outraged women and maidens like our adversaries at Soissons. They are full of sin and have no fear of God." As the king passed by one of the divisions, he heard a brave officer, Walter Hungerford, expressing a wish that some of the gallant knights and stout archers who were living in idleness in merry England could be present on the field. "No!" cried King Henry, "I would not have a single man more. If God gives us the victory, the fewer we are, the more honour, and if we lose, the less will be the loss to our country. But we will not lose, fight as you were wont to do, and before night the pride of our numberless enemies shall be humbled to the dust." The disparity of numbers was indeed appalling, the French, at the most moderate calculation, being as six to one.

"God's arm strike with us 'tis a fearful odds."

But they had gained little from experience. Their leaders had crowded the immense host in fields between two woods, where there was not room to deploy or to manoeuvre with any facility. They could hardly have chosen a worse position. The rain had made some of the fields impassable to horses, being the weight of men in heavy armour. This, which was so great a difficulty to the French and which made their cavalry almost useless, presented no obstacle at all to the English foot, who were lightly accoutred, and could plant their stakes the easier into the ground from its softness.

A close parallel has been drawn between the battles of Crecy and Agincourt; but in some respects they were different. The French, warned and tutored it may be by the old Duke of Berry, did not begin the action, but waited to be attacked, every man sitting down on the ground near to his own banner. King Henry had calculated on the sure and inextricable confusion of the first movement of so great a force on such close and difficult ground, and he patiently awaited their attack. During this time he distributed a little food and some wine among his men, who sat down on the ground and quietly ate their breakfasts, even as their forefathers had done on the field of Crecy. While the small and compact force of Henry was governed by one master will, the loose large multitude of the French was distracted by the conflicting opinions of many and presumptuous men. The Constable by right of his office was commander-in-chief, but there were with him many princes and others, and the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Nevers, and a host of young gentlemen who had just put on their knightly spurs, and had never earned them, and these were either impatient of the Constable's control or held contrary opinions to him, while the young and untried knights were all anxious to begin the battle and wanted to charge the English at once without any preconcerted plan. But the more cautious Constable, it appears, would fain have waited the arrival of fresh reinforcements under the Marshal de Logny and the Duke of Brittany, who were on their march and expected in the course of a day or two. It seemed disgraceful, with such odds, to wait for more, but the Constable prevailed. As the morning

wore away the Constable sent Messire Guichard Dauphin and the Sire de Helly to the English camp, with an offer of a free passage to Henry, if he would, on his part, restore Harfleur, together with all the prisoners he had made, and give up his pretensions to the throne of France. But Henry, undismayed by the large force before him, was as bold now as he had been in his own capital, and would only treat upon the same conditions. If he had allowed himself to be amused by the Constable with these negotiations a day or two longer, his army would have been starved outright. Seeing then that the French had no intention to come to him, he determined to go to them. He threw out two detachments,—the one to lie in ambush on the left flank of the French, the other to the rear, where, when the battle began, they were to set fire to a barn and house belonging to the priory of St. George at Hesdin, and so create an alarm. These manœuvres were executed; and the two detachments, both composed of archers, got to the posts appointed, and lay in wait without being perceived by the enemy.

128.—THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.—(Continued.)

PENNY MAG.

THIS “marvellous, fierce, and cruel battle” abounds in striking and stirring pictures; the first onset of the English is, perhaps, one of the most striking of them all.

It was towards the hour of noon when Henry gave the brief but cheering order—“Banners Advance!” And then the venerable Sir Thomas Erpingham, the commander of the archers, a knight grown gray with age and honour, throw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming—“Now strike!” The distance between the two armies was less than a quarter of a mile. The English came on in gallant array, until the foremost were within bow-shot of the French. Then the archers stuck their stakes in the ground before them, and set up a tremendous shout. Their loud huzzas were instantly echoed by the men that lay concealed on the left flank of the French, who, the next minute, were assailed by a tremendous shower of arrows both in front and flank. The French had few bowmen or none at all, for that weapon was considered unworthy of knightly hands, and the princes had insolently rejected the service of the burghers and other plebeians, holding that France ought to be defended only by men of gentle blood. Messire Clignet, of Brabant, thought that he could break the English archers with the lance, and he charged with twelve hundred horse, crying “Mountjoye! St. Denis!” But the ground was soft and slippery; the flight of arrows that met them right in the face was terrific. Some were slain; some rolled horse and horseman on the field; others turned their horses’ heads; and of the whole twelve hundred, not above seven score followed their chiefs up to the English front, where the archers, instead of wearing steel armour, had even thrown aside their leathern jackets that they might have a freer use of their nervous arms. But between the defence of the sharp stakes, and the incessant flight of their arrows, very few of the French lances reached those open breasts. Such of the knights as stood their ground, stooped their heads as the arrows went through their vizors; confused and blinded, they scarcely knew what they were doing. They lost the command of their horses, which, wounded in many places, became mad with pain, and galloped back, joining the other fugitives, and breaking the first division of the French army. Three horses only penetrated beyond the stakes, and they were instantly slain. The confusion of the French was now very great. Everywhere within reach of the arrows the French horses were capering about, or rushing wildly through the lines, doing mischief to their own army and causing the wildest uproar. Columns got mixed; the words of command

were disregarded : and while the timid stole to the rear, the brave all rushed forward to the van, crowding the division that was over-crowded before in that narrow space. More than once they were so huddled together that they had not room to couch their lances. Meanwhile the English, removing their stakes, came on with still more tremendous "bruit and noise;" the French made a slight retrograde movement, and then, so badly had the ground been chosen, they got into some newly ploughed corn-fields, where their horses sunk almost to their saddle-girths, stuck fast, or rolled over with their riders. Seeing that the van-guard was thoroughly disordered, the English archers left their stakes, which they did not use again, and slinging their bows behind them, rushed into the thickest of the *mêlée*, with their bill-hooks and hatchets. There, they themselves being almost without clothing, and many of them both bare-footed and bare-headed, the English archers laid about them with their bare snowy arms, and hit fearful knocks against the steel-clad knights of France. The Constable, and many of the most illustrious of the French knights, were presently killed by these despised plebeians, who, without any assistance from the chivalry of England, dispersed the whole body. Then the second division opened to receive the sad remnants of the first—a movement attended with fresh disorder. At this moment Duke Anthony of Brabant, who had just arrived on the field, but who, in his impatient haste, had left his reinforcements behind him, headed a fresh charge of horse, but he was instantly slain by the English, who kept advancing and destroying all that opposed them. The second division of the French, however, closed up, and kept its ground, though the weight of their armour made them sink knee-deep in the mire. Henry now brought up his men-at-arms, and calling in his brave English bowmen, he formed them again into good order. These lightly equipped troops found little inconvenience from the nature of the soil : they had the free use of their limbs ; they were as fresh as when they first came into the battle. They gave another loud huzza as the king led them on to a fresh charge. It was now that the real battle took place, and that Henry's life was repeatedly put in the greatest peril. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, was wounded and knocked down, and would have been killed or made prisoner, if Henry had not placed himself by his fallen brother's side and beaten off the assailants. Soon after, a band of eighteen knights, bearing the banner of the Lord of Croy, who had bound themselves with an oath to take or kill the King of England, made a furious charge upon him. One of these knights struck the king with his mace or battle-axe, and the blow was so violent that Henry staggered and fell on his knees ; but his brave men instantly closed round him, and killed every one of the eighteen knights. The Duke of Alençon then forced his way up to the English royal standard. With a blow of his battle-axe he beat the Duke of York to the ground ; and when Henry stood forth to defend his relative, he hit him over the head and knocked off part of the gold crown which he wore on his helmet. But this was the last blow that Alençon ever struck : the English closed upon him ; and, seeing his danger, he cried out to the king, "I surrender to you—I am the Duke of Alençon." Henry held out his hand. It was too late—the Duke was slain. His fall finished the battle, for his followers fled in dismay ; and the third division of the French army, which had never drawn sword, and which was in itself more than double the number of the whole English force, fell back, and galloped from the field. Up to this point the English had not embarrassed themselves with prisoners, but they now took them in heaps. An immense number were thus secured, when Henry heard a terrible noise in his rear, where the priests of his army were sitting on horseback among the baggage, and he soon saw a hostile force drawn out in that direction. At the same time the retreating third division of the French seemed to rally and raise their banners afresh. But it was a false alarm. The body in the

rear were only some five or six hundred peasants who had entered Maisonneelles and had fallen upon the baggage in the hope of obtaining plunder and driving off some of the English horses, and what appeared a rallying in front was only a momentary halt, for the third division were presently galloping off the field harder than ever. As soon as Henry discovered his mistake he gave orders to stop the carnage and to look after the wounded. Then, attended by his principal barons, he rode over the field, and sent out the heralds, as usual, to examine the coats of arms of the knights and princes that had fallen. This was a mournful task, for sixteen hundred brave Englishmen lay upon the field, among whom were the Earl of Suffolk and the Duke of York. In their death Shakspeare has presented us with a most touching picture.

But much greater and much more frightful was the loss on the side of the French. "never had so many and such noble men fallen in one battle. In all there perished on the field eight thousand gentlemen, knights, or squires, including one hundred and twenty great lords that had each a banner of his own. The whole chivalry of France was cropped. Seven near relations of King Charles—Brabant, Nevers, the Duke of Bar and his two brothers, the Constable d'Albret, and Alençon—were all slain. Among the most distinguished prisoners, who were far less numerous than the dead of the same class, were the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Richemont, the Marshal Boucicault, the Duke of Bourbon, the Counts of Eu and Vendome, and the Lords of Harcourt and Craon.

While his people were occupied in stripping the dead, Henry called to him the herald of the King of France, the king-at-arms, who was named Mountjoye, and with him several other heralds, both English and French, and he said unto them, "We have not made this slaughter, but the Almighty, as we believe, for the sins of France." And after this he asked them to whom the honour of the victory was due? Mountjoye replied, "To the King of England, to him ought victory to be given, and not to the king of France." Then Henry asked the name of the castle that he saw pretty near to him. They answered that it was called Azincourt. "Then," quoth Henry, "since all battles ought to be named after the nearest castle, let this battle bear henceforward and lastingly the name of the battle of Azincourt."

The Duke of Orleans, who had been dragged out wounded from among the dead, was sorely discomfited at the sudden turn affairs had taken. Henry went up to console him. "How fare you, my cousin?" said he, "and why do you refuse to eat and drink?" The duke answered that he was determined to fast. "Not so,—make good cheer," said the king mildly, "if God hath given me grace to win this victory, I acknowledge that it is through no merits of mine own. I believe that God hath willed that the French should be punished, and if what I have heard be true, no wonder at it, for they tell me that never were seen such a disorder, such a licence of wickedness, such debauchery, such bad vices as now reign in France. It is pitiful and horrible to hear it all, and certes the wrath of the Lord must have been awakened?" And in truth Henry could hardly have spoken worse of France at this time, than it spoke for itself.

On the next morning, when the English left Maisonneelles, the king and the duke of Orleans rode side by side, conversing in a friendly manner. The army passed over the field of battle. They stripped some of the bodies, and when they were gone some of the neighbouring peasantry came to the scene of horror to do the same frightful work. But the Count of Charolais, afterwards Philip the Good, eldest son of the duke of Burgundy, was at the castle of Aire, not far from the field of battle, in which he had been prevented from joining by the strict orders of his father; and when he heard the doleful news he was inconsolable, and refused to take any nourishment. But he sent the bailiff of Aire and the abbot of Ruis-

seauville to superintend the burial of the French, while he himself attended the funeral of his two uncles the dukes of Brabant and Nevers. The abbot and the bailiff bought twenty-five roods of land, and on this land three immense deep pits were dug, and five thousand eight hundred men were cast into them. Then the bishop of Guines went down, sprinkled holy water upon the ground, and blessed this vast sepulchre of the aristocracy of France. Many hundreds, who had friends living near, were buried with more decency in the neighbouring churches, or carried to their own castles.

The English conquerors marched slowly on to Calais, for they were heavy laden with the weight of their spoil. When they got there Henry called a council of war. Sickness still prevailed in his skeleton of an army: disease and want raged in all the near provinces of France. He had not only saved his honour, but had gained the greatest military glory: he wanted men, he wanted money. All these considerations pointed homeward, and it was determined that he should forthwith return to England.

"Then," says honest John Stow, "with all vigilance the navy was prepared, and by the king's commandment the lords and great estates of the prisoners of France, to a great number, were brought into that ship wherein the king was determined to pass the sea. At this their passage the sea was marvellously boisterous and rough, insomuch that two of the English ships perished in the floods, by reason whereof the French prisoners were so encumbered and vexed that the day of their passage seemed to them no less bitter and terrible than that day wherein they were taken at Azincourt; nor they could not marvel enough how the king should have so great strength so easily to resist and endure the rage and boisterousness of the sea, without accombrance and disease of his stomach!"

The people of England were literally mad with joy and triumph. At Dover they rushed into the sea to meet him, and carried him ashore on their shoulders. Every where on his way noblemen, priests, and people came forth to welcome him; and on his entrance into London, the mayor, with the aldermen and crafts, to the number of four hundred, riding in red, with hoods red and white, met him at Blackheath, coming from Eltham, and so conducted him in triumph through the city, where the gates and streets were garnished and hung with precious cloths of arras, and where the people got drunk on something more than joy, for the conduits through the city ran none other than good and sweet wines, and that abundantly. There were many towers and stages in the streets, richly adorned, and upon the height of them sat small children singing praises and lauds unto God; for King Henry would have no ditties made in honour of his victory, but ascribed it wholly unto God. Loud were the plaudits of the people in honour of Henry; and during his whole reign there was scarcely a complaint made against him or his ministers—nothing beyond a faint expression of regret that his wars in France should keep him so long away from his loving subjects.

120.—THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

SHAKSPERE.

SCENE I.—*The French Camp.*

Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Daup. *Montez à cheval:—My horse! valet! lacquy! ha!*

Orl. O brave spirit!

Via !—les yeux et la
Orl. Rien puis ? l'air et la feu—
Dau. Ciel ! cousin Orleans.—

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides ;
 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
 And doubt them with superfluous courage : Ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood ?
 How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !
 Do but behold you poor and starved band,
 And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
 Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
 There is not work enough for all our hands ;
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
 To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
 That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
 And sheathe for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,
 The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
 'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
 Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
 About our squares of battle,—were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe :
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by,
 Took stand for idle speculation :
 But that our honours must not. What's to say ?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket-sonaunce and the note to mount :
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?
 You island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips ;
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit

Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless ;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my gundon To the field
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste Come, come away !
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—*The English Camp*

Enter the English Host ; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland

Glo. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand

Exe. There's five to one, besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 't is a fearful odds
 God be wi' you, princes all, I'll to my charge
 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,
 My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Exeter,
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu !

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury and good luck go with thee !

Exe. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day,

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
 For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
 Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter King Henry

But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day !

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so ?
 My cousin Westmoreland !—No, my fair cousin,
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss, and if to live,
 The fewer men the greater share of honour
 God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But if it be a sin to covet honour
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :

God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more :
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight
 Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-pee when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day, and live old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars :
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle.*

Enter King Henry and Forces ; Exeter, and others, with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen :
 But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
 I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
 From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier !) doth he lie,
 Larding the plain : and by his bloody side
 (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
 The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,

And takes him by the beard ;^o kisses the gaslies
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
 And cries aloud,—“ Tarry, my cousin Suffolk !
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ;
 As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
 We kept together in our chivalry ! ”
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says,—“ Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.”
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—
 But, hark ! what now alarum is this same ?—
 The French have reforc'd their scatter'd men :—
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
 Give the word through.

[*Alarum.*][*Exeunt.*]

130.—THE DECAY AND SUBVERSION OF THE ENGLISH DOMINION IN FRANCE.

From the ‘ Penny Cyclopædia.’

Although no nation ever received so great a blow in a single field as France did on the fatal day of Agincourt, it was not till after some years that, torn as she was by the most lamentable civil dissensions, and left nearly without a government, that unfortunate country at last consented to receive the yoke of her invader. Harfleur was attacked by the French the following August ; but the attempt was put an end to by a great naval victory gained by the duke of Bedford. In September Henry passed over to Calais, and there had a secret conference with the head of one of the great French factions, John, surnamed Sans-peur, duke of Burgundy, with whom there is no doubt that he came to some understanding about the employment of their united efforts for the destruction of the Orleanists, who now had the government in their hands. It was by thus politically taking advantage of the dissensions of his enemies, rather than by any further very brilliant military operations, that Henry at last achieved the conquest of France. He returned to that country in August, 1417, having under his command a magnificent army of about 35,000 men. With this force he soon reduced the whole of Lower Normandy. He then laid siege to Rouen, 30th July, 1418, and was detained before this town till, after a brave resistance, it capitulated on the 16th of January in the following year. By this time the duke of Burgundy had obtained the ascendancy in Paris, and at the court of the incapable Charles and his profligate queen ; and he was not now so much disposed as he had probably been two years before to aid

the ambitious project of the English king. From Rouen Henry advanced upon Paris, on which Burgundy and the queen, taking the king with them, left that city, and went, first to Lagny, and afterwards to Provins. It was at last agreed, however, that a truce should be concluded between the English and the Bourguignons, and that Henry should meet the duke, and the king and queen of France, on the 30th of May. On that day the conference took place on the right bank of the Seine, near the town of Meulan. But after being protracted for above a month, the negotiation was suddenly broken off by the French party; and then it was discovered that the duke had concluded a treaty with the Dauphin and the faction of the Armagnacs. On this Henry immediately resumed his advance upon Paris. Meanwhile the hollowiness of the apparent reconciliation that had been hastily patched up between the two rival factions became abundantly manifest; the formal alliance of the chiefs had no effect in uniting their followers. At length, on the 10th of September, Burgundy having been induced to meet the Dauphin on the bridge of Montcreau, was there foully fallen upon and murdered by the attendants, and in the presence, of the treacherous prince. From this time the Bourguignons, and even the people of Paris, who were attached to that party, looked upon the English as their natural allies against the Dauphin and his faction. Philip, the young duke of Burgundy, and the queen in the name of her husband, immediately assented to all Henry's demands, which were—the hand of Charles's eldest daughter, the Princess Catherine, the present regency of the kingdom, and the succession to the throne of France on the death of Charles. It was also arranged that one of Henry's brothers should marry a sister of duke Philip. Several months were spent in the settlement of certain minor points; but at last the treaty of 'Perpetual Peace,' as it was styled, was completed and signed at Troyes by Queen Isabella and Duke Philip, as the commissioners of King Charles, on the 20th of May, 1420; and on the following day the oath to observe it was taken without murmur or hesitation by the parliament, the nobility, and deputies from such of the commonalties as acknowledged the royal authority.

Henry's marriage with Catherine was solemnized on the 2nd June. On the second day after he resumed his military occupations, and some months were spent in reducing successively the towns of Sens, Montcreau, Villeneuve-le-Roi, and Melun. On the 18th November Henry and Charles entered Paris together in triumph, and here the treaty of Troyes was unanimously confirmed (10th December) in an assembly of the three estates of the kingdom. Henry soon after set out with his queen for England, and on the 2nd February, 1421, entered London amidst such pageants and popular rejoicings as that capital had never before witnessed.

He did not, however, remain long at home. On the 22nd March his brother, the duke of Clarence, whom he had left governor of Normandy, was defeated in a battle fought at Baugé, in Anjou, by a force chiefly composed of a body of Scottish auxiliaries under the earl of Buchan, who slew Clarence with his own hand, an exploit for which the Dauphin conferred upon the Scottish earl the office of constable of France. This victory appears to have produced a wonderful effect in reanimating the almost broken spirits and extinguished hopes of the Dauphin's party. Feeling that his presence was wanted in France, Henry again set sail for Calais in the beginning of June, taking with him a Scottish force commanded by Archibald, earl of Douglas, and also his prisoner, the Scottish king, to whom he promised his liberty as soon as they should have returned to England. His wonted success attended him in this new expedition; and he drove the Dauphin before him, from one place after another, till he forced him to retire to Bourges, in Berry. He then, after taking the strong town of Meaux, which cost him a siege of seven months, proceeded to Paris, which he entered with great pomp, 30th May,

accompanied by his queen, who had come over to join him, after having given birth to a son at Windsor Castle on the 6th of the preceding December. But the end of Henry's triumphant career was now at hand. The Dauphin and the constable Buchan having again advanced from the south, and laid siege to the town of Cosne, Henry, though ill at the time, set out to relieve that place, but was unable to proceed farther than Corbeil, about twenty miles from Paris, when, resigning the command to his brother, the duke of Bedford, he was carried back in a litter to the Bois de Vincennes, in the vicinity of the capital, and there, after an illness of about a month, he breathed his last, on the 31st of August, in the 34th year of his age, and the 10th of his reign.

It is unnecessary in the present day to waste a word on either the injustice or the folly of the enterprise on which Henry thus threw away the whole of his reign. In estimating his character it is of more importance to remember that the folly and injustice, which are now so evident, were as little perceived at that day by his subjects in general as by himself, and that there can be no doubt whatever that both he and they thought he was, in the assertion of his fancied rights to the crown of France, pursuing both a most important and a most legitimate object. That motives of personal ambition mingled their influence in his views and proceedings must no doubt be admitted; but that is perfectly consistent with honesty of purpose, and a thorough belief in the rightness both of the object sought, and the means employed to secure it. In following the bright though misleading *idea* that had captivated him, he certainly displayed many endowments of the loftiest and most admirable kind—energy, both of body and mind, which no fatigue could quell; the most heroic gallantry; patience and endurance, watchfulness and activity, steadiness, determination, policy, and other moral constituents, as they may be called, of genius, as well as mere military skill and resources. Nor does any weighty imputation dim the lustre of these virtues. His slaughter of his prisoners at the battle of Azincourt, almost the only stigma that rests upon his memory, was an act of self-preservation, justified by what appeared to be the circumstances in which he was placed. No monarch ever occupied a throne who was more the idol of his subjects than Henry V.; nor is any trace to be found of popular dissatisfaction with any part of his government, from the beginning to the end of his reign.

Henry VI. was not quite nine months old when the death of his father left him king of England. In the settlement of the government which took place upon the accession of the infant king, the actual administration of affairs in England was entrusted to the younger of his two uncles, Humphrey, popularly called 'The Good,' duke of Gloucester, as substitute for the elder, John, duke of Bedford, who was appointed president of the council, but who remained in France, taking his late brother's place as regent of that kingdom. Gloucester's title was 'Protector of the Realm and Church of England.' The care of the person and education of the king was some time after committed to Richard de Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and to the king's great uncle, bishop (afterwards cardinal) Henry Beaufort.

The history of the earlier and longer portion of this reign is the history of the gradual decay and final subversion of the English dominion in France. The death of Henry V. was followed in a few weeks (22nd October) by that of his father-in-law, the imbecile Charles VI. Immediately on this event the Dauphin was acknowledged by his adherents as Charles VII.; and Henry VI. was also proclaimed in Paris, and wherever the English power prevailed, as king of France. The next events of importance that occurred were the two great victories of Crevant and Verneuil obtained by the English over the French and their Scottish allies, the former on the 31st of July, 1423, the latter on the 17th of August, 1424. In the interim

king James of Scotland, after his detention of nearly twenty years, had been released by the English council, and had returned to his native country after marrying a near connexion of the royal family, the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the duke of Somerset. One of the engagements made by James on his liberation was that he should not permit any more of his subjects to enter into the service of France: the Scots who were already there were for the most part destroyed a few months afterwards in the slaughter of Verneuil.

This however was the last great success obtained by the English in France. From this time their dominion began to loosen and shake, and then to crumble faster and faster away, until it fell wholly to ruin. The first thing which materially contributed to unsettle it was the disgust given to the duke of Burgundy by the marriage of the duke of Gloucester with Jacqueline of Hainault, and their subsequent invasion and seizure of her hereditary states, then held by her former husband John, duke of Brabant, who was 'the cousin of the duke of Burgundy. Although Burgundy, on being left to pursue his quarrel with Jacqueline, whom he soon succeeded in crushing, after she had been abandoned by Gloucester, did not go the length of openly breaking with the English on account of this matter, his attachment was never afterwards to be much relied upon, and he merely waited for a favourable occasion to change sides. Meanwhile another of the most powerful of the English allies, the duke of Brittany, openly declared for Charles VII. Other embarrassments also arose about the same time out of the mutual jealousies and opposition of Gloucester and Bishop Beaufort, which at last blazed up into open and violent hostility. It required all the moderating prudence and steadiness of the duke of Bedford to break as much as possible the shock of these various adverse occurrences. For some years accordingly he had enough to do in merely maintaining his actual position. It was not till the close of 1428 that he proceeded to attempt the extension of the English authority beyond the Loire. With this view the siege of Orleans was commenced on the 12th of October in that year by the earl of Salisbury, and, on his death from a wound received a few weeks after, carried on by the earl of Suffolk. The extraordinary succession of events that followed—the appearance of Joan of Arc on the scene; her arrival in the besieged city (29th April, 1429); the raising of the siege (8th May); the defeat of the English at the battle of Patay (18th June); the coronation of king Charles at Rheims (15th July); the attack on Paris (12th September); the capture of Joan at Compiègne (25th May, 1430); her trial and execution at Rouen (30th May, 1431)—all belong to the singular story of the heroic maid.

The young King of England, now in his ninth year, had in the meantime been brought to Rouen (May, 1430), and was about a year and a half afterwards solemnly crowned at Paris (17th December, 1431). The death of the duchess of Bedford, the sister of the Duke of Burgundy, in November, 1432, and the marriage of Bedford in May of the following year with Jacquetta of Luxembourg, aided materially in still further detaching Burgundy from the English connection, till, his remaining scruples gradually giving way under his resentment, in September, 1435, he concluded a peace with king Charles. This important transaction was managed at a great congress of representatives from all the sovereign powers of Europe assembled at Arras, with the view of effecting a general peace under the mediation of the pope. On the 14th of September, a few days after the treaty between Charles and Burgundy had been signed, but before it was proclaimed, died the great duke of Bedford. This event gave the finishing blow to the dominion of the English in France. In April, 1436, the English garrison in Paris was compelled to capitulate. The struggle lingered on for about fifteen years more; but although some partial successes, and especially the brilliant exertions of the famous Talbot (afterwards earl

of Shrewsbury), in Normandy and elsewhere, gave a check from time to time to the progressive dissolution of the English power, the prevailing current of events ran decidedly in the contrary direction. In 1444 a truce was agreed upon, to last till 1st April, 1446; and in this interval a marriage was arranged between king Henry and Margaret, the beautiful daughter of René, king of Sicily and Jerusalem, and duke of Anjou, Maine, and Bar. These lofty dignities however were all merely titular; with all his kingdoms and dukedoms, René was at this time nearly destitute both of land and revenue. Thus circumstanced, in return for the hand of his daughter, he demanded the restoration of his hereditary states of Maine and Anjou, which were in the possession of the English, and the proposal was at length assented to. Nor was this cession of territory the only thing that tended from the first to excite popular feeling in England against the marriage. Margaret was a near relation of the French king, and had been in great part brought up at the court of Charles. The connexion therefore seemed to be one thoroughly French in spirit, and it is no wonder that the earl of Suffolk, by whom it had been negotiated, became from this time the object of much general odium and suspicion, the more especially when it was found that Margaret, who soon evinced both commanding talent and a most imperious temper, distinguished him by every mark of her favour, and made him almost exclusively her confidential adviser and assistant in winding to her purposes her feeble and phant husband. The marriage was solemnized in the abbey of Tichfield, 22nd April, 1445, Suffolk having a few months before, on the conclusion of the negotiations, been created a marquess. The truce with France was now prolonged till the 1st of April, 1449. The first remarkable event that followed was the destruction of the duke of Gloucester, who, although he appears not to have openly opposed the marriage, was certainly the most formidable obstacle in the way of the complete ascendancy of Suffolk and the queen. Having been arrested on a charge of high treason, 11th February, 1447, he was on the seventeenth day thereafter found dead in his bed. In the popular feeling, which however may very possibly have been mistaken, his death was generally attributed to the agency of Suffolk, who now, raised to the dignity of duke, became, ostensibly as well as really, prime, or rather sole minister.

Soon after hostilities were renewed in France, and a numerous force having been poured by king Charles into Normandy, through the adjacent country of Maine, no longer a hostile frontier, town after town was speedily reduced, till at last Rouen, the capital, surrendered, 4th November, 1449. Early in the next year another heavy reverse was sustained in the defeat of Sir Thomas Kyriel at Fourmigny; and at last the fall of Cherbourg, 12th August, 1450, completed the loss of the duchy. Before this catastrophe however the public indignation in England had swept away the unhappy minister on whose head all this accumulation of disasters and disgraces was laid; the duke of Suffolk, after having been committed to the Tower, on the impeachment of the House of Commons, and banished from the kingdom by the judgment of his peers, was seized as he was sailing across from Dover to Calais, and being carried on board one of the king's ships, was there detained for a few days, and at last had his head struck off by an executioner who came along-side in a boat from the shore, May 2nd, 1450. The murder of Suffolk was immediately followed by a popular insurrection, unparalleled in its extent and violence since the rebellion of Wat Tyler, seventy years before. Before the close of the following year the French, in addition to Normandy, had recovered all Guienne; and with the exception of Calais, not a foot of ground remained to England of all her recent continental possessions. Bordeaux, which had been subject to the English government for three centuries and a half, revolted the following year; and the brave Talbot, now eighty

years of age, was sent to Guienne to take advantage of that movement; but both he and his son fell in battle, 20th July, 1453; and on the 10th of October following Bordeaux surrendered to Charles.

191.—THE SLAUGHTER OF THE PRISONERS AT AGINCOURT.

REV. J. E. TYLER.

The name of Henry of Monmouth is inseparable from the battle of Agincourt; and immeasurably better had it been for his fair fame had himself and his little army been crushed in that tremendous struggle, by the overwhelming chivalry of France, than that he should have stained that day of conquest and glory by an act of cruelty or vengeance. If any cause except palpable and inevitable necessity could be proved to have suggested the dreadful mandate for his soldiers to put their prisoners to the sword, his memory must be branded by a stigma which no personal courage, not a whole life devoted to deeds of arms, nor any unprecedented career of conquest, could obliterate. The charge of cruelty, however, like some other accusations, examined at length in these memoirs, is of comparatively recent origin; and as in those former instances, so in this, our duty is to ascertain the facts from the best evidence, and dispassionately to draw our inference from those facts after an upright scrutiny and patient weighing of the whole question in all its bearings. Our abhorrence of the crime may well make us hesitate before we pronounce judgment against one to whose mercy and chivalrous honour his contemporaries bore willing and abundant testimony; the enormity of so dreadful an example compels us, in the name of humanity and of justice, not to screen the guilty. We may be wisely jealous of the bias and prejudice which his brilliant talents, and his life of patriotism and glory, may unconsciously communicate to our minds; we must be also upon our guard lest an excessive resolution to do justice, foster imperceptibly a morbid acquiescence in the condemnation of the accused.

The facts, then, as they are gleaned from those authors who wrote nearest to the time (two of whom are French, the other English, were actually themselves present on the field of battle, and were eye-witnesses of some portion at least of the circumstances which they narrate,) seem to have been these, in their order and character.

At the close of one of the most desperate struggles ever recorded in the annals of ancient or modern warfare, whilst the enemy were in the act of quitting the field, but had not left it, the English were employing what remained of their well nigh exhausted strength in guarding their prisoners, and separating the living from the dead, who lay upon each other, heaps upon heaps, in one confused and indiscriminate mass. On a sudden a shout was raised, and reached Henry, that a fresh reinforcement of the enemy in overwhelming numbers had attacked the baggage, and were advancing in battle array against him. He was himself just released from the furious conflict in which, at the close of his almost unparalleled personal exertion, he engaged with the Duke of Alençon, and slew him on the spot. Precisely, also, at this juncture, the main body of the French who had been engaged in the battle, and were apparently retreating, were seen to be collecting in great numbers, and forming themselves into bodies throughout the plain, with the purpose, as it appeared, of returning to the engagement.

They might have been the total sacrifice of himself and his gallant little band, no hesitate might have been death. Henry instantly, without a moment's interval, by sound of trumpet ordered his men to form themselves, and attack the body who were advancing upon his rear, and to put the prisoners to death, "lest they should rush upon his men during the fight." These mandates were obeyed

The French reinforcement, advancing from the quarter where the baggage was stationed, no sooner felt a shower of arrows, and saw a body of men ready to give them battle, than they turned to flight; and instantly Henry, on seeing them run, stopped the slaughter of the prisoners, and made it known to all that he had had recourse to the measure only in self-defence. Henry, in order to prevent the recurrence of such a dreadful catastrophe, sent forthwith a herald to those companies of the enemy who were still lingering very suspiciously through the field, and charged them either to come to battle at once, or to withdraw from his sight; adding, that, should they array themselves afterwards to renew the battle, he would show no mercy, nor spare either fighting-men or prisoners.

Of the general accuracy of this statement of the facts little doubt can be entertained, though in the midst of the confusion of such a battle-field it would not be matter of surprise were some of the circumstances mistaken or exaggerated. In reflecting on this course of incidents, the thought forces itself upon our mind, that the mandate was given not in cool blood, nor when there was time and opportunity for deliberation and for calculating upon the means and chances of safety, but upon the instant, on a sudden unexpected renewal of the engagement from a quarter from which no danger was anticipated; at a moment, too, when, just after the heat of the battle was passing over, the routed enemy were collecting again in great numbers in various parts of the field, with a view evidently of returning to the charge and crushing their conquerors; at a moment, too, when the English were scattered about, separating the living from the dead, and all was yet confusion and uncertainty. Another fact, as clearly and distinctly recorded as the original issuing of the mandate, is, that no sooner was the danger of the immediate and inevitable sacrifice of the lives of his men removed by the retreat of the assailants, than, without waiting for the dispersion of those menacing bodies then congregating around him, Henry instantly countermanded the order, and saved the remainder of the prisoners. The bare facts of the case, from first to last, admit of no other alternative than for our judgment to pronounce it to have been altogether an imperative inevitable act of self-preservation, without the sacrifice of any life, or the suffering of any human being, beyond the absolute and indispensable necessity of the case.

But, perhaps, the most striking and conclusive testimony in vindication of Henry's character on that day of slaughter and victory, is borne both by the silence and also by the expressed sentiments of the contemporary historians. This evidence deserves to be put more prominently forward than it has ever yet been. Indeed, as long as there was no charge of cruelty, or unnecessary violence, brought against his name in this particular, there was little need of alleging any evidence in his defence. It remained for modern writers, after a lapse of centuries, to stigmatize the command as an act of barbarity, and to represent it as having tarnished and stained the victory of him who gave it. It is, however, a most remarkable and satisfactory circumstance that, of the contemporary historians, and those who followed most closely upon them, who have detailed the proceedings with more or less minuteness, and with a great variety though no inconsistency of circumstances, in whose views, moreover, all subsequent writers, with few exceptions, have unreservedly acquiesced, not one single individual is found to cast the slightest imputation on Henry for injustice or cruelty; while some, in their account of the battle, have not made the most distant allusion to the circumstance. All the earlier writers who refer to it appear, with one consent, to have considered the order as the result of dire and unavoidable necessity on the part of the English king. Not only so: whilst no one who witnessed the engagement, or lived at the time, ever threw the shadow of reproach or of complaint on Henry or his army,

various writers, especially among the French historians, join in reprobating the unjustifiable conduct of those among the French troops who rendered the massacre inevitable, and cast on their own countrymen the entire responsibility and blame for the whole melancholy affair. Instead of any attempt to sully and tarnish the glory won by the English on that day, by pointing to their cruel and barbarous treatment of unarmed prisoners, they visit their own people with the very strongest terms of malediction, as the sole culpable origin and cause of the evil. And that these were not only the sentiments of the writers themselves, but were participated in by their countrymen at large, is evidenced by the record of a fact which has been generally overlooked. Those who were deemed guilty of thus exposing their countrymen to death, by unjustifiably renewing the attack when the conflict was acknowledged to be over, and after the French soldiery had given up the field, not only were exposed to disgrace in their characters, but suffered punishment also for the offence in their persons. Anticipating censure and severe handling as the consequences of their misconduct, they made valuable presents to such as they thought able to screen them; but so decided was the indignation and resentment of their countrymen, that the leaders of the offending parties were cast into prison, and suffered a long confinement, as the punishment for their misconduct on that day.

The inference, then, which the facts, as they are delivered by English and French writers, compel us to draw, coincides with the professed sentiments of all contemporaries. Those, on the one hand, who shared the glory and were proud of the day of Agincourt, and those, on the other, whose national pride and wounded honour, and participation in the calamities poured that day upon the noblest families of France, and in the mourning spread far and wide throughout the land, caused them to abhor the very name of Agincourt, all sanction our adoption of that one inference: *Henry did not stain his victory by any act of cruelty.* His character comes out of the investigation untarnished by a suspicion of his having wantonly shed the blood of a single fellow-creature.

132.—THE DEATH OF JOHN TALBOT AND HIS SON.

SHAKSPERE.

"This is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin* upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frightened the French from the siege of Burdeaux."

Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' gives of Talbot. It is easy to see how his bold chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditional household word up to the time of Shakspeare; and other writers, besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's 'Pastorals,' thus speaks of him in 1570—"His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oftentimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh."

The coronation of Henry VI. in Paris took place as early as 1431. In the scene of Shakspeare's 'Henry VI.' where this event is represented, Talbot receives a commission to proceed against Burgundy; and the remainder of the Act is occupied with the events of the campaign in which Talbot fell. Twenty years, or more, are leapt over by the poet, for the purpose of showing, amidst the disasters of our countrymen in France, the heroism by which the struggle for empire was so long maintained. The detailed narrative which Hall gives of Talbot's

* *San Talboti pro vincere inimicos meos.*

death, is very graphic, and no doubt furnished the materials for the following scenes, which give the most beautiful example of the use of the couplet in the early English drama.

"This conflict continued in doubtful judgment of victory two long hours, during which fight the lords of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great company of Frenchmen, entered the battle, and began a new field, and suddenly the gunners, perceiving the Englishmen to approach near, discharged their ordinance, and slew three hundred persons near to the Earl, who, perceiving the imminent jeopardy and subtle labyrinth in the which he and his people were enclosed and illaqueste, despising his own safeguard, and desiring the life of his entirely and well beloved son the Lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counselled him to depart out of the field, and to save himself. But when the son had answered that it was neither honest nor natural for him to leave his father in the extreme jeopardy of his life, and that he would taste of that draught which his father and parent should assay and begin, the noble earl and comfortable captain said to him, Oh, son, son! I, thy father, which, only hath been the terror and scourge of the French people so many years,—which had subverted so many towns, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battle and martial conflict,—neither can here die, for the honour of my country, without great laud and perpetual fame, nor fly or depart without perpetual shame and continual infamy. But because this is thy first journey and enterprise, neither thy flying shall redound to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory for as hardly a man wisely fieth as a temerarious person foolishly abideth, therefore the fleeing of me shall be the dishonour, not only of me and my progeny, but also a discomfiture of all my company thy departure shall save thy life, and make thee able another time, if I be slain, to revenge my death, and to do honour to thy prince and profit to his realm. But nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life, nor thought of security, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father, who, considering the constancy of his child, and the great danger that they stood in, comforted his soldiers, cheered his captains, and valiantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies, having a greater company of men, and more abundance of ordinance, than before had been seen in a battle, first shot him through the thigh with a hand gun, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lying on the ground, whom they never durst look in the face while he stood on his feet and with him there died manfully his son the Lord Lisle, his bastard son Henry Talbot, and Sir Edward Hull, elect to the noble Order of the Garter, and thirty valiant personages of the English nation, and the Lord Molyns was there taken prisoner with sixty other. The residue of the English people fled to Bourdeaux and other places, whereto in the flight were slain about a thousand persons. At this battle of Chastillon, fought the 11th day of July, in this year, ended his life, Lord John Talbot, and of his progeny the first Earl of Shrewsbury, after that he with much fame, more glory, and most victory, had for his prince and country, by the space of twenty-four years and more, valiantly made war and served the king in the parts beyond the sea, whose corpse was left on the ground, and after was found by his friends, and conveyed to Whitchurch in Shropshire, where it is intumescit."

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter Talbot and John his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,

Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me :
The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay ; and father, do you fly :
Your loss is great, so your regard should be ;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast ;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done :
You fled for vantage, every one will swear ;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb ?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name : Shall flight abuse it ?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die ?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame ?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide :

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;

For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die ;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Field of Battle.*

Alarum : *Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight :
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot ?—pause, and take thy breath ;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O twice my father ! twice am I thy son :
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done ;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy ; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered ;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus : “ Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine.
Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy ; ”—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care :
Art thou not weary, John ? How didst thou fare ?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry ?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead ;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot.
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain an if I stay.
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day :
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name.
My death revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart ;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart ,
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward house that bears me fall and die ;
And like me to the peasant boys of France ;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son :
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus ; thy life to me is sweet :
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side ;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.**Alarum: Excursions Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Servant.*

Tal Where is my other life ?—mine own is gone ;—
 O, where 's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience ;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my rum, and assal'd of none,
 Dizzy ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French .
 And in that sea of blood my boy did diench
 His over-mounting spirit, and there died
 My tears, my blossom, in his pride

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot**Serv* O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is borne !

Tal Thou antic death, which lugh't us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality
 O thou whose wounds become hard favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath
 Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no ,
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe
 Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ,
 My spirit can no longer bear these hums
 Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave

[*Exit.*]

133—THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

[The narrative of Holmshed of the first interview of Joan of Arc with Charles VII, is as follows :—

"In time of this siege at Orleans, unto Charles the Dauphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and study how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, captain of Vacouicur (made after marshal of France by the Dauphin's creation), was carried a young wench of an eighteen years old, call'd Joan Arc, by name of her father (a sorry shepherd), James of Arc, and Isabella her mother, brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Joan Domprin), upon Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocese of Thoule. Of favour was she counted like a dove, of person strongly made and manly, of courage great, hardy, and stout withal, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastity both of body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week. A person (as their books make her) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French

estate, then deeply in distress, in whom, for planting a credit the rather, first the company that towards the Dauphin did conduct her, through places all dangerous, as held by the English, where she never was afore, all the way and by nightertale* safely did she lead: then at the Dauphin's sending by her assignment, from Saint Katherine's church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there, among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five fleur-de-lis was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did many slaughters by her own hands. In warfare rode she in armour, cap-à-pie, and mustered as a man, before her an ensign all white, wherein was Jesus Christ painted with a fleur-de-lis in his hand.

"Unto the Dauphin into his gallery when first she was brought, and he shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him to try her cunning from all the company, with a salutation (that indeed was all the matter) she picked him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallery, where she held him an hour in secret and private talk, that of his privy chamber was thought very long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let her say on. In which (among other), as likely it was, she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) given her to understand by revelation divine, that in virtue of that sword she should achieve, which were, how with honour and victory she would raise the siege at Orleans, set him in state of the crown of France, and drive the English out of the country, thereby he to enjoy the kingdom alone. Hereupon he hearkened at full, appointed her a sufficient army with absolute power to lead them, and they obediently to do as she bade them."

SCENE. *Before Orleans.*

Enter Charles, with his forces; Alençon, Reignier, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reign. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarm; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

Exeunt.

Alarums. *They are beaten back by the English, with great loss.* *Re-enter Charles, Alençon, Reignier and others,*

Char. Whoever saw the like! what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

* Night-time. The word is in Chaucer.—

"So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale."

Tyrwhitt explains it as derived from the Saxon nightern dæl,—nocturni portica

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
 He fighteth as one weary of his life.
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
 During the time Edward the third did reign.
 More truly now may this be verified ;
 For none but Sarisons and Gohasses,
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
 They had such courage and audacity ?

Char. Let's leave this town ; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
 Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
 The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmicks or device,
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
 By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince dauphin ? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd ;
 Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
 Be not dismay'd. for succour is at hand :
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,
 Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
 And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;
 What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,
 For they are certain and unfaillible.

Char. Go, call her in [*Exit Bastard*] : But, first, to try her skill,
 Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place :
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern :—
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*]

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats ?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?

Where is the dauphin ?—come, come from behind ;
 I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :—

In private will I talk with thee apart ;—

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
 My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
 Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible estate :
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity :
 Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success :
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated :
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

* * * * *

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
 This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :
 Expect saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
 Since I have entered into these wars.
 Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
 With Henry's death the English circle ends ;
 Dispersed are the glories it included.
 Now am I like that proud insulting ship
 Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

134.—BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.

Joan of Arc, surnamed the 'Maid of Orleans,' from her heroic defence of that city, was born about the year 1410 or 1411, in the little hamlet of Domremy, near the Meuse, and about three leagues south of Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Champagne. Her parents were humble and honest peasants. The district was remarkable for the devout simplicity of its inhabitants, as well as for those romantic superstitions which in a rude age are so often allied with religion. It appears from the copious depositions of witnesses from the neighbourhood of Domremy, examined at Joan's trial, that she was unremitting in her prayers, and other religious exercises, and was strongly imbued, at a very early age, with the prevailing superstitions of her native place.

During that period of anarchy in France, when the supreme power which had fallen from the hands of a monarch deprived of his reason was disputed, for by the rival houses of Orleans and Burgundy, the contending parties carried on war more

by murder and massacre than by regular battles. When an army was wanted, both had recourse to the English, and these conquering strangers made the unfortunate French feel still deeper the horrors and ravages of war. At first, the popular feeling was undecided; but when, on the death of Charles VI., the crown fell to a young prince who adopted the Armagnac side, whilst the house of Burgundy had sworn allegiance to a foreigner (Henry V.) as king of France, then, indeed, the wishes and interests of all the French were in favour of the Armagnacs, or the truly patriotic party. Remote as was the village of Domremy, it was still interested in the issue of the struggle. It was decidedly Armagnac, and was strengthened in this sentiment by the rivalry of a neighbouring village which adopted Burgundian colours.

Political and party interests were thus forced upon the enthusiastic mind of Joan, and mingled with the pious legends which she had caught from the traditions of the Virgin. A prophecy was current, that a virgin should rid France of its enemies; and this prophecy seems to have been realised by its effect upon the mind of Joan. The girl, by her own account, was about thirteen when a supernatural vision first appeared to her. She describes it as a great light, accompanied by a voice telling her to be devout and good, and promising her the protection of heaven. Joan responded by a vow of eternal chastity. In this there appears nothing beyond the effect of imagination. From that time the voice or voices continued to haunt Joan, and to echo the enthusiastic and restless wishes of her own heart. We shall not lay much stress on her declarations made before those who were appointed by the king to inquire into the credibility of her mission. Her own simple and *early* account was, that "voices" were her visitors and advisers; and that they prompted her to quit her native place, take up arms, drive the foe before her, and procure for the young king his coronation at Rheims. These voices, however, had not influence enough to induce her to set out upon the hazardous mission, until a band of Burgundians, traversing and plundering the country, had compelled Joan, together with her parents, to take refuge in a neighbouring town: when they returned to their village, after the departure of the marauders, they found the church of Domremy in ashes. Such incidents were well calculated to arouse the indignation and excite the enthusiasm of Joan. Her voices returned, and incessantly directed her to set out for France; but to commence by making application to De Baudricourt, commander at Vaucouleurs. Her parents, who were acquainted with Joan's martial propensities, attempted to force her into a marriage; but she contrived to avoid this by paying a visit to an uncle, in whose company she made her appearance before the governor of Vaucouleurs, in May, 1428. De Baudricourt at first refused to see her, and, upon granting an interview, treated her pretensions with contempt. She then returned to her uncle's abode, where she continued to announce her project, and to insist that the prophecy, that "France, lost by a woman (Isabel of Bavaria), should be saved by a virgin from the frontiers of Lorraine," alluded to her. ~~She~~ ^{It was} she asserted, who could save France, and not "either kings, or dukes, nor yet the king of Scotland's daughter"—an expression which proves how well-informed she was as to the political events and rumours of the day.

The fortunes of the dauphin Charles at this time had sunk to the lowest ebb; Orleans, almost his last bulwark, was besieged and closely pressed, and the loss of the "battle of Herrings" seemed to take away all hope of saving the city from the English. In this crisis, when all human support seemed unavailing, Baudricourt no longer despised the supernatural aid promised by the damsel of Domremy, and gave permission to John of Metz and Bertram of Poulengy, two gentlemen who had become converts to the truth of her divine mission, to conduct Joan of Arc to

the dauphin. They purchased a horse for her, and at her own desire furnished her with male habits, and other necessary equipments. Thus provided, and accompanied by a respectable escort, Joan set out from Vaucouleurs on the 13th of February, 1429. Her progress, through regions attached to the Burgundian interest, was perilous, but she safely arrived at Fierbois, a place within five or six leagues of Chinon, where the dauphin then held his court. At Fierbois was a celebrated church dedicated to St. Catherine, and here she spent her time in devotion, whilst a messenger was despatched to the dauphin to announce her approach. She was commanded to proceed, and reached Chinon on the eleventh day after her departure from Vaucouleurs.

Charles, though he desired, still feared to accept the proffered aid, because he knew that the instant cry of his enemies would be, that he had put his faith in sorcery, and had leagued himself with the infernal powers. In consequence of this, Joan encountered every species of distrust. She was not even admitted to the dauphin's presence without difficulty, and was required to recognize Charles amidst all his court; this Joan happily was able to do, as well as to gain the good opinion of the young monarch by the simplicity of her demeanour. Nevertheless, the prince proceeded to take every precaution before he openly trusted her. He first banded her over to a commission of ecclesiastics, to be examined; then sent her for the same purpose to Poitiers, a great law-school, that the doctors of both faculties might solemnly decide whether Joan's mission was from heaven or from the devil: for none believed it to be merely human. The greatest guarantee against sorcery was considered to be the chastity of the young girl, it being an axiom, that the devil would not or could not take part with a virgin; and no pains were spared to ascertain her true character in this respect. In short, the utmost incredulity could not have laboured harder to find out imposture, than did the credulity of that day to establish its grounds of belief. Joan was frequently asked to do miracles, but her only reply was, 'Bring me to Orleans, and you shall see. The siege shall be raised, and the dauphin crowned king at Rheims.'

They at length granted her request, and she received the rank of a military commander. A suit of armour was made for her, and she sent to Fierbois for a sword, which she said would be found buried in a certain spot within the church. It was found there, and conveyed to her. The circumstance became afterwards one of alleged proofs of her sorcery or imposture. Her having passed some time at Fierbois amongst the ecclesiastics of the place must have led, in some way or other, to her knowledge of the deposit. Strong in the conviction of her mission, it was Joan's desire to enter Orleans from the north, and through all the fortifications of the English. Dunois, however, and the other leaders, at length overruled her, and induced her to abandon the little company of pious companions which she had raised, and to enter the beleaguered city by water, as the least perilous path. She succeeded in carrying with her a convoy of provisions to the besieged. The entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, at the end of April, was itself a triumph. The hearts of the besieged were raised from despair to a fanatical confidence of success; and the English, who in every encounter had defeated the French, felt their courage paralyzed by the coming of this simple girl. Joan announced her arrival to the foe by a herald, bearing a summons to the English generals to be gone from the land, or she, the Pucelle, would slay them. The indignation of the English was increased by their terror; they detained the herald, and threatened to burn him, as a specimen of the treatment which they reserved for his mistress. But in the mean time the English, either from being under the influence of terror, or through some unaccountable want of precaution, allowed the armed force raised and left behind by Joan, to reach Orleans unmolested, traversing their entrenchments. Such

being the state of feeling on both sides, Joan's ardour impelled her to take advantage of it. Under her banner, and cheered by her presence, the besieged marched to the attack of the English forts one after another. The first carried was that of St. Loup, to the east of Orleans. It was valiantly defended by the English, who, when attacked, fought desperately; but the soldiers of the Pucelle were invincible. On the following day, the 6th of May, Joan, after another summons to the English, signed "Jhesus Maria and Jehanne La Pucelle," renewed the attack upon the other forts. The French being compelled to make a momentary retreat, the English took courage, and pursued their enemies: whereupon Joan, throwing herself into a boat, crossed the river, and her appearance was sufficient to frighten the English from the open field. Behind their ramparts they were still, however, formidable; and the attack led by Joan against the works to the south of the city is the most memorable achievement of the siege. After cheering on her people for some time, she had seized a scaling-ladder, when an English arrow struck her between the breast and shoulder, and threw her into the fosse. When her followers took her aside, she showed at first some feminine weakness, and wept; but seeing that her standard was in danger, she forgot her wound, and ran back to seize it. The French at the same time pressed hard upon the enemy, whose strong hold was carried by assault. The English commander, Gladesdall, or Glacidas, as Joan called him, perished with his bravest soldiers in the Loire. The English now determined to raise the siege, and Sunday being the day of their departure, Joan forbade her soldiers to molest their retreat. Thus in one week from her arrival at Orleans was the beleaguered city relieved of its dreaded foe, and the Pucelle, henceforth called the Maid of Orleans, had redeemed the most incredible and important of her promises.

No sooner was Orleans freed from the enemy, than Joan returned to the court, to entreat Charles to place forces at her disposal, that she might reduce the towns between the Loire and Rheims, where she proposed to have him speedily crowned. Her projects were opposed by the minister and warriors of the court, who considered it more politic to drive the English from Normandy than to harass the Burgundians, or make sacrifices for the idle ceremony of a coronation; but her earnest solicitations prevailed, and early in June she attacked the English at Jargeau. They made a desperate resistance, and drove the French before them till the appearance of Joan chilled the stout hearts of the English soldiers. One of the Poles was killed, and another, with Suffolk the commander of the town, was taken prisoner. This success was followed by a victory at Patay, in which the English were beaten by a charge of Joan, and the gallant Talbot himself taken prisoner. No force seemed able to withstand the Maid of Orleans. The strong town of Troyes, which might have repulsed the weak and starving army of the French, was terrified into surrender by the sight of her banner; and Rheims itself followed the example. In the middle of July, only three months after Joan had come to the relief of the sinking party of Charles, his prince was crowned in the cathedral consecrated to this ceremony, in the midst of the dominions of his enemies. Well might an age even more advanced than the fifteenth century believe, that superhuman interference manifested itself in the deeds of Joan.

Some historians relate that, immediately after the coronation, the Maid of Orleans expressed to the king her wish to retire to her family at Domremy. But there is little proof of such a resolution on her part. In September of the year, we find her holding a command in the royal army, which had taken possession of St. Denis, where she hung up her arms in the cathedral. Soon after, the French generals compelled her to join in an attack upon Paris, in which they were repulsed with great loss, and Joan herself was pierced through the thigh with an

arrow. It was the first time that a force in which she served had suffered defeat. Charles immediately retired once more to the Loire, and there are few records of Joan's exploits during the winter. About this time a royal edict was issued, ennobling her family, and the district of Domremy was declared free from all tax or tribute. In the ensuing spring, the English and Burgundians formed the siege of Compiègne; and Joan threw herself into the town to preserve it, as she had before saved Orleans, from their assaults. She had not been many hours in it when she headed a sally against the Burgundian quarters, in which she was taken by some officers, who gave her up to the Burgundian commander, John of Luxemburg. Her capture appears, from the records of the Parisian parliament, to have taken place on the 23rd of May, 1430.

135.—THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

SOUTHEY.

CROWNING THE KING.

The morn was fair
 When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
 Of multitudes, for high solemnity
 Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
 The long procession, through the streets bestrewn
 With flowers and laurel boughs. The courtier throng
 Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured
 The siege right bravely; Gancour, and La Hire,
 The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
 La Fayette, name that freedom still shall love,
 Alençon, and the bravest of the brave,
 The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
 Soon to release from hard captivity
 A dear beloved brother; gallant men,
 And worthy of eternal memory,
 For they, in the most perilous times of France,
 Despair'd not of their country. By the king
 The delegated damsel pass'd along.
 Clad in her batter'd arms She bore on high
 Her hallow'd banner to the sacred pile,
 And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand
 Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil,
 Wafted of yore by milk-white dove from heaven,
 (So legends say), to Clovis when he stood
 At Rheims for baptism; dubious some that were
 When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warriors' blood,
 And fierce upon their flight the Almanni prest,
 And rear'd the shout of triumph; in that hour
 Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God
 And conquer'd: waked to wonder thus, the chief
 Became love's convert, and Clotilda led
 Her husband to the font.

The mission'd maid
 Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France,
 And back retiring, gazed upon the king

One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
She wept aloud The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witness'd then at once,
As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamours Now the maid
Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand,
And instant silence followed

“King of France!”

She cried, “at Chinon, when my gifted eye
Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the spirit
Prompted, I spake, armed with the sword of God
To drive from Orleans the English wolves,
And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims
All is accomplish'd I have here this day
Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee
Chief servant of the people Of this charge,
Or well perform'd or wickedly, high heaven
Shall take account If that thine heart be good
I know no limit to the happiness
Thou my'st create I do beseech thee king!”
The mud exclaim'd and fell upon the ground
And clasp'd his knees, “I do beseech thee, king!
By all the millions that depend on thee,
For weal or woe * * * consider what thou art
And know thy duty! If thou dost oppress
Thy people it to aggravate thyself
Thou tear'st them from their homes, and send'st them
To slaughter, prodigal of misery!
If when the widow and the orphan groan
In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue,
If when thou hear'st of thousands massacred
Thou say'st, ‘I am a king!’ and fit it is
That these should perish for me,’ if thy realm
Should through the councils of thy government
Be fill'd with woe and in thy streets be heard
The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
Of asking hunger, if at such a time
Thou dost behold thy plenty-cover'd board,
And shroud thee in thy robes of royalty,
And say that—well, * * * Oh, gracious God!
Be merciful to such a mon-trous man,
When the spirits of the murder'd innocent
Cry at thy throne for justice

King of France!

Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
And be the orphan's father! thus shalt thou
Become the representative of heaven,
And gratitude and love establish thus
Thy reign. Believe me, king! that hiring guards,
Though flesh'd in slaughter, will be weak to save

A tyrant on the blood-cemented throne
That totters underneath him."

Thus the Maid
Redeem'd her country. Ever may the All-Just
Give to the arms of Freedom such success.

136.—THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Translated from 'Barante.

In the destruction of La Pucelle the English had a zealous and cruel coadjutor in the person of Pierre Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais. Urged on by the duke of Bedford and the earl of Warwick, he conducted the whole process. The doctors of the University of Paris were no less ardent; they were, to all appearance, the chief movers in the whole proceeding.

After passing six months in the prisons of Beaufort, Arras, and Crotoy, Joan was conveyed to Rouen, where the young king Henry, and all the members of the English government then were. She was confined in the great tower of the castle, an iron cage was formed to hold her, and chains were placed on her feet. The English archers who were her guards heaped insult upon her, and sometimes even attempted to offer her violence. Nor was it the common men only who treated her with harshness and cruelty. The Lord of Luxembourg, whose prisoner she had been, passing through Rouen, visited her in prison, accompanied by the earls of Warwick and Strafford. "Joan," said he in jest, "I am come to ransom thee; but thou must promise never to take up arms against us." "Ah! my God! you are making sport of me," said she, "you have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. I know that the English will kill me, hoping to get possession of the kingdom of France after my death; but, were there a hundred thousand more *Goddens* than there are now, they would never get this kingdom." Enraged at these words, the earl of Strafford drew his sword to strike her, and was only prevented by the interference of the earl of Warwick.

At this time there was no Archbishop at Rouen. In order that the bishop of Beauvais might be the judge of La Pucelle, who had been taken in his diocese, it was necessary that territory and jurisdiction should be granted him by the Chapter of Rouen. King Henry, at the request of this bishop, and of the University of Paris, then commanded by letters patent, that the woman called La Pucelle should be given up to the said bishop, to be examined and proceeded against by him, under an engagement to release the aforesaid if she were not charged and convicted of that which was imputed to her. The English, however, would never consent to place her in the archbishop's prison, which was where she ought to have been confined. Joan herself, as well as some doctors, observed this violation of justice, but the bishop of Beauvais cared little for it.

There were few ecclesiastics so zealous in the cause of the English, or so furious against Joan, as Pierre Cauchon. This bishop however, vehement though he was, wished to take the precaution of gathering around him as many learned and able men as he could collect. His violence and the threats of the English brought forward many weak men, who acted from fear and servility: and others, but very few, who, like himself, were the cruel and active allies of the English council.

Jean Lemaitre, vicar of the inquisitor-general of the kingdom, was amongst the former. He made every effort to avoid taking part in the iniquities which he saw preparing against the unfortunate Joan. He alleged that, as the Bishop of Beauvais was acting as though on his own territory, the Friar of the diocese of Rouen

ought not to take cognizance of the proceedings. A special commission from the Inquisitor-general was required to gain him over.

It was not easy to give to such an affair the appearance of justice, and to satisfy the English whilst at the same time following the procedure of law and custom ; for it was commonly reported that Joan was a holy person ; who having fought bravely against the English and the Burgundians, had been taken in war, and against whom no other accusation could be made. This process was, therefore, a succession of falsehoods, of snares laid to criminate her, of continual violations of the law, with the hypocritical pretence of desiring to follow its rules.

The first proceeding was the admission into her prison of a priest named Nicolas l'Oiseleur, who pretended to be a native of Lorraine, and a secret partisan of the French king. He made every effort to obtain her confidence. In the meantime the bishop of Beauvais and the earl of Warwick, concealed near, listened to what she said. The notaries whom they had brought to report her words, were ashamed to do so, they said they would write down what she said before the tribunal, but that this was an act of dishonesty. Besides what could Joan say that she was not ready to repeat before all the world. This priest Nicolas afterwards became her confessor, and during the trial, continually prompted her with replies which might injure her. The bishop and the friar of the Inquisitor were the only judges who were entitled to pronounce sentence. The doctors who had been assembled, to the number of nearly a hundred, served them merely as counsel and assessors. A canon of Beauvais, named Estivet, fulfilled the office of proctor, which properly belongs to the king's attorney. Next to the bishop, this man was the most violent against the accused. He abused her unceasingly, and was highly enraged with those who desired that the rules of justice should be adhered to.

There was also a commissioned-examining-councillor to put the preliminary questions.

Inquiries had been instituted at Domremy, Joan's native place. As the result was favourable to her, it was suppressed, and no communication on the subject was made to the doctors.

At the commencement of the proceedings, Joan underwent six consecutive examinations before this numerous council. In them she appeared even more courageous, and more to be marvelled at, than when fighting the enemies of her country. This poor girl, whose whole learning consisted in her *Pater* and her *Ave*, was never disconcerted for a single instant. The brutal treatment she received caused her neither fear nor anger. She was not allowed counsel ; but her sincerity and good sense defeated all the stratagems employed to render her replies such as might expose her to a suspicion of heresy or magic. Her answers were often so beautiful, as to petrify the doctors with astonishment. On being asked if she knew herself to be in the grace of God, "It is no light matter," said she, "to answer such a question." "Yes," interrupted Jean Fabri, one of the assessors, "it is a great question, and the accused is not bound to reply to it." "You had better be silent!" cried the bishop, in a fury. "If I have not God's grace," she replied, "may He grant it me ; and if I have, may He continue it to me." She said further : "If it was not for the grace of God, I should not know how to act by myself." At another time, when questioned concerning her standard : "I carried it instead of a lance," said she, "to avoid killing any one. I have never killed any one." And then, when asked what virtue she attributed to this banner : "I said, go boldly among the English, and I went myself." The coronation at Rheims was mentioned, during which she had held her standard near the altar. "It was with me in hardship and danger, and it was but fair," said she, "that it should be with me in honour."

Concerning her visions, she repeated all that she had formerly said at Poitiers

Her faith in what she called her voices continued the same. She heard them constantly in her prison ; she often saw the two saints ; she received consolation and encouragement from them ; it was by their advice that she replied boldly ; it was they who instigated her to repeat before this tribunal, composed entirely of the friends of England, that the English would be driven from France.

A point often returned to was that of the signs by which she had induced the king to accept her aid. She often refused to reply to this ; at other times the voices forbade her to speak of it. Then, notwithstanding, she related various strange things on the subject—of an angel who delivered to the king a crown from Heaven, and of the manner of this vision. Sometimes the king alone had seen it ; at others there had been many more witnesses ; now the angel was herself ; then she appeared to confound this crown with the one which had been really made for the coronation at Rheims. Indeed her ideas about the first interviews that she had had with the king appeared confused, without meaning or coherence. Allegories, or great mysteries have been discerned in them by several persons. In the oaths to reply truthfully which were imposed upon her, she always made a reservation concerning what she had said to the king, and only swore to answer to the points of the action. In other respects nothing could be more pious, more simple, or more truthful than all she said.

This only increased the fury of the English, and of the bishop. The councillors who took the side of the accused were insulted, and often threatened with being thrown into the river. The notaries were forced to omit all favourable replies, and it was only with great difficulty that they could escape the insertion of falsehoods. After the first examinations, the bishop judged it advisable to continue the procedure only before a very limited number of assessors : he said that everything should be communicated to them, and that their advice could be taken, without requiring their presence.

The process had already disposed of all the charges of sorcery. Not the slightest suspicion of this was warranted by the testimony given, or by any reply of the accused. When asked about a fairy-haunted tree, famous in her village, she said that her godmother testified to having seen the fairies, but, for her own part, she had never had any vision on that spot.

Thus the accusation now rested on two points : the crime of wearing male apparel, and the refusal to submit to the Church. This determination not to wear the dress proper to her sex was a singular thing. Doubtless the costume she maintained was better calculated than any other to defend her modesty from the outrages of her keepers ; but she never stated this as her motive. The commands of her voices was what she always alleged ; she appeared to have no free will on this point, but to be under the constraint of some duty imposed by the Divine will. As to submission to the Church, this was a snare into which she had been entrapped by the malice of her judge. She had been imposed upon by a learned and subtle distinction between the Church triumphant in Heaven, and the Church militant on earth. Her treacherous confessor made her fancy that to submit herself to the Church would be to acknowledge the tribunal, which was composed entirely of her enemies in spite of her constant request that some of her partisans might be admitted.

After these first examinations the proctor drew up the articles on which the accusation was to rest ; for all hitherto was merely preparatory. The examinations then recommenced before a larger number of assessors : there were now thirty or forty, but never again a hundred. Nearly all endeavoured to escape from this cruel office, and the threats of the English made several withdraw themselves.

M. de la Fontaine, the examining commissary, and two other assessors, moved with pity and a sense of justice, could not suffer Joan to be so deceived on the sub-

ject of submission to the Church. They visited her, and endeavoured to explain to her that by the Church militant was understood the Pope and the Holy Councils, and that thus she was quite safe in submitting to it. One of them had even the courage to tell her openly during the examinations, that she had better submit herself to the General Council of Bâle, which was then assembled. "What is a General Council?" said she. "It is a congregation of the Universal Church," continued brother Isambard, "and it is formed of as many doctors on your side, as on the side of the English." "Oh! in that case I submit myself to it!" she cried. "Be quiet, for the devil's sake," interrupted the Bishop, and forbade the notary to write this answer: "Alas! you write down all that tells against me, and you will not write what is in my favour," said the poor girl.

Brother Isambard was not suffered to escape with nothing more than the Bishop's anger. The Earl of Warwick overwhelmed him with abuse and threats. "What induced thee to prompt that woman this morning?" he said to him; "by God's death, villain, if I again find you making any attempt to save her, I will have you thrown into the Seine." The examining commissary and the other assessor were so alarmed that they left the town; admittance into the prison was henceforth forbidden to all but the bishop.

When the examinations were concluded, the substance of the prisoner's replies was reduced into twelve latin articles, and as one of the assessors remarked that these articles conveyed the meaning imperfectly, the bishop, without further consulting any one, despatched this lying report, as a document on which he desired advice, not naming the accused, to the University of Paris, to the Chapter of Rouen, to the Bishops of Lisieux, Avranches and Coutances, and to more than fifty doctors, most of them assessors in the trial. This was a form by which the judges requested to be enlightened on points of doctrine, and things concerning the Catholic faith.

All the opinions given were adverse to the accused. Not to mention the ill-will of those who were consulted, it would have been hardly possible to reply otherwise to the false statements laid before them. All considered that the prisoner about whom they were consulted had from foolishness or vanity put faith in apparitions and revelations which were doubtless the work of the Evil Spirit: that she blasphemed God in imputing to Him the command to wear male attire: and that her refusal to submit herself to the Church proved her to be a heretic.

In the meantime the judges, without waiting for these opinions, proceeded to make monitions to Joan; for an ecclesiastical tribunal has no power to demand more than the submission of the culprit. Just then she fell ill, much to the alarm of the English. "The king would rather anything in the world," said the Earl of Warwick, "than that she should die a natural death; having paid so dearly for her, he expects her to be burnt. Let her be cured as soon as possible."

As soon as she recovered, the monitions were recommenced, no one now explained to the simple-minded and ignorant girl the quibbles about submission to the Church; she appeared then ^{to} rely solely upon what she herself learnt from God by her voices; she always spoke with respect, however, of the Pope's authority. Her determination not to resume female attire was in no way weakened.

At last the sentence was delivered. It was, like the ecclesiastical judgments, a declaration made to the prisoner, that for such and such motives, she was expelled from the Church, as a corrupt member, and delivered up to secular justice. It was added as a matter of form, that the laymen were recommended to moderate the punishment, as far as concerned death or mutilation.

But before her execution it was desirable to obtain from her a sort of public avowal of the justice of her condemnation. To this end, she was advised, through her male confessor, to submit herself, under promise of merciful treatment, and of

being delivered out of the hands of the English, and placed in the power of the Church. On the 24th of May, 1431, she was taken to the St. Owen burying-ground, where two large scaffolds were erected; upon one of these were the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, the Bishops of Noyon and Boulogne, and several assessors.

Joan was conducted on to the other scaffold on which were the doctor who was to preach, the notaries employed in the trial, the officers in whose custody she had been during the examinations, M. l'Oiseleur, and another assessor, who had also been her confessor. Close by was the executioner with his cart ready to receive La Pucelle, and to convey her to the pile formed in the Grand Place. An immense crowd of French and English filled the burying-ground. The preacher spoke at great length. "Oh! noble house of France," he said amongst other things, "who, until now, hast always avoided supernatural things, and hast ever protected the faith, hast thou been so deceived as to take part with a heretic and schismatic? It is greatly to be deplored! Ah! France! thou hast been misled; thou, who hast always been the most Christian realm; and Charles, thou who callest thyself her king and governor, thou, heretic as thou art, hast approved the words and the acts of an infamous and a shameful woman."

Here Joan interrupted him: "Speak of me, but not of the king; he is a good christian, and I dare to say and to swear, on pain of death, that he is the best of christians, and a good friend to the faith and the Church. He is not such as you say"—"Make her be silent!" cried the Bishop of Beauvais.

At the conclusion of his sermon, the preacher read to Joan a form of adjuration, and told her to sign it. "What is an adjuration?" asked she. She was answered, that if she refused to sign the articles presented to her, she would be burned, and that she must submit herself to the universal Church. "Well, I will make an adjuration if the universal Church wishes it." But it was not submission to the Church or to the Pope that was required from her, it was the avowal that her judges had passed a right sentence upon her. Threats, persuasions, and promises were therefore redoubled. Every effort was made to disconcert her. For a long time she remained firm and unshaken. "I was right in doing all that I have done," said she.

This scene lasted for some time. The English began to be impatient at what appeared to them like mercy towards the prisoner. Cries were raised against the bishop, calling him a traitor. "That is false," he said, "it is the duty of a bishop to endeavour to save both the soul and body of the accused." The Cardinal of Winchester imposed silence on his men.

At last Joan's resistance was overcome. "I desire all that the Church desires," said she, "and since the churchmen say that my visions are not worthy of belief, I will no longer hold to them." "Sign then, or you shall perish by fire," said the preacher to her. In this interval a secretary of the English king had substituted for the articles which had been read to her, and which she had been induced with such difficulty to approve, another paper containing a long adjuration, in which she avowed that all she had said was false, and prayed for pardon of her crimes. She was made to put a cross at the foot of this paper as her signature. A great disturbance then arose among the crowd; the French rejoicing at her escape, the English in their fury throwing stones.

The Bishop of Beauvais and the Inquisitor then pronounced another sentence which they had brought, condemning Joan to pass the rest of her days in prison, on the bread of misery, and the water of tribulation. The promises which had just been made to her were immediately broken. She hoped to be taken out of

the hands of the English, and delivered over to the clergy ; in spite of her remonstrances, she was carried back to the Tower.

The English were still very angry, they drew their swords, threatening the bishop and the assessors, and crying that they had not earned the king's money. Even the Earl of Warwick complained to the bishop. "The business has succeeded badly, since Joan has escaped," said he. "Never fear," said one of the assessors, "we will soon have her again."

To this end operations were commenced without delay. She had resumed female clothing. Her male apparel was left in the same room. Her English gaolers and even an English lord, conducted themselves towards her with shameful brutality. She was more closely fettered than before, and treated with greater harshness. Nothing was omitted to reduce her to despair. At last, finding that she could not be made to violate her promise to retain the garments of her sex, her keepers removed them during her sleep, and only left her the male suit. "You know, gentlemen, that this is forbidden me," she said on awaking, "I do not wish to wear this dress." However, she was obliged to rise and put it on. This was a great delight to the English. "She is taken !" cried the earl of Warwick. Information was immediately sent to the bishop. The assessors who arrived a short time before him, were menaced and driven back by the English, who filled the court of the castle.

Without listening to Joan's excuses, without suffering any mention in the verbal process of the outrages to which she had been submitted, and the manner in which she had been forced to change her clothing, without paying the least attention to her just complaints, the bishop began saying that he found she still adhered to her illusions. "Have you again heard your voices ?" he added. "It is true I have," she replied. "What did they say ?" pursued the bishop. "God has revealed to me," continued she, "that it was a great mistake to sign your adjuration in order to save my life. The two saints told me on the scaffold to reply boldly to that false preacher, who accused me of what I had never done ; they reproached me for my fault." After this she affirmed more positively than ever, that she believed her voices came from God ; that she had never understood what the adjuration was : that she had signed from fear of being burnt : that she would rather die than remain in chains ; that the only thing she could do was to wear female clothing. "For the rest, imprison me leniently I will behave well, and do all the church desires."

This was enough, she was doomed. "Farewell !" cried the bishop to the earl of Warwick, and the rest of the English who were awaiting him outside the prison.

The judges now resolved to deliver her over to secular justice, that is to say, to give her up to death. When this hard and cruel fate was announced to the poor girl, she began to weep and tear her hair. Her voices had often warned her that she would perish ; but she had often fancied also that they promised her deliverance ; now she could think of nothing but this dreadful death. "Alas !" said she, "my body which is pure and undefiled to be reduced to ashes ! I would seven times rather be beheaded. If, as I requested, I had been placed in the custody of the church, I should not have met with such a terrible fate. Ah ! I appeal to God, the great Judge, against the cruelty and injustice which I suffer."

When she saw Pierre Cauchon, she said, "Bishop, you are my murderer." To one of the assessors she said, "Ah ! M Pierre, where shall I be to-day ?" "Have you not hope in God ?" he asked in reply, "yes," answered she, "I trust, with God's help, to go to Paradise." By a singular contradiction to the sentence, she was allowed to take the sacrament. On the 30th of May, a week after her adjuration, she entered the executioner's cart. Her confessor, not he who had betrayed

her, but brother Martin l'Advenu, and brother Isambard, both of whom had more than once during the trial demanded that justice should be done her, were by her side. Eight hundred Englishmen, armed with axes, lances, and swords, surrounded the cart.

On the road, she prayed so fervently, and lamented her fate with such meekness, that no Frenchman could restrain his tears. Some of the assessors were so overcome as to be unable to follow her to the scaffold. Suddenly a priest broke through the crowd, and reaching the cart, mounted into it. It was Nicolas l'Oiseleur, the false confessor, who, full of contrition, came to implore Joan's pardon for his perfidy. The English, overhearing him, were furious at his repentance, and the earl of Warwick had great difficulty in saving his life.

On arriving at the place of execution, Joan said, "Ah! Rouen! Rouen! is it here that I am to die?"

The cardinal of Winchester, and several French prelates were placed on one scaffold, the ecclesiastical and the secular judges on the other. Joan was conducted before them. A sermon was then delivered, upbraiding her with her relapse; she listened to it with patience and great calmness. "Joan, go in peace; the church can no longer protect thee, and delivers thee into secular hands." Thus the preacher concluded.

She then knelt down, and implored the mercy of God, of the Holy Virgin, and of the Saints, especially St. Michel, St. Catherine, and St. Marguerite; she displayed so much fervour, that all around her wept, even the cardinal of Winchester, and several other Englishmen.

The bishop of Beauvais read the sentence, declaring her a relapsed heretic, and abandoning her to the secular power. After having been thus repulsed by the church, she asked for a cross. An Englishman formed one of two staffs, and gave it her. She took it devoutly, and kissed it; but she desired to have the cross of the parish; it was sent for, and she pressed it closely to her heart, whilst continuing to pray.

The English soldiers, and even some captains, began to be impatient at this delay. "Come, priest, are you going to make us dine here?" said some. "Give her to us," said others, "and it shall soon be over." "Do your duty," they said to the executioner.

Without waiting for any further order, or for the sentence of the secular judge, the executioner seized her. She embraced the cross, and walked towards the pile. The English soldiers dragged her forward with fury. Jean de Muilli, bishop of Noyon, and some other ecclesiastics, unable to endure this sight, descended from their scaffold and retired.

The pile was formed on a heap of rubbish. As soon as Joan had ascended it, a mitre was placed on her head, on which were inscribed the words *hérétique, relapse, apostate, idolâtre*. Brother Martin l'Advenu, the false confessor, had ascended the pile with her; he was still on it, when the executioner kindled the fire. "Jesus," cried Joan, and made the good priest descend from the pile. "Remain below," said she, "raise the cross before me, that I may see it as I die, and continue to repeat to me words of religious consolation to the last."

The bishop of Beauvais approaching her, she repeated to him: "You are my destroyer." She again affirmed that the voices came from God; that she did not think she had been deluded, and that all she had done had been by command of God. "Ah! Rouen!" she added, "I fear that thou wilt suffer for my death." Thus protesting her innocence, and commending her soul to God, her prayers were still heard when the flames surrounded her, the last word that could be distinguished being, "*Jesus!*"

137.—THE INSURRECTION OF CADE.

HALL'S

A certain young man of a goodly stature and pregnant wit was enticed to take upon him the name of John Mortimer, although his name was John Cade, and not for a small policy, thinking that by that surname the line and lineage of the assistant house of the earl of March, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent and favourable. 'This captain, not only suborned by teachers, but also enforced by privy schoolmasters, assembled together a great company of tall personages; assuring them that their attempt was both honourable to God and the king, and also profitable to the commonwealth, promising them, that if either by force or policy they might once take the king, the queen, and other their counsellors, into their hands and governance, that they would honourably entreat the king, and so sharply handle his counsellors, that neither fifteens should hereafter be demanded, nor once any impositions or tax should be spoken of. These persuasions, with many other fair promises of liberty (which the common people more affect and desire, rather than reasonable obedience and due conformity), so animated the Kentish people, that they, with their captain above named, in good order of battle (not in great number) came to the plain of Blackheath, between Eldham and Greenwich. And to the intent that the cause of this glorious captain's coming thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsel, he sent to him an humble supplication, with loving words but with malicious intent, affirming his coming not to be against him, but against divers of his counsel, lovers of themselves and oppressors of the poor commonalty, flatterers to the king and enemies to his honour, suckers of his purse and robbers of his subjects, partial to their friends and extreme to be their enemies, for rewards corrupted and for indifferency nothing doing. This proud bill was both of the king and his counsel disdainfully taken, and thereupon great consultation had, and after long debating it was concluded that such proud rebels should rather be suppressed and tamed with violence and force than with fair words or amicable answer: whereupon the king assembled a great army and marched toward them, which had lyen on Blackheath by the space of vii days. The subtil captain, named Jack Cade, intending to bring the king farther within the compass of his net, brake up his camp, and retired backward to the town of Sevenoaks, in Kent, and there, expecting his prey, encamped himself and made his abode. The queen, which bare the rule, being of his retreat well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, and William his brother, with many other gentlemen, to follow the chase of the Kentish men, thinking that they had fled; but verily they were deceived; for at the first skirmish both the Staffords were slain, and all their company shamefully discomfited. The king's army, being at this time come to Blackheath, hearing of this discomfiture, began to grudge and murmur amongst themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home, and the captain his cousin; some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel; other openly crying out on the queen and her complices. This rumour, openly spoken and commonly published, caused the king, and certain of his counsel not led by favour nor corrupted by rewards (to the intent to appease the furious rage of the inconstant multitude), to commit the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, to the Tower of London; and if other, against whom like displeasure was borne, had been present, they had likewise been served: but it was necessary that one should suffer rather than all the nobility then should perish. When the Kentish captain, or the covetous Cade, had thus obtained victory and slain the two valiant Staffords, he apparelled himself in their rich armour, and so with pomp and glory returned again toward London; in

retreat, divers idle and vagabond persons resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other parts, to a great number. Thus this glorious captain, compassed about and environed with a multitude of evil, rude, and rustic persons, came again to the plain of Blackheath, and there strongly encamped himself: to whom were sent by the king the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, to commune with him of his griefs and requests. These lords found him sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, and stiff in his opinion, and by no ways possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him and assent to all things which he would require. These lords, perceiving the wilful pertinacy and manifest contumacy of this rebellious Javelin, departed to the king, declaring to him his temerarious and rash words and presumptuous requests. The king, somewhat hearing and more marking the sayings of this outrageous losel, and having daily report of the concourse and access of people which continually resorted to him, doubting as much his familiar servants as his unknown subjects (which spared not to speak that the captain's cause was profitable for the commonwealth), departed in all haste to the castle of Killingworth, in Warwickshire, leaving only behind him the Lord Scales, to keep the Tower of London. The captain, being advertised of the king's absence, came first into Southwark, and there lodged at the White Hart, prohibiting to all men murder, rape, or robbery; by which colour he allured to him the hearts of the common people. But after that he entered into London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge, striking his sword on London stone, saying, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city," and rode in every street like a lordly captain. And after a flattering declaration made to the mayor of the city of his thither coming, he departed again into Southwark. And upon the third day of July he caused Sir James Fines Lord Say, and Treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall of London, and there to be arraigned; which, being before the king's justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peers, for the longer delay of his life. The captain, perceiving his dilatory plea, by force took him from the officers and brought him to the standard in Cheap, and there, before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a high pole, which was openly borne before him through the streets. And this cruel tyrant, not content with the murder of the Lord Say, went to Mile-end, and there apprehended Sir James Cromer, then sheriff of Kent, and son-in-law to the said Lord Say, and him, without confession or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be beheaded, and his head fixed on a pole, and with these two heads this bloody butcher entered into the city again, and in despite caused them in every street kiss together, to the great detestation of all the beholders.

After this shameful murder succeeded open rapine and manifest robbery in divers houses within the city, and in especial in the house of Philip Mahas, alderman of London, and divers other: over and beside ransoming and fining of divers notable merchants, for the tuition and security of their lives and goods; as Robert Horne, alderman, which paid v. C. Marks; and yet neither he or no other person was either of life or substance in a surety or safeguard. He also put to execution in Southwark divers persons, some for infringing his rules and precepts, because he would be seen indifferent; other he tormented of his old acquaintance, lest they should blase and declare his base birth and low lineage, disparaging him from his usurped name of Mortimer; for the which he thought, and doubted not, both to have friends and fautors both in London, Kent, and Essex. The wise mayor and sage magistrates of the city of London, perceiving themselves neither to be sure of goods nor of life well warranted, determinized with fear to repel and expulse this mischievous head and his ungracious company. And because the Lord Scales was ordained keeper of the Tower of London, with Mathew Gough, the often-named captain in

Normandy (as you have heard before), they purposed to make them privy both of their intent and enterprise. The Lord Scales promised them his aid, with shooting of ordinance; and Mathew Gough was by him appointed to assist the mayor and the Londoners, because he was both of manhood and experience greatly renowned and noised. So the captains of the city appointed took upon them in the night to keep the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentishmen either to pass or approach. The rebels, which never soundly slept for fear of sudden chances, hearing the bridge to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open their passage, where between both parties was a fierce and cruel encounter. Mathew Gough, more expert in martial feats than the other chieftains of the city, perceiving the Kentishmen better to stand to their tackling than his imagination expected, advised his company no further to proceed toward Southwark till the day appeared; to the intent that the citizens, hearing where the place of the jeopardy rested, might occur their enemies and relieve their friends and companions. But this counsel came to small effect, for the multitude of the rebels drew the citizens from the stouls at the bridge foot to the drawbridge, and began to set fire in divers houses. Alas! what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance; for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon, and so died: fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; other, doubting how to save themselves between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smouldered. Yet the captains, nothing regarding these chances, fought on the drawbridge all the night valiantly; but, in conclusion, the rebels got the drawbridge, and drowned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Heysand, a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Mathew Gough, a man of great wit, much experience in feats of chivalry, the which in continual wars had valiantly served the king and his father in the part beyond the sea (as before ye have heard). But it is often seen that he which many times had vanquished his enemies in strange countries, and returned again as a conqueror, hath of his own nation afterward been shamefully murdered and brought to confusion. This hard and sore conflict endured on the bridge till ix of the clock in the morning, in doubtful chance and fortune's balance. For some time the Londoners were bet back to the stouls at Saint Magnes corner, and suddenly again the rebels were repulsed and driven back to the stouls in Southwark; so that both parties, being faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to desist from fight, and to leave battle till the next day, upon condition that neither Londoners should pass into Southwark, nor the Kentishmen into London.

After this abstinence of war agreed, the lusty Kentish captain, hoping no more friends, brake up the gaols of the King's Bench and Marshalsea, and set at liberty a swarm of gallants, both meet for his service and apt for his enterprise. The Archbishop of Canterbury, being then Chancellor of England, and for his surety lying in the Tower of London, called to him the Bishop of Winchester, which also for fear lurked at Halywell. These two prelates, seeing the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their beating back, to be mitigated and minished, passed the river of Thames from the Tower into Southwark, bringing with them, under the king's seal, a general pardon unto all the offenders; which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lord! how glad the poor people were of this pardon (yea, more than of the great Jubilee of Rome), and how they accepted the same, in so much that the whole multitude, without bidding farewell to their captain, retired the same night, every man to his own home, as men amazed and stricken with fear. But John Cade, desperate of succours, which by the friends of the Duke of York were to him promised, and seeing his company thus without his knowledge suddenly depart, mistrusting the sequel of the matter, departed secretly, in habit

disguised, into Sussex ; but all his metamorphosis and transfiguration little prevailed, for after a proclamation made that whosoever could apprehend the said Jack Cade should have for his pain a M marks, many sought for him, but few espied him, till one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found him in a garden, and there, in his defence, manfully slew the caitiff Cade, and brought his dead body to London, whose head was set on London Bridge.

138.—THE WHITE AND RED ROSES.

HALL.

The first blood shed in the quarrel between the houses of York and Lancaster, was at the battle of St. Alban's, in the 33rd year of the reign of Henry VI. The battle of Northampton was five years after. A compromise then took place, which is exhibited in the first scene of the third part of Shakspeare's Henry VI. The Chronicler Hall thus describes the Parliament scene, as it is called,—

"During this trouble was a parliament summoned to begin at Westminster in the month of October next following. Before which time Richard Duke of York, being in Ireland, by swift couriers and flying posts, was advertised of the great victory gained by his party at the field of Northampton, and also knew that the king was now in case to be kept and ordered at his pleasure and will ; wherefore, losing no time, nor slugging one hour, he sailed from Develine to Chester with no small company, and by long journeys came to the city of London, which he entered the Friday next before the feast of Saint Edward the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, and took his lodging in the king's own palace, whereupon the common people babbled that he should be king, and that king Henry should no longer reign. During the time of this parliament, the duke of York, with a bold countenance, entered into the chamber of the peers and sat down in the throne royal under the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat), and in the presence as well of the nobility as of the spirituality (after a pause made) said these words in effect." * * *

"When the duke had thus ended his oration, the lords sat still like images graven in the wall, or dumb gods, neither whispering nor speaking, as though their mouths had been sowed up. The duke, perceiving none answer to be made to his declared purpose, not well content with their sober silence and taciturnity, advised them well to digest and ponder the effect of his oration and saying, and so, neither fully displeased nor all pleased, departed to his lodging in the king's palace."

"After long arguments made, and deliberate consultation had among the peers, prelates, and commons of the realm, upon the vigil of All Saints it was condescended and agreed by the three estates, for so much as king Henry had been taken as king, by the space of xxxviii years and more, that he should enjoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realm, during his life natural : And if he either died or resigned, he forfeited the same for infringing any point of this concord, then the said crown and authority royal should immediately be devoluted to the duke of York, if he then lived, or else to the next heir of his line and lineage, and that the duke from thenceforth should be protector and regent of the land Provided always, that if the king did closely or apertly study or go about to break or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the said duke or his blood, then he to forfeit the crown, and the duke of York to take it. These articles, with many other, were not only written, sealed, and sworn by the two parties, but also were enacted in the high court of parliament. For joy whereof, the king, having in his company the said duke, rode to the cathedral church of Saint Paul within the city of London ; and there, on the day of All

Saints, went solemnly, with the duke's ^{body} on his head, in procession, and was lodged a good space after in the bishop's palace, near to the said church. And upon the Saturday next ensuing Richard duke of York was, by the sound of a trumpet, solemnly proclaimed heir apparent to the crown of England, and protector of the realm."

The battle of Wakefield soon followed this hollow compromise. Hall writes thus :—

"The duke of York with his people descended down in good order and array, and was suffered to pass forward toward the main battle : but when he was in the plain ground between his castle and the town of Wakefield he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckstall : so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour slain and dead, and his whole army discomfited ; and with him died of his trusty friends, his two bastard uncles, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimers, Sir Davy Halle his chief counsellor, Sir Hugh Hastings, Sir Thomas Nevel, William and Thomas Aparre, both brethren, and two thousand and eight hundred other, whereof many were young gentlemen and heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose lineages revenged their deaths within four months next and immediately ensuing. * * * * Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspoll, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young earl of Rutland, ii son to the abovenamed duke of York, scarce of the age of vii years, a fair gentleman, and a maidenlike person, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, toward the town ; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin : and with that word struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said."

This ferocious revenge of Clifford is commented upon with just indignation by Hall :—

"In this act the Lord Clifford was accounted a tyrant, and no gentleman."

He then proceeds to describe the death of the duke of York :—"This cruel Clifford and deadly bloodsucker, not content with this homicide, or childkilling, came to the place where the dead corpse of the duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great despite and much derision, saying, Madam, your war is done, here is your king's ransom : at which present was much joy and great rejoicing ; but many laughed then that sore lamented after, as the queen herself, and her son : and many were glad then of other men's deaths, not knowing that their own were near at hand, as the Lord Clifford, and other. But, surely, man's nature is so frail, that things passed be soon forgotten, and mischiefs to come be not foreseen. After this victory by the queen and her party obtained, she caused the earl of Salisbury, with all the other prisoners, to be sent to Pomfret, and there to be beheaded, and sent all their heads, and the duke's head of York, to be set upon poles over the gate of the city of York, in despite of them and their lineage."

The circumstances attending the death of York are, however, differently told. Holinshed says :—

"Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland they kneeled down afore him as the Jews did to Christ in scorn, saying to him, Hail, king without rule; hail, king without heritage; hail, duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other like despitful words, they stroke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen."

In the beginning of 1471 Edward was a fugitive, almost without a home. The great earl of Warwick had placed Henry again in the nominal seat of authority; a counter-revolution had been effected. By one of those bold movements which set aside all calculation of consequence Edward leaped once more into the throne of England. In an age when perjury and murder were equally resorted to, Edward, on landing, did not hesitate to disguise his real objects, and to maintain that he was in arms only to enforce his claims as duke of York. The narrative of Hall thus proceeds:—

King Edward, without any words spoken to him, came peaceably near to York, of whose coming when the citizens were certified, without delay they armed themselves and came to defend the gates, sending to him two of the chiefest aldermen of the city, which earnestly admonished him on their behalf to come not one foot nearer, nor temerariouly to enter into so great a jeopardy, considering that they were fully determined and bent to compel him to retract with dint of sword. King Edward, marking well their message, was not a little troubled and unquieted in his mind, and driven to seek the farthest point of his wit; for he had both two mischievous and perilous chances even before his eyes, which were hard to be evaded or repelled:—one was, if he should go back again he feared lest the rural and common people, for covetousness of prey and spoil, would fall on him as one that fled away for fear and dread; the other was, if he should proceed any farther in his journey, then might the citizens of York issue out with all their power, and suddenly circumvent him and take him. Wherefore he determined to set forward, neither with army nor with weapon, but with lowly words and gentle entreatings, requiring most heartily the messengers that were sent to declare to the citizens that he came neither to demand the realm of England nor the superiority of the same, but only the duchy of York, his old inheritance; the which duchy if he might by their means readopt and recover, he would never pass out of his memory so great a benefit and so friendly a gratuity to him exhibited. And so, with fair words and flattering speech, he dismissed the messengers; and with good speed he and his followed so quickly after, that they were almost at the gates as soon as the ambassadors. The citizens, hearing his good answer, that he meant nor intended nothing prejudicial to king Henry, nor his royal authority, were much mitigated and cooled, and began to commune with him from their walls, willing him to convey himself into some other place without delay, which if he did, they assured him that he should have neither hurt nor damage. But he, gently speaking to all men, and especially to such as were aldermen, whom he called worshipful, and by their proper names them saluted, after many fair promises to them made, exhorted and desired them that, by their favourable friendship and friendly permission, he might enter into his own town, of the which he had both his name and title. All the whole day was consumed in doubtful communication and earnest interlocation. The citizens partly won by his fair words, and partly by hope of his large promises, fell to this pact and convention, that if king Edward would swear to entertain his citizens of York after a gentle sort and fashion, and hereafter to be obedient and faithful to all king Henry's commandments and precepts, that then they would

receive him into their city, and aid and comfort him with money. King Edward (whom the citizens called only Duke of York), being glad of this fortunate chance, in the next morning, at the gate where he should enter, a priest being ready to say mass, in the mass time, receiving the body of our blessed Saviour, solemnly swearing to keep and observe the two articles above mentioned and agreed upon, when it was far unlike that he either intended or purposed to observe any of them, which plainly afterwards was to all men manifest."

Of the battle of Barnet the following is Hall's description :—

"When the day began to spring the trumpets blew courageously and the battle fiercely began. Archers first shot, and bill-men then followed. King Edward, having the greater number of men, valiantly set on his enemies. The earl on the other side, remembering his ancient fame and renown, manfully withstood him. This battle on both sides was sore fought and many slain, in whose rooms succeeded ever fresh and fresh men. In the mean season, while all men were together by the ears, ever looking to which way fortune would incline, the earl of Warwick, after long fight, wisely did perceive his men to be over pressed with the multitude of his adversaries ; wherefore he caused new men to relieve them that fought in the forward, by reason of which succours king Edward's part gave a little back (which was the cause that some lookers-on, and no fighters, galloped to London, saying that the earl had won the field), which thing when Edward did perceive, he with all diligence sent fresh men to their succours.

"If the battle were fierce and deadly before, now it was crueller, more bloody, more fervent and fiery, and yet they had fought from morning almost to noon without any part getting advantage of other. King Edward, being weary of so long a conflict and willing to see an end, caused a great crew of fresh men (which he had for this only policy kept all day in store) to set on their enemies, in manner being weary and fatigued : but although the earl saw these new succours of fresh and new men to enter the battle, being nothing afraid, but hoping of the victory (knowing perfectly that there was all king Edward's power), comforted his men, being weary, sharply quickening and earnestly desiring them with hardy stomachs to bear out this last and final brunt of the battle, and that the field was even at an end. But when his soldiers, being sore wounded, wearied with so long a conflict, did give little regard to his words, he, being a man of a mind invincible, rushed into the midst of his enemies, where as he (adventured so far from his own company to kill and slay his adversaries that he could not be rescued) was in the middle of his enemies stricken down and slain. The Marquis Montacute, thinking to succour his brother, which he saw was in great jeopardy, and yet in hope to obtain the victory, was likewise overthrown and slain. After the earl was dead his party fled, and many were taken, but not one man of name nor of nobility."

The following graphic account of the battle of Tewkesbury is from Hall:—

"After the field ended king Edward made a proclamation that whosoever could bring prince Edward to him, alive or dead, should have an annuity of an £l. during his life, and the prince's life to be saved. Sir Richard Croftes, a wise and a valiant knight, nothing mistrusting the king's former promise, brought forth his prisoner prince Edward, being a goodly feminine and a well-featured young gentleman, whom when king Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm with banner displayed. The prince, being bold of stomach and of a good courage, answered, saying, To recover my father's kingdom and inheritance from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lineally divoluted. At which words king Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him (or, as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet), whom incontinent they that strode about, which were George Duke of

Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Marquis Dorset, and William Lord Hastings, suddenly murdered and piteously mangled. The bitterness of which murder some of the actors after in their latter days tasted and essayed by the very rod of justice and punishment of God. His body was homely interred with the other simple corpses in the church of the monastery of Black Monks in Tewkesbury. This was the last civil battle that was fought in king Edward's days, which was gotten the iii day of May, in the x year of his reign, and in the year of our Lord mccccxxi then being Saturday. And on the Monday next ensuing was Edmund duke of Somerset, John Longstrother, Prior of Saint John's, Sir Garveys Clifton, Sir Thomas Tresham, and xii other knights and gentlemen beheaded in the market-place at Towkesbury."

139.—THE BATTLE OF TOWTON.

SHAKSPEARE.

[The great battle of Towton is thus described by Hall:—"This battle was sore fought, for hope of life was set on side on every part, and taking of prisoners was proclaimed as a great offence; by reason whereof every man determined either to conquer or to die in the field. This deadly battle and bloody conflict continued ten hours in doubtful victory, the one part sometime flowing and sometime ebbing; but, in conclusion, king Edward so courageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary and helping the wounded, that the other part was discomforted and overcome, and, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster-bridge to save themselves. * * * * * This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord.']

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind:
Now, one the better; then, another best:
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this woldhill will I take me down,
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain:
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live
 When this is known, then to divide the times .
 So many hours must I tend my flock ,
 So many hours must I take my rest ,
 So many hours must I contemplate ,
 So many hours must I sport myself ,
 So many days my ewes have been with young ,
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean ,
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ,
 So many minutes, hours, ~~days~~, weeks, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave
 Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that see their subjects' treachery ?
 O, yes it doth , a thousand fold it doth
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely ends
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh trees shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
 His vinted spunking in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him

Alarum Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.

Son All blows the wind that profits nobody
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me
 Who's this ?—O God ! it is my father's face
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd
 O heavy times, begetting such events !
 From London by the king, was I ~~sent~~ forth
 My father being the earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
 And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.
Enter Hen O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
 Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,

Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, pierce for tear ;
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like stars at war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows,
 But let me see :—is this our foreman's face ?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eyes ; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !
 O, pity, God, this miserable age !
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

K. Hen. Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !
 O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !
 O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity !
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses :
 The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;
 The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present :
 With'er one rose, and let the other flourish !
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied !

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied !

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
 Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied !

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son ?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe ?
 Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit with the body.]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;
 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the body.]

140.—THE DEATH OF CLARENCE.

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE. *A Room in the Tower.**Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.**Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?*Clar.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days :
So full of dismal terror was the time.*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Bugundy ;
And in my company my brother Gloster
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches ; there we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks :
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?*Clar.* Methought I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.*Brak.* Awak'd you not in this sore agony ?*Clar.* No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul !
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who spake aloud,—‘What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?’
 And so he vanish’d Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, he shriek’d out aloud,—
 ‘Clarence is come,—false, fleeing, perjur’d Clarence,—
 That stabb’d me in the field by Tewkesbury,—
 Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment!’—
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ’d me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
 I trembling wak’d, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made my dream

Brak No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you,
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it

Clar O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
 That now give evidence against my soul—
 For Edward’s sake, and see how he requites me!
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot carpease thee,
 But thou wilt be reveng’d on my misdoers,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me,
 My soul is heavy, and I find would sleep

Brak I will, my lord. God give you grace good rest!—

[*Clarence retires.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—
 Makes the night morning, and the noon tide night
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil,
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares
 So that, between their titles, and low name,
 There’s nothing differs but the outward fame

Enter the two Murderers

1 *Murd* Ho! who’s here?

Brak What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam’st thou hither?

1 *Murd* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak What, so brief?

2 *Murd* ’T is better, sir, than to be tedious—let him see our
 commission, and talk no more

[*A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.*]

Brak I am in this, commanded to deliver
 The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
 There lies the duke asleep,—and there, the keys

Didst break that vow ; and With thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou was sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake ;

He sends you not to murder me for this ;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, yet he doth it publicly ;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect or lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage,

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no ; he loves me, and he holds me dear ;

Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other.

He little thought of this divided friendship :

Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself :

'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune.

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why doth he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your own souls so blind,

That you will war with God, by murdering me ?

Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on

To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! No. 'T is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is Yeastly, savage, devilish.—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:

A begging prince, what beggar pities 'not?

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life,—as you would beg

Were you in my distress?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[*Stabs him.*]

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous murder!

141.—THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

The lord protector caused a council to be set at the Tower on the Friday the thirteenth day of June, where was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed which afterward was cast away.

These lords thus sitting communing of this matter, the protector came in among them about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been a sleeper that day; and after a little talking with them he said to the Bishop of Ely, My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly, my lord, (quod hec.) I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that; and with that in all haste he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little, and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock into the chamber all changed, with a sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed, and sore marvelled at this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm? At which question all the lords sat sore astonished, rusing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that for the familiarity that was between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, That they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed

the same. That is (q^d he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife, and other with her; meaning the queen. At these words many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better, albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self-same day, in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then, said the protector, in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel, as Shore's wife with her affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft thus wasted my body: and therewith plucked up his doublet-sleeve to his elbow on his left arm, where he showed a wearish withered arm, and small as it were never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel, for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated as that concubine whom the king her husband most loved.

"Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saying, it is said, that he forbore her for reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity toward his friend; yet now his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that as he knew well untruly; therefore he answered and said, Certainly, my lord, if they have so done they be worthy of heinous punishment. What! (q^d the protector,) thou servest me, I ween, with if and with and: I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor: and therewith (as in a great anger) he clapped his fist on the board a great rap; at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold; and anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor! What, me, my lord? q^d he. Yea, thee, traitor, q^d the protector: and one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for as shortly as he shrank yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton Bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley, taken, and divers other, which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings (whom the protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace), For by Saint Paul (q^d he) I will not dine till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off, and after his body and head were interred at Windsor, by his master, King Edward the Fourth, whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen.

"Now flew the fame of this lord's death through the city and farther about, like a wind in every man's ear; but the protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all the haste for many substantial men out of the city into the Tower, and at their coming himself with the Duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old evil-favoured briganders, such as no man would wene that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them. Then the lord protector showed them

that the Lord Hastings and other of his conspiracy had contrived to have suddenly destroyed him and the Duke of Buckingham there the same day in council, and what they intended farther was yet not well known; of which their treason he had never knowledge before x of the clock the same forenoon, which sudden fear drove them to put on such harness as came next to their hands for their defence, and so God help them that the mischief turned upon them that would have done it, and thus he required them to report. Every man answered fair, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which of truth no man believed."

142.—THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

HEYWOOD.

[The tragic story of the murder of Richard's nephews is thus recorded by the Chronicler, on the authority of Sir Thomas More :—

"And forasmuch as his mind gave him that, his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen might end his cause and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. Thus John Green did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before Our Lady in the Tower; who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With the which answer Green returned, recounting the same to king Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I wooed would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse meaning by this James Tyrrel.

"James Tyrrel devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed: to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow flesh bred in murder beforetime; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then, all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton about midnight, the sely children lying in their beds, came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up amongst the clothes, and so be-wrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them; and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed; which after the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pangs of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid the bodies out upon the bed, and fetched James Tyrrel to see them; which when he saw them perfectly dead, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

"Then rode James Tyrrel in great haste to king Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks, and, as men say, there made him knight."

SCENE I.

Enter the two young princes, Edward and Richard, with Gloster, Catesby, Lovell, and Tyrrel.

P. Ed. Uncle, what gentleman is that?

Glos. It is, sweet prince, lieutenant of the Tower.

P. Ed. Sir, we are come to be your guests to-night.

I pray you, tell me, did you ever know

Our father Edward lodge within this place?

Bru. Never to lodge, my liege; but oftentimes,

On other occasions, I have seen him here.

P. R. Brother, last night, when you did send for me
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that 'twas a prison,
And therefore marvel'd that my uncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a king's receipt
Within this city, had appointed none
Where you might keep your court but only here.

Glos. Vile brats! now they do descant on the Tower!
My gentle nephew, they were ill advised
To tutor you with such unfitting terms
(Who'er they were) against this royal mansion.
What if some part of it hath been reserv'd
To be a prison for nobility?
Follows it, therefore, that it cannot serve
To any other use? Caesar himself,
That built the same, within it kept his court,
And many kings since him: the rooms are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside,
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.

P. Ed. Uncle of Gloster! if you think it so,
'Tis not for me to contradict your will;
We must allow it, and are well content.

Glos. On then, a God's name!

P. Ed. Yet before we go,
One question more with you, master Lieutenant:
We like you well; and, but we do perceive
More comfort in your looks than in these walls,
For all our uncle Gloster's friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heavy still as lead.
I pray you tell me, at which door or gate
Was it my uncle Clarence did go in,
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?

Bro. At this, my liege! Why sighs your majesty?

P. Ed. He went in here that ne'er came back again!
But as God hath decreed, so let it be!
Come, brother, shall we go?

P. R. Yes, brother; any where with you.

[*Exeunt the Princes, Gloster, and Lovell, Brackenbury
and Shore.*]

* *Tyr.* (*pulls Catesby by the sleeve.*) Sir, were it best I did attend
the duke,

Or stay his leisure till his back return?

Cal. I pray you, master Tyrrel, stay without:
It is not good you should be seen by day
Within the Tower, especially at this time;
I'll tell his honour of your being here,
And you shall know his pleasure presently.

Tyr. Even so, sir. Men would be glad by any means
To raise themselves, that have been overthrown
By fortune's scorn; and I am one of them.

Re-enter the Duke of Gloster.

Here comes the duke !

Glos. Catesby, is this the man ?

Cat. It is, if't like your excellency.

Glos. Come near.

Thy name, I hear, is Tyrrel, is it not ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel is my name, my gracious lord !

Glos. Welcome ! it should appear that thou hast been
In better state than now it seems thou art.

Tyr. I have been, by my fay, my lord ! though now depress'd
And clouded over with adversity.

Glos. Be rul'd by me, and thou shalt rise again,
And prove more happy than thou ever wast
There is but only two degrees by which
It shall be needful for thee to ascend,
And that is, faith and taciturnity.

Tyr. If ever I prove false unto your grace,
Convert your favour to afflictions.

Glos. But can'st thou too be secret ?

Tyr. Try me, my lord.

This tongue was never known to be a blab.

Glos. Thy countenance hath, like a silver key,
Open'd the closet of my heart. Read there ;
If, scholar-like, thou can'st expound those lines,
Thou art the man ordain'd to serve my turn

Tyr. So far as my capacity will reach,
The sense, my lord, is thus. This night, you say,
The two young princes both must suffer death.

Glos. Thou hast my meaning. Wilt thou do it ? speak.

Tyr. It shall be done.

Glos. Enough ! come, follow me,
For thy direction, and for gold to fee
Such as must aid thee in their tragedy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-room in the Tower.*

*Enter the two young Princes, Edward and Richard, in their
bedgowns and caps*

Ric. How does your lordship ?

Ed. Well, good brot' er Richard.
How does yourself ? you told me your head ached.

Ric. Indeed it does, my lord ! feel with your hands
How hot it is !

Ed. Indeed you have caught cold,
With sitting yesternight to hear me read.

I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick ! poor little heart.

Ric. You'll give me leave to wait upon your lordship.

Ed. I had more need, brother, to wait on you,
For you are sick ; and so am not I.

Ric. Oh, lord ! methinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave.

Ed. I pray thee, do not speak of graves, sweet heart,
Indeed thou frightest me.

Ric. Why, my lord brother, did not our tutor teach us,
That when at night we went unto our bed,
We still should think we went unto our grave.

Ed. Yes, that's true,
If we should do as ev'ry Christian ought,
To be prepar'd to die at ev'ry hour.
But I am heavy.

Ric. Indeed, and so am I.

Ed. Then let us say our prayers and go to bed.

[*They kneel, and solemn music within. It ceases and they rise.*]

Ric. What, bleeds your grace?

Ed. Ay, two drops and no more.

Ric. God bless us both; and I desire no more.

Ed. Brother, see here what David says, and so say I:
Lord! in thee will I trust, although I die.

[*Exeunt.*]

113 - BOSWORTH FIELD.

HALF.

"Tidings came that the Earl of Richmond was passed Severn, and come to Shrewsbury without any detriment or encumbrance. At which message he (Richard) was sore moved and broiled with melancholy and dolour; and cried out, asking vengeance of them that contrary to their oath and promise had fraudulently deceived him." But with his wonted energy "he determined himself out of hand the same day to occur and resist his adversaries." He was then "keeping his house in the castle of Nottingham." The *Chronicle* proceeds. "Then he, environed with his satellites and yeomen of the crown, with a frowning countenance and truculent aspect, mounted on a great white courser, followed with his footmen, the wings of horsemen coasting and ranging on every side. And keeping this array, he with great pomp entered the town of Leicester after the sunset." At Leicester Richard slept at a house which still remains. Hutton, in his '*Battle of Bosworth Field*,' thus describes the old house and its appurtenances.—"In the Northgate Street yet stands a large handsome half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other, formerly an inn, the *Blue Bour*, hence an adjoining street derived its name, now corrupted into *Blubber-lane*. In one of the apartments Richard rested that night. The room seems to have been once elegant, though now in disuse. He brought his own bedstead, of wood, large, and in some places gilt. It continued there 200 years after he left the place, and its remains are now in the possession of Alderman Drake. It had a wooden bottom, and under that a false one, of the same materials, like a floor, and its under ceiling. Between these two bottoms was concealed a quantity of gold coin, worth about 300*l.* of our present money, but then worth many times that sum. Thus he personally watched his treasure, and slept on his military chest."

"The Earl of Richmond," says the *Chronicle*, "raised his camp, and departed from Lichfield to the town of Tamworth." Shakspeare carefully follows the localities of the historians:—

"This foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march."

We continue the narrative of Hall :—

"In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed new to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations; for incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream."

The plan of the battle is minutely detailed in the narratives. According to the usual practice of the Chroniclers they give us long orations, by the respective leaders, previous to the battle being joined. The legend of 'Jocky of Norfolk' is told thus by Hall.—"Of the nobility were slain John Duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the field, inasmuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king one wrote on his gate,

"Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dykon thy master is bought and sold."

The battle and the victory are thus described by Hall with the accustomed spirit of these old masters of our language.—

"He had scantily finished his saying but the one army espied the other. Lord! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! how quickly the archers bent their bows and frushed their feathers! how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves! ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death. Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand, for this intent, that it should be on that side a defence for his part: and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the faces of his enemies. When King Richard saw the earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them; then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared; at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. The Earl of Oxford in the mean season, fearing lest while his company was fighting they should be compassed, and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commandment in every rank that no man should be so hardy as go above ten foot from the standard; which commandment once known, they knit themselves together, and ceased a little from fighting. The adversaries, suddenly abashed at the matter, and mistrusting some fraud or deceit, began also to pause, and left striking, and not against the wills of many, which had liefer had the king destroyed than saved, and therefore they fought very faintly or stood still. The Earl of Oxford, bringing all his band together on the one part, set on his enemies freshly. Again, the adversaries perceiving that, placed their men slender and thin before, and thick and broad behind, beginning again hardly the battle. While the two forces thus mortally fought, each intending to vanquish

and convince the other, King Richard was admonished by his explorators and espials that the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small number of men of arms, was not far off; and as he approached and marched toward him, he perfectly knew his personage by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learnt and known of other; and being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurs to his horse and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply at the first brunt that he overthrew the earl's standard and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer, (which was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry the Eighth created Duke of Suffolk,) and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheney, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which, being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with iii thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved.

"When the earl had thus obtained victory, and slain his mortal enemy, he knelt down and rendered to Almighty God his hearty thanks, with devout and godly orisons, beseeching his goodness to send him grace to advance and defend the Catholic faith, and to maintain justice and concord amongst his subjects and people, by God now to his governance committed and assigned: which prayer finished, he replenished with incomparable gladness, ascended up to the top of a little mountain, where he not only praised and lauded his valiant soldiers, but also gave unto them his hearty thanks, with promise of condign recompense for their fidelity and valiant facts, willing and commanding all the hurt and wounded persons to be cured, and the dead carcasses to be delivered to the sepulchre. Then the people rejoiced and clapped hands, crying up to heaven, king Henry, king Henry. When the Lord Stanley saw the good will and gratitude of the people, he took the crown of King Richard, which was found amongst the spoil in the field, and set it on the earl's head, as though he had been elected king by the voice of the people, as in ancient times past in divers realms it hath been accustomed, and this was the first sign and token of his felicity.

144.—LAMBERT SIMONELL.

LORD BACON.

There followed this year, being the second of the king's reign, a strange accident of state, whereof the relations which we have are so naked, as they leave it scarce credible; not for the nature of it, for it hath fallen out often, but for the manner and circumstances of it, especially in the beginnings. Therefore we shall make our judgment upon the things themselves, as they give light one to another, and as we can dig truth out of the mine. The king was green in his estate; and contrary to his own opinion and desert both, was not without much hatred throughout the realm. The root of all was the discountenancing of the House of York; which the general body of the realm still affected. This did alienate the hearts of the subjects from him daily more and more, especially when they saw, that after his

marriage, and after a son born, the king died, nevertheless, not so much as proceeded to the coronation of the queen, not vouchsafing her the honour of a matrimonial crown; for the coronation of her was not till almost two years after, when danger had taught him what to do. But much more when it was spread abroad, whether by error or the cunning of malcontents, that the king had a purpose to put to death Edward Plantagenet closely in the Tower: whose case was so nearly paralleled with that of Edward the Fourth's children, in respect of the blood, like age, and the very place of the Tower, as it did refresh and reflect upon the king a most odious resemblance, as if he would be another King Richard. And all this time it was still whispered everywhere, that at least one of the children of Edward the Fourth was living: which bruit was cunningly fomented by such as desired innovation. Neither was the king's nature and customs greatly fit to disperse these rumours, but contrariwise, he had a fashion rather to create doubts than assurance. Thus was fuel prepared for the spark: the spark, that afterwards kindled such a fire and combustion, was at the first contemptible.

There was a subtle priest called Richard Simon, that lived in Oxford, and had to his pupil a baker's son, named Lambert Simnell, of the age of some fifteen years, a comely youth, and well favoured, not without some extraordinary dignity and grace of aspect. It came into this priest's fancy, hearing what men talked, in hope to raise himself to some great bishopric, to cause this lad to counterfeit and personate the second son of Edward the Fourth, supposed to be murdered; and afterwards, for he had changed his intention in the manage, the Lord Edward Plantagenet, then prisoner in the Tower, and accordingly to frame him and instruct him in the part he was to play. This is that which, as was touched before, seemeth scarcely credible; not that a false person should be assumed to gain a kingdom, for it hath been seen in ancient and late times; nor that it should come into the mind of such an abject fellow to enterprise so great a matter; for high conceits do sometimes come streaming into the imaginations of base persons, especially when they are drunk with news and talk of the people. But here is that which hath no appearance: that this priest being utterly unacquainted with the true person, according to whose pattern he should shape his counterfeit, should think it possible for him to instruct his player either in gesture or fashions, or in recounting past matters of his life and education; or in fit answers to questions, or the like, any ways to come near the resemblance of him whom he was to represent. For this lad was not to personate one that had been long before taken out of his cradle, or conveyed away in his infancy, known to few; but a youth, that till the age almost of ten years had been brought up in a court where infinite eyes had been upon him. For King Edward, touched with remorse of his brother the Duke of Clarence's death, would not indeed restore his son, of whom we speak, to be Duke of Clarence, but yet created him Earl of Warwick, reviving his honour on the mother's side; and used him honourably during his time, though Richard the Third afterwards confined him. So that it cannot be, but that some great person that knew particularly and familiarly Edward Plantagenet, had a hand in the business, from whom the priest might take his aim. That which is most probable, out of the precedent and subsequent acts is, that it was the queen-dowager from whom this action had the principal source and motion. For certain it is she was a busy, negotiating woman, and in her withdrawing chamber had the fortunate conspiracy for the king against King Richard the Third been hatched; which the king knew, and remembered perhaps but too well; and was at this time extremely discontent with the king, thinking her daughter, as the king handled the matter, not advanced but depressed: and none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this stage-play as she could. Nevertheless it was not her meaning, nor no

more was it the meaning of any of the better and sager sort that favoured this enterprise, and knew the secret, that this disguised idol should possess the crown ; but at his peril to make way to the overthrow of the king ; and that done they had their several hopes and ways. That which doth chiefly fortify this conjecture is, that as soon as the matter brake forth in any strength, it was one of the king's first acts to cloister the queen-dowager in the nunnery of Bermondsey, and to take away all her lands and estate ; and this by a close council, without any legal proceeding, upon far-fetched pretences, that she had delivered her two daughters out of sanctuary to King Richard, contrary to promise. Which proceeding being even at that time taxed for rigorous and undue, both in matter and manner, makes it very probable there was some greater matter against her, which the king upon reason of policy, and to avoid envy, would not publish. It is likewise no small argument that there was some secret in it, and some suppressing of examinations, for that the priest Simon himself, after he was taken, was never brought to execution ; no, not so much as to public trial, as many clergymen were upon less treasons, but was only shut up close in a dungeon. Add to this, that after the Earl of Lincoln, a principal person in the House of York, was slain in Stoke-field, the king opened himself to some of his council, that he was sorry for the earl's death, because by him, he said, he might have known the bottom of his danger.

But to return to the narration itself : Simon did first instruct his scholar for the part of Richard, Duke of York, second son to King Edward the Fourth ; and this was at such time as it was voiced, that the king purposed to put to death Edward Plantagenet, prisoner in the Tower, whereat there was great murrour. But hearing soon after a general bruit that Plantagenet had escaped out of the Tower, and thereby finding him so much beloved amongst the people, and such rejoicing at his escape the cunning priest changed his copy, and chose now Plantagenet to be the subject his pupil should personate, because he was more in the present speech and votes of the people ; and it pieced better, and followed more close and handsomely, upon the bruit of Plantagenet's escape. But yet doubting that there would be too near looking, and too much perspective into his disguise, if he should show it here in England, he thought good, after the manner of scenes in stage plays and masks, to show it afar off ; and therefore sailed with his scholar into Ireland, where the affection to the House of York was most in height. The king had been a little improvident in the matters of Ireland, and had not removed officers and counsellors, and put in their places, or at least intermingled, persons of whom he stood assured, as he should have done, since he knew the strong bent of that country towards the House of York ; and that it was a ticklish and unsettled state, more easy to receive distempers and mutations than England was. But trusting to the reputation of his victories and successes in England, he thought he should have time enough to extend his cares afterwards to that second kingdom.

Wherefore, through this neglect, upon the coming of Simon with his pretended Plantagenet into Ireland, all things were prepared for revolt and sedition, almost as if they had been set and plotted beforehand. Simon's first address was to the Lord Thomas Fitz-Gerard, Earl of Kildare, and deputy of Ireland ; before whose eyes he did cast such a mist, by his own insinuation, and by the carriage of his youth that expressed a natural princely behaviour, as joined perhaps with some inward vapours of ambition and affection in the earl's own mind, left him fully possessed, that it was the true Plantagenet. The earl presently communicated the matter with some of the nobles, and others there, at the first secretly ; but finding them of like affection to himself, he suffered it of purpose to vent and pass abroad ; because they thought it not safe to resolve till they had a taste of the people's inclination. But if the great ones were in forwardness, the people were in fury,

entertaining this airy body or phantasm with incredible affection; partly out of their great devotion to the House of York; partly out of a proud humour in the nation to give a king to the realm of England. Neither did the party in this heat of affection, much trouble themselves with the attander of George, Duke of Clarence; having newly learned by the king's example, that attanders do not interrupt the conveying of title to the crown. And as for the daughters of King Edward the Fourth, they thought King Richard had said enough for them; and took them to be but as of the king's party, because they were in his power and at his disposing. So that with marvelous consent and applause, this counterfeit Plantagenet was brought with great solemnity to the castle of Dublin, and there saluted, served, and honoured as king, the boy becoming it well, and doing nothing that did bewray the baseness of his condition. And within a few days after he was proclaimed king in Dublin, by the name of King Edward the Sixth, there being not a sword drawn in King Henry's quarrel.

[The cause of the Pretender had been taken up in England, most probably with a view to ulterior objects, of his own, by John, Earl of Lincoln, son of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and of Elizabeth, King Edward the Fourth's eldest sister, a man of great wit and courage, two thousand Germans had come over under the command of Martin Swait, a valiant and experienced captain, and the rebels in these circumstances determined to leave Ireland, and to strike then great blow in England. The king, in the mean time, who at the first when he heard what was done in Ireland, though it troubled him, yet thought he should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away this swarm of bees with their king, when he heard afterwards that the Earl of Lincoln was embarked in the action, and that the Lady Margaret was declared for it, he apprehended the danger in a true degree as it was, and saw plainly that his kingdom must again be put to the stake, and that he must fight for it. And hence is the narrative of the bloody issue as it was determined near Newark, in Nottinghamshire on the 16th of June, 1457.]

The earl, nothing daunted, came forward that day unto a little village called Stoke, and there encamped that night, upon the brow or hanging of a hill. The king next day presented him battle upon the plain, the fields there being open and champion. The earl courageously came down and joined battle with him. Concerning which battle the relations that we left unto us are so naked and negligent, though it be an action of so recent memory, as they rather declare the success of the day than the manner of the fight. They say that the king divided his army into three battails, whereof the vanguard only, well strengthened with wings, came to fight: that the fight was fierce and obstinate, and lasted three hours before the victory inclined either way, save that judgment might be made by that the king's vanguard of itself maintained fight against the whole power of the enemies (the other two battails remaining out of action), what the success was likely to be in the end—that Martin Swait with his Germans performed bravely, and so did those few English that were on that side. neither did the Irish fail in courage or fierceness, but, being almost naked men, only armed with darts and spears, it was rather an execution than a fight upon them, inasmuch as the furious slaughter of them was a great discouragement and appalment to the rest that there died upon the place all the chieftains, that is, the Earl of Lincoln, the Earl of Kildare, Francis Lord Lovel, Martin Swait, and Sir Thomas Broughton, all making good the fight without any ground given. Only of the Lord Lovel there went a report that he fled, and swam over Trent on horseback, but could not recover the farther side by reason of the steepness of the bank, and so was drowned in the river. But another report leaves him not there, but that he lived long after in a cave or vault. The number that was slain in the field was, of the enemy's part, four thousand at the least, and of the king's part, one half his vanguard, besides many hurt, but none of name. There were taken prisoners, amongst others,

the counterfeit Plantagenet, now Lambert Simnell again, and the crafty priest, his tutor. For Lambert, the king would not take his life, both out of magnanimity, taking him but as an image of wax that others had tempered and moulded, and likewise out of wisdom, thinking that if he suffered death he would be forgotten too soon, but, being kept alive, he would be a continual spectacle, and a kind of remedy against the like enchantments of people in time to come. For which cause he was taken into service in his court to a base office in his kitchen, so that, in a kind of "mattacina" of human fortune, he turned a brooch that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy. And afterwards he was preferred to be one of the king's falconers. As to the priest, he was committed close prisoner, and heard of no more—the king loving to seal up his own dangers.

145.—PERKIN WARBECK.—I.

LORD BACON.

At this time the king began again to be haunted with spirits, by the magic and curious arts of the lady Margaret, who raised up the ghost of Richard, duke of York, second son to king Edward the Fourth, to walk and vex the king. This was a finer counterfeit stone than Lambert Simnell, better done and worn upon greater hands, being graced after with the wearing of a king of France and a king of Scotland, not of a duchess of Burgundy only. And for Simnell, there was not much in him more than that he was a handsome boy, and did not shame his robes. But this youth of whom we are now to speak was such a mercurial as the like hath seldom been known, and could make his own part if at any time he chanced to be out. Wherefore this, being one of the strangest examples of a personation that ever was, in elder or later times, it deserveth to be discovered and related at the full—although the king's manner of showing things by pieces and by dark lights hath so muffled it, that it hath been left almost as a mystery to this day.

The lady Margaret, whom the king's friends called Juno, because she was to him as Juno was to Æneas, stirring both heaven and hell to do him mischief, for a foundation of her particular practices against him, did continually, by all means possible, nourish, maintain, and divulge the flying opinion that Richard, duke of York, second son to Edward the Fourth, was not murdered in the Tower, as was given out, but saved alive. For that those who were employed in that barbarous fact, having destroyed the elder brother, were stricken with remorse and compassion towards the younger, and set him privily at liberty to seek his fortune. This lure she cast abroad, thinking that this fame and belief, together with the fresh example of Lambert Simnell would draw, at one time or other, some birds to strike upon it. She used likewise a further diligence, not committing all to chance, for she had some secret espials, like to the Turks' commissioners for children of tribute, to look abroad for handsome and graceful youths, to make Plantagenets and dukes of York. At the last she did light on one, in whom all things met as one would wish, to serve her turn for a counterfeit Richard, duke of York.

This was Perkin Warbeck, whose adventures we shall now describe. For first, the years agreed well. Secondly, he was a youth of fine favour and shape. But more than that, he had such a crafty and bewitching fashion, both to move pity, and to induce belief, as was like a kind of fascination and enchantment to those that saw him or heard him. Thirdly, he had been from his childhood such a wanderer, or, as the king called him, such a land-loper, as it was extreme hard to hunt out his nest and parents. Neither again could any man, by company or con-

versing with him, be able to say, or detect well what he was, he did so fit from place to place. Lastly, there was a circumstance, which is mentioned by one that wrote in the same time, that is very likely to have made somewhat to the matter, which is, that king Edward the Fourth was his godfather. Which, as it is somewhat suspicious for a wanton prince to become gossip in so mean a house, and might make a man think that he might indeed have in him some base blood of the house of York; so at the least, though that were not, it might give the occasion to the boy, in being called king Edward's godson, or, perhaps in sport, king Edward's son, to entertain such thoughts in his head. For tutor he had none, for ought that appears, as Lambert Simnell had, until he came unto the lady Margaret, who instructed him.

Thus, therefore, it came to pass: there was a townsman of Tournay, that had borne office in that town, whose name was John Osbeck, a convert Jew, married to Catharine de Faro, whose business drew him to live for a time with his wife at London, in king Edward the Fourth's days. During which time he had a son by her, and, being known in the court, the king, either out of a religious nobleness because he was a convert, or upon some private acquaintance, did him the honour to be god-father to his child, and named him Peter. But afterwards, proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name, Peterkin or Perkin. For as for the name of Warbeck, it was given him when they did but guess at it, before examinations had been taken. But yet he had been so much talked of by that name, as it stuck by him after his true name of Osbeck was known. While he was a young child, his parents returned with him to Tournay. There he was placed in the house of a kinsman of his, called John Stenbeck, at Antwerp, and so roved up and down between Antwerp and Tournay, and other towns of Flanders for a good time, living much in English company and having the English tongue perfect. In which time, being grown a comely youth, he was brought by some of the espials of the lady Margaret into her presence. Who, viewing him well, and seeing that he had a face and personage that would bear a noble fortune, and finding him otherwise of a fine spirit and winning behaviour, thought she had now found a curious piece of marble to carve out an image of a duke of York. She kept him by her a great while, but with extreme secrecy. The while she instructed him by many Cabinet conferences. First, in princely behaviour and gesture, teaching him how he should keep state, and yet with a modest sense of his misfortunes. Then she informed him of all the circumstances and particulars that concerned the person of Richard, duke of York, which he was to act, describing unto him the personages, lineaments, and features of the king and queen, his pretended parents; and of his brother and sisters, and divers others, that were nearest him in his childhood, together with all passages, some secret, some common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of king Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time from the king's death, until he and his brother were committed to the Tower, as well during the time he was abroad as while he was in sanctuary. As for the times while he was in the Tower, and the manner of his brother's death, and his own escape, she knew they were things, that a very few could control. And therefore she taught him only to tell a smooth and likely tale of those matters, warning him not to vary from it. It was agreed likewise between them what accounts he should give of his peregrination abroad, intermixing many things which were true, and such as they knew others could testify, for the credit of the rest, but still making them to hang together with the part he was to play. She taught him likewise how to avoid sundry captious and tempting questions which were like to be asked of him. But in this she found him so nimble and shifting, as she trusted much to his own wit and readiness, and therefore laboured the less in it. Lastly,

she raised his thoughts with some present rewards, and further promises, setting before him chiefly the glory and fortune of a crown if things went well, and a sure refuge to her court if the worst should fall. After such time as she thought he was perfect in his lesson, she began to cast with herself from what coast this blazing star should first appear, and at what time it must be upon the horizon of Ireland, for there had the like meteor strong influence before. The time of the apparition to be when the king should be engaged into a war with France. But well she knew that whatsoever should come from her would be held suspected. And therefore if he should go out of Flanders immediately into Ireland, she might be thought to have some hand in it. And besides, the time was not yet ripe, for that the two kings were then upon terms of peace. Therefore she wheeled about; and to put all suspicion afar off, and loth to keep him any longer by her, for that she knew secrets are not long-lived, she sent him unknown into Portugal, with the lady Brampton, an English lady, that embarked for Portugal at that time, with some privado of her own, to have an eye upon him, and there he was to remain, and to expect her further directions. In the meantime she omitted not to prepare things for his better welcome and accepting, not only in the kingdom of Ireland, but in the court of France. He continued in Portugal about a year, and by that time the king of England called his Parliament, as hath been said, and declared open war against France. Now did the sign reign, and the constellation was come, under which Perkin should appear. And therefore he was straight sent unto by the duchess, to go for Ireland, according to the first designment. In Ireland he did arrive, at the town of Cork. When he was thither come, his own tale was, when he made his confession afterwards, that the Irishmen, finding him in some good clothes, came flocking about him, and bare him down that he was the duke of Clarence that had been there before. And after, that he was Richard the Third's base son. And lastly, that he was Richard, duke of York, second son to Edward the Fourth. But that he, for his part, renounced all these things, and offered to swear, upon the Holy Evangelists, that he was no such man; till at last they forced it upon him, and bade him fear nothing, and so forth. But the truth is, that immediately upon his coming into Ireland, he took upon him the said person of the duke of York, and drew unto him complices and partakers by all the means he could devise. Insomuch as he wrote his letters unto the earls of Desmond and Kildare, to come in to his aid, and be of his party; the originals of which letters are yet extant.

Somewhat before this time, the duchess had also gained unto her a near servant of King Henry's own, one Stephen Frion, his secretary for the French tongue; an active man, but turbulent and discontented. This Frion had fled over to Charles, the French king, and put himself into his service, at such time as he began to be in open enmity with the king. Now King Charles, when he understood of the person and attempts of Perkin, ready of himself to embrace all advantages against the King of England, instigated by Frion, and formerly prepared by the Lady Margaret, forthwith despatched one Lucas and this Frion, in the nature of ambassadors to Perkin, to advertise him of the king's good inclination to him, and that he was resolved to aid him to recover his right against King Henry, an usurper of England, and an enemy of France; and wished him to come over unto him at Paris. Perkin thought himself in heaven now that he was invited by so great a king in so honourable a manner. And imparting unto his friends in Ireland, for their encouragement, now fortune called him, and what great hopes he had, sailed presently into France. When he was come into the court of France, the king received him with great honour, saluted and styled him by the name of the Duke of York: lodged him and accommodated him in great state. And the better to give him the representation

versing with him, be able to say, or detect well what he was, he did so fit from place to place. Lastly, there was a circumstance, which is mentioned by one that wrote in the same time, that is very likely to have made somewhat to the matter, which is, that king Edward the Fourth was his godfather. Which, as it is somewhat suspicious for a wanton prince to become gossip in so mean a house, and might make a man think that he might indeed have in him some base blood of the house of York; so at the least, though that were not, it might give the occasion to the boy, in being called king Edward's godson, or, perhaps in sport, king Edward's son, to entertain such thoughts in his head. For tutor he had none, for ought that appears, as Lambert Simnell had, until he came unto the lady Margaret, who instructed him.

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The news hereof came blazing and thundering over into England, that the Duke of York was sure alive. As for the name of Perkin Warbeck, it was not at that time come to light, but all the news ran upon the Duke of York; that he had been entertained in Ireland, bought and sold in France, and was now plainly avowed, and in great honour in Flanders. These fables took hold of divers; in some upon discontent, in some upon ambition, in some upon levity and desire of change, and in some few upon conscience and belief, but in most upon simplicity, and in divers sort of dependence upon some of the better sort, who did in secret favour and maintain

she raised his thoughts with some present rewards, and further promises, setting before him chiefly the glory and fortune of a crown if things went well, and a sure refuge to her court if the worst should fall. After such time as she thought he was perfect in his lesson, she began to cast with herself from what coast this blazing star should first appear, and at what time it must be upon the horizon of Ireland, for there had the like meteor strong influence before. The time of the apparition to be when the king should be engaged into a war with France. But well she knew that whatsoever should come from her would be held suspected. And therefore if he should go out of Flanders immediately into Ireland, she might be thought to have some hand in it. And besides, the time was not yet ripe, for that the two kings were then upon terms of peace. Therefore she wheeled about; and to put all suspicion afar off, and loth to keep him any longer by her, for that she knew secrets are not long-lived, she sent him unknown into Portugal, with the lady Brampton, an English lady, that embarked for Portugal at that time, with some privado of her own, to have an eye upon him, and there he was to remain, and to expect her further directions. In the meantime she omitted not to prepare; who for his better welcome and accepting, not only in the kingdom of ~~Portugal~~ here, to the court of France. He continued in Portugal about a year - not without some king of England called his Parliament, as hath been said, if they found and were ~~satisfied~~ France. Now did the sign-~~ificances~~ences. The person of Sir Robert Clifford, being a gentleman of fame and family, was extremely welcome to the Lady Margaret, who, after she had conference with him, brought him to the sight of Perkin, with whom he had often speech and discourse. So that in the end, won either by the duchess to affect, or by Perkin to believe, he wrote back into England, that he knew the person of Richard, Duke of York, as well as he knew his own, and that this young man was undoubtedly he. By this means all things grew prepared to revolt and sedition here, and the conspiracy came to have a correspondence between Flanders and England.

The king, on his part, was not asleep, but to arm or levy forces yet, he thought would but show fear, and do this idol too much worship. Nevertheless the ports he did shut up, or at least kept a watch on them, that none should pass to or fro that was suspected: but, for the rest, he chose to work by countermine. His purposes were two: the one to lay open the abuse, the other to break the knot of the conspirators. To detect the abuse there were but two ways: the first, to make it manifest to the world that the Duke of York was indeed murdered, the other to prove that, were he dead or alive, yet Perkin was a counterfeit. For the first, thus it stood. There were but four persons that could speak upon knowledge to the murder of the Duke of York: Sir James Tirrel, the employed man from King Richard; John Dighton and Miles Forrest, his servants, the two butchers or tormentors, and the priest of the Tower that buried them. Of which four, Miles Forrest and the priest were dead, and there remained alive only Sir James Tirrel and John Dighton. These two the king caused to be committed to the Tower, and examined touching the manner of the death of the two innocent princes. They agreed both in a tale, as the king gave out, to this effect: that King Richard having directed his warrant for the putting of them to death to Brackenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, was by him refused. Whereupon the king directed his warrant to Sir James Tirrel, to receive the keys of the Tower from the lieutenant, for the space of a night, for the king's special service. That Sir James Tirrel accordingly repaired to the Tower by night attended by his two servants aforementioned, whom he had chosen for that purpose. That himself stood at the feet, and sent these two villains to execute the murder. That they smothered in their bed, and, that done, called up their master to see their naked dead bodies, which they had laid forth. That they were buried under the stairs, and some

and the countenance of a prince, assigned him a guard for his person, whereof the Lord Congressall was captain. The courtiers likewise, though it be ill mocking with the French, applied themselves to their king's bent, seeing there was reason of state for it. At the same time there repaired unto Perkin divers Englishmen of quality; Sir George Nevillo, Sir John Taylor, and about one hundred more, and amongst the rest this Stephen Frien, of whom we spake, who followed his fortune both then and for a long time after, and was, indeed, his principal counsellor and instrument in all his proceedings. But all this on the French king's part was but a trick, the better to bow King Henry to peace. And therefore upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Boloign, Perkin was smoked away. Yet would not the French king deliver him up to King Henry, as he was laboured to do, for his honour's sake, but warned him away and dismissed him. And Perkin, on his part, was as ready to be gone, doubting he might be caught up underhand. He therefore took his way into Flanders, unto the Duchess of Burgundy, pretending that, having been variously tossed by fortune, he directed his course thither as to a harbour, noways taking knowledge that he had ever been there before, but and being upon his first address. The Duchess, on the other part, made it as fly over her, pretending, at the first, that she was taught and made wise, to learn, search, and hold him, how she did admit of any counterfeit stuff, life and doings. He furnished her with such stuff, as she might advertise, to draw on and reward intelligences; giving them such things, as they might advertise continually what they found, and, nevertheless, still go on. And ever, as one advertisement and discovery called up another, he employed other new men, where the business did require it. Others he employed in a more special nature and trust, to be his pioneers in the main countermine. These were directed to insinuate themselves into the familiarity and confidence of the principal persons of the party in Flanders, and so to learn what associates they had, and correspondents, either here in England or abroad; and how far every one engaged, and what new ones they meant afterwards to try or board. And as this for the persons, so for the actions themselves, to discover to the bottom, as they could, the utmost of Perkin's and the conspirators, their intention, hopes, and practices. These latter best-beloved trust spies had some of them further instructions to practise and draw off the best friends and servants of Perkin, by making remonstrance to them how weakly his enterprise and hopes were built, and with how prudent and potent a king they had to deal; and to reconcile them to the king with promise of pardon and good conditions of reward. And, above the rest, to assail, sap, and work into the constancy of Sir Robert Clifford, and to win him, if they could, being the man that knew most of their secrets, and who, being won away, would most appal and discourage the rest, and in a manner break the knot.

There is a strange tradition that the king, being lost in a wood of suspicions, and not knowing whom to trust, had both intelligence with the confessors and chaplains of divers great men; and for the better credit of his espials abroad with the contrary side, did use to have them cursed at Paul's, by name, amongst the bead-roll of the king's enemies, according to the custom of those times. These espials plied their charge so roundly, as the king had an anatomy of Perkin alive, and was likewise well informed of the particular correspondent conspirators in England, and many other mysteries were revealed: and Sir Robert Clifford in especial won to be assured to the king, and industrious and officious for his service. The king, therefore, receiving a rich return of his diligence, and great satisfaction touching a number of particulars, first divulged and spread abroad the imposture and juggling of Perkin's person and travels, with the circumstances thereof throughout the realm; not by proclamation, because things were yet in examination, and so might receive the more for the less, but by court fables, which commonly print better than printed proclamations. Then thought he it also time to send an ambassador

these bruits. And it was not long ere these rumours of novelty had begotten others of scandal and murmur against the king and his Government, taxing him for a great taxer of his people, and discountenancer of his nobility. The loss of Britain and the peace with France were not forgotten. But chiefly they fell upon the wrong that he did his queen, in that he did not reign in her right. Wherefore, they said, that God had now brought to light a masculine branch of the house of York, that would not be at his courtesy, howsoever he did depress his poor lady. And yet, as it fareth with things which are current with the multitude, and which they affect, these fumes grew so general, as the authors were lost in the generality of the speakers; they being like running weeds that have no certain root, or like footings up and down impossible to be traced. But after awhile these ill humours drew to an head, and settled secretly in some eminent persons, which were Sir William Stanley, lord chamberlain of the king's household, the Lord Fitzwater, Sir Simon Mountfort, and Sir Thomas Thwaites. These entered into a secret conspiracy to favour Duke Richard's title. Nevertheless none engaged their fortunes in this business openly but two, Sir Robert Clifford and Master William Barley, who sailed over into Flanders, sent, indeed, from the party of the conspirators, no power understand the truth of those things that passed there, and did damn his soul help of monies from hence; provisionally to be delivered not mending his case. Or satisfied that there was truth in these were his instruments, did turn to pity in the midst of their execution? Whereas, in cruel and savage beasts, and men also, the first draught of blood doth yet make them more fierce and enraged. Do you not know that the bloody executioners of tyrants do go to such errands with an halter about their neck; so that if they perform not they are sure to die for it? And do you think that these men would hazard their own lives for sparing another's? Admit they should have saved him, what should they have done with him? Turn him into London streets, that the watchmen or any passenger that should light upon him might carry him before a justice, and so all come to light? Or should they have kept him by them secretly? That surely would have required a great deal of care, charge, and continual fear. But, my lords, I labour too much in a clear business. The king is so wise, and hath so good friends abroad, as now he knoweth Duke Perkin from his cradle. And because he is a great prince, if you have any good poet here, he can help him with notes to write his life; and to parallel him with Lambert Simnell, now the king's falconer. And therefore, to speak plainly to your lordships, it is the strangest thing in the world that the Lady Margaret, excuse us if we name her, whose malice to the king is both causeless and endless should now, when she is old, at the time when other women give over child-bearing, bring forth two such monsters; being not the births of nine or ten months but of many years. And whereas other natural mothers bring forth children weak, and not able to help themselves, she bringeth forth tall striplings, able, soon after their coming into the world, to bid battle to mighty kings. My lords, we stay unwillingly upon this part. We would to God that lady would once taste the joys which God Almighty doth serve up unto her, in beholding her niece to reign in such honour, and with so much royal issue, which she might be pleased to account as her own. The king's request unto the archduke and your lordships might be, that, according to the example of King Charles, who hath already discarded him you would banish this unworthy fellow out of your dominions. But because the king may justly expect more from an ancient confederate, than from a new reconciled enemy, he maketh this request unto you to deliver him up into his hands; pirates and impostors of this sort being fit to be accounted the common enemies of mankind, and no ways to be protected by the law of nations."

stones cast upon them. That when the report was made to king Richard, that his will was done, he gave Sir James Tirrel great thanks, but took exception to the place of their burial, being too base for them that were king's children. Whereupon, another night, by the king's warrant renewed, their bodies were removed by the priest of the Tower, and buried by him in some place which, by means of the priest's death soon after, could not be known. Thus much was then delivered abroad, to be the effect of those examinations; but the king, nevertheless, made no use of them in any of his declarations, whereby, as it seems, those examinations left the business somewhat perplexed. And as for Sir James Tirrel, he was soon after beheaded in the Tower-yard for other matters of treason. But John Dighton, who, it seemeth, spake best for the king, was forthwith set at liberty, and was the principal means of divulging this tradition. Therefore, this kind of proof being left so naked, the king used the more diligence in the latter, for the tracing of Perkin. To this purpose he sent abroad into several parts, and especially into Flanders, divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, some feigning themselves to and as unto Perkin, and to adhere to him, and some under other pretences, to told the people, and discover all the circumstances and particulars of Perkin's parents, is, for wars of Scotland, and down, and in brief to have a journal as it were of his of escuage, for those journeys; ~~take~~ his employed men, liberally with money, to but a pretence to poll and pill the people. ~~And his intention was good they~~ should not stand now like sheep before the shearer, but put on harness, and take weapons in their hands. Yet to do no creature hurt, but go and deliver the king a strong petition for the laying down of those grievous payments, and for the punishment of those that had given him that counsel, to make others beware how they did the like in time to come. And said, for his part he did not see how they could do the duty of true Englishmen, and good liege-men, except they did deliver the king from such wicked ones, that would destroy both him and the country. Their aim was at Archbishop Morton and Sir Reginald Bray, who were the king's screens in this envy.

After that these two, Flammoek and the blacksmith, had by joint and several pratings found tokens of consent in the multitude, they offered themselves to lead them, until they should hear of better men to be their leaders, which they said would be ere long: telling them further, that they would be but their servants, and first in every danger: but doubted not but to make both the west-end and the east-end of England to meet in so good a quarrel; and that all, rightly understood, was but for the king's service. The people upon these seditious instigations, did ~~argu~~, most of them with bows and arrows, and bills, and such other weapons of rude and country people, and forthwith under the command of their leaders, which in such cases is ever at pleasure, marched out of Cornwall through Devonshire unto Taunton in Somersetshire, without any slaughter, violence, or spoil of the country. At Taunton they killed in fury an officious and eager commissioner for the subsidy, whom they called the Provost of Perin. Thence they marched to Wells, where the Lord Audley, with whom their leaders had before some secret intelligence, a nobleman of an ancient family, but unquiet and popular, and aspiring to ruin, came in to them, and was by them, with great gladness and cries of joy, accepted as their general: they being now proud that they were led by a nobleman. The Lord Audley led them on from Wells to Salisbury, and from Salisbury to Winchester. Thence the foolish people, who, in effect, led their leaders, had a mind to be led into Kent, fancying that the people there would join with them; contrary to all reason or judgment, considering the Kentish men had showed great loyalty and affection to the king so lately before. But the rude people had heard

sage unto Archduke Philip into Flanders, for the abandoning and dismissing of Perkin. Herein he employed Sir Edward Poynings and Sir William Warham, doctor of the canon law. The archduke was then young, and governed by his council, before whom the ambassadors had audience, and Dr. Warham spake in this manner : " My lords, the king our master is very sorry that, England and your country here of Flanders having been counted as man and wife for so long a time, now this country of all others should be the stage where a base counterfeit should play the part of a King of England ; not only to his grace's disquiet and dishonour, but to the scorn and reproach of all sovereign princes. To counterfeit the dead image of a king in his coin is an high offence by all laws, but to counterfeit the living image of a king in his person, exceedeth all falsifications, except it should be that of a Mahomet, or an Antichrist, that counterfeit divine honour. The king hath too great an opinion of this sage council, to think that any of you is caught with this fable, though way may be given by you to the passion of some, the thing in itself is so improbable. To set testimonies aside of the death of Duke Richard, which the king hath upon record, plain and infallible, because they may be thought to be in the king's own power, let the thing testify for itself. Sense and reasoning know can command. Is it possible, trow you, that King Richard should protract and foul his name with so abominable a murder, and yet to despatch with them, that it might appear so much more wisdom in fore-slowing, but wisdom in choosing his time ; resolved with all speed to assail them, and yet with that providence and surety, as should leave little to venture or fortune. And having very great and puissant forces about him, the better to master all events and accidents, he divided them into three parts ; the first was led by the Earl of Oxford in chief, assisted by the Earls of Essex and Suffolk. These noblemen were appointed, with some cornets of horse and bands of foot, and good store of artillery, wheeling about to put themselves beyond the hill where the rebels were encamped ; and to beset all the skirts and descents thereof, except those that lay towards London ; whereby to have these wild beasts, as it were, in a toil. The second part of his forces, which were those that were to be most in action, and upon which he relied most for the fortune of the day, he did assign to be led by the lord chamberlain, who was appointed to set upon the rebels in front, from that side which is towards London. The third part of his forces, being likewise great and brave forces, he retained about himself, to be ready upon all events to restore the fight, or consummate the victory ; and meanwhile to secure the city. And for that purpose he encamped in person in St. George's Fields, putting himself between the city and the rebels. But the city of London, specially at the first, upon the near encamping of the rebels, was in great tumult : as it useth to be with wealthy and populous cities, especially those which for greatness and fortune are queens of their regions, who seldom see out of their windows or from their towers, an army of enemies. But that which troubled them most, was the conceit, that they dealt with a rout of people, with whom there was no composition or condition, or orderly treating, if need were ; but likely to be bent altogether upon rapine and spoil. And although they had heard that the rebels had behaved themselves quietly and modestly by the way as they went ; yet they doubted much that would not last, but rather make them more hungry, and more in appetite to fall upon spoil in the end. Wherefore there was great running to and fro of people, some to the gates, some to the walls, some to the water-side : giving themselves alarms and panic fears continually. Nevertheless both Tate the lord mayor, and Shaw and Haddon the sheriffs, did their parts, stoutly and well, in arming and ordering the people. And the king likewise did adjoin some captains of experience in the wars to advise

and assist the citizens. But soon after when they understood that the king had so ordered the matter, that the rebels must win three battles before they could approach the city, and that he had put his own person between the rebels and them, and that the great care was, rather how to impound the rebels than none of them might escape, than that any doubt was made to vanquish them; they grew to be quiet and out of fear; the rather for the confidence they reposed, which was not small, in the three leaders, Oxford, Essex, and D'Aubigny; all men well famed and loved amongst the people. As for Jasper, Duke of Bedford, whom the king used to employ with the first in his wars, he was then sick and died soon after.

It was the two and twentieth of June, and a Saturday, which was the day of the week the king fancied, when the battle was fought: though the king had, by all the art he could devise, given out a false day, as if he prepared to give the rebels battle on the Monday following, the better to find them unprovided, and in disarray. The lords that were appointed to cumber the hill, had some days before planted themselves, as at the receipt, in places convenient. In the afternoon, towards the decline of the day, which was done the better to keep the rebels in opinion that they should not fight that day, the Lord D'Aubigny marched on towards them, and first beat some troops of them from Deptford-bridge, where they fought manfully; but being in no great number, were soon driven back, and fled up to their main army upon the hill. The army at that time, hearing of the approach of the king's forces, were putting themselves in array, not without much confusion. But neither had they placed, upon the first high ground, towards the bridge, any forces to second the troops below, that kept the bridge; neither had they brought forwards their main battle, which stood in array far into the heath, near to the ascent of the hill. So that the earl with his forces mounted the hill, and recovered the plain without resistance. The Lord D'Aubigny charged them with great fury; inasmuch as it had like, by accident, to have brangled the fortune of the day. For, by inconsiderate forwardness in fighting in the head of his troops, he was taken by the rebels, but immediately rescued and delivered. The rebels maintained the fight for a small time, and for their persons showed no want of courage; but being ill armed, and ill led, and without horse or artillery, they were with no great difficulty cut in pieces, and put to flight. And for their three leaders the Lord Audley, the blacksmith, and Flammock, as commonly the captains of commotions are but half-couraged men, suffered themselves to be taken alive. The number slain on the rebels' part were some two thousand men: their army amounting, as it is said, unto the number of sixteen thousand. The rest were, in effect, all taken; for that the hill, as was said, was encompassed with the king's forces round about. On the king's part there died about three hundred, most of them shot with arrows, which were reported to be of the length of a tailor's yard. so strong and mighty a bow the Cornish men were said to draw.

The victory thus obtained, the king created divers bannerets, as well upon Blackheath, where his lieutenant had won the field, whither he rode in person to perform the said creation, as in St. George's Fields, where his own person had been encamped. And for matter of liberality, he did, by open edict, give the goods of all the prisoners unto those that had taken them; either to take them in kind or compound for them as they could. After matter of honour and liberality, followed matter of severity and execution. The Lord Audley was led from Newgate to Tower-hill, in a paper coat painted with his own arms, the arms reversed, the coat torn, and he at Tower-hill beheaded. Flammock and the blacksmith were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn: the blacksmith taking pleasure upon the hurdle, as it seemeth by words that he uttered, to think that he should be famous in after-times. The king was once in mind to have sent down Flammock and the blacksmith to have

been executed in Cornwall, for the more terror, but being advertised that the country was yet unquiet and boiling, he thought better not to irritate the people further. All the rest were pardoned by proclamation, and to take out their pardons under seal, as many as would. So that, more than the blood drawn in the field, the king did satisfy himself with the lives of only three offenders, for the expiation of this great rebellion.

147.—PERKIN WARBECK—II.

LORD BACON.

The King of Scotland, though he would not formally retract his judgment of Perkin, wherein he had engaged himself so far, yet in his private opinion, upon often speech with the Englishmen, and divers other advertisements, began to suspect him for a counterfeit. Wherefore in a noble fashion he called him unto him, and recounted the benefits and favours that he had done him in making him his ally, and in provoking a mighty and opulent king by an offensive war in his quarrel, for the space of two years together, nay more, that he had refused an honourable peace, whereof he had a fair offer, if he would have delivered him; and that, to keep his promise with him, he had deeply offended both his nobles and people whom he might not hold in any long discontent, and therefore required him to think of his own fortunes, and to choose out some fitter place for his exile, telling him withal, that he could not say, but the English had forsaken him before the Scottish, for that, upon two several trials, none had declared themselves on his side, but nevertheless he would make good what he said to him at his first receiving, which was that he should not repent him for putting himself into his hands, for that he would not cast him off, but help him with shipping and means to transport him where he should desire. Perkin, not descending at all from his stage-like greatness, answered the king in few words, that he saw his time was not yet come, but whatsoever his fortunes were, he should both think and speak honour of the king. Taking his leave, he would not think on Flanders, doubting it was but hollow ground for him since the treaty of the archduke, concluded the year before; but took his lady, and such followers as would not leave him, and sailed over into Ireland.

All this while the rebellion of Cornwall, whereof we have spoken, seemed to have no relation to Perkin, save that perhaps Perkin's proclamation had stricken upon the right vein, in promising to lay down exactions and payments, and so had made them now and then have a kind thought on Perkin. But now these bubbles by much stirring began to meet, as they use to do upon the top of water. The king's lenity, by that time the Cornish rebels who were taken and pardoned, and, as it was said, many of them sold by them that had taken them, for twelve pence and two shillings a piece, were come down into their country, had rather emboldened them than reclaimed them; insomuch as they stuck not to say to their neighbours and countrymen, that the king did well to pardon them, for that he knew he should leave few subjects in England, if he hanged all that were of their mind; and began whetting and inciting one another to renew the commotion. Some of the subtlest of them, hearing of Perkin's being in Ireland, found means to send to him to let him know, that if he would come over to them they would serve him.

When Perkin heard this news, he began to take heart again, and advised upon it with his council, which were principally three; Herne, a mercer that had fled for debt; Skelton, a tailor; and Astley, a scrivener; for Secretary Frien was gone.

These told him, that he was mightily overseen, both when he went into Kent, and when he went into Scotland ; the one being a place so near London, and under the king's nose ; and the other a nation so distasted with the people of England, that if they had loved him never so well, yet they could never have taken his part in that company. But if he had been so happy as to have been in Cornwall at the first, when the people began to take arms there, he had been crowned at Westminster before this time. For, these kings, as he had now experience, would sell poor princes for shoes. But he must rely wholly upon people ; and therefore advised him to sail over with all possible speed into Cornwall ; which accordingly he did, having in his company four small barks, with some six score or seven score fighting men. He arrived in September at Whitsand-Bay, and forthwith came to Bodmin, the blacksmith's town ; where there assembled unto him to the number of three thousand men of the rude people. There he set forth a new proclamation, stroking the people with fair promises, and humouring them with invectives against the king and his government. And as it fareth with smoke, that never loseth itself till it be at the highest ; he did now before his end raise his style, entitling himself no more Richard, Duke of York, but Richard the Fourth, King of England. His council advised him by all means to make himself master of some good walled town ; as well to make his men find the sweetness of rich spoils, and to allure to him all loose and lost people, by like hopes of booty ; as to be a sure retreat to his forces, in case they should have any ill day, or unlucky chance in the field. Wherefore they took heart to them, and went on, and besieged the city of Exeter, the principal town for strength and wealth in those parts.

Perkin, hearing this thunder of arms, and preparations against him from so many parts, raised his siege, and marched to Taunton ; beginning already to squint one eye upon the crown and another upon the sanctuary ; though the Cornish men were become, like metal often fired and quenched, churlish, and that would sooner break than bow ; swearing and vowing not to leave him, till the uttermost drop of their blood were spilt. He was at his rising from Exeter between six and seven thousand strong, many having come unto him after he was set before Exeter, upon fame of so great an enterprise, and to partake of the spoil ; though upon the raising of his siege some did slip away. When he was come near Taunton, he dissembled all fear, and seemed all the day to use diligence in preparing all things ready to fight. But about midnight he fled with three score horse to Bewdley in the New Forest, where he and divers of his company registered themselves sanctuary-men, leaving his Cornish men to the four winds ; but yet thereby easing them of their vow, and using his wonted compassion, not to be by when his subjects' blood should be spilt. The king, as soon as he heard of Perkin's flight, sent presently five hundred horse to pursue and apprehend him, before he should get either to the sea, or to that same little island called a sanctuary. But they came too late for the latter of these. Therefore all they could do, was to beset the sanctuary, and to maintain a strong watch about it, till the king's pleasure were further known. As for the rest of the rebels, they, being destituted of their head, without stroke stricken, submitted themselves unto the king's mercy. And the king, who commonly drew blood, as physicians do, rather to save life than to spill it, and was never cruel when he was secure ; now he saw the danger was past, pardoned them all in the end, except some few desperate persons, which he reserved to be executed, the better to set off his mercy towards the rest. There were also sent with all speed some horse to St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, where the lady Catharine Gordon was left by her husband, whom in all fortunes she entirely loved ; adding the virtues of a wife to the virtues of her sex. The king set in the greater diligence, not knowing whether she might be with child, whereby

the business would not have ended in Perkin's person. When she was brought to the king, it was commonly said, that the king received her not only with compassion, but with affection, pity giving more impression to her excellent beauty. Wherefore comforting her, to serve as well his eye as his fame, he set her to his queen to remain with her, giving her very honourable allowance for the support of her estate, which she enjoyed both during the king's life and many years after. The name of the white rose, which had been given to her husband's false title, was continued in common speech to her true beauty.

The king did also, while he was at Exeter, appoint the lord Darcy, and others, commissioners, for the fining of all such as were of any value, or had any land or partaking in the aid or comfort of Perkin or the Cornish men, either in the field or in the flight.

These commissioners proceeded with such strictness and severity, as did much obscure the king's mercy in sparing of blood, with the bleeding of so much treasure. Perkin was brought unto the king's court, but not to the king's presence, though the king, to satisfy his curiosity, saw him sometimes out of a window, or in passage. He was in shew at liberty, but guarded with all care and watch that was possible, and willed to follow the king to London. But from his first appearance upon the stage, in his new person of a sycophant or jester, instead of his former person of a prince, all men may think how he was exposed to the derision not only of the courtiers, but also of the common people, who looked about him as he went along, that one might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds, some mocking, some wondering, some cursing, some prying and picking matter out of his countenance and gesture to talk of, so that the false honour and respects, which he had so long enjoyed, was plentifully repaid in scorn and contempt. As soon as he was come to London, the king gave also the city the solace of this May-game, for he was conveyed leisurely in his chariot, but not in any ignominious fashion, through Chertside and Cornhill to the Tower, and from thence back again unto Westminster, with the chum of a thousand taunts and reproaches. But to amend the show, there followed a little distance of Perkin an inward counsellor of his, one that had been sergeant-at-law to the king. The fellow, when Perkin took sanctuary, chose rather to take an holy habit than an holy place, and clad himself like an hermit, and in that weed wandered about the country till he was discovered and taken. But this man was bound hand and foot upon the horse, and came not back with Perkin, but was left at the Tower, and within few days after executed. Soon after, now that Perkin could tell better what himself was, he was diligently examined, and after his confession taken, an extract was made of such parts of them as were thought fit to be divulged, which was printed and dispersed abroad, wherein the king did himself no right, for as there was a laboured tale of particulars, of Perkin's father and mother, and grandsire and grandmother, and uncles and cousins, by names and surnames, and from what places he travelled up and down, so there was little or nothing to purpose of anything concerning his designs, or any practices that had been held with him, nor the duchess of Burgundy herself, that all the world did take knowledge of, as the person that had put life and being into the whole business, so much as named or pointed at. So that men missing of that they looked for, looked about for they knew not what, and were in more doubt than before, but the king chose rather not to satisfy, than to kindle coals.

It was not long but Perkin, who was made of quicksilver, which is hard to hold or imprison, began to stir. For deceiving his keepers, he took him to his heels, and made speed to the sea-coasts. But presently all corners were laid for him, and such diligent pursuit and search made, as he was fain to turn back, and get him to

the house of Bethlehem, called the priory of Sheen (which had the privilege of Sanctuary), and put himself into the hands of the prior of that monastery. The prior was thought an holy man, and much revered in those days. He came to the king, and besought the king for Perkin's life only, leaving him otherwise to the king's discretion. Many about the king were again more hot than ever, to have the king take him forth and hang him. But the king, that had an high stomach, and could not hate any that he despised, bid, "Take him forth, and set the knave in the stock;" and so promising the prior his life, he caused him to be brought forth. And within two or three days after, upon a scaffold set up in the palace court at Westminster, he was fettered and set in the stocks for the whole day. And the next day after, the like was done by him at the cross in Cheapside, and in both places he read his confession, of which we made mention before; and was from Cheapside conveyed and laid up in the Tower.

But it was ordained, that this winding-ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the true tree itself. For Perkin, after he had been awhile in the Tower, began to insinuate himself into the favour and kindness of his keepers, servants to the lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Digby, being four in number; Strangeways, Blewet, Astwood, and Long Roger. These varlets, with mountains of promises, he sought to corrupt, to obtain his escape; but knowing well, that his own fortunes were made so contemptible, as he could feed no man's hopes, and by hopes he must work, for rewards he had none, he had contrived with himself a vast and tragical plot; which was, to draw into his company Edward Plantagenet, earl of Warwick, then prisoner in the Tower; whom the weary life of a long imprisonment, and the often and renewing fears of being put to death, had softened to take any impression of counsel for his liberty. This young prince he thought these servants would look upon, though not upon himself; and therefore, after that by some message by one or two of them, he had tasted of the earl's consent; it was agreed that these four should murder their master, the lieutenant, secretly, in the night, and make their best of such money and portable goods of his, as they should find ready at hand, and get the keys of the Tower, and presently let forth Perkin and the earl. But this conspiracy was revealed in time, before it could be executed. And in this again the opinion of the king's great wisdom did surcharge him with a sinister fame, that Perkin was but his bait, to entrap the earl of Warwick. And in the very instant while this conspiracy was in working, as if that also had been the king's industry, it was fatal, that there should break forth a counterfeit earl of Warwick, a cordwainer's son, whose name was Ralph Wilford; a young man taught and set on by an Augustin friar, called Patrick. They both from the parts of Suffolk came forwards into Kent, where they did not only privily and underhand give out that this Wilford was the true earl of Warwick, but also the friar, finding some light credence in the people, took the boldness in the pulpit to declare as much, and to incite the people to come in to his aid. Whereupon they were both presently apprehended, and the young fellow executed, and the friar condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This also happening so opportunely, to represent the danger to the king's estate from the earl of Warwick, and thereby to colour the king's severity that followed; together with the madness of the friar so vainly and desperately to divulge a treason, before it had gotten any manner of strength: and the saving of the friar's life, which nevertheless was, indeed, but the privileges of his order; and the pity in the common people, which if it run in a strong stream, doth ever cast up scandal and envy, made it generally rather talked than believed that all was but the king's device. But howsoever it were, hereupon Perkin, that had offended against grace now the third time, was at the last proceeded with, and by commissioners of oyer and determiner, arraigned at Westminster, upon divers

treasons committed and perpetrated after his coming on land, within this kingdom, for so the judges advised, for that he was a foreigner, and condemned, and a few days after executed at Tyburn; where he did again openly read his confession, and take it upon his death to be true. This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not spy him first. • It was one of the longest plays of that kind that hath been in memory, and might perhaps have had another end, if he had not met with a king both wise, stout, and fortunate.

148.—THE TRAGEDY OF PERKIN WARBECK.

REV. JAMES WHITE.

[The story of Perkin Warbeck will always be interesting to the readers of English history from the mystery that hangs over the nature of his claims. Lord Bacon takes an unfavourable view of his pretensions, as may be expected from his character and the period in which he wrote. It would not have been safe in the reign of a Tudor to have maintained the legitimacy of the son of Edward the Fourth. Yet even through the hostile account of the courtiers of the powers that were, it is easy to perceive that the Pretender possessed great and estimable qualities. His expostulation with the Scottish James against the unnecessary severity of his treatment of the English peasantry, shows either his wise policy or his good heart. His being acknowledged by the Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward, his marriage with a lady of the blood royal of Scotland, his reception by many of the adherents of Henry, and his acquaintance with the personages and circumstances of the English court, are difficult to understand on the theory of his being a low and cunningly tutored impostor.]

By some, his noble appearance and resemblance to the handsome Edward are accounted for by supposing him to have been a natural son of that dissolute king; but others, and especially Mr. Bailey in his interesting history of the Tower, have advanced very strong arguments in favour of his legitimacy, and the truth of the story of his escape. Mr. Bailey sees no convincing proof of the murder of the two princes from the discovery of the children's bones under a staircase in the Tower, and finds reasons for justifying or excusing the recantation of his claims, which Perkin Warbeck publicly made a short time before his execution. That Henry the Seventh cleared the way for the ill omened marriage of his son Arthur with Catherine of Castille by the deaths of Edward Earl of Warwick and Perkin Warbeck is well known; and perhaps a confession wrung from a person at the point of death, deluded to the last with hopes of pardon, deserted by his supporters, and probably worked upon by the priests in alliance with the throne, is not much to be relied on as a proof of his imposture. It is even possible to suppose, that for a time he may have been persuaded of the falsehood of his claims, and brought to distrust the recollections of his childhood, which the lapse of so many years and such varied adventures must have rendered obscure and confused.]

SCENE I.

The outside of the Abbey of Beaulieu. The great gate closed.

Enter Henry, Urswick, Attendants, Guards.

Hen. So this is Beaulieu Sanctuary.—Set it here. [*They place a chair.*
I'll see the very opening of the door,
Now that old Marden's tale has tam'd his pride, [*Sits.*
How say you, deep Divines, that in our hearts
A natural instinct bids us spare our kin?
Why, here is our sweet cousin, this young York,—
This son of our sweet other cousin, cousin Edward,—
Brother of our sweet other cousin, our dear wife,
And yet we love him not.

Urs. Your grace forgets
That a king's heart has higher claims, than love
To his own kindred.

Hen. True,—I had forgot.
A crown and cowl do equally sear up
The natural issues of affection.
Is't so?

Urs. Aye, truly.

Hen. But although I climb
Mountingly o'er the body of this youth,
A round is out of the ladder, and I stop
Mid way; so high, 'twere giddy to look down.

Urs. A round,—I scarce conceive—

Hen. Dull, froward mist!

What boots that Perkin fill a grave as deep
As the earth's centre, if survive that other,
That Warwick, son of malmsey-drinking Clarence,
Heir of the throne, if York were moved from his path?
Urswick, why all the labours I've gone through,
And this the happiest labour of them all,
Were but to lift the crown from Richard's head,
To place it upon Edward's; While our own,
Bent reverent and bare!—A game's half lost
When but half won. How say you?

Urs. He's a youth
Tender and timid, the young Earl of Warwick.
And if this Richard—

[*He stops confused.*]

Hen. Pause not for a name.

Urs. Who is of manlier thews, were safely sped,
That other might be moved to turn his mind
From earthly things, to scorn the pomp and toys
Of this vain world, and don the peaceful gown
Of our meek church.

Hen. A priest? Nay, Heav'n forefend!
Ambition may be quelled in a lay heart,
But when it fires a Churchman's,—never, never!
When will this Perkin forth?

Urs. Ere sound of twelve,
The Abbot says.

Hen. What says the minister clock?

Urs. It wants two minutes.

Hen. (*To himself*) If Elizabeth
Our wife, were but to see him, natural blood
Would warm to him. White roses grow in groups.
She shall not see him, for the sound of his voice,
They say, 's like his father's, and his eyes
Have the same look.

The clock strikes—the doors open—the procession begins.
I would not change this hour

Of vengeance on the hated Yorks, the foes
Of me and mine, for all that earth can give!

York and the Duchess advance from the gate.
Here comes the villain Edward's son. Thank heaven,
The fools are blind!

(*Aloud*) Bring me this Warbeck forward!

Urs. (to York) His grace will see you
York advances

Hen So Sir, so—you're come!
You set a price upon our head We thank you,
You valued it so high What value, Sir
Place you upon your own?

York The life of others
Grant me their lives, they were misled, deceived
Pardon them, Sir! And take this worthless head
Bent at your feet

Hen (aside) His father's second son!
(Aloud) You bug us well Have you forgotten, Sir,
Your head is ours already, yours and theirs

York I might have kept my sanctuary, Sir,
And wandered from this land untouched, unscathed,
Carrying where'er I went, for forty days,
The Church's holy helm upon my head
I lift the Church's helm, my head is true,
Take it,—but spare these men

Hen What are you, Sir?
We thought you were our royal cousin of York,
King Edward's son, true brother of our wife,
True prince, true king What! Have you changed your note?
Are you our rightful Lord?

York I thought so, Sir

Hen But you confess you now?—Listen, my Lords—
Listen, good gentlemen, followers of this man
Now Sir, say on Are you of royal blood?

York No

Hen Then who was your father?

York Warbeck

Hen How dare you, Sir!—base, recreant renegade,
Traitor! How dare you come into our realm
You, that confess,—that, now the game is lost
Tell your poor dupes—you're but a cozening knave,
And now make bargain for your life.

York Not so
My life I give—as freely give it, Sir,
As Heaven gives light These, my companions,
Are still within the safeguard of the shrine

Hen Are they? Hark! who's that woman? Bring her hither.
Who are you, Mistress?

Duch This man's wife

Hen His wife—

Oh! Thus I vail to you, you bear true blood
But for this insolent—

Duch My husband, Sir.
Were he indeed what once he thought he was—
Were he a king, with nations at his feet,
He'd have no higher name

Hen Pshaw! Sunder them

Duch. Dear Warbeck! Oh! I love the name, since yours,—

Better than York, since it is yours no longer ;
They shall not part us ! He's no traitor, Sir !

Hen Then he is worse—our prisoner, our sworn foe—
Vanquished

York Ah ! Catherine, plead for me no more,
My friends, lift up the banners once again,
And wend you forth

Hen. Not so ! We take your head
Ransom for theirs.—You're pardoned, gentlemen,
Depart in peace [*to Urswick*] If they get thro' the forest,
Your life shall answer

The procession exit Urswick follows, and returns.

York For me, Sir, here I stand,
Willing to die and if 'twill speed your purpose,
Know that I own that it is just I die,
I, that have caused so many nobler deaths,
So many broken hopes ! Give but the word,
I'm ready

Duch Husband !

York Look around you, Kate,
Eyes are upon us—cold and cruel eyes
Let us part nobly Bear a proud heart, wife !
Let me not hear one tremble in your voice,
It might give triumph

Duch to Hen Sir, you owned my rank,
Grant me one favour, let us die together !

Hen No

Duch Let not Death come like an envious blight,
That nips but half the blossom Let us die
Thus, linked together

York No, my Catherine, no !
Live to be guardian of your husband's name,
Live to live down the baseless calumnies,
That power and hatred will conjoin to fling
On the poor heart that only beat for you,
For you and honour

Duch. I will live for these

York Then let us part No tear ! I thank you, Sir,
That you preserve this life Here, with this hand,
I give you from me, Catherine ! Say farewell,
Calmly as I do

Duch Farewell Sir ! more loved
In your defeat, than 'mid the brightest hopes
That gilt our fortunes in the years gone by !

York Lead to the scaffold !

Hen No To the Tower—to the Tower
Lead him—quick—hence ! And you, fair Catherine,
You shall to Westminster—Nay, answer not
Lead off that man ! and take the lady away [*Exeunt York, Duch., &c.*]

Hen. Urswick, come near How like a York he look'd !
Place him beside his cousin in the Tower,

Lord Warwick. 'Tis but one of the Hydra heads.
Let them be close companions. If one lives,
The other may live as well—both—both.

Urswick. Lord Warwick,
Tho' eighteen years, is but a child in thought,
Playmate of Digby's pretty daughter, Mabel ;
And 'tis a pleasant sight to see the twain ;
For he is innocent as she. He has been •
Prison'd so long, he's lost all sense and manhood.

Hen. He has enough of both to sit on a throne,
And give his name to a shilling. Let them meet.
They will hatch treason soon. And now for London.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Westminster. Three weeks have elapsed. The Duchess has had intimation, through the Earl of Warwick's fool, of Warbeck's intended escape. The message is conveyed in the Jester's Bauble, which he leaves behind him; and while the Duchess is weeping with delight at the prospect of joining her husband in his flight,

Enter Henry.

Hen. Have you not wept enough yet ?
Where is your mistress ? Where's the Queen, fair lady ?

Duch. Your pardon, Sir. You shall not see me weep
Again. I think I've done with tears.

Hen. That's well.
It only hurts the eyes, and does no good.
Where is your mistress ?

Duch. She's this moment gone.

Hen. Go to her. [*She is going.*] Ho ! come back. Well, look at me .
I am the King.

Duch. I know you, Sir.

Hen. What, woman !
Is that the whole ? A word of mine has power
To doom or pardon Have you nought to ask ?
No favour ? You once loved a husband, Madam.

Duch. I have no favour, Sir, to ask of you.

Hen. Go then.

[*Exit Duchess.*]

Three little weeks are past, that's all,
And York's forgotten ; she scarce deems his life
Worth asking, or his death worth caring for.
I spoke to try her. He was noble, too,
And loved her. Pah ! She'll turn her widow's weeds
Into a net, with meshes villainous close,
To catch another husband. 'Twould be shame
To balk her angling.—Urswick !

[*Sees the bauble.*]

What is this ?
The bauble of a jester ! The poor symbol
Of a poor trade. Yet what a look it has !
How mirthful ! And its voice how full of glee !
Round it is clustered, laugh, and quip, and song.
A sovran nod to claim the authority
That willing liegemen own. What more than this
The crozier of the pope, the general's sword,
The crown itself ? No rival for its keeping,

No fear to lose it, no remorse, no pang.
Lies there,—the sceptre of a merrier king
Than sits on any throne in Christendom

Enter Urswick

How fares he in his prison ?

Urs Warbeck, sir,
Bears himself loftily, yet humbly too,
Subdued, but not disgraced

Hen He must be *that*
We must break down his honor, sink him low
In all men's eyes Will he be bribed, wiled, driven,
To play the spy on Warwick, to betray him ?
We'll promise all things, freedom, riches, rank
How say you ?

Urs He'll not yield

Hen Then he shall die !

Enter Digby

Digby (hurriedly) My liege—

Hen What now ? Be calm as I am What ?
Know you not yet that the quick hurried speech
Is but for fools—to speak or listen to ?

What is it ? Take your breath What is it, sir ?

Dig My liege, prince Edward and the duke of York

Hen You mean lord Warwick, sir, and Perkin Warbeck

Dig Pardon, your grace They hatch a plot between them

Hen Fear not that egg will addle What's the plot ?

Dig To fly, my liege They've tampered with the guards,
Four they have now

Hen 'Twill cost four ropes, sir John,
To hang them And when thought they to escape ?

Dig To-night

Hen How know you this ?

Dig My daughter, sir,
Has been lord Warwick's playmate,—loves him, sir,
As children love their fellows

Hen Well, sir John,
What is all this ? What has this tale to do
With Perkin's plot ?

Dig My Mabel, please your grace,
Is of so loving a nature and so kind !
She's kissed me with more heart-love than of wont
Hung over me before she went to bed,
And clung again to me i' the morning, sir,
And wept, and had a heaving at her heart
When she looked on me And at last, your grace,—
For she in her fond fealty to her friend
Was minded to go with them,—she knelt down
And begged my blessing,—weeping fast, and sobs
Choking her voice,—for it might chance, she said,
We should not meet again

*Hen.**John.* This is somewhat.

What more ?

Dig. So in her innocent heart I dipt
 And by such roundabout and winding paths
 As reached her secret, I stole in my way
 And found out all ; nor knows her trustingness
 That ought is known.

Hen.

This is good news, sir John.
 What think you ? What's to be done ?

Dig.

My daughter, sir,
 Has not a fault.

Hen.

No—no, think not of her,
 She's pardoned. But the rest ? Advise, sir John.

Dig. Why sir, if they attempt and are opposed,
 I see not why they should not take their chance,
 And die in the effort.

Hen.

You're a good lieutenant,
 An excellent lieutenant of the Tower,
 But a bad king. They'll die by course of law.

Dig. The law, your grace ?

Hen.

Aye, I have said. The law.
 The sword is always dangerous, for your foe
 May chance to escape it. But, the law, sir John,
 There's no escape from *that*.

Dig.

I merely said,
 I see not how the law would touch their case.

Hen.

But I have clearer sight. No sword for me,
 No stab, no bowl. He knows his tools but ill
 That works so coarsely. Give me paid judges, sir,
 Removable at pleasure ; servile pleaders ;
 And a bribed, cringing, fawning parliament,
 I'll make the law do such things in this realm
 As shall amaze the absolute Algerine :
 Give me but these, and for the matter of power,
 I'd not change thrones with Bajazet the Turk.
 See to it well. Let them escape, sir John,
 But watch them. You're not learned in the law

[*Exeunt.*]

149.—CHARACTER OF HENRY VII.

LORD BACON.

This king, to speak of him in terms equal to his deservings, was one of the best sort of wonders—a wonder for wise men. He had parts both in his virtues and his fortune, not so fit for a common-place as for observation. Certainly he was religious, both in his affection and observance. But as he could see clear, for those times, through superstition, so he would be blinded, now and then, by human policy. He advanced churchmen ; he was tender in the privilege of sanctuaries, though they wrought him much mischief. He built and endowed many religious foundations, besides his memorable hospital of the Savoy ; and yet was he a great alms-giver in secret, which showed that his works in public were dedicated rather to God's glory than his own. He professed always to love and seek peace ; and it was his usual

preface in his treatise, that when Christ came into the world peace was sung, and when he went out of the world peace was bequeathed. And this virtue could not proceed out of fear or softness, for he was valiant and active, and therefore no doubt it was truly Christian and moral. Yet he knew the way to peace was not to seem to be desirous to avoid war; therefore would he make offers and fumes of wars till he had mended the conditions of peace. It was also much, that one that was so great a lover of peace should be so happy in war; for his arms, either in foreign or civil wars, were never unfortunate. neither did he know what a disaster meant. The war of his coming in, and the rebellions of the Earl of Lincoln and the Lord Audley, were ended by victory, the wars of France and Scotland, by peace sought at his hands, that of Britain by accident of the duke's death; the insurrection of the Lord Lovel, and that of Perkin at Exeter and in Kent, by flight of the rebels before they came to blows. So that his fortune of arms was still inviolate; the rather sure, for that in the quenching of the commotions of his subjects, he ever went in person, sometimes reserving himself to back and second his lieutenants, but ever in action, and yet that was not merely forwardness, but partly distrust of others.

He did much maintain and countenance his laws, which, nevertheless, was no impediment to him to work his will, for it was so handled that neither prerogative nor profit went to diminution. And yet as he would sometimes strain up his laws to his prerogative, so he would also let down his prerogative to his parliament; for mint, and wars, and martial discipline, things of absolute power, he would nevertheless bring to parliament. Justice was well administered in his time, save where the king was party; save also that the council table intermeddled too much with "meum" and "tuum." For it was a very court of justice during his time, especially in the beginning, but in that part both of justice and policy which is the durable part, and cut, as it were, in brass or marble, which is the making of good laws, he did excel. And with his justice he was also a merciful prince, as in whose time there were but three of the nobility that suffered—the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Lord Audley, though the first two were, instead of numbers, in the dislike and obloquy of the people. But there were never so great rebellions expiated with so little blood drawn by the hand of justice, as the two rebellions of Blackheath and Exeter. As for the seventy used upon those which were taken in Kent, it was but a scum of people. His pardons went ever both before and after his sword. But then he had withal a strange kind of interchanging of large and unexpected pardons with severe executions, which, his wisdom considered, could not be imputed to any inconstancy or inequality, but either to some reason which we do not now know, or to a principle he had set unto himself, that he would vary and try both ways in turn. But the less blood he drew, the more he took of treasure, and, as some construed, he was the more sparing in the one that he might be the more pressing in the other, for both would have been intolerable. Of nature assuredly he coveted to accumulate treasure, and was a little poor in admiring riches. The people, into whom there is infused, for the preservation of monarchies, a natural desire to discharge their princes, though it be with the unjust charge of their counsellors and ministers, did impute this unto Cardinal Morton and Sir Reginald Bray, who, as it after appeared, as counsellors of ancient authority with him, did so second his humours, as nevertheless they did temper them. Whereas Empson and Dudley that followed being persons that had no reputation with him, otherwise than by the servile following of his bent, did not give way only as the first did, but shape him way to those extremities, for which himself was touched with remorse at his death, and which his successor renounced and sought to purge. This excess of his had at that time many glosses and

pretations. Some thought the continual rebellions wherewith he had been vexed had made him grow to hate his people ; some thought it was done to pull down their stomachs, and to keep them low ; some, for that he would leave his son a golden fleece ; some suspected he had some high design upon foreign parts ; but those perhaps shall come nearest the truth that fetch not their reasons so far off, but rather impute it to nature, age, peace, and a mind fixed upon no other ambition or pursuit. Whereunto I should add, that having every day occasion to take notice of the necessities and shifts for money of other great princes abroad, it did the better, by comparison, set off to him the felicity of his coffers. As to his expending of treasure, he never spared charge which his affairs required ; and in his buildings was magnificent ; but his rewards were very limited, so that his liberality was rather upon his own state and memory than upon the deserts of others.

He was of an high mind, and loved his own will and his own way, as one that revered himself and would reign indeed. Had, he been a private man he would have been termed proud ; but in a wise prince it was but keeping of distance, which indeed he did towards all, not admitting any near or full approach neither to his power or to his secrets, for he was governed by none. His queen, notwithstanding she had presented him with divers children, and with a crown also, though he would not acknowledge it, could do nothing with him. His mother he never need much, heard little ; for any person agreeable to him for society, such as was Hastings to King Edward the Fourth, or Charles Brandon after to King Henry the Eighth he had none ; except we should account for such persons as Fox, and Bray, and Empson, because they were so much with him. But it was but as the instrument is much with the workman. He had nothing in him of vain-glory, but yet kept state and majesty to the height ; being sensible that majesty maketh the people bow, but vain-glory boweth to them.

To his confederates abroad he was constant and just, but not open ; but rather such was his inquiry, and such his closeness, as they stood in the light towards him, and he stood in the dark to them. Yet without strangeness, but with a semblance of mutual communication of affairs. As for little envies or emulations upon foreign princes, which are frequent with many kings, he never had many, but went substantially to his own business. Certain it is that though his reputation was great at home, yet it was greater abroad. For foreigners that could not see the passages of affairs, but made their judgments upon the issues of them, noted that he was ever in strife, and ever aloft. It grew also from the airs which the princes and states abroad received from their ambassadors and agents here, which were attending the court in great number, whom he did not only content with courtesy, reward, and privateness, but, upon such conferences as passed with them, put them in admiration to find his universal insight into the affairs of the world ; which, though he did suck chiefly from themselves, yet that which he had gathered from them all seemed admirable to every one, so that they did write ever to their superiors in high terms concerning his wisdom and art of rule ; nay, when they were returned, they did commonly maintain intelligence with him : such a dexterity he had to improprieate to himself all foreign instruments.

He was careful and liberal to obtain good intelligence from all parts abroad ; wherein he did not only use his interest in the liegers here, and his pensioner, which he had both in the court of Rome and other the courts of Christendom, but the industry and vigilancy of his own ambassadors in foreign parts : for which purpose his instructions were ever extreme, curious, and articulate ; and in them more articles touching inquisition than touching negotiation, requiring likewise from his ambassadors an answer in particular and distinct articles respectively to his questions. As for his secret spies, which he did employ both at home and abroad, by them

to discover what practices and conspiracies were against him, surely his case required it, he had such moles perpetually working and casting to undermine him. Neither can it be reprehended; for if spials be lawful against lawful enemies, much more against conspirators and traitors. But indeed to give them credence by oaths or curses, that cannot be well maintained: for those are too holy vestments for a disguise. Yet surely there was this further good in his employing of these spies and familiars; that as the use of them was cause that many conspiracies were revealed, so the fame and suspicion of them kept, no doubt, many conspiracies from being attempted.

Towards his queen he was nothing uxorious, and scarce indulgent; but companionable and respectful, and without jealousy. Towards his children he was full of paternal affection, careful of their education, aspiring to their high advancement, regular to see that they should not want of any due honour and respect, but not greatly willing to cast any popular lustre upon them.

To his council he did refer much, and sat oft in person, knowing it to be the way to assist his power and inform his judgment. In which respect also he was fairly patient of liberty, both of advice and of vote, till himself were declared. He kept a strait hand on his nobility, and chose rather to advance clergymen and lawyers, which were more obsequious to him, but had less interest in the people, which made for his absoluteness but not for his safety; insomuch as, I am persuaded, it was one of the causes of his troublesome reign; for that his nobles, though they were loyal and obedient, yet did not co-operate with him, but let every man go his own way. He was not afraid of an able man, as Lewis the Eleventh was; but contrariwise, he was served by the ablest men that were to be found, without which his affairs could not have prospered as they did. For war, Bedford, Oxford, Surrey, D'Aubigny, Brooke, Poynings; for other affairs, Morton, Fox, Bray, the Prior of Lanthony, Warham, Urswick, Hussey, Frowick, and others. Neither did he care how cunning they were that he did employ, for he thought himself to have the master-reach. And as he chose well, so he held them up well; for it is a strange thing, that though he were a dark prince, and infinitely suspicious, and his times full of secret conspiracies and troubles, yet in twenty-four years' reign he never put down or discomposed counsellor, or near servant, save only Stanley, the lord chamberlain. As for the disposition of his subjects in general towards him, it stood thus with him; that of the three affections which naturally tie the hearts of the subjects to their sovereigns, love, fear, and reverence, he had the last in height, the second in good measure, and so little of the first as he was beholden to the other two.

He was a prince sad, serious, and full of thoughts and secret observations, and full of notes and memorials of his own hand, especially touching persons. As, whom to employ, whom to reward, whom to inquire of, whom to beware of, what were the dependencies, what were the factions, and the like; keeping, as it were, a journal of his thoughts. There is to this day a merry tale, that his monkey, set on, as it was thought, by one of his chamber, tore his principal note-book all to pieces, when by chance it lay forth; whereat the court, which liked not those pensive accounts, was almost tickled with sport.

He was indeed full of apprehensions and suspicions, but as he did easily take them, so he did easily check them and master them, whereby they were not dangerous, but troubled himself more than others. It is true, his thoughts were so many, as they could not well always stand together; but that which did good one way, did hurt another: neither did he at some times weigh them aright in their proportions. Certainly, that rumour which did him so much mischief, that the Duke of York should be saved and alive, was, at the first, of his own nourishing.

because he would have more reason not to reign in right of his wife. He was amiable and both well and fair spoken, and would use strange sweetness and blandishments of words where he desired to effect or persuade anything that he took to heart. He was rather studious than learned, reading most books that were of any worth in the French tongue; yet he understood the Latin, as appeareth in that Cardinal Hadrian and others, who could very well have written French, did use to write to him in Latin.

For his pleasures, there is no news of them; and yet by his instructions to Marsin and Stile, touching the queen of Naples, it seemeth he could interrogate well touching beauty. He did by pleasures as great princes do by banquets, come and look a little upon them, and turn away. For never prince was more wholly given to his affairs, nor in them more of himself; inasmuch as in triumphs of jousts, and tourneys, and balls, and masks, which they then called disguises, he was rather a princely and gentle spectator, than seemed much to be delighted.

No doubt in him, as in all men, and most of all in kings, his fortune wrought upon his nature, and his nature upon his fortune. He attained to the crown not only from a private fortune, which might endow him with moderation, but also from the fortune of an exiled man, which had quickened in him all seeds of observation and industry. And his tunes, being rather prosperous than calm, had raised his confidence by success, but almost marred his nature by troubles. His wisdom, by often evading from perils, was turned rather into a dexterity to deliver himself from dangers, when they pressed him, than into a providence to prevent and remove them afar off. And even in nature, the sight of his mind was like some sights of eyes—rather strong at hand than to carry afar off; for his wit increased upon the occasion, and so much the more if the occasion were sharpened by danger. Again, whether it were the shortness of his foresight, or the strength of his will, or the dazzling of his suspicions, or what it was—certain it is, that the perpetual troubles of his fortunes, there being no more matter out of which they grew, could not have been without some great defects and main errors in his nature, customs, and proceedings, which he had enough to do to save and help with a thousand little industries and watches. But those do best appear in the story itself. Yet take him with all his defects, if a man should compare him with the kings his concurrents in France and Spain, he shall find him more politic than Lewis the Twelfth of France, and more entire and sincere than Ferdinando of Spain: but if you shall change Lewis the Twelfth for Lewis the Eleventh, who lived a little before, then the consort is more perfect; for that Lewis the Eleventh, Ferdinando, and Henry, may be esteemed for the “tres magi” of kings of those ages. To conclude, if this king did no greater matters, it was long of himself; for what he minded, he compassed.

He was a comely personage, a little above just stature, well and straight-limbed, but slender. His countenance was reverend, and a little like a churchman; and as it was not strange or dark, so neither was it winning or pleasing, but as the face of one well-disposed; but it was to the disadvantage of the painter, for it was best when he spake.

His worth may bear a tale or two, that may put upon him somewhat that may seem divine. When the Lady Margaret, his mother, had divers great suitors for marriage, she dreamed one night that one in the likeness of a bishop, in pontifical habit, did tender her Edmund, Earl of Richmond, the king's father, for her husband; neither had she ever any child but the king, though she had three husbands. One day when King Henry the Sixth, whose innocence gave him holiness, was washing his hands at a great feast, and cast his eye upon King Henry, then a young youth, he said, “This is the lad that shall possess quietly that that we

now strive for." But that that was truly divine in him, was that he had the fortune of a true Christian as well as of a great king, in living exercised and dying repentant; so as he had an happy warfare in both conflicts, both of sin and the cross.

He was born at Pembroke Castle, and lieth buried at Westminster in 'one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe, both for the chapel and for the sepulchre. So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond, or any of his palaces. I could wish he did the like in this monument of his fame.

160—THE TRIAL OF BUCKINGHAM.

SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE A Street

*Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.*1 *Gent* Whither away so fast?2 *Gent* O,—God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become

Of the great duke of Buckingham

1 *Gent* I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner

2 *Gent* Were you there?1 *Gent* Yes, indeed, was I2 *Gent* Play speak what has happen'd1 *Gent* You may guess quickly what2 *Gent* Is he found guilty?1 *Gent* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it2 *Gent* I am sorry for 't1 *Gent.* So are a number more.2 *Gent* But, pray, how pass'd it?1 *Gent* I'll tell you in a little The great duke

Came to the bar, where to his accusations

He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law

The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd

To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,

Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, and John Car,

Confessor to him, with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief

2 *Gent* T' it was he

That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in cholera, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'T is likely,
By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy.

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment ; Tipstaves before him ; the axe with the
edge towards him ; halberds on each side ; accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir
Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people.*

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die : Yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :
But those that sought it I could wish more christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ,

For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. * You few that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all :
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with :
 No black envy shall make my grave.
 Commend me to his grace ;
 And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
 You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,
 Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever lov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming ; see the barge be ready ;
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas.
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither I was lord high constable,
 And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
 And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
 Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all

That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one, which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heaven has an end in all. Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts too, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again.
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now fo sake ye, the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me
 Farewell :
 And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me !

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

151.—THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE

(*WINDISH.*)

(*From the 'Life of Wolsey.'*)

"Ye shall understand, as I said before, that there was a court erected in the Blackfriars in London, where these two cardinals sit for judges. Now will I set you out the manner and order of the court there. First, there was a court placed with tables, benches, and bars, like a consistory, a place judicial (for the judges to sit on). There was also a cloth of estate, under the which sat the king, and the queen sat some distance beneath the king, under the judge's feet, at the officers of the court. The chief scribe there was Dr Stephens (who was after bishop of Winchester) ; the apparitor was one Cooke, most commonly called Cooke of Winchester. Then sat there within the said court, directly before the king and the judges, the archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Warham, and all the other bishops. Then at both the ends, with a bar made for them, the counsellors on both sides. The doctors for the king were Doctor Sampson, that was after bishop of Winchester, and Doctor Bell, who after was bishop of Worcester, with divers other. The proctors on the king's part were Doctor Peter, who was after made the king's chief secretary, and Doctor Tregonoll, and divers other.

Now on the other side stood the counsel for the queen,—Doctor Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and Doctor Standish, some time a grey friar, and then bishop of St Asaph in Wales ; two notable clerks in divinity, and in especial the bishop of Rochester a very godly man and a devout person, who after suffered death at Tower Hill ; the which was greatly lamented through all the foreign universities of Christendom. There was also another ancient doctor, called, as I remember, Doctor Ridley, a very small person in stature, but surely a great and excellent clerk in divinity.

"The court being thus furnished and ordered, the judges commanded the crier to proclaim silence : then was the judges' commission, which they had of the pope,

published and read openly before all the audience there assembled; that done, the orier called the king, by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into the court,' &c. With that the king answered and said, 'Here, my lords' Then he called also the queen, by the name of 'Katharine queen of England, come into the court,' &c, who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where as she sat, and because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and assembly, to whom she said in effect, in broken English, as followeth. —

" 'Sir,' quoth she, 'I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right, take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger born out of your dominion; I have here no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel, I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure? Have I designed against your will and pleasure; intending, as I perceive, to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much, I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved only for your sake, whether I had cause or no, and whether they were my friends or my enemies. This twenty years I have been your true wife, or more, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which hath been no default in me.

" 'And when ye had me at the first, I take God to be my judge, I was a true maid without touch of man, and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause by the law that ye can allege against me, either of dishonesty or any other impediment to banish and put me from you, I am content to depart to my great shame and dishonour, and if there be none, here I most lowly beseech you let me remain in my former estate, and receive justice at your hands. The king your father was in the time of his reign of such estimation through the world for his excellent wisdom, that he was accounted and called of all men the second Solomon, and my father Ferdinand King of Spain, who was esteemed to be one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before were both wise and excellent kings in wisdom and princely behaviour. It is not therefore to be doubted but that they elected and gathered as wise counsellors about them as to their high discretions was thought meet. Also, as me seemeth, there was in those days as wise, as well-learned men, and men of as good judgment, as be at this present in both realms, who thought then the marriage between you and me good and lawful, therefore it is a wonder to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this new court, wherein ye may do me much wrong, if ye intend any cruelty, for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, having no indifferent counsel, but such as be assigned me, with whose wisdom and learning I am not acquainted. Ye must consider that they cannot be indifferent counsellors for my part which be your subjects, and taken out of your own council before, wherein they be made privy, and dare not, for your displeasure, disobey your will and intent, being once made privy thereto. Therefore, I most humbly require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is the best judge, to spare me the extremity of this new court, until I may be advertised what way my order my friends in Spain will advise me to take.

ye will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, your pleasure then be fulfilled and to God I commit my cause !'

"And with that she rose up, making a low curtsy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place ; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her general receiver, called Master Griffith. And the king being advertised of her departure, commanded the crier to call her again, who called her by the name of ' Katherine queen of England, come into the court,' &c. With that quoth Master Griffith, '*Madam, ye be called again*' 'On, on,' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter, for it is no indifferent court for me, therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways' And thus she departed out of that court, without any farther answer at that time, or at any other, nor would never appear at any other court after.

"The king, perceiving that she was departed in such sort, calling to his grace's memory all her lament words that she had pronounced before him and all the audience, said thus in effect — '*Forasmuch,*' quoth he, '*as the queen is gone, I will, in her absence, declare unto you all my lords here present assembled, she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could in my fantasy wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of base estate. Surely she is also a noblewoman born, if nothing were in her but only her conditions, will well declare the same.*' With that quoth my lord cardinal, — '*Sir, I most humbly beseech your highness to declare me before all this audience, whether I have been the chief inventor or first mover of this matter unto your majesty, for I am greatly suspected of all men herein.*' 'My lord cardinal,' quoth the king, '*I can well excuse you herein. Marry,*' quoth he, '*ye have been rather against me in attempting or setting forth thereof.*' And to put you all out of doubt, I will declare unto you the special cause that moved me hereunto, it was a certain scrupulosity that pricked my conscience upon divers words that were spoken at a certain time by the Bishop of Bayonne, the French king's ambassador, who had been here long upon the debating of the conclusion of a marriage to be concluded between the princess, our daughter Mary and the Duke of Orleans, the French king's second son.

"And upon the resolution and determination thereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master thereof, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate in respect of the marriage which was sometime between the queen here and my brother the late prince Arthur. These words were so conceived within my scrupulous conscience, that it bred a doubt within my breast, which doubt pricked, vexed, and troubled so my mind, and so disquieted me, that I was in great doubt of God's indignation, which, as seemed me, appeared right well, much the rather for that he hath not sent me any issue male, for all such issue male as I have received of the queen died incontinent after they were born, so that I doubt the punishment of God in that behalf. Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience, and partly in despair of any issue male by her, it drave me at last to consider the estate of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of issue male to succeed me in this imperial dignity. I thought it good therefore, in relief of the weighty burden of scrupulous conscience, and the quiet estate of this noble realm, to attempt the law therein, and whether I might take another wife in case that my first copulation with this gentlewoman were not lawful, which I intend not for any carnal concupiscence, nor for any displeasure or dislike of the queen's person or age, with whom I could be as well content to continue during my life, if our marriage may stand with God's laws, as with any woman alive, in which point consisteth all this doubt that we go now about to try by the learned wisdom and

judgment of you our prelates and pastors of this realm here assembled for that purpose; to whose conscience and judgment I have committed the charge, according to the which, God willing, we will be right well contented to submit ourself, to obey the same for our part. Wherein after I once perceived my conscience, wounded with the doubtful case herein, I moved first this matter in confession to you, my Lord of Lincoln, my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then yourself were in some doubt to give me counsel, moved me to ask further counsel of all you, my lords; wherein I moved you first, my lord of Canterbury, aving your licence (forasmuch as you were our metropolitan) to put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords to the which ye have all granted by writing under all your seals, the which I have here to be showed.' 'That is truth, if it please your highness,' quoth the bishop of Canterbury; 'I doubt not but all my brethren here present will affirm the same.' 'No, sir, not I,' quoth the bishop of Rochester, 'ye have not my consent thereto.' 'No! ha! the!' quoth the king; 'look here upon this: is not this your hand and seal?' and showed him the instrument with seals. 'No, forsooth, sire,' quoth the bishop of Rochester, 'it is not my hand nor seal!' To that quoth the king to my Lord of Canterbury, 'Sir, how say ye? is it not his hand and seal?' Yes, sir,' quoth my Lord of Canterbury. 'That is not so,' quoth the bishop of Rochester, 'for indeed you were in hand with me to have both my hand and seal, as other of my lords had already done; but then I said to you that I would never consent to no such act, for it were much against my conscience; nor my hand and seal should never be seen at any such instrument, God willing; with much more matter touching the same communication between us' 'You say truth,' quoth the bishop of Canterbury; 'such words ye said unto me; but at the last ye were fully persuaded that I should for you subscribe your name, and put to a seal myself, and ye would allow the same.' 'All which words and matter,' quoth the bishop of Rochester, 'under your correction, my lord, and supportation of this noble audience, there is nothing more untrue.' 'Well, well,' quoth the king, 'it shall make no matter; we will not stand with you in argument herein, for you are but one man.' And with that the court was adjourned until the next day of this session."

152.—THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE.—*The Palace*

The King goes out, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.

Wol

What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if I ruin

Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:

I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so

This paper has undone me: 'Tis the account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure thi
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 • I know 't will stir him strongly; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What 's this—'To the Pope?' •
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell! •
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
 To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself
 To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
 Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
 (I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the king,
 (Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
 Tied it by letters patent: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest. •

Wol. Proud lord, thou ftest:
 Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)

Wol. Weigh'd not a hair of his Plague of your policy !
 You sent me deputy for Ireland
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer is most false The duke by law
 Found his deserts how innocent I was
 From my private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour,
 That in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long court, priest, protects you, thou should'st feel
 My sword i' the life blood of thee else — My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scutlet,
 Farewell nobility, let his grace go forward,
 And drive us with his cap, like larks

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaming all the lands wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion
 The goodness of your intercepted pickets,
 You wrot to the pope, against the king your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious
 My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life — I'll starve you
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord are in the king's hand :
 But, thus much, they are foul ones

Wol. So much fairer,
 And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth

Sur. This cannot save you :
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles ; and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty

Wol. Speak on, sir ;

I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Suf. I'd rather want those than my head. Have at you.

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 't is virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !

This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, ana ally.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well,

Never so truly happy, my good Cromw

I know myself now ; and I feel within

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour :

O, 'tis a burden. Cromwell, 'tis a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : "I am able now, methinks,

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience, that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
 What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
 Whom the king nath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
 Going to chapel, and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down O Cromwell,
 The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles—Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master—Sick the king,
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art—he will advance thee,
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 (I know his noble nature,) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too—Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not, make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety

Crom. O, my lord,
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord—
 The king shall have my service—but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me
 Out of thy honest truth to ply the woman
 Let's dry our eyes—and thus I leave me, Cromwell;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee?
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in,
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then
 The image of his Maker, hope so win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee,

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
 And,—Prithee,—lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

153.—THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

[It may be convenient, before we proceed further in selection of scenes in this period, to give a general summary of the events of the reign, from 'THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA'.]

Henry VIII., the second son of Henry VII., by his queen Elizabeth of York, was born at Greenwich, 28th June, 1491. On the 1st of November following he was created duke of York, and in 1494 his father conferred upon him the honorary title of lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Sir Edward Poynings being appointed his deputy. The government of Sir Edward is famous for the enactment of the statute, or rather series of statutes, declaring the dependence of the Irish parliament upon that of England, which passes under his name. Henry's nominal lord-lieutenancy appears to have lasted only till the next year, when he exchanged that dignity for the office of president of the Northern Marches. The king's design in these appointments seems to have been to oppose his son's name to the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck, and the efforts of the supporters of that adventurer, first in Ireland and afterwards from the side of Scotland. Although thus early distinguished by these and other civil titles and appointments, it is stated by Paolo Sapi, in his 'History of the Council of Trent,' that Henry was from the first destined to the archbishopric of Canterbury ; 'that prudent king his father,' observes Lord Herbert (in the 'History of his Life and Reign') 'choosing this as the most cheap and glorious way for disposing of a younger son.' He received accordingly a learned education ; 'so that,' continues this writer, 'besides his being an able Latinist, philosopher, and divine, he was (which one might wonder at in a king) a curious musician, as two entire masses composed by him, and often sung in his chapel, did abundantly witness.' As the death of his elder brother Arthur, however, 2nd April, 1502, made him heir to the crown before he had completed his eleventh year, it is evident that his clerical education could not have proceeded very far, and that what he knew either of divinity or of the learned tongues must have been for the most part acquired without any view to the church. There is a contradiction in the statements as to the time when he was created prince of Wales.

Very soon after Arthur's death the singular project was started of marrying Henry to his brother's widow. The proposition appears to have originally come from Ferdinand and Isabella, the parents of the princess, who were anxious to re-

tain the connexion with England ; and to have been assented to by king Henry in great part from his wish to avoid the repayment of the dower of the princess. The final agreement between the two kings was signed 23rd June, 1503, and, according to the chroniclers, the parties were affianced on Sunday the 25th of the same month, at the bishop of Salisbury's house in Fleet Street, although the dispensation was certainly not obtained from Pope Julius II. till the 26th of December following.

Henry became king 22nd April, 1509, being then in his 19th year. On a memorial being presented by the Spanish ambassador, it was, notwithstanding the opposition of Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, resolved in the council that the marriage with Catherine should be completed. The marriage was accordingly solemnized in the beginning of June.

Henry was indebted for the warm and general gratulation with which his accession was hailed by his subjects, partly to his distinguished personal advantages and accomplishments, and to some points of manner and character adapted to take the popular taste ; partly to the sense of relief produced by the termination of the austere and oppressive rule of his predecessor. One of the earliest proceedings of the new reign was the trial and punishment of his father's ministers, Dudley and Empson. They were indicted for a conspiracy to take possession of London with an armed force during the last illness of the late king, and being convicted on this charge, and afterwards attainted by parliament, were, after lying in gaol for about a year, beheaded together on Tower Hill, 17th August, 1510.

Henry had not been long upon the throne when he was induced to join what was called the Holy League, formed against France by the pope, the emperor, and the king of Spain. A force of 10,000 men was sent to Biscay under the earl of Dorset in the spring of 1512, to co-operate with an army promised by Ferdinand for the conquest of Guenne ; but the Spanish king, after dexterously availing himself of the presence of the English troops to enable him to overrun and take possession of Navarre, showed plainly that he had no intention of assisting his ally in his object ; and after having had his ranks thinned, not by the sword, but by disease, Dorset was compelled by discontents in his camp, which rose at last to actual mutiny, to return to England before the end of the year, without having done anything. The next year Henry passed over in person to France with a new army, and having been joined by the emperor Maximilian, defeated the French, 4th August, at Guinegaste, in what was called the Battle of the Spurs, from the unusual energy the beaten party are said to have shown in riding off the ground, and took the two towns of Terouenne and Tournay. On the 9th of September also the Scottish king James IV., who as the ally of France had invaded England, was defeated by the earl of Surrey in the great battle of Flodden, he himself with many of his principal nobility being left dead on the field. This war with France however was ended the following year by a treaty, the principal condition of which was that Louis XII., who had just lost his queen, Ann of Bretagne, the same who had been in the first instance married to his predecessor Charles VIII., should wed Henry's sister, the Princess Mary. The marriage between Louis, who was in his fifty-third, and the English princess, as yet only in her sixteenth year, was solemnized 9th October, 1514 ; but Louis died within three months, and scarcely was she again her own mistress, when his young widow gave her hand to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, an alliance out of which afterwards sprang a claim to the crown.

The members of Henry's council, when he came to the throne, had been selected, according to lord Herbert, 'out of those his father most trusted,' by his grandmother the countess of Richmond, 'noted to be a virtuous and prudent lady.' *A

rivalry however and contest for the chief power soon broke out between Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester, secretary and lord privy seal, and Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey (afterwards duke of Norfolk), who held the office of lord treasurer. This led to the introduction at court of the famous Thomas Wolsey, who, being then dean of Lincoln, was brought forward by Fox to counteract the growing ascendancy of Surrey, and who speedily made good for himself a place in the royal favour that reduced all the rest of the king's ministers to insignificance, and left in his hands for a long course of years nearly the whole power of the state. The reign of Wolsey may be considered as having begun after the return of Henry from his expedition to France, towards the close of the year 1513; and henceforth the affairs of the kingdom for fourteen or fifteen years were directed principally by the interests of his ambition, which governed and made subservient to its purposes even the vanity and other passions of his master.

The history of the greater part of this period consists of Henry's transactions with his two celebrated contemporaries, Francis I. of France, the successor of Louis XII., and Charles, originally archduke of Austria, but who became king of Spain as Charles I. by the death of his mother's father, Ferdinand, in 1516, and three years after was elected to succeed his paternal grandfather Maximilian I. as emperor of Germany. His position might have enabled the English king in some degree to hold the balance between these two irreconcilable rivals, who both accordingly made it a principal point of policy to endeavour to secure his friendship and alliance; but his influence on their long contention was in reality very inconsiderable, directed as it was for the most part either by mere caprice, or by nothing higher than the private resentments, ambitions, and vanities of himself or his minister. The foreign policy of this reign had nothing national about it, either in reality or even in semblance; it was neither regulated by a view to the true interests of the country, nor even by any real, however mistaken, popular sentiment. Henry had himself been a candidate for the imperial dignity when the prize was obtained by Charles; but he never had for a moment the least chance of success. For a short time he remained at peace, both with Charles and Francis; the former of whom paid him a visit at Dover in the end of May, 1520; and with the latter of whom he had a few days after a seemingly most amicable interview, celebrated under the name of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold,' in the neighbourhood of Calais. Wolsey's object at this time however was to detach his master from the interests of the French king; and a visit which Henry paid to the emperor at Gravelines, on his way home, showed Francis how little he was to count upon any lasting effect of their recent cordialities. Before the close of the following year Henry was formally joined in a league with the emperor and the pope; and in March, 1522, he declared war against France. In the summer of the same year the emperor flattered him by paying him a visit at London; his vanity having also been a short time before gratified in another way by the title of 'Defender of the Faith' bestowed upon him by pope Leo X. (recently succeeded by Adrian VI.) for a Latin treatise which he had published 'On the Seven Sacraments,' in confutation of Luther. Henry continued to attach himself to the interest of the emperor, — even sending an army to France, in August, 1523, under the duke of Suffolk, which succeeded in taking several towns, though only to give them up again in a few months, — until the disappointment, for the second time, of Wolsey's hope of being made pope through the influence of Charles, on the death of Adrian in September of the last-mentioned year, is supposed to have determined that minister upon a change of politics. Before the memorable defeat and capture of Francis at the battle of Pavia, 24th February, 1525, the English king had made every preparation to break with the emperor; having actually commenced negotiations for a peace

with Francis's ally, James V., the young king of Scotland, on condition of giving ~~James~~ in marriage his daughter the princess Mary (afterwards queen), who had been already promised to the emperor. In August he concluded a treaty of peace and alliance with France; and after the release of Francis, in March, 1526, Henry was declared protector of the league styled 'Most Clement and Most Holy,' which was formed under the auspices of the pope for the renewal of the war against Charles.

Before this date two domestic occurrences took place that especially deserve to be noted. The first of these was the execution, in 1513, immediately before Henry proceeded on his expedition to France, of Edmund de la Pole, duke of Suffolk, whose mother was Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV; he had lain a prisoner in the Tower ever since a short time before the death of the late king, who had contrived to obtain possession of his person after he had fled to the Continent, and, it is said, had in his last hours recommended that he should not be suffered to live. He was now put to death without any form of trial or other legal proceeding, his crime, there can be no doubt, being merely his connexion with the House of York. Lord Herbert tells us that Henry's going to the Continent at this time was deemed dangerous and inexpedient, on the ground 'that if the king should die without issue, however the succession were undoubted in his sister Margaret, yet the people were so affected to the House of York, as they might take Edmund de la Pole out of the Tower and set him up.' Wolsey was perhaps as yet too new in office to be fairly made answerable for this act of bloodshed, in the next case the unfortunate victim is generally believed to have been sacrificed to his resentment and thirst of vengeance. In 1521 Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham, son of the duke beheaded by Richard III, was apprehended on some information furnished to Wolsey by a discarded servant, and being brought to trial was found guilty and executed as a traitor. The acts with which he was charged did not according to law amount to treason, even if they had been proved; but the duke is said by certain indiscretions of speech and demeanor to have wounded the pride of the all-powerful minister; and, besides, he was also of dangerous pedigree, being not only maternally of the stock of John of Gaunt, but likewise a Plantagenet by his descent from Anne, the daughter of Edward the Third's youngest son Thomas, duke of Gloucester. With this nobleman came to an end the great office of hereditary lord high constable.

What may be called the second part of Henry's reign begins in the year 1527, from which date our attention is called to a busy scene of domestic transactions beside which the foreign politics of the kingdom become of little interest or importance. It is no longer the ambition and intrigue of the minister, but the wilfulness and furious passions of the king himself, that move all things. In 1527 Henry cast his eyes upon Anne Boleyn, and appears to have very soon formed the design of ridding himself of Catherine, and making the object of this new attachment his queen. Anne was understood to be favourably disposed towards those new views on the subject of religion and ecclesiastical affairs which had been agitating all Europe ever since Luther had begun his intrepid career by publicly opposing indulgences at Wittenberg ten years before. Queen Catherine on the other hand was a good Catholic; and, besides, the circumstances in which she was placed made it her interest to take her stand by the church, as on the other hand her adversaries were driven in like manner by their interests and the course of events into dissent and opposition. This one consideration sufficiently explains all that followed. The friends of the old religion generally considered Catherine's cause as their own; the reformers as naturally arrayed themselves on the side of her rival.

Henry himself again, though he had been till now resolutely opposed to the new opinions, was carried over by his passion towards the same side ; the consequence of which was the loss of the royal favour by those who had hitherto monopolized it, and its transference in great part to other men, to be employed by them in the promotion of entirely opposite purposes and politics. The proceedings for the divorce were commenced by an application to the court of Rome, in August, 1527. For two years the affair lingered on through a succession of legal proceedings, but without any decisive result. From the autumn of 1529 are to be dated both the fall of Wolsey and the rise of Cranmer. The death of the great cardinal took place 29th November, 1530. In January following the first blow was struck at the church by an indictment being brought into the King's Bench against all the clergy of the kingdom for supporting Wolsey in the exercise of his legate powers without the royal licence, as required by the old statutes of *provisors* and *premunire* ; and it was in an act passed immediately after by the Convocation of the province of Canterbury, for granting to the king a sum of money to exempt them from the penalties of their conviction on this indictment, that the first movement was made towards a revolt against the see of Rome, by the titles given to Henry of 'the one protector of the English church, its only and supreme lord, and, as far as might be by the law of Christ, its supreme head.' Shortly after, the convocation declared the king's marriage with Catherine to be contrary to the law of God. The same year Henry went the length of openly countenancing Protestantism abroad by remitting a subsidy to the confederacy of the Elector of Brandenburg and other German princes, called the League of Sinalcald. In August, 1532, Cranmer was appointed to the archbishopric of Canterbury. In the beginning of the year 1533 Henry was privately married to Anne Boleyn ; and on the 23rd of May following archbishop Cranmer pronounced the former marriage with Catherine void. In the meantime the parliament had passed an act forbidding all appeals to the see of Rome. Pope Clement VII met this by annulling the sentence of Cranmer in the matter of the marriage ; on which the separation from Rome became complete. Acts were passed by the parliament the next year declaring that the clergy should in future be assembled in convocation only by the king's writ, that no constitutions enacted by them should be of force without the king's assent, and that no first fruits or Peter's pence, or money for dispensations, should be any longer paid to the pope. The clergy of the province of York themselves in convocation declared that the pope had no more power in England than any other bishop. A new and most efficient supporter of the Reformation now also becomes conspicuous on the scene, Thomas Cromwell (afterwards lord Cromwell and earl of Essex), who was this year made first secretary of state, and then master of the rolls. In the next session, the parliament, which re-assembled in the end of this same year, passed acts declaring the king's highness to be supreme head of the church of England, and to have authority to redress all errors, heresies, and abuses in the church ; and ordering first-fruits and tithes of all spiritual benefices to be paid to the king. After this various persons were executed for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy ; among others, two illustrious victims, the learned Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and the admirable Sir Thomas More. In 1535 began the dissolution of the monasteries, under the zealous superintendence of Cromwell, constituted for that purpose visitor-general of these establishments. Latimer and other friends of Cranmer and the Reformation were now also promoted to bishoprics ; so that not only in matters of discipline and polity, but even of doctrine, the church might be said to have separated itself from Rome. One of the last acts of the parliament under which all these great innovations had been made was to petition the king

that a new translation of the Scriptures might be made by authority and set up in churches. It was dissolved on the 18th of July, 1536, after having sat for the then unprecedented period of six years.

Events now set in a new current. The month of May of this year witnessed the trial and execution of Queen Anne—in less than six months after the death of her predecessor, Catherine of Aragon—and the marriage of the brutal king, the very next morning, to Jane Seymour, the new beauty, his passion for whom must be regarded as the true motive that had impelled him to the deed of blood. Queen Jane dying on the 14th of October, 1537, a few days after giving birth to a son, was succeeded by Anne, sister of the duke of Cleves, whom Henry married in January, 1540, and put away in six months after—the subservient parliament, and the not less subservient convocation of the clergy, on his mere request, pronouncing the marriage to be null, and the former body making it high treason 'by word or deed to accept, take, judge, or believe the said marriage to be good.'

Meanwhile the ecclesiastical changes continued to proceed at as rapid a rate as ever. In 1536 Cromwell was constituted a sort of lord-lieutenant over the church, by the title of vicar-general, which was held to invest him with all the king's authority over the spirituality. The dissolution of the monasteries in this and the following year, as carried forward under the direction of this energetic minister, produced a succession of popular insurrections in different parts of the kingdom, which were not put down without great destruction of life, both in the field and afterwards by the executioner. In 1538 all incumbents were ordered to set up in their churches copies of the newly-published English translation of the Bible, and to teach the people the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in English; the famous image of our Lady at Walsingham, and other similar objects of the popular veneration, were also under Cromwell's order removed from their shrines and burnt. In 1539 the parliament, after enacting (by the 31 Henry VIII, c. 8) that the proclamation of the king in council should henceforth have the same authority as a statute, passed the famous act (the 31 Henry VIII, c. 14) known by the name of the Six Articles, or the Bloody Statute, by which burning or hanging was made the punishment of all who should deny that the bread and wine of the sacrament was the natural body and blood of the Saviour—or that communion in both kinds was not necessary to salvation—or that priests may not marry—or that vows of chastity ought to be observed—or that the mass was agreeable to God's law—or that auricular confession is expedient and necessary. This statute, the cause of numerous executions, proceeded from a new influence which had now gained an ascendancy over the fickle king, that of Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, the able leader of the party in church and state opposed to Cranmer and Cromwell. This new favourite was not long in effecting the ruin of the rival that was most in his way; Cromwell, who had just been created earl of Essex, and made lord chamberlain of England, was in the beginning of June, 1540, committed to the Tower on a charge of treason, and beheaded in a few weeks after.

On the 8th of August this year Henry married his fifth wife, the Lady Catherine Howard, whom he beheaded, 13th February, 1542. During this interval he also rid himself by the axe of the executioner of a noble lady whom he had attracted and consigned to a prison two years before on a charge of treason, Margaret, countess dowager of Salisbury, the daughter of the late duke of Clarence, and the last of the York Plantagenets. Her real crime was that she was the mother of cardinal Pole, who had offended the tyrant, and who was himself beyond his reach.

In the latter part of the year 1542 war was declared by Henry against Scotland, with a revival of the old claim to the sovereignty of that kingdom. An incursion made by the duke of Norfolk into Scotland, in October, was followed the next

month by the advance of a Scottish army into England ; but this force was completely defeated and dispersed at Solway Moss, a disaster which is believed to have killed king James, who died a few weeks after, leaving his crown to a daughter, the unfortunate Mary Stuart, then only an infant seven days old. The failure of the efforts of the English king to obtain possession of the government and of the young queen, owing to the successful resistance of cardinal Beaton and the Catholic party, led to a renewal of hostilities in the spring of 1544, when Scotland was invaded by a great army under the earl of Hertford, which penetrated as far as Edinburgh, and burned that capital with many other towns and villages. In the preceding year also Henry had concluded a new alliance with the emperor against the French king ; and in July, 1544, he passed over with an army to France, with which he succeeded in taking the town of Boulogne. On this however the emperor made a separate peace with Francis ; and on the 7th of June, 1546, Henry also signed a treaty with that king, in which he agreed to restore Boulogne and its dependencies in consideration of a payment of two millions of crowns.

He had some years before found a sixth wife, Catherine Parr, the widow of the Lord Latimer, whom he married 10th July, 1543. As the infirmities of age and disease grew upon him, the suspiciousness and impetuosity of his temper acquired additional violence, and the closing years of his reign were as deeply stained with blood as any that had preceded them. One of his last butcheries was that of the amiable and accomplished Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, who, being convicted, after the usual process, of treason, was executed on the 19th (other accounts say the 21st) of January, 1547. Already Henry, says Holinshed, 'was lying in the agonies of death.' Surrey's father, the duke of Norfolk, was also to have suffered on the 28th ; but was saved by the death of the king at two o'clock on the morning of that day.

The children of Henry VIII. were : 1. and 2. by Catherine of Aragon, two sons who died in infancy ; 3. Mary, afterwards queen of England ; 4. by Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth, afterwards queen ; 5. a son still-born, 29th February, 1535 ; 6. by Jane Seymour Edward, by whom he was succeeded on the throne.

154.—THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

HALL'S CHRONICLE.

The 10th day of October the king came to Dover, and on the 11th day in the morning, being Friday, at three of the clock, he took shipping in Dover road, and before ten of the clock the same day, he, with the lady marchioness of Pembroke, landed at Calais, where he was honourably received with procession, and brought to Saint Nicholas Church, where he heard mass, and so to his place called the Exchequer, where he lodged. And on the Sunday after came to Calais, the Lord Roche Baron, and Monsieur de Montpesat, messengers from the French king, advertising the king of England, that the French king would repair to Abbeville the same night, marching towards Boulogne, of which tidings the king was very glad, but suddenly came a messenger, and reported that the Great Master of France, and the Archbishop of Rouen, with divers noblemen of France, were come to Sandiford, intending to come to Calais, to salute the king, from the king their master. He being thereof advertised, sent in great haste the 15th day of October, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earls of Oxford, Derby, and Rutland, the Lord Sandford, and the Lord Fitzwater, with three hundred gentlemen, which honourably received the French lords, at the English pale, and so brought them to the king's

presence in Calais, which stood under a rich cloth of estate of such value that they much mused of the riches. The King (as he that knew all honour and nature) received the French lords very lovingly and amiably, and with them took a day and place of meeting: these lords were highly feasted, and after dinner departed to Boulogne.

While the king lay thus in Calais, he viewed the walls, towers, and bulwarke, and devised certain new fortifications, for the maintenance and defence of the town. The town of Calais had at this season twenty-four hundred beds, and stabling for two thousand horses, beside the villages adjacent.

The 20th day of this month, the king being advertised that the French king was come to a village called Marguison, nigh to the English pale, marched out of Calais the next day after, accompanied with the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and with the Marquises of Dorset and Exeter, the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, Surrey, Essex, Derby, Rutland, Huntingdon, and Sussex, and divers viscounts, barons, knights of the Garter, and gentlemen, freshly appareled and richly trimmed, and so passed toward the place appointed for the interview, leaving behind them the greatest part of the yemen in Calais, because that Boulogne was too little for both the trains. For the Frenchmen said their train was twenty thousand horse, which caused the Englishmen to cast many perils, and especially because it was bruted abroad, that the French king should say, the king of England was once his enemy, and maintained the Emperor and the Duke of Bourbon against him, and now he was become his most friend. The rehearsing of these old grudges, many Englishmen suspected, and very loath that the king should go to Boulogne, but the king continued still in his journey, and came to Sandringfeld, and a little from that place in a valley, was the French king nobly accompanied, with three hundred horse, and not much more. The king's train waved on the left hand, to give the French king and his train the right hand: likewise did the French part, to give the Englishmen the right hand; so the two kings with all lovely honour met with bare heads, and embraced other in such fashion, that all that beheld them rejoiced. The king of England was appareled in a coat of great riches, in braids of gold laid loose on russet velvet, and set with trefles, full of pearl and stone. The French king was in a coat of crimson velvet, all to cut, lined with slender cloth of gold plucked out through the cuts. The noblemen on both parties were richly appareled; and, as was reported, the French king said openly to the king of England: Sir, you be the same person that I am most bound to in the world, and with it hath pleased you in person to visit me, I am bound in person to seek you, and for the very friendship that I have found in you, I am yours and will be, and so I require you to take me, and with that put off his bonnet: the king of England soberly answered, If ever I did any thing to your liking I am glad, and as touching the pain to come hither to see you, I assure you it is my great comfort, yea, and I had come farther to have visited you. Then the kings embraced the lords and estates, as the French king the lords of England, and the king of England the lords of France, and that done they set forward toward Boulogne, and in riding they cast of hawks called sakers to the kites, which made to them great sport, and in a valley beyond Sandringfeld the king of Navarre met the kings, and there they alighted and drank, and after that they mounted on horseback, and with hawking and other princely pastime, they came near to Boulogne, where on a hill stood ranged in a fair band, the number of five hundred men on horseback, of whom the chief were, the French king's treasons, the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Angouleme, and on them gave attendance, the Admiral of France, and three Cardinals, with divers other nobles of France: these three princes marched forward, and welcomed the king of England, which them well beheld, and lovingly them received, as he that could not

much nurture, as any prince that ever was. Then the French king said to his children openly : My children, I am your father, but to this prince here you are as much bound, as to me your natural father, for he redeemed me and you from captivity : wherefore on my blessing I charge you to be to him loving always. The king of England ceased the French king's tale, and embraced the young princes, each after other : all their three apparels were black velvet, embroidered with silver of damask. Then all these noble company came to Boulogne, where was a great shot of artillery, for on the one side they shot great pellets, which made a great noise : then these two princes offered at Our Lady of Boulogne, and the French king brought the king of England to his lodging in the Abbey, directly against his own lodging, where the king of England had divers chambers, the outer chamber was hang'd with fair arras, and another chamber was hang'd with green velvet, embroidered with vignettes of gold, and fret with flowers of silver, and small twigs of wreathen work, and in the middle of every pane or piece was a fable of Ovid in Metamorphoses embroidered, and a cloth of estate of the same work, valanced with flets, knotted, and langettes tasselled with Venice gold and silver : and in this chamber was hang'd a great branch of silver pricell gilt, to bear lights. Then was there an inner chamber, hang'd with rich cloth of gold of tissue, and the roof siled with the same. The fourth chamber was with velvet, and hatchments of arms, and devices of needlework very cunningly wrought. Every man was appointed to his lodging (which there was very strait) according to his degree, and great cheer was made to all the Englishmen ; the poultries, launders, spiceries, and cellars of wine were all open, and likewise hay and litter, and all other things, ask and have ; and no man durst take any money, for the French king paid for all.

The French king caused two gowns to be made of white velvet pricked with gold of damask, and the capes and vents were of flets of whipped gold of damask very rich, which two gowns he sent to the king of England, praying him to choose the one and to wear it for his sake, which gladly took it, and so that Tuesday, the two kings were both in one suite the same night the French king made to the king of England a supper in his chamber, which was hang'd with arras, and siled over with rich silk, and two cloths of estates were set up, one at the one end, and the other at the other end ; the one cloth was embroidered with the image of an old man, and a woman with a naked child in her arm, and the woman gave the old man suck of her breast, and about was written in French : *Better it is children wantonly to creep, than old men for need to perish*. On the other cloth of estate, was embroidered the sun going down of fine gold, and a beast thereon, the head covered with a helm, and a coronal of a duke's estate ; the beast's body was all pearl, and the cloth was crimson satin. A rich cupboard was set up of plate, with a great number of pieces of the new fashion. Four great branches hung in the chamber all of silver and gilt, which bare torches of white wax, all the gentlemen of France made the Englishmen great cheer, and served them of delicate viands.

In the church of Boulogne was a traverse set up for the French king, open on every side, saving it was siled with blue velvet, embroidered with fleur de lises gold ; the pillars were hang'd with the same work. On the French king's right hand was another traverse siled, and coted all of white satin, embroidered with cables cast, of cut cloth of gold, embroidered and gilted after the fashion that mariners cast their ropes : this traverse was valanced of like work, and fringed with fine gold. Daily the kings heard their masses in these traverses, and commonly they went together to mass. Divers times the kings communed together in council, and sometime in the morning, or the princes were stirring, their counsels met, and sat together a great while.

While the king of England lay thus at Boulogne, the French king to show himself loving to the noblemen of England, the 25th day of October, called a Chapter of the Companions of his Order, called Saint Michael, of whom the king of England was one, and so there elected Thomas Duke of Norfolk, and Charles Duke of Suffolk, to be Companions of the said Order, which were brought into the Chapter, and had there collars delivered to them, and were sworn to the statutes of the Order, their obeisance to their sovereign lord always reserved: which Dukes thanked the French king, and gave to the officers of arms two hundred crowns apiece. All this season the French king and his court were fresh, and his guard were appareled in frocks of blue, crimson, and yellow velvet. With the French king was the king of Navarre, the Dauphin of Vien, the Dukes of Orleans, Angouleme, Vendôme, Guise, Longville, the Earls of Saint Paul, Nevers, Estampes, Lavalle, and many other earls and barons, and the Prince of Melife, four Cardinals, and eleven Bishops with their trains and resort, which surely was a great company. So continued these two kings at Boulogne, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and on Friday the 25th day of October, they departed out of Boulogne to Calais: the French king's train was twelve hundred persons, and so many horse or more: and without Calais two mile, met with them the Duke of Richmond, the king's bastard son of England, a goodly young prince, and full of flavour and beauty, with a great company of noble men, which were not at Boulogne, so the duke with his company embraced the French king, and so did other noblemen; then the lords of England set forward, as the Dukes of Richmond, Norfolk and Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, Surrey, Derby, Worcester, Rutland, Sussex, and Huntingdon, the Viscounts of Lisle and Rocheford, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Lincoln, and Bath, the Lord William Howard, the Lord Manners, the Lord Montacute, the Lord Cobham, the Lord Sands, the Lord Bray, the Lord Mordaunt, the Lord Leonard Grey, the Lord Clinton, and Sir William Fitzwilliam, knight, treasurer of the king's house, and Sir William Paulet, comptroller of the same, with a great number of knights, beside the busy esquires and young gentlemen. These noble personages and gentlemen of England accompanied the French lords to Newnam Bridge, where as Thomas Palmer, captain of the fortress, with a fair company of soldiers, saluted the kings, and so they passed toward Calais: where at their coming, that what out of the town and the castle, and what out of Rieebank, and the ships in the haven, the French men said they never heard such a shot. And when they were entered the Mille gate, all the soldiers of the town stood on the one side, appareled in red and blue, and on the other side of the streets stood all the serving men of England, in coats of French tawney, with their lords and masters devices embroidered, and every man a scarlet cap and a white feather, which made a goodly show: there were lodged in Calais that night, beside the town dwellers, eight thousand persons at the least. The king of England brought the French king to his lodging, to the Staple inn, where his chamber was hang'd with so rich verdure, as hath not been seen: the ground of it was gold and damask, and all over the taffs and flowers were of satin, silk, and silver, so curiously wrought that they seemed to grow; every chamber was richer and other: the second chamber all of tissue, with a cloth of estate of needle-work, set with great roses of large pearl. The third was hang'd with velvet, upon velvet pearled green and crimson, and embroidered over with branches of flowers of gold bullion, and garnished with arms and beasts of the same gold, set with pearl and stone. If the French king made good cheer to the king of England and his train, at Boulogne, I assure you he and his train were requited at Calais, for the plenty of wild fowl, venison, fish, and all other things which were there, it was marvel to see, for the king's officers of England had made

preparation in every place, so that the Frenchmen were served with such multitude of diverse fishes, this Friday and Saturday, that the masters of the French king's household much wondered at the provision. In likewise on the Sunday, they had all manner of flesh, fowl, spice, venison, both of fallow deer and red deer, and as for wine they lacked none, so that well was the Englishman that might well entertain the Frenchman: the lords of France never fetched their viands, but they were sent to them, and oftentime their proportion of victual was so abundant, that they refused a great part thereof.

While the kings were thus in Calais, they rode every day to Saint Marie church, where were set two traverses, the one for the French king, which was crimson velvet, replenished with great roses of massy bullion of fine gold, and the seed of the said roses were great orient pearl, and about every rose, was a wreath all of pearl and stone, which traverse was much wondered at by the Frenchmen: the other traverse of blue velvet and cloth of tissue, raised with flowers of silver paned, all the blue velvet was embroidered with knots, and subtle draughts, of leaves and branches, that few men could judge the cunning of the workmanship. The Sunday at night, the French king supped with the king of England, in a chamber hanged with tissue, raised with silver, paned with cloth of silver, raised with gold, and the seams of the same were covered with broad wreathes, of goldsmith's work, full of stone and pearl. In this chamber was a cupboard of seven stages high, all of plate of gold, and no gilt plate; beside that there hung in the said chamber ten branches of silver and gilt, and ten branches all white silver, every branch hanging by a long chain of the same suit, bearing five lights of wax. To all the riches of the clothes of estate, the basins, and other vessels which was there occupied, I assure you my wit is insufficient, for there was nothing occupied that night, but all of gold. The French king was served three courses, and his meat dressed after the French fashion, and the English king had like courses after the English fashion, the first course of every king was forty dishes, the second sixty, the third seventy, which were costly and pleasant.

After supper came in the marchioness of Pembroke, with seven ladies in masking apparel, of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold, compassed with crimson tinsel satin, covered with cloth of silver, lying loose, and knit with laces of gold; these ladies were brought into the chamber, with four damasels appareled in crimson satin, with tabards of fine cypres: the Lady Marchioness took the French king, and the Countess of Derby took the king of Navarre, and every lady took a lord, and in dancing the king of England took away the ladies' visors, so that there the ladies' beauties were showed, and after they had danced a while they ceased, and the French king talked with the marchioness of Pembroke a space, and then he took his leave of the ladies, and the king conveyed him to his lodging. The same night the duke of Norfolk feasted all the nobles of France, being there in the castle of Calais, with many goodly sports and pastimes.

On the Monday, being Simon and Jude's day, there dined with the king of England, the king of Navarre, and the cardinal of Lorraine, and the Great Master, and admiral of France, on which day the king of England called a Chapter of the Knights of the Garter, at which Chapter the French king wore the blue mantle of the Order, because he was of the same Order, and there were elected Annas Montmoreuci, earl of Beaumont, great master of the French king's house, and Philippe de Chabbot, earl of Noubiane, great admiral of France, which had to them their collars and garters delivered, for the which they rendered to the king great thanks.

The morrow after, being the thirtieth day of October, the two kings departed out of Calais, and came near to Sandingfeld, and there alighted in a fair green place,

where was a table set, and there the Englishmen served the Frenchmen of wine, pippins, fruit, and spice abundantly. When the two kings had communed a little, they mounted on their horses, and at the very entering of the French ground, they took hands, and with princely countenance, loving behaviour, and hearty words each embraced other; and so there departed.

155—EVIL MAY DAY.

From 'Halls Chronicle'

[The Lighth year of King HENRY VI.]

In this season, the Genevese, Frenchmen and other strangers said and boasted themselves to be in such favour with the king, and his council, that they set nought by the rulers of the city; and the multitude of strangers was so great about London, that the poor English artificers could scarce get any living; and, most of all, the strangers were so proud, that they disdaind, mocked and oppressed the Englishmen, which was the beginning of the grudge. For, among all other things, there was a carpenter in London called Williamson, which bought two stockdoves in Chepe, and as he was about to pay for them, a Frenchman took them out of his hand, said they were not meet for a carpenter. "Well," said the Englishman, "I have bought them and now paid for them, and therefore I will have them." "Nay," said the Frenchman, "I will have them for my lord the ambassador;" and so, for better or worse, the Frenchman called the Englishman knave, and went away with the stockdoves. The strangers came to the French ambassador, and summed a complaint against the poor carpenter; and the ambassador came to my lord mayor, and said so much, that the carpenter was sent to prison, and yet not content with this, so complained to the king's council, that the king's commandment was laid on him. And when sir John Baker, knight, and other worshipful persons sued too the ambassador for him, he answered, by the body of God, that the English knave should lose his life, for, he said, no Englishman should deny that the Frenchmen required. And other answer had they none.

Also a Frenchman that had slain a man should abjure the realm, and had a cross in his hand; and then suddenly came a great sort of Frenchmen about him, and one of them said to the constable that led him, "Sir, is this cross the price to kill an Englishman?" The constable was somewhat astoned, and answered not. Then said another Frenchman, "On that price we would be banished all, by the mass:" this saying was noted to be spoken pitefully. Howbeit, the Frenchmen were not alonely oppressors of the Englishmen; for a Lombard, called Francis de Bard, enticed a man's wife in Lombard Street to come to his chamber with her husband's plate; which thing she did. After, when her husband knew it, he demanded his wife; but answer was made he should not have her: then he demanded his plate, and in like manner answer was made that he should neither have plate nor wife. And when he had sued an action against the stranger in the Guildhall, the stranger so faced the Englishman, that he fainted in his suit. And then the Lombard arrested the poor man for his wife's board while he kept him from her husband in his chamber. This mock was much noted, and, for these and many other oppressions done by them, there increased such a malice in the Englishmen's hearts, that at the last it burst out. For, amongst others that sore grudged at those matters, there was a broker in London, called John Lincoln, which wrote a bill before Easter, desiring Doctor Sandish at his sermon at Saint Mary Spital, the Monday in Easter week, to move the mayor and aldermen to take part with the

commonalty against the strangers. The doctor answered, that it became not him to move any such thing in a sermon. From him he departed, and came to a canon in Saint Mary Spital, a doctor in divinity, called doctor Bele, and lamentably declared to him, how miserably the common artificers lived, and scarce could get any work to find them, their wives and children, for there were such a number of artificers strangers that took away all the living in manner; and also how the English merchants could have no utterance, for the merchant strangers bring in all silks, cloth of gold, wine, oil, iron, and such other merchandise, that no man almost buyeth of an Englishman; and also outward they carry so much English wool, tin, and lead, that Englishmen that adventure outward can have no living: "which things," said Lincoln, "hath been shewed to the council, and cannot be heard; and farther," said he, "the strangers compass the city round about in Southwark, in Westminster, Temple Bar, Holborn, Saint Martins, Saint John's Street, Aldgate, Tower Hill, and Saint Kathelines, and forestall the market, which is the cause that Englishmen want and starve, and they live abundantly in great pleasure; wherefore," said Lincoln, "Master doctor, with you were born in London, and see the oppresson of the strangers and the great misery of your own native country, exhort all the citizens to join in one against these strangers, raveners and destroyers of your country." Master doctor, hearing this, said he much lamented the case if it were as Lincoln had declared. "Yea," said Lincoln, "that it is, and much more, for the Dutchmen bring over iron, timber, leather, and wainscot, ready wrought, as nails, locks, buckets, cupboards, stools, tables, chests, girdles, with points, saddles and punted clothes, so that, if it were wrought here, Englishmen might have some work and living by it, and, beside this, they grow into such a multitude, that it is to be looked upon, for I saw on a Sunday this Lent VI. c., strangers shooting at the popinjay with crossbows, and they keep such assemblies and fraternities together, and make such a gathering to their common box, that every butcher will hold plea with the city of London." "Well," said the doctor, "I will do for a reformation of this matter as much as a priest may do," and so received Lincoln's bill, and studied for his purpose. Then Lincoln, very joyous of his enterprise, went from man to man saying that shortly they should hear news, and daily excited young people and artificers to bear malice to the strangers.

When Easter came, and Doctor Bele should preach the Tuesday in Easter week, he came into the pulpit, and there declared that to him was brought a pitiful bill, and read it in this wise, To all you the worshipful lords and masters of this city, that will take compassion over the poor people your neighbours, and also of the great importable hurts, losses, and hindrances, whereof proceeding the extreme poverty to all the king's subjects that inhabit within this city and suburbs of the same; for so it is that the aliens and strangers eat the bread from the poor fatherless children, and take the living from all the artificers, and the intercourse from all merchants, whereby poverty is so much increased, that every man bewaileth the misery of other; for craftsmen be brought to beggary, and merchants to neediness: wherefore, the premises considered, the redress must be of the commons, knit and unite to one party, and as the hurt and damage grieveth all men, so must all men set to their willing power for remedy, and not to suffer the said aliens so highly in their wealth, and the natural born men of this region to come to confusion. Of this letter was more, but the doctor read no farther, and then he began, *Cælum cæli Domino, terram autem dedit filius hominum*; and upon this text he intreated, that this land was given to Englishmen, and as birds would defend their nest, so ought Englishmen to cherish and defend themselves, and to hurt and grieve aliens for the common weal. And upon this text, *pugna pro patria*, he brought in how by God's law it was lawful to fight for their country, and ever he

subtly moved the people to rebel against the strangers, and break the king's peace, nothing regarding the league between princes, and the king's honour. Of this sermon, many a light person took courage, and openly spake against strangers. And, as the devil would, the Sunday after, at Greenwich, in the king's gallery was Francis de Bard, which, as you heard, kept an Englishman's wife and his goods, and yet he could have no remedy; and with him were Domingo, Anthony Cauder, and many more strangers; and there they, talking with sir Thomas Palmer, knight, jested and laughed how that Francis kept the Englishman's wife, saying, that if they had the Mayor's wife of London, they would keep her. Sir Thomas said, "Sirs, you have too much favour in England." There were divers English merchants by, and heard them laugh, and were not content, inasmuch as one William Bolt, a mercer, said, "Well, you wholesome Lombards, you rejoice and laugh; by the mass, we will one day have a day at you, come when it will," and that saying the other merchants affirmed. This tale was reported about London, and the young and evil disposed people said, they would be revenged on the merchant strangers, as well as on the artificers strangers. On Monday, the morrow after, the king removed to his manor of Richmond.

The Ninth year,—1511.

Upon this rumour, the XXIII day of April, divers young men of the city assaulted the aliens as they passed by the streets, and some were stricken and some buffeted, and some thrown in the canal. Wherefore the Mayor sent divers persons to ward, as Stephen Studley, skinner, and Bettes, and Stephenson, and divers other, some to one counter, and some to another, and some to Newgate. Then suddenly was a common secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that on May day next, the city would rebel, and slay all aliens, inasmuch as divers strangers fled out of the city. This bruit ran so far that it came to the king's council, inasmuch as the cardinal, being Lord Chancellor, sent for John Rest, mayor of the city, and other of the council of the city, and demanded of the mayor in what case the city stood. To whom he answered, that it was well, and in good quiet. "Nay," said the cardinal, "it is informed us that your young and riotous people will rise, and distress the strangers: hear ye of no such thing?" "No, surely," said the mayor, "and I trust so to govern them, that the king's peace shall be observed; and that I dare undertake, if I and my brethren the aldermen may be suffered." "Well," said the cardinal, "go home, and wisely foresee this matter, for, and if any such thing be, you may shortly prevent it." The mayor came from the cardinal's at four of the clock at afternoon, on My even, and demanded of the officers what they heard. Divers of them answered, that the voice of the people was so, and had been so two or three days before. This hearing, the mayor sent for all his brethren to the Guildhall in great haste, and almost seven of the clock or the assembly was set. Then was declared to them by master Brooke, the recorder, how that the king's council had reported to them that the commonalty that night would rise, and distress all the aliens and strangers that inhabited in the city of London. The aldermen answered, they heard say so; but they mistrusted not the matter; but yet they said that it was well done to foresee it. Then said the recorder, it were best that a substantial watch were set of honest persons, householders, which might withstand the evil doers. An alderman said, that it was evil to raise men in harness; for, if such a thing were intended, they could not tell who would take their part. Another alderman said, that it were best to keep the young men asunder, and every man to shut in his doors, and to keep his servants within. Then with these opinions was the recorder sent to the cardinal before eight of the clock. And then he, with such as were of the king's council at his

place, commanded that in no wise watch should be kept, but that every man should repair to his own house, and there to keep him and his servants till seven of the clock of the morning : with which commandment the said Richard Brooke, serjeant at the law and recorder, and Sir Thomas Moore, late under sheriff of London, and then of the king's council, came to the Guildhall half hour and before nine of the clock [*sic*], and there shewed the commandment of the king's council. Then in all haste every alderman sent to his ward, that no man should stir after nine of the clock out of his house, but to keep his doors shut, and his servants within till seven of the clock in the morning. After this commandment, Sir John Mondy, alderman, came from his ward, and found two young men in Chepe playing at bucklers, and a great company of young men looking on them, for the commandment was then scarce known, for then it was but nine of the clock. Master Mondy, seeing that, bade them leave ; and the one young man asked him why ; and then he said, "Thou shalt know," and took him by the arm to have had him to the counter. Then all the young men resisted the alderman, and took him from master Mondy, and cried, "Prontices and clubs !" Then out at every door came clubs and weapons, and the alderman fled, and was in great danger. Then more people arose out of every quarter, and out came serving-men and watermen and courtiers ; and by eleven of the clock there were in Chepe six or seven hundred. And out of Paul's Churchyard came three hundred, which wist not of the other ; and so out of all places they gathered, and brake up the counters, and took out the prisoners that the mayor had thither committed for hurting of the strangers, and came to Newgate, and took out Studley and Petit committed thither for that cause. The mayor and sheriffs were there present, and made proclamation in the king's name ; but nothing was obeyed. Thus they ran a plump through Saint Nicholas' shambles ; and at Saint Martin's gate there met with them Sir Thomas Moore and other, desiring them to go to their lodgings ; and as they were entreating and had almost brought them to a stay, the people of Saint Martin's threw out stones and bats, and hurt divers honest persons, that were persuading the riotous people to cease, and they bade them hold their hands ; but still they threw out bricks and hot water. Then a serjeant of arms, called Nicholas Dounes, which was there with master Moore, entreating them, being sore hurt, in a fury cried, "Down with them !" Then all the misruled persons ran to the doors and windows of Saint Martin, and spoiled all that they found, and cast it into the street, and left few houses unspoiled. And, after that, they ran headlong into Cornhill by Leadenhall, to the house of one Mutuas, a Frenchman or Picarde borne, which was a great bearer of Frenchmen, were they pick-purses or how evil disposition soever they were of ; and within his gate, called Greengate, dwelled divers Frenchmen that kalendared worsted contrary to the king's laws, and all they were so borne out by the said Mutuas, that no man durst meddle with them ; wherefore he was sore hated, and, if the people had found him in their fury, they would have stricken off his head. But, when they found him not, the watermen, and certain young priests that were there, fell to rifling : some ran to Blanchechapelon, and brake the strangers' houses, and threw shoes and boots into the street. This from ten or eleven of the clock continued these riotous people, during which time a knight, called Sir Thomas Parr, in great haste went to the cardinal, and told him of this riot : which incontinent strengthened his house with men and ordinance. And after, this knight rode to the king at Richmond, and made the report much more than it was. Wherefore the king hastily sent to London, and was truly advertised of the matter, and how that the riot was ceased, and many of the doors apprehended. But while this ruffling continued, Sir Richard Cholmeley, knight, lieutenant of the Tower, no great friend to the city, in a frantic fury loosed certain

pieces of ordinance, and shot into the city, which did little harm, howbeit his good will appeared. About three of the clock, these notorious persons severed, and went to their places of resort, and by the way they were taken by the mayor and the heads of the city, and some sent to the Tower, and some to Newgate, and some to the counters, to the number of three hundred some fled, and specially the watermen and priests and serving-men, but the poor prentices were taken. About five of the clock, the earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey, which had heard of this riot, came to London with such strength as they had, so did the Inns of Court, and divers noblemen. but, on they came, all the riot was ceased, and many taken as you have heard.

Then were the prisoners examined, and the sermon of Doctor Beke called to remembrance, and he taken, and sent to the Tower, and so was John Lincoln but with this riot the Cardinal was sore displeased. Then the fourth day of May was an oyer and determiner at London before the mayor, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and other. The city thought that the duke bore them grudge for a lewd priest of his which the year before was slain in Chape, in so much the duke then in his fury said, "I pray God, I may once have the citizens in my danger!" and the duke also thought that they bore him no good will, wherefore he came into the city with thirteen hundred men in harness, to keep the oyer and determiner. And upon examination it could never be proved of any meeting, gathering, talking, or conventicle, at any day or time before that day, but that the chance so happened without any matter prepensed of any creature saving Lincoln, and never an honest person in manner was taken but only he. Then proclamations were made, that no women should come together to babble and talk, but all men should keep their wives in their houses. All the streets that were notable stood full of harnessd men, which spake many opprobrious words to the citizens, which grieved them sore, and, if they would have been revenged, the other had had the worse, for the citizens were two hundred to one but, like true subjects, they suffered patiently.

When the lords were set, the prisoners were brought in through the streets tied in ropes, some men, some lads, some children of thirteen year. There was a great mourning of fathers and friends for their children and kinsfolk among the prisoners, many were not of the city, some were priests, and some husbandmen and labourers. The whole sum of the prisoners were two hundred and seventy-eight persons. The cause of the treason was, because the king had amity with all Christian princes, that they had broken the truce and league, contrary to the statute of king Henry V. Of this treason divers were indicted, and so for that time the lords departed. And, the next day, the duke came again, and the Earl of Surrey, with two thousand armed men, which kept the streets. When the mayor, the duke, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey were set, the prisoners were arraigned, and thutteen found guilty of high treason, and adjudged to be hangd, drawn, and quartered, and for execution whereof were set up eleven pair of gallows in divers places where the offences were done, as at Aldgate, at Blanchechapelon, Gracious Street, Leadenhall, and before every counter one, and at Newgate, at Saint Martin's, at Aldresgate, at Bishopsgate. This sight sore grieved the people, to see gallows set in the king's chamber. Then were the prisoners that were judged brought to the place of execution, and executed in most rigorous manner, for the Lord Edmund Howard, son to the Duke of Norfolk and knight marshal, shewed no mercy, but extreme cruelty to the poor younglings in their execution, and likewise the duke's servants spake many opprobrious words, some bade hang, some bade draw, some bade set the city on fire, but all was suffered.

On the seventh day of May was Lincoln, Shirwin, and two brethren

called Bettes, and divers other, adjudged to die. Then Lincoln said, "My lords, I meant well; for, as you knew the mischief that is ensued in this realm by strangers, you would remedy it; and many times I have complained, and then I was called a busy fellow: now our Lord have mercy on me!" Then all the said persons were laid on the hurdles, and drawn to the Standard in Chepe; and first was John Lincoln executed; and, as the other had the rope about their necks, there came a commandment from the king to respite execution. Then the people cried, "God save the king!" Then was the oyer and determiner deferred till another day, and the prisoners sent again to ward, and the harnessed men departed out of London, and all things quiet.

The eleventh day of May the king came to his manor of Greenwich, where the recorder of London and divers aldermen came to speak with his grace, and all wore gowns of black colour. And when they perceived the king coming out of his privy chamber into his chamber of presence, they kneeled down, and the recorder said, "Our most natural benign and sovereign lord, we know well that your grace is displeased with us of your city of London for the great riot late done; we ascertain your grace that none of us, nor no honest person, were condescending to that enormity; and yet we, our wives and children, every hour lament that your favour should be taken from us; and, forasmuch as light and idle persons were the doers of the same, we most humbly beseech your grace to have mercy of us for our negligence, and compassion of the offenders for their offence and trespass." "Truly," said the king, "you have highly displeased and offended us, and ye ought to wail and be sorry for the same; and where ye say that you the substantial persons were not consenting to the same, it appeareth to the contrary, for you never moved to let them, nor stirred once to fight with them, which you say were so small a number of light persons; wherefore we must think, and you cannot deny, but you did wink at the matter: but at this time we will grant to you neither our favour nor good will, nor to the offenders mercy; but resort to the Cardinal, our Lord Chancellor, and he shall make you an answer, and declare our pleasure:" and with this answer the Londoners departed, and made relation to the mayor.

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Thursday the twenty-second day of May, the king came into Westminster-Hall, for whom at the upper end was set a cloth of estate, and the place hanged with arras: with him was the Cardinal, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earls of Shrewsbury, of Essex and Wiltshire, of Surrey, with many lords and other of the king's council. The mayor and aldermen, and all the chief of the city were there in their best livery, (according as the Cardinal had them appointed) by nine of the clock. Then the king commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poor younglings and all false knaves, bounden in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shirts, and every one a halter about his neck, to the number of four hundred men and eleven women. And, when all were come before the king's presence, the Cardinal sore laid to the mayor and commonalty their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared that they deserved death for their offence. Then all the prisoners together cried, "Mercy, gracious lord, mercy!" Then the lords altogether besought his grace of mercy; at whose request the king pardoned them all. And then the Cardinal gave unto them a good exhortation, to the great gladness of the hearers. And when the general pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogether cast up their halters into the hall roof, so that the king might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort.

156.—THE FALL OF ANNE BOLEYN.

• HUME •

While the retainers to the new religion were exulting in their prosperity, they met with a mortification which seemed to blast all their hopes. Their patroness Anne Boleyn possessed no longer the king's favour; and soon after lost her life by the rage of that furious monarch. Henry had persevered in his love to this lady during six years that his prosecution of the divorce lasted; and the more obstacles he met with to the gratification of his passion, the more determined zeal did he exert in pursuing his purpose. But the affection which had subsisted, and still increased under difficulties, had not long obtained secure possession of its object, when it languished from satiety; and the king's heart was apparently estranged from his consort. Anne's enemies soon perceived the fatal change; and they were forward to widen the breach, when they found that they incurred no danger by interposing in those delicate concerns. She had been delivered of a dead son: and Henry's extreme fondness for male issue being thus for the present disappointed, his temper, equally violent and superstitious, was disposed to make the innocent mother answerable for the misfortune. But the chief means which Anne's enemies employed to inflame the king against her, was his jealousy.

Anne, though she appears to have been entirely innocent, and even virtuous in her conduct, had a certain gaiety, if not levity of character, which threw her off her guard, and made her less circumspect than her situation required. Her education in France rendered her more prone to those freedoms; and it was with difficulty she conformed herself to that strict ceremonial practised in the court of England. More vain than haughty, she was pleased to see the influence of her beauty on all around her, and she indulged herself in an easy familiarity with persons who were formerly her equals, and who might then have pretended to her friendship and good graces. Henry's dignity was offended with these popular manners; and though the lover had been entirely blind, the husband possessed but too quick discernment and penetration. Ill instruments interposed, and put a malignant interpretation on the harmless liberties of the queen. The Viscountess of Rocheford, in particular, who was married to the queen's brother, but who lived on bad terms with her sister-in-law, insinuated the most cruel suspicions into the king's mind; and as she was a woman of profligate character, she paid no regard either to truth or humanity in those calumnies which she suggested. Henry Norris, groom of the stole, Weston and Brereton, gentlemen of the king's chamber, together with Mark Smeton, groom of the chamber, were observed to possess much of the queen's friendship; and they served her with a zeal and attachment which, though chiefly derived from gratitude, might not improbably be seasoned with some mixture of tenderness for so amiable a princess. The king's jealousy laid hold of the slightest circumstance, and finding no particular object on which it could fasten, it vented itself equally on every one who came within the verge of its fury.

Had Henry's jealousy been derived from love, though it might on a sudden have proceeded to the most violent extremities, it would have been subject to many remorse and contrarieties; and might at last have suffered only to augment that affection on which it was founded. But it was a more stern jealousy, fostered entirely by pride. His love was transferred to another object. Jane, daughter of Sir John Seymour, and maid of honour to the queen, a young lady of singular beauty and merit, had obtained an entire ascendant over him; and he was determined to sacrifice everything to the gratification of this new appetite. Unlike to most monarchs, who judge lightly of the crime of gallantry, and who deem the young damsels of their court rather honoured than disgraced by their passion, he

seldom thought of any other attachment than that of marriage, and in order to attain this end, he underwent more difficulties, and committed greater crimes, than those which he sought to avoid by forming that legal connexion. And having thus entertained the design of raising his new mistress to his bed and throne, he more willingly hearkened to every suggestion which threw any imputation of guilt on the unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

The king's jealousy first appeared openly in a tilting at Greenwich, where the queen happened to drop her handkerchief, an incident probably casual, but interpreted by him as an instance of gallantry to some of her paramours. He immediately retired from the place, sent orders to confine her to her chamber, arrested Norris, Breton, Weston and Smeton, together with her brother Rocheford, and threw them into prison. The queen, astonished at these instances of his fury, thought that he only meant to try her, but finding him in earnest, she reflected on his obstinate unrelenting spirit, and she prepared herself for that melancholy doom which was awaiting her. Next day she was sent to the Tower, and on her way thither she was informed of her supposed offences of which she had hitherto been ignorant. She made earnest protestations of her innocence, and when she entered the prison she fell on her knees and prayed God so to help her, as she was not guilty of the crime imputed to her. Her surprise and confusion threw her into hysterical disorders, and in that situation she thought that the best proof of her innocence was to make an entire confession, and she revealed some indiscretions and levities which her simplicity had culpably betrayed her to commit and to avow. She owned that she had once ridiculed Norris on his delaying his marriage, and had told him that he probably expected her when he should be a widow. She had reproved Weston she said for his affection to a kin woman of hers, and his indifference towards his wife. But he told her that she had mistaken the object of his affection, for it was herself on which she directed him. She affirmed that Smeton had never been in her chamber but twice when he played on the harpsichord, but she acknowledged that he had once had the boldness to tell her, that a look sufficed him. The king, instead of being satisfied with the candour and sincerity of her confession, regarded these indiscretions only as pretexts to greater and more criminal intrigues.

Of all those multitudes whom the beneficence of the queen's temper had obliged during her prosperous fortune, no one durst interpose between her and the king's fury, and the person whose advancement every breath had favoured, and every countenance had smiled upon, was now left neglected and abandoned. Even her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, preferring the connections of prudence to the ties of blood, was become her most dangerous enemy, and all the returners to the catholic religion hoped that her death would terminate the king's quarrel with Rome, and leave him again to his natural and early bent, which had inclined him to maintain the most intimate union with the Apostolic See. Chinner alone, of all the queen's adherents, still retained his friendship for her, and, as far as the king's impetuosity permitted him, he endeavoured to moderate the violent prejudices entertained against her.

The queen herself wrote Henry a letter from the Tower, full of the most tender expostulations, and of the warmest protestations of innocence. This letter had no influence on the unrelenting mind of Henry, who was determined to pave the way for his new marriage by the death of Anne Boleyn. Norris, Weston, Breton, and Smeton, were tried, but no legal evidence was produced against them. The chief proof of their guilt consisted in a hearsay from one lady Winkfield, who was dead. Smeton was prevailed on, by the vain hopes of life, to confess a criminal correspondence with the queen; but even her enemies expected little advantage from this

confession; for they never dared to confront him with her; and he was immediately executed; as were also Brereton and Weston. Norris had been much in the king's favour; and an offer of life was made him, if he would confess his crime, and accuse the queen; but he generously rejected the proposal, and said, that in his conscience he believed her entirely guiltless, but for his part he could accuse her of nothing, and he would rather die a thousand deaths than calumniate an innocent person.

The queen and her brother were tried by a jury of peers, consisting of the duke of Suffolk, the marquis of Exeter, the earl of Arundel, and twenty-three more. Their uncle the duke of Norfolk presided as high steward. Part of the charge against her was that she had affirmed to her minions that the king never had her heart; and had said to each of them apart, that she loved him better than any person whatsoever. *Which was to the slander of the issue begotten between the king and her.* By this strained interpretation, her guilt was brought under the statute of the 25th of this reign; in which it was declared criminal to throw any slander upon the king, queen, or their issue. Such palpable absurdities were at that time admitted; and they were regarded by the peers of England as a sufficient reason for sacrificing an innocent queen to the cruelty of their tyrant. Though unassisted by counsel, she defended herself with presence of mind; and the spectators could not forbear pronouncing her entirely innocent. Judgment, however, was given by the court, both against the queen and lord Rocheford; and her verdict contained, that she should be burned or beheaded, at the king's pleasure. When this dreadful sentence was pronounced she was not terrified, but lifting up her hands said, "O! Father! O! Creator! thou who art the way, the truth, and the life, thou knowest that I have not deserved this fate." And then turning to the judges, made the most pathetic declarations of her innocence.

Henry, not satisfied with this cruel vengeance, was resolved entirely to annul his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and to declare her issue illegitimate. He recalled to his memory, that a little after her appearance in the English court some attachment had been acknowledged between her and the Earl of Northumberland, then Lord Percy; and he now questioned the nobleman with regard to these engagements. Northumberland took an oath before the two archbishops, that no contract or promise of marriage had ever passed between them. He received the sacrament upon it, before the Duke of Norfolk and others of the privy council; and this solemn act he accompanied with the most solemn protestations of veracity. The queen, however, was shaken with menaces of executing the sentence against her in its greatest rigour, and was prevailed on to confess in court some lawful impediment to her marriage with the king. The afflicted primate who sat as judge thought himself obliged by this confession, to pronounce the marriage null and invalid. Henry, in the transports of his fury, did not perceive that his proceedings were totally inconsistent, and that if her marriage were from the beginning invalid, she could not possibly be guilty of adultery.

The queen now prepared for suffering the death to which she was sentenced. She sent her last message to the king, and acknowledged the obligations which she owed him, in his uniformly continuing his endeavours for her advancement. From a private gentlewoman, she said, he had first made her a marchioness, then a queen, and now, since he could raise her no higher in this world, he was sending her to be a saint in heaven. She then renewed the protestations of her innocence, and recommended her daughter to his care. Before the lieutenant of the Tower, and all who approached her, she made the like declarations; and continued to behave herself with her usual serenity, and even with cheerfulness. "The executioner," she said to the lieutenant, "is, I hear, very expert; and my neck is very slender."

Upon which she grasped it in her hand, and smiled. When brought, however, to the scaffold, she softened her tone a little with regard to her protestations of innocence. She probably reflected that the obstinacy of queen Katherine, and her opposition to the king's will, had much alienated him from the Lady Mary. Her own maternal concern, therefore, for Elizabeth, prevailed in these last moments over that indignation which the unjust sentence by which she suffered, naturally excited in her. She said that she was come to die, as she was sentenced by the law. She would accuse none, nor say any thing of the ground upon which she was judged. She prayed heartily for the king; called him a most merciful and gentle prince; and acknowledged that he had always been to her a good and gracious sovereign; and if any one should think proper to canvass her cause, she desired him to judge the best. She was beheaded by the executioner of Calais, who was sent for as more expert than any in England. Her body was negligently thrown into a common chest of elm tree, made to hold arrows, and was buried in the Tower.

The innocence of this unfortunate queen cannot reasonably be called in question. Henry himself, in the violence of his rage, knew not whom to accuse as her lover.

But the king made the most effectual apology for her, by marrying Jane Seymour the very day after her execution. His impatience to gratify this new passion, caused him to forget all regard to decency; and his cruel heart was not softened a moment by the bloody catastrophe of a person who had so long been the object of his most tender affections.

157.—ANNE BOLEYN'S LETTER.

"Sir, your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write or what to accuse I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

"But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bolcyn. With which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased, neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no firmer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame: then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that

whatsoever God and you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure ; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty both before God and man not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection already set on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

"But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

"My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who (as I understand), are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May,

"Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

"ANNE BOLEYN"

158.—THE TRAGEDY OF ANNE BOLEYN.

REV. H. H. MILLMAN.

SCENE I.

Queen and ladies, Sir Henry Norreys, Sir Francis Weston, Sir William Briereton, Mark Smeaton.

Norreys. Your Majesty will grace the tit to-day

Queen. The king so wills it. mine obedience rather
Than mine own humour sways my choice.

Norreys. I had dared
To hope that he your grace has deign'd to name
Your knight, being champion of the ring, your highness
Had given him victory by your presence.

Queen. *Norreys,*
Trust me, I wish thee all that proud success
Thy valour and thy truth deserve.

Norreys. That wish
Is triumph—and my vaunting adversaries
Are strewn already at my feet.

Queen. Sir Henry,
Such language breathes of the blithe air of France ;
It brings back recollections of my youth,
When all my life was like a jocund dream,
Or air of gayest music ;—but, time presses—
So, gentlemen, in the old knightly phrase,
Go hear you bravely for your mistress' sake.

Weston. Our mistress thus commanding, what true knight
Can fail or falter ?

Queen. Courteous words, Sir Francis ;
But I mistake me or that name calls up
Another, and in truth, a fairer lady.

Weston. Not—as I live.

Queen. Take heed ! false oath false knight :
Enough of this—

Norreys. We kiss your highness' hands,
And with this talisman of strength set forth.

Queen. Heaven prosper you ! *[Mari; Smeaton kneels also.]*

How now ! thou'rt over bold :
Thou dost forget thy rank and station, youth !
Thou'rt not, I deem, of gentle blood.

Muri. No, no,

A look suffices me.

Queen. Truth, noble sirs,
Your gallantry's infectious ; this poor youth
Must needs admire and imitate your courtesies :
Take heed that thou offend no more—be modest,
As thou wert wont. And now to horse, sir knights,
Go forward, and Heaven speed the brave and noble !
So now to Greenwich to look gay and light
As this May morning, with a heart as heavy
As dull November ; to be thought the happiest,
Be the most wretched of all womankind.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Gardiner and Angelo (a follower of Loyola.)

Angelo. My lord of Winchester—thou'st seen the king ?

Gardiner. I've seen a raging madman loose ; he came
From Greenwich at full speed ; their horses seem'd
Like those who ride for life from a lost battle :—
What hath befallen ?

Angelo. The game is won ere played !
It fires beyond our hopes, the sulphurous train
Flames up, they're hurled aloft, but not to Heaven.
Wake, Hell ! and lift thy gates ; and ye, that tenant
The deepest, darkest, most infernal pit,
Th' abyss of all abysses, blackest blackness,
Where that most damning sin, the damning others,
With direst, most remorseless expiation,
Howls out its drear eternity, arouse
The myriad voices of your wailing ; loud
As when the fleshly Luther, or the chief
Of his cursed crew have one by one gone down
To tread your furnace chambers !—Rise ! prepare
The throne of fire, the crown of eating flames !
She comes—the queen, the fatal queen, whose beauty
Hath been to England worse, more full of peril,
Than Helen's was to Troy, hath seal'd for death,

For death eternal, irremediable,
Whole generations of her godless sons,
And made her stately church a heap of ruins !

Gardiner. I am no heretic ; why keep me thus
Upon the rack ?

Angelo. When slightest accidents
Lead to effects that change the doom of nations,
Dost thou not read the visible hand of heaven ?

Gardiner. Who questions it ?

Angelo. Why then behold—adore it !

My lord, we're wise and politic, but yet
A foolish kerchief falling to the ground
Shall more advance our high and righteous cause
Than months of subtlest craft.

Gardiner. Explain.

Angelo. I stood
Within the tilt-yard, not to take delight
Carnal, unpriestly, in the worldly pageant :
Though, Heaven forgive me ! when the trumpets blew,
And the lists fell, and knights as brave, and full
Of valour as their steeds of fire, wheel'd forth,
And moved in troops or single, orderly
As youths and maidens in a village dance,
Or shot, like swooping hawks, in straight career :
The old Caraffa rose within my breast—
Struggled my soul with brightly recollections
Of when I rode through the outpour'd streets of Rome,
Enamouring all the youth of Italy
With envy of my noble horsemanship.
But I rebuked myself, and thought how heaven
Had taught me loftier mastery, to rein
And curb with salutary governance
Th' unmanaged souls of men. But to our purpose ;
Even at the instant, when all spears were levell'd,
And rapid as the arblast bolt the knights
Spurr'd one by one to the ring, when breathless leant
The ladies from their galleries—from the queen's
A handkerchief was seen to fall ; but while
Floating it dallied on the air, a knight,
Sir Henry Norreys, as I learnt, stoop'd down,
Caught, wreath'd it in his plume, regain'd his spear,
And smote right home the quivering ring : th' acclaim
Burst forth like roaring waters, but the king
Sprang up, and call'd to horse, while tumult wild
Broke up the marr'd and frighted ceremony.

Gardiner. Something of this I augur'd : as the king
Swept furious by, he beckon'd me ; yet seem'd
Too busied with his wrathful thoughts to heed
Whom thus he summon'd ; and I heard him mutter
" The saucy groom ! " and terms, which to repeat
Were not o'er fitting priestly lips, but coupl'd
With the queen's name most strangely. Seeing this,

I thought it in mine office to administer
 Grave ghostly admonition, mingled well
 With certain homily and pulpit phrases
 Of man's ingratitude, and gracious kings
 Whose bounties are abused ; the general looseness
 Of the age. The more I spake, the more he madden'd
 As though my words were oil on fire.

Angelo. 'Twas well,
 But must be better ; I have further tidings.
 I pass'd the Tower, and saw Sir William Kingston,
 Summon'd, 'twas said, with special haste, come forth
 Among his archers.

Gardiner. Ha ! there's more in this.

Angelo. Prelate, there shall be—where's the king ?

Gardiner. I left him

Near the apartment of Jane Seymour.

Angelo. Good !

The field of battle where we have them all
 At vantage.—Lead me to him.

SCENE III.

Anne Boleyn landing at the Tower. Sir William Kingston, Guards.

Queen. Here—here, then all is o'er !—Oh ! awful walls.
 Oh ! sullen towers, relentless gates, that open
 Like those of Hell, but to receive the doom'd,
 The desperate.—Oh ! ye black and massy barriers,
 But broken by yon barr'd and narrow loopholes,
 How do ye coop from this, God's sunshine world
 Of freedom and delight, your world of woe,
 Your midnight world, where all that live, live on
 In hourly agony of death ! Vast dungeon,
 Populous as vast, of your devoted tenants !
 Long ere our bark had touch'd the fatal strand,
 I felt your ominous shadows darken o'er me,
 And close me round ; your thick and clammy air,
 As though 'twere loaded with dire imprecations,
 Wailings of dying and of tortured men,
 Tainted afar the wholesome atmosphere.

Kingston (to the guard.) Advance your halberds.

Queen. Oh ! sir, pause—one look,
 One last long look, to satiate all my senses.
 Oh ! thou blue cloudless canopy, just tinged
 With the faint amber of the setting sun,
 Where one by one steal forth the modest stars
 To diadem the sky :—thou noble river,
 Whose quiet obb, not like my fortune, sinks
 With gentle downfall, and around the keels
 Of those thy myriad barks mak'st passing music :—
 Oh ! thou great silent city, with thy spires
 And palaces ; where I was once the greatest,
 The happiest—l, whose presence made a tumult

In all your wondering streets and jocund marts :—
 But most of all, thou cool and twilight air,
 That art a rapture to the breath! The slave,
 The beggar, the most base down-trodden outcast,
 The plague-struck livid wretch, there's none so vile,
 So abject, in your streets, that swarm with life,—
 They may inhale the liquid joy heaven breathes,
 They may behold the rosy evening sky,
 They may rest their free limbs where they will:
 But I—but I, whom this summer world
 Was all bright sun; I, whose time was
 But by succession of days.—Oh! Kings—
 Thou dost remember, thou—then Lieutenant,
 'Tis now—how many years?—then Licutenant,
 Since I set forth from yon dark memory wanders,
 A bride—a monarch's bride—King Henry's porch,
 Oh! the glad pomp, that burn'd upon the bride!
 Oh! the rich streams of music that kept time—
 With oars as musical—the people's shouts,
 That called heaven's blessings on my head, in sounds
 That might have drown'd the thunders—I've more need
 Of blessing now, and not a voice would say it.

Kingston. Your grace, no doubt, will long survive this trial.

Queen. Sir, sir, it is too late to flatter me :

Time was I trusted each fond possibility,
 For hope sat queen of all my golden fortunes ;
 But now—

Kingston. Day wears, and our imperious mandate
 Brooks no delay—advance.

Queen. Back, back, I say !

I will not enter ! Whether will ye plunge me ?
 Into what chamber where the sickly air
 Smells not of blood,—the black and cobwebb'd walls
 Are all o'ertraced by dying hands, who've noted
 In the damp dews indelible their tale
 Of torture—not a bed nor straw-laid pallet
 But bears th' impression of a wretch call'd forth
 To execution. Will ye place me there,
 Where those poor babes, their crook-back'd uncle murder'd,
 Still haunt ? Inhuman hospitality !
 Look there ! look there ! fear mantles o'er my soul
 As with a prophet's robe, the ghostly walls
 Are sentinel'd with mute and headless spectres,
 Whose lank and grief-attenuated fingers
 Point to their gory and dissever'd necks,
 The least a lordly noble, some like princes.
 Through the dim loopholes gleam the haggard faces
 Of those, whose dark unalterable fate
 Lies buried in your dungeons' depths ; some wan
 With famine, some with writhing features fix'd
 In the agony of torture.—Back ! I say :
 They beckon me across the fatal threshold.

Which none may pass and live.

Kingston.

If such have died within these gloomy towers,
Should not appal your grace with such vain terrors ;
The chamber is prepared where slept your highness
When last within the Tower.

Queen.

Oh ! 'tis too good
For such a wretch—a death-doom'd wretch as me.
My lord, my Henry—he that called me forth
Even from that chamber, with a voice more gentle
Than flutes o' calmest waters, will wrong kings !
Th' eternal justice—the great law—
Let him arraign me, bribe as justices
The angels that behold his almost thoughts,
He'll find no crime at with his worst vengeance.
And let him visit—fear'd patience well may fail :
Come, sir, yonder where I slept so sweetly,
On to that chamber far than now, on—on, good Kingston.
When

SCENE IV.

Alfred in the Tower. Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Marquis Exeter, and others as Judges. The Queen and officers.

Norfolk. Read our commission.

Officer.

Thomas, Duke of Norfolk,

The Duke of Suffolk, Marquis Exeter,
Earl Arundel, and certain other peers
Here present ; ye are met in the Tower of London,
By special mandate from the king, t' arraign
Of certain dangerous and capital treasons
Against the peace and person of the king
Anne, queen of England.

Crier.

Come into the court,

Anne, queen of England.

Queen.

Here.

Officer.

Anne, queen of England,

(Be seated, it becoms your grace's station.)
Look on this court these peers of England, met,
By the king's high commission, to pass sentence
Between thyself and the king's grace—nast aught
T' object ere thou 'rt arraign'd ?

Queen.

I'd thought, my lords,

It had stood more with the king's justice, more
With the usage of the land, a poor weak woman
Had not been forced t' abide your awful ordeal
Alone and unadvised ; that counsel, learned
In forms of law, and versed by subtle practice
In forcing from the bribed or partial witnesses
Th' unwilling truth, had been assigned me. Well,
Be 't as it is—I have an advocate
Gold cannot fee, nor circumstance appal ;

An advocate, whose voiceless eloquence,
If it should fail before your earthly court,
Shall in a higher gain me that acquittal
Mine enemies' malice may deny me here,—
Mine Innocence. Proceed.

Officer. Anne, queen of England,
Thou stand'st arraign'd, that treasonously and foully,
To the dishonour of his highness' person
And slander of his issue, thou hast conspired
With certain traitors, now convict and sentenced,—
George, Viscount Rochford, Henry Norreys, knight,
Sir William Brereton, Francis Weston, knights,
And one Mark Smeaton.

Queen. Please, sir, heard I rightly
My brother's name, lord Rochford's? I beseech you,
My lords, what part bears he in this indictment?

Officer. The same with all the rest.

Queen. Great God of thunder,
Refrain thy bolt! my lords, there are among ye
Have noble sisters, if ye deem this possible,
I do consent ye deem it true. Go on, sir.

Officer. And one Mark Smeaton.

Queen. Would they make me smile
With iteration of that name—a meet
And likely lover for king Henry's queen!

Norfolk. Read, now, the depositions. Each and all,
My lords, ye have perused that dangerous paper
Written by the lady Wingfield, now deceased—
Heard sundry evidence of words unseemly
And most unroyal spoken by her grace.

Queen. The depositions! good, my lord—I'd thought
I'd have seen my accusers face to face: is this
The far renown'd and ancient English justice?

Officer. The deposition of lord Viscount Rochford:—
That for th' impossible and hideous charge,
His soul abhors it with such sickly loathing,
Words cannot utter it: to stab the babe
I' the mother's arms, to beat the brains from out
A father's hoary head, had been to nature
Less odious, less accurst.

Queen. There spake my brother.

Officer. The deposition of sir Henry Norreys:—
That the queen's grace is as the new-born babe
For him—for others, he will prove her so
In mortal combat 'gainst all England.
Sir Francis Weston—doth deny all guilt,
With an asseveration, if in thought
Or word he hath demean'd her grace's honour,
He imprecates heaven's instant thunderbolt.
Sir William Brereton—if all women here
In England were as blameless as her grace,
The angels would mistake this land for heaven.

Mark Smeaton doth confess—

Queen.

Confess!

Officer.

That twice

In guilty commerce with the queen—

Queen.

My lords,

Who is it hath suborn'd this wretched boy?

I do arraign that man, in the dread court

Whose sentence is eternity! my soul

Shall rise in judgment, when the heavens are fir'd

Around Christ's burning throne, against that man;

And say, "on earth he murder'd my poor body,

And that false swearing boy's lost soul in hell."

Officer. This full confession—sign'd, and in the sight

Of witnesses delivered, in due form

Of law, in every part clear and authentic.

Norfolk. Anne, queen of England, ere this high commission

Pass to their final sentence, hast thou aught

To urge upon their lordships in defence

Or palliation of these fearful charges?

Queen. My lords! th' unwonted rigour of the king

And mine imprisonment have something shaken

My constant state of mind: I do beseech you,

If I speak not so reverently or wisely

Of the king's justice as I ought, bear with me.

I will not say, that some of you, my lords,

For my religion and less weighty motives,

Are my sworn enemies—'twere to disparage

The unattainted whiteness of my cause,

That had defied the malice of the basest,

Nor deigns mistrust the high-soul'd enmity

Of English nobles. When that I have forced you

To be the vouchers for my honesty,

My fame's pure gold shall only blaze the brighter,

Tried in the furnace of your deadly hate!

My lords, the king, whose bounties, numberless

And priceless, neither time nor harsher usage

Shall ever raze from my heart's faithful tablets.

The king, I say, took me an humble maid,

With not a jewel but my maiden fame;

That I'm his wife, seeing the infinite distance

Between my father's daughter and a throne,

Argues no base or lowly estimate.

Think ye a crown so galling to the brows,

And a queen's name so valueless, that false

And recreant to the virtue which advanced me,

I should fall off thus basely? I am a mother,

My lords, and hoped that my right royal issue

Should rule this realm: had I been worse than worst,

Looser than loosest—think ye I'd have perild

The pride of giving birth to a line of kings,

And rob'd my children of their sceptred heritage?

Your proofs, my lords! some idle words, that spoken

By less than me, had been forgotten air :
 The force of words dwells not in their mere letters,
 But in the air, time, place, and circumstance
 In which they're utter'd—the poor laughing child
 Will call himself a king, will ye indict him
 Of treason ? If less solemnly I've spoken, . .
 Or gravely than beseem'd my queenly state
 'Twas partly that his grace would take delight
 In hearing my light laughing words glance off,
 As is the wont in gay and courtly France :—
 Partly, that rais'd from such a lowly state
 Haply to fall again, I watch'd my spirit,
 Lest with an upstart pride I might offend
 The noble knights whose service honour'd me.
 If thus I've err'd, through humbleness familiar,
 Heaven will forgive the fault, though man be merciless ;
 To the rest, my lords ! knowing nought living dared
 Attaint my fame, my enemies have ransacked
 The grave ; the lady Wingfield hath been summon'd
 To speak against me from her tomb—and what ?
 Vague rumours ! that I will not say base envy
 (I'll have more charity to the dead than they
 To me), but pardonable error, zeal
 For the king's honour, may have swollen to charges,
 Which if ye trust, not the shrined Vestal's pure.
 My lords, my lords, ye better know than I
 What subtle arts, what gilded promises
 Have been employed to make the noble knights
 My fellow criminals, my accusers ! which
 Might not have purchased life by this base service,
 And crept into a late and natural grave ?
 But let me ask, my lords, who, base enough,
 And so disloyal, as t' abuse thus grossly
 The bounties of so good a king, had risen
 To this wild prodigality of honour,
 For a loose woman to lay down his head
 And taint his name, his blood, with infamy ?
 For this besotted boy !—my lords, I know not
 If to rebut this charge with serious speech.
 Such as it is, my lords, this modest beauty
 Made me a queen, and other kings disdain'd not
 To lay their flattering incense at its shrine.
 My lord, there's none amongst your noblest sons,
 Rich in ancestral titles, none so mortified
 By nature's cunning symmetry, so high
 In station, but my favour had endangered
 His truth t' his king :—and I, I that disdain'd
 Less than a crown, with wayward wantonness
 Demean me to a half-form'd, base born slave !
 I do demand—if that ye will not damn
 Your names to everlasting infamy.—
 Here, in this court, this instant, ye bring forth

This boy ; if with one word I force you not
 To do me justice on this monstrous slander,—
 Do with me as ye will. I've done, and now
 Renew an old petition :—if the king,
 Abused and cheated of his wonted mercies,
 Hath sworn my death ;—so order it, I pray you,
 That on my head alone fall all his wrath ;
 Let these untainted gentlemen go free,
 And mine all honour'd brother. Spare the king
 The anguish of unnecessary crime,
 And with less blood defile your own fair names.

Norfolk. Anne, queen of England, first this court commands
 You lay aside the state and ornaments
 Of England's queen.

Queen. As cheerfully, my lords,
 As a young bride her crown of virgin flowers.

Norfolk. Prisoner, give ear ! I, Thomas, duke of Norfolk,
 In name of all th' assembled peers, declare
 The verdict of this court :—all circumstance,
 All proof, all depositions duly weigh'd,
 We do pronounce thee guilty of high treason.—
 And, further, at the pleasure of the king,
 Adjudge thy body to be burnt with fire,
 Or thine head sever'd from thy guilty shoulders.

Queen. Lord God of Hosts !—the way ! the truth ! the life !
 Thou know'st me guiltless ; yet, oh ! visit not
 On these misjudging men their wrongful sentence ;
 Shew them that mercy they deny to me.
 My lords, my lords, your sentence I impeach not
 Ye have, no doubt, most wise and cogent reasons,
 Best heard perhaps in th' open court, to shame
 The wretched evidence adduced. My lords,
 I ask no pardon of my God, for this
 Of which you've found me guilty : to the king
 In person and in heart I've been most true.
 Haply I've been unwise, irreverent.
 And with unseemly jealousies arraigned
 His unexampled goodness. This I pray not
 To lengthen out my too protracted life,
 For God hath given, will give me strength to die.
 I'm not so proudly honest, but the grief
 Of my suspected chastity is gall
 And wormwood to me ; were't not my sole treasure,
 It less had pain'd me thus to see it blacken'd.
 My lords, I take my leave :—upon your heads,
 Upon your families, on all this kingdom,
 On him who is its head and chiefest grace,
 The palm of Europe's sovereignty, may heaven
 Rain blessings to the end of time—that most,
 And most abundant, his redeeming grace !

159.—THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH. •

BISHOP BURNET.

In the Convocation a motion was made of great consequence, that there should be a translation of the Bible in English, to be set up in all the churches of England. The clergy, when they procured Tyndall's translation, to be condemned, and suppressed it, gave out that they intended to make a translation into the vulgar tongue; yet it was afterwards, upon a long consultation, resolved, that it was free for the church to give the Bible in a vulgar tongue, or not, as they pleased; and that the king was not obliged to it, and that at that time it was not at all expedient to do it. Upon which, those that promoted the Reformation made great complaints, and said it was visible the clergy knew there was an opposition between the Scriptures and their doctrine. That they had first condemned Wickliff's translation, and then Tyndall's; and though they ought to teach men the word of God, yet they did all they could to suppress it.

In the times of the Old Testament the Scriptures were writ in the vulgar tongue, and all were charged to read and remember the law. The apostles wrote in Greek, which was then the most common language in the world. Christ also did appeal to the Scriptures, and sent the people to them. And by what St. Paul says of Timothy, it appears that children were then early trained up in that study. In the primitive church, as nations were converted to the faith, the Bible was translated into their tongue. The Latin translation was very ancient; the Bible was afterwards put into the Scythian, Dalmatian, and Gothic tongues. It continued thus for several ages till the state of Monckery rose; and then, when they engrossed the riches, and the Popes assumed the dominion, of the world, it was not consistent with these designs, nor with the arts used to promote them, to let the Scriptures be much known: therefore legends and strange stories of visions, with other devices, were thought more proper for keeping up their credit and carrying on their ends.

It was now generally desired that, if there were just exceptions against what Tyndall had done, these might be amended in a new translation. This was a plausible thing, and wrought much on all that heard it, who plainly concluded that those who denied the people the use of the Scriptures in their vulgar tongues, must needs know their own doctrine and practices to be inconsistent with it. Upon these grounds Cranmer, who was projecting the most effectual means for promoting a reformation of doctrine, moved in Convocation that they should petition the king for leave to make a translation of the Bible. But Gardiner and all his party opposed it, both in Convocation and in secret with the king. It was said, that all the heresies and extravagant opinions which were then in Germany, and from thence coming over to England, sprang from the free use of the Scriptures. And whereas in May the last year (1535) nineteen Hollanders were accused of some heretical opinions, "denying Christ to be both God and man, or that he took flesh and blood from the Virgin Mary, or that the sacraments had any effect on those that received them," in which opinions fourteen of them remained obstinate, and were burnt by pairs in several places; it was complained that all those drew their damnable error from the indiscreet use of the Scriptures. And to offer the Bible in the English tongue to the whole nation, during these distractions, would prove, as they pretended, the greatest snare that could be. Therefore they proposed that there should be a short exposition of the most useful and necessary doctrines of the Christian faith given to the people in the English

tongue, for the instruction of the nation, which would keep them in a certain subjection to the king and the church in matters of faith.

“The other party, though they liked well the publishing such a treatise in the vulgar tongue, yet by no means thought that sufficient; but said, the people must be allowed to search the Scripture, by which they might be convinced that such treatises were according to it. These arguments prevailed with the two houses of Convocation. So they petitioned the king that he would give order to some to set about it. To this great opposition was made at court. Some, on the one hand, told the king that a diversity of opinions would arise out of it, and that he could no more govern his subjects if he gave way to that. But on the other hand, it was represented that nothing would make his supremacy so acceptable to the nation, and make the pope more hateful, than to let them see, that whereas the popes had governed them by a blind obedience, and kept them in darkness, the king brought them into the light, and gave them the free use of the word of God. And nothing would more effectually extirpate the pope’s authority, and discover the impostures of the monks, than the Bible in English; in which all people would clearly discern there was no foundation for those things. These arguments, joined with the power that the queen had in his affections, were so much considered by the king, that he gave order for setting about it immediately. To whom that work was committed, or how it proceeded, I know not; for the account of these things has not been preserved, nor conveyed to us with that care that the importance of the thing required. Yet it appears that the work was carried on at a good rate; for three years after this it was printed at Paris; which shows they made all convenient haste in a thing that required so much deliberation.

160.—DEATH OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

From the ‘Pictorial History of England.’

In the month of November, 1534, parliament under the guidance of Cromwell, passed a variety of acts which all had for their object the creating of Henry into a sort of lay-pope, with full power to define and punish heresies, and to support whatever he might deem the true belief, or the proper system of church government. The first fruits and tenths were now annexed to the crown for ever, and a new oath of supremacy was devised and taken by the bishops.

Some of the monks—the poorest orders were the boldest—refused either to take the oath or to proclaim in their churches and chapels that the pope was anti-Christ. The system pursued in regard to them was very simple and expeditious; they were condemned of high treason and hanged, their fate in the latter respect being sometimes, but not always, milder than that allotted to the Lutherans and other Protestants, who were burned. • Cromwell had no bowels for the poor monks; and the gentler and more virtuous Crammer seems to have done little or nothing to stop these atrocious butcheries. A jury now and then hesitated to return a verdict, but they were always bullied into compliance by Cromwell and his agents, who sometimes threatened to hang them instead of the prisoners. On the 5th of May John Houghton, prior of the Charter-House in London, Augustine Webster, prior of the Charter-House of Belval, Thomas Lawrence, prior of the Charter-House of Exham, Richard Reynolds, a doctor of divinity and a monk of Sion, and John Hailes, vicar of Thistleworth, were drawn, hanged, and quartered at Tyburn, their heads being afterwards set over the city gates. On the 18th of June, Exmen, Middlemore, and Nudigate, three other Carthusian monks, suffered for the same cause. On all these conscientious men, who preferred death to what they considered

a breach of their duty as Catholic priests, the horrible sentence of the law was executed in all its particulars. They were cut down alive, had their bowels torn out, and were then beheaded and dismembered. They suffered on account of the oath of supremacy; but between the executions there was an atrocious interlude of a more doctrinal nature. On the 25th of May there were examined in St. Paul's nineteen men and five women, natives of Holland, who had openly professed the doctrines of the Anabaptists, and denied the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the bread and wine of the sacrament. Fourteen of them were condemned to the flames: two, a man and a woman, suffered in Smithfield; the remaining twelve were sent to other towns, there to be burnt for example's sake, and for the vivid manifestation of the king's orthodoxy.

But greater victims were now stricken; for, casting aside all feelings except those of vengeance, Henry had resolved to shed the blood of Fisher and of More. These illustrious men had both been close prisoners in the Tower ever since the passing of the act of supremacy. The aged bishop was put upon his trial for having maliciously and traitorously said that the king, in spiritual matters, could not be the head of the church. And he was sentenced in the usual manner to die the death of a traitor. While he lay in the Tower, in respect for his sufferings in the cause of the church, his great age, learning, and unquestionable virtue, a cardinal's hat was sent to him from Rome. "Ha!" cried the savage Henry, "Paul may send him the hat; I will take care that he have never a head to wear it off." Accordingly, on the 22nd day of June, of this same year of blood, the old prelate was dragged out of the Tower and beheaded. His grey head was stuck upon London bridge, turned towards the Kentish hills, among which he had passed so many happy and respected years. His body, by the king's orders, was exposed naked to the gaze of the populace, and then thrown into a humble grave in Barking church-yard, without coffin or shroud. Such was the end of Henry's oldest friend,—of an amiable and most accomplished man,—of one of the most indefatigable restorers of ancient learning. Without losing time, the royal monster proceeded against Sir Thomas More. Archbishop Crammer, Cromwell, and others had waited upon him several times in the Tower, with the object of winning him over, or inducing him to take the oath of supremacy, in order to save his life: but More, though he had sometimes shown a timidity of disposition, had now fully made up his mind to die rather than to act contrary to his conscience. It is stated on good authority that certain underhand manœuvres, which had also been employed against his friend Fisher, were resorted to with the view of entrapping him into treasonable declarations. But the examinations which rest on still better authority are the following. On the fourteenth of June four interrogatories were ministered to him in the Tower by Mr. Bedle, Dr. Aldridge, Dr. Layton, and Dr. Carwen, in the presence of Pelstede, Whally, and Rice.

1. He was asked whether he had had any communication, reasoning, or consultation with any man or person, since he came to the Tower, touching the acts of succession, the act of supreme head, or the act wherein the speaking of certain words against the king's highness is made treason. He replied in the negative.

2. Item, whether he had received any letters of any man, or written any letters to other men, since he came to the Tower, touching the said acts, or any of them, or any other business or affairs concerning the king's highness, his succession, or this his realm? To this he answered that he had written divers scrolls or letters to his fellow-prisoner Fisher, and received from him some others in return, "whereof the most part contained nothing else but comfort and words from either to other, and declaration of the state that they were in in their bodies, and giving of thanks for such meat or drink that the one had sent to the other." But he admitted that

he had once written to Dr. Fisher, telling him how he had refused to take the oath, and of his determination never to show to the council the cause for which he did so refuse; and that Fisher had replied, telling him how he had answered the council, and reminding him that he had not refused to swear to the succession. After this he said that there passed no other letters between them that anything touched the king's business, till the council went to the Tower to examine him (More) upon the act of supreme head, upon which his fellow-captive wrote to inquire what answer he had made; and thereupon he wrote, "My lord, I am determined to meddle of nothing, but only to give my mind upon God; and the sum of my whole study shall be to think upon the passion of Christ, and my passage out of this world; with the dependencies thereupon;" or words to that effect. And, he added, that within a short while after he received another letter from the said Dr. Fisher, stating "that he was informed that there was a word in the statute, *maliciously*; and, if it were so, that he thought thereby that a man speaking nothing of malice did not offend the statute, and desired the respondent to show him whether he saw any otherwise in it:" to all which he (More) merely replied "that the understanding or interpretation of the said statute should neither be taken after his mind nor after his friend's mind; and therefore it was not good for any man to trust unto any such things." He also admitted that he had warned Fisher not to speak the same words to the council as he (More) had written unto him lest he should give grounds for a suspicion that there was some confederacy between them. What next follows makes the tears rush to the eyes, "Also," he said, "that he, considering how it should come to his dear daughter's ear (Mr. Roper's wife) that the council had been with him, and how she should hear things abroad of him that might put her to a sudden flight: and fearing lest she, being with child, should take some alarm, and minding therefore to prepare her beforehand to take well-a-worth whatsoever things should betide him, better or worse: he did send unto her, both after the first examination and also after the last, letters to signify how that the council had been to examine him touching the king's statutes, and that he had answered them that he would not meddle with nothing, but would serve God, and what the end thereof should be he could not tell; but whatsoever it were, better or worse, he desired her to take it patiently, and take no thought therefore, but only pray for him. And he said that she had written unto him before divers letters, to exhort him and advertise him to accommodate himself to the king's pleasure; and specially, in the last letter, she used great vehemence and observation to persuade him to incline to the king's desire. * * * And he said that George, the lieutenant's servant, did carry the said letters to and fro."

3. He was asked whether the same letters which he had written in the Tower were forthcoming or not? To this he answered, that he would have had George keep the letters, but that George always said that there was no better keeper than the fire, and so burned them all. He added, that being free from everything secret or treasonable, he had even requested the poor man, for safety sake, to show them to some trusty friend of his that could read, and had told him to lay them before the king's council, if any suspicious matter were found in them; but George feared so his master the lieutenant that he kept the letters to himself, and would needs burn them.

4. The last interrogatory was, whether any man of this realm, or without this realm, did send unto him any letters or message counselling or exhorting him to continue and persist in the opinion that he was in? To which he answered, "Nay." He was further asked with what intent he sent the said letters to Dr. Fisher? His answer was, "that, considering they were both in one prison, and for one cause, he was glad to send unto him, and to hear from him again."

But to all this there was a supplement. He was asked whether he would obey the king's highness as supreme head on earth, immediately under Christ, of the church of England, and him so repute, take, accept, and recognise according to the statute. To this he said that he could make no answer. He was next asked whether he would consent and approve the king's highness's marriage with the most noble queen Anne to be good and lawful, and affirm that the marriage with the lady Catherine, Princess Dowager, was, and is, unjust and unlawful. He replied, that he did never speak nor meddle against the same, but that he would make no further answer. Finally, they demanded whether he, being one of the king's subjects, was not bound to recognise the supremacy as all other subjects were bound thereto by the statute. He replied again that he could make no answer.

Before this he had said, in an affecting letter, "I am the king's true faithful subject and daily beadsman. I pray for his highness, and all his, and all the realm. I do nothing harm; I say no harm; I think none harm; and wish everybody good; and if this be not enough to keep a man alive, in good faith I long not to live. I am dying already; and, since I came here, have been divers times in the case that I thought to die within one hour. And, I thank our Lord, I was never sorry for it, but rather sorry when I saw the pang past; and, therefore, my poor body is at the king's pleasure. Would to God my death might do him good!" But this mixture of an almost heavenly meekness with an heroic firmness made no impression on the king, who was now drunk and mad with the heady spirit of absolutism. By his orders they had deprived that glorious wit and scholar of the sweet solace of his books—Rich, the king's solicitor, having been sent to the Tower to take them all from him. Nay, they had even deprived him of pen, and ink, and paper. Some commiserating soul, however,—probably poor George—put some scraps of paper in his way; and on such materials, and with a piece of charcoal, he wrote his last letter to his beloved child. At length, after a year's most trying imprisonment, he was brought out of the Tower, led on foot through the crowded streets to Westminster Hall, and there arraigned of high treason. He appeared in that court where he had once presided as an upright judge, in a coarse woollen gown, bearing about him frightful evidences of a rigorous confinement. His hair had become white, his face was pallid and emaciated, and he was obliged to support himself on a staff. But the mind was much less bowed and bent, and some of his old wit and vivacity soon lighted up his sunken eye; and his vile judges—the slavish instruments of a despot—dreaded his eloquence, and the sympathy which the mere sight of him excited. They attempted to overpower and confound him with the length and wordiness of the indictment. But after declining an offer of pardon, upon condition of doing the king's will, he entered upon a clear and eloquent defence, stripping the clauses of their false coverings, and exposing them in their nakedness and nothingness. He maintained that neither by word nor deed had he done any thing against the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn: he had, indeed, disapproved of that business, but he had never expressed this disapprobation to any other person than the king, who had commanded him, on his allegiance, to give his real opinion. As to his having sought to deprive the king of his new title of supreme head of the church, he said that all that he had done was to be silent thereon, and that silence was not treason. But his doom was fixed by those who had put themselves above all law or scruples of conscience. The infamous Rich, the solicitor-general, who was afterwards created Lord Rich, deposed that, in a private conversation he had had with the prisoner in the Tower, More said, "the parliament cannot make the king the head of the church, because it is a civil tribunal without authority in spiritual matters." More denied that he had spoken these words; and he remarked upon the character which Rich had borne in the

world, and which was so bad as to render even his oath unworthy of belief. Two witnesses were produced to support the charge made by Rich ; but, in their case, conscience got the better of authority, and they declared that, though they were in the room, they did not pay attention to what was said. The judges, who were assisted by the duke of Norfolk, and other great men appointed by the king, laid it down as a law that silence *was* treason, and the jury without any hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty. When sentence had been pronounced More rose to address the court : he was coarsely interrupted. He tried again, and was again interrupted ; but on a third attempt he was allowed to proceed. He told them that what he had hitherto concealed he would now openly declare, and he boldly proclaimed that the oath of supremacy was utterly unlawful. He regretted to differ from the noble lords whom he saw on the bench, but his conscience would not permit him to do otherwise. He declared that he had no animosity against them, and that he hoped that, even as St. Paul was present and consented to the death of Stephen, and yet was afterwards a companion saint in heaven, so they and he should all meet together hereafter. "And so," he concluded, "may God preserve you all, and especially my lord the king, and send him good counsel!" As he moved from the bar his son rushed through the hall, fell upon his knees, and begged his blessing. With the axe turned towards him he walked back to the Tower, amid the great wonderment and commiseration of the citizens. On reaching the Tower-wharf his dear daughter, Margaret Roper, forced her way through the officers and halberdiers that surrounded him, clasped him round the neck, and sobbed aloud. Sir Thomas consoled her, and she collected sufficient power to bid him farewell for ever ; but, as her father moved on, she again rushed through the crowd and threw herself upon his neck. Here the weakness of nature overcame him, and he wept as he repeated his blessing and his Christian consolation. The people wept too ; and his guards were so much affected that they could hardly summon up resolution to separate the father and daughter. After this trial the anguish of death was past. The old man's wit flashed brightly in his last moments. When told that the king had mercifully commuted the hanging, drawing, and quartering unto simple decapitation, he said, "God preserve all my friends from such royal favours !" This happy son accompanied him to the very scaffold. The frame-work was weak, and some fears were expressed lest the scaffold might break down. "Mr. Lieutenant," said More, "see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." The executioner, as usual, asked forgiveness. "Friend," said More, "thou wilt render me to-day the greatest service in the power of man ; but my neck is very short ; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for the sake of the credit of thy profession." He was not permitted to address the spectators, but he ventured to declare that he died a faithful subject and a true Catholic. After prayers said, he placed his head upon the block, but he bade the headsmen hold his hand until he removed his beard, saying, with a smile, "my beard has never committed any treason." Then the blow fell, and the neck was severed at once. His head was picked up, and fixed upon London Bridge.

More was executed on the 6th of July, the eve of St. Thomas, in the year 1535, fourteen days after the death of his friend Fisher. These detestable murders spread a panic through the nation ; and the expression of the popular opinion, however timid and meek, went, with the workings of his own conscience, to increase the tyrant's jealousy and apprehension. In the month of August, Erasmus wrote to a friend that the English were now living in such a state of terror, that they durst not write to foreigners or receive letters from them. In fact, in all foreign countries where civilization had made progress, the fate of Fisher, and still more of that admirable wit and scholar, the author of the 'Utopia,' excited universal execration ;

and *there*, at least, men could speak their minds loudly. The lofty eloquence of Cardinal Pole, and the classical point of Erasmus, recorded the crime, and their striking accounts were afterwards circulated throughout Europe, awakening everywhere a hatred of its brutal author. It is reported of the emperor Charles, that, on being informed of the execution, he sent for sir Thomas Eliott, the English ambassador, and thus addressed him :—"My lord ambassador, we understand that your master has put to death his faithful servant, and grave and wise counsellor, sir Thomas More." Eliott replied that he had heard nothing of it. "Well," said the emperor, "it is but too true; and this will we say, that if we had been master of such a servant, of whose abilities ourself have had these many years no small experience, we would rather have lost the best city in our dominions than so worthy a counsellor." Nor did Charles's rival, the French king, feel a less lively emotion. He spoke of the executions in severe terms, and ventured to tell the English ambassador at his court, that his master should banish such offenders, rather than put to death. At this Henry was greatly incensed, and he impudently gave Francis to understand that they had suffered by due course of law—that they were well worthy to have suffered ten times a more terrible death and execution—that if they had a thousand lives they were all forfeited.

161.—SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERIES

HUME.

There was only one particular in which Henry was quite decisive; because he was there impelled by his avarice, or, more properly speaking, his rapacity, the consequence of his profusion: this measure was, the entire destruction of the monasteries; the present opportunity seemed favourable for that great enterprise, while the suppression of the late rebellion fortified and increased the royal authority; and as some of the abbots were suspected of having encouraged the insurrection, and of corresponding with the rebels, the king's resentment was farther incited by that motive. A new visitation was appointed of all the monasteries in England; and a pretence only being wanted for their suppression, it was easy for a prince, possessed of such unlimited power, and seconding the present humour of a great part of the nation, to find or feign one. The abbots and monks knew the danger to which they were exposed; and having learned, by the example of the lesser monasteries, that nothing could withstand the king's will, they were most of them induced, in expectation of better treatment, to make a voluntary resignation of their houses. Where promises failed of effect, menaces, and even extreme violence, were employed; and as several of the abbots since the breach with Rome had been named by the court with a view to this event, the king's intentions were the more easily effected. Some also, having secretly embraced the doctrine of the reformation, were glad to be freed from their vows; and on the whole, the design was conducted with such success, that in less than two years the king had got possession of all the monastic revenues.

In several places, particularly in the county of Oxford, great interest was made to preserve some convents of women, who, as they lived in the most irreproachable manner, justly merited, it was thought, that their houses should be saved from the general destruction. There appeared also great difference between the case of nuns and that of friars; and the one institution might be laudable, while the other was exposed to much blame. The males of all ranks, if endowed with industry, might be of service to the public; and none of them could want employment suited to his station and capacity. But a woman of family who failed of a settlement in the

marriage state, an accident to which such persons were more liable than women of lower station, had really no rank which she properly filled ; and a convent was a retreat both honourable and agreeable, from the inutility and often want which attended her situation. But the king was determined to abolish monasteries of every denomination ; and probably thought that these ancient establishments would be the sooner forgotten, if no remains of them of any kind were allowed to subsist in the kingdom.

The better to reconcile the people to this great innovation, stories were propagated of the detestable lives of the friars in many of the convents ; and great care was taken to defame those whom the court had determined to ruin. The reliques also, and other superstitions, which had so long been the object of the people's veneration, were exposed to their ridicule ; and the religious spirit, now less bent on exterior observances and sensible objects, was encouraged in this new direction. It is needless to be prolix in an enumeration of particulars : protestant historians mention on this occasion, with great triumph, the sacred repositories of convents ; the pairings of St. Edmond's toes ; some of the coals that roasted St. Laurence ; the girdle of the Virgin shewn in eleven several places ; two or three heads of St. Ursula ; the felt of St. Thomas of Lancaster, an infallible cure for the head-ach ; part of St. Thomas of Canterbury's shirt ; some reliques, an excellent preventive against rain ; others, a remedy to weeds in corn. But such fooleries, as they are to be found in all ages and nations, and even took place during the most refined periods of antiquity, form no particular or violent reproach to the catholic religion.

There were also discovered, or said to be discovered, in the monasteries, some impostures of a more artificial nature. At Hales in the county of Gloucester there had been shown, during several ages, the blood of Christ brought from Jerusalem ; and it is easy to imagine the veneration with which such a relique was regarded. A miraculous circumstance also attended this miraculous relique ; the sacred blood was not visible to any one in mortal sin, even when set before him ; and till he had performed good works sufficient for his absolution, it would not deign to discover itself to him. At the dissolution of the monastery the whole contrivance was detected. Two of the monks who were let into the secret had taken the blood of a duck, which they renewed every week : they put it in a phial, one side of which consisted of thin and transparent chrystal, the other of thick and opaque. When any rich pilgrim arrived, they were sure to shew him the dark side of the phial, till masses and offerings had expiated his offences ; and then finding his money, or patience, or faith, nearly exhausted, they made him happy by turning the phial.

A miraculous crucifix had been kept at Borley in Kent, and bore the appellation of the *Rood of Grace*. The lips, and eyes, and head of the image moved on the approach of its votaries. Hilsey bishop of Rochester broke the crucifix at St. Paul's cross, and shewed to the whole people the springs and wheels by which it had been secretly moved. A great wooden idol revered in Wales, called Darvel Gatherin, was brought to London, and cut in pieces : and by a cruel refinement in vengeance it was employed as fuel to burn friar Forest, who was punished for denying the supremacy, and for some pretended heresies. A finger of St. Andrew, covered with a thin plate of silver, had been pawned by a convent for a debt of forty pounds ; but as the king's commissioners refused to pay the debt, people made themselves merry with the poor creditor on account of the pledge.

But of all the instruments of ancient superstition no one was so zealously destroyed as the shrine of Thomas à Becket, commonly called St. Thomas of Canterbury. This saint owed his canonization to the zealous defence which he had made for clerical privileges ; and on that account also the monks had extremely encour-

raged the devotion of pilgrimages towards his tomb; and numberless were the miracles which they pretended his reliques wrought in favour of his devout votaries. They raised his body once a year; and the day on which this ceremony was performed, which was called the day of his translation, was a general holiday. Every fiftieth year there was celebrated a jubilee to his honour, which lasted fifteen days; plenary indulgences were then granted to all that visited his tomb, and a hundred thousand pilgrims have been registered at a time in Canterbury. The devotion towards him had quite effaced in that place the adoration of the Deity; nay, even that of the Virgin. At God's altar, for instance, there were offered in one year three pounds two shillings and sixpence; at the Virgin's, sixty-three pounds five shillings and sixpence; at St. Thomas's, eight hundred and thirty-two pounds twelve shillings and three pence. But next year the disproportion was still greater. There was not a penny offered at God's altar; the Virgin's gained only four pounds one shilling and eightpence; but St. Thomas had got, for his share, nine hundred and fifty-four pounds six shillings and threepence. Lewis VII. of France had made a pilgrimage to this miraculous tomb, and had bestowed on the shrine a jewel, esteemed the richest in Christendom. It is evident how obnoxious to Henry a saint of this character must appear, and how contrary to all his projects for degrading the authority of the court of Rome. He not only pillaged the rich shrine dedicated to St. Thomas, he made the saint himself be cited to appear in court, and be tried and condemned as a traitor; he ordered his name to be struck out of the calendar, the office for his festival to be expunged from all breviaries, his bones to be burned, and the ashes to be thrown in the air.

On the whole, the king at different times suppressed six hundred and forty-five monasteries, of which twenty-eight had abbots that enjoyed a seat in parliament. Ninety colleges were demolished in several counties; two thousand three hundred and seventy-four chantries and free chapels; a hundred and ten hospitals. The whole revenue of these establishments amounted to one hundred and sixty one thousand one hundred pounds. It is worthy of observation, that all the lands and possessions and revenue of England had a little before this period been rated at four million a year; so that the revenues of the monks, even comprehending the lesser monasteries, did not exceed the twentieth part of the national income, a sum vastly inferior to what is commonly apprehended. The lands belonging to the convents were usually let at very low rent; and the farmers, who regarded themselves as a species of proprietors, took always care to renew their leases before they expired.

Great murmurs were every where excited on account of these violences; and men much questioned whether priors and monks, who were only trustees or tenants for life, could, by any deed, however voluntary, transfer to the king the entire property of their estates. In order to reconcile the people to such mighty innovations, they were told that the king would never thenceforth have occasion to levy taxes, but would be able, from the abbey lands alone, to bear during war as well as peace the whole charges of government. While such topics were employed to appease the populace, Henry took an effectual method of interesting the nobility and gentry in the success of his measures: he either made a gift of the revenues of convents to his favourites and courtiers, or sold them at low prices, or exchanged them for other lands on very disadvantageous terms. • He was so profuse in these liberalities, that he is said to have given a woman the whole revenue of a convent, as a reward for making a pudding which happened to gratify his palate. He also settled pensions on the abbots and priors, proportioned to their former revenues or to their merits; and gave each monk a yearly pension of eight marks. • He erected six new bishoprics, Westminster, Oxford, Peterborow, Bristol, Chester, and Gloucester; of

which five subsist at this day : and by all these means of expence and dissipation the profit which the king reaped by the seizure of church lands fell much short of vulgar opinion. As the ruin of convents had been foreseen some years before it happened, the monks had taken care to secrete most of their stock, furniture, and plate ; so that the spoils of the great monasteries bore not in these respects any proportion to those of the lesser.

Beside the lands possessed by the monasteries, the regular clergy enjoyed a considerable part of the benefices of England, and of the tythes annexed to them : and these were also at this time transferred to the crown, and by that means passed into the hands of laymen : an abuse which many zealous churchmen regarded as the most criminal sacrilege. The monks were formerly much at their ease in England, and enjoyed revenues which exceeded the regular and stated expence of the house. We read of the abbey of Chertsey in Surrey, which possessed 744 pounds a year, though it contained only fourteen monks. That of Furness in the county of Lincoln was valued at 960 pounds a year, and contained about thirty. In order to dissipate their revenues, and support popularity, the monks lived in a hospitable manner ; and besides the poor maintained from their offals, there were many decayed gentlemen, who passed their lives in travelling from convent to convent, and were entirely subsisted at the tables of the friars. By this hospitality, as much as by their own inactivity, did the convents prove nurseries of idleness ; but the king, not to give offence by too sudden an innovation, bound the new proprietors of abbey lands to support the ancient hospitality. But this engagement was fulfilled in very few places, and for a very short time.

162.—THE FALL OF CROMWELL.

HUME.

In 1540, a session of parliament was held ; and none of the abbots were now allowed a place in the house of peers. The king, by the mouth of the chancellor, complained to the parliament of the great diversity of religions which still prevailed among his subjects : a grievance, he affirmed, which ought the less to be endured, because the scriptures were now published in English, and ought universally to be the standard of belief to all mankind. But he had appointed, he said, some bishops and divines to draw up a list of tenets to which the people were to assent ; and he was determined that Christ, the doctrine of Christ, and the truth, should have the victory. The king seems to have expected more effect in ascertaining truth, from this new book of his doctors, than had ensued from the publication of the scriptures. Cromwell, as vicar-general, made also, in the king's name, a speech to the upper house ; and the peers in return bestowed great flattery on him, and in particular said, that he was worthy, by his desert, to be vicar-general of the universe. That minister seemed to be no less in his master's good graces : he received soon after the sitting of the parliament, the title of earl of Essex, and was installed knight of the garter.

There remained only one religious order in England ; the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or the knights of Malta, as they are commonly called. This order, partly ecclesiastical, partly military, had by their valour done great service to Christendom ; and had very much retarded at Jerusalem, Rhodes, and Malta, the rapid progress of the barbarians. During the general surrender of the religious houses in England, they had exerted their spirit, and had obstinately refused to yield up their revenues to the king ; and Henry, who would endure no society that professed obedience to the pope was obliged to have recourse to parliament for the dissolu-

tion of this order. Their revenues were large, and formed an addition nowise contemptible to the many acquisitions which the king had already made. But he had very ill husbanded the great revenue acquired by the plunder of the church. His profuse generosity dissipated faster than his rapacity could supply; and the parliament was surprised this session to find a demand made upon them of four-tenths, and a subsidy of one shilling in the pound during two years: so ill were the public expectations answered, that the crown was never more to require any supply from the people. The commons, though lavish of their liberty, and of the blood of their fellow-subjects, were extremely frugal of their money; and it was not without difficulty so small a grant could be obtained by this absolute and dreaded monarch. The convocation gave the king for shillings in the pound, to be levied in two years. The pretext for these grants was, the great expence which Henry had undergone for the defence of the realm, in building forts along the sea coast, and in equipping a navy. As he had at present no ally on the continent in whom he reposed much confidence, he relied only on his domestic strength, and was on that account obliged to be more expensive in his preparations against the danger of an invasion.

The king's favour to Cromwell, and his acquiescence in the marriage with Anne of Cleves, were both of them deceitful appearances. His aversion to the queen secretly increased every day; and having at last broken all restraint, it prompted him at once to seek the dissolution of a marriage so odious to him, and to involve his minister in ruin, who had been the innocent author of it. The fall of Cromwell was hastened by other causes. All the nobility hated a man who, being of such low extraction, had not only mounted above them by his station of vicar-general, but had ingrossed many of the other considerable offices of the crown. Besides enjoying that commission which gave him a high and almost absolute authority over the clergy, and even over the laity, he was privy seal, chamberlain, and master of the wards. He had also obtained the order of the garter, a dignity which had ever been conferred only on men of illustrious families, and which seemed to be profaned by its being communicated to so mean a person. The people were averse to him, as the supposed author of the violence on the monasteries; establishments which were still revered and beloved by the commonalty. The catholics regarded him as the concealed enemy of their religion. The protestants observing his exterior concurrence with all the prosecutions exercised against them, were inclined to bear him as little favour; and reproached him with the timidity, if not treachery, of his conduct. And the king, who found that great clamours had on all hands arisen against the administration, was not displeased to throw on Cromwell, the load of public hatred; and he hoped by making so easy a sacrifice to regain the affections of his subjects.

But there was another cause which suddenly set all these motives in action, and brought about an unexpected revolution in the ministry. The king had fixed his affection on Catherine Howard, niece to the duke of Norfolk; and being determined to gratify this new passion, he could find no expedient but by procuring a divorce from his present consort, to raise Catherine to his bed and throne. The duke, who had long been engaged in enmity with Cromwell, made the same use of her insinuations to ruin this minister, that he had formerly done of Anne Boleyn's against Wolsey: and when all engines were prepared, he obtained a commission from the king to arrest Cromwell at the council table, on an accusation of high treason, and to commit him to the Tower. Immediately after, a bill of attainder was framed against him; and the house of peers thought proper, without trial, examination, or evidence, to condemn to death a man, whom a few days before they had declared worthy to be vicar-general of the universe. The house of commons

passed the bill, though not without some opposition. Cromwell was accused of heresy and treason ; but the proofs of his treasonable practices are utterly improbable, and even absolutely ridiculous. The only circumstance of his conduct by which he seems to have merited this fate was his being the instrument of the king's tyranny, in conducting like iniquitous bills in the preceding session, against the countess of Salisbury and others.

Cromwell endeavoured to soften the king by the most humble supplications ; but all to no purpose. It was not the practice of that prince to ruin his ministers and favourites by halves ; and though the unhappy prisoner once wrote to him in so moving a strain as even to draw tears from his eyes, he hardened himself against all movements of pity, and refused his pardon. The conclusion of Cromwell's letter ran in these words :—" I, a most woful prisoner, am ready to submit to death when it shall please God and your majesty ; and yet the frail flesh incites me to call to your grace for mercy and pardon of mine offences. Written at the Tower with the heavy heart and trembling hand of your highness's most miserable prisoner, and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell." And a little below, " Most gracious prince, I cry for mercy, mercy, mercy." When brought to the place of execution, he avoided all earnest protestations of his innocence, and all complaints against the sentence pronounced upon him. He knew that Henry would resent on his son those symptoms of opposition to his will, and that his death alone would not terminate that monarch's vengeance. He was a man of prudence, industry, and abilities ; worthy of a better master and of a better fate. Though raised to the summit of power from a low origin, he betrayed no insolence or contempt towards his inferiors ; and was careful to remember all the obligations which, during his more humble fortune, he had owed to any one. He had served as a private sentinel in the Italian wars ; when he received some good offices from a Lucquese merchant, who had entirely forgotten his person, as well as the service which he had rendered him. Cromwell in his grandeur happened at London to cast his eye on his benefactor, now reduced to poverty by misfortunes. He immediately sent for him, reminded him of their ancient friendship, and by his grateful assistance reinstated him in his former prosperity and opulence.

263.—THE LAST DAYS OF HENRY VIII.

HUME.

The king, now freed from all foreign wars, had leisure to give his attention to domestic affairs ; particularly to the establishment of uniformity in opinion, on which he was so intent. Though he allowed an English translation of the Bible, he had hitherto been very careful to keep the mass in Latin ; but he was at last prevailed on to permit that the litany, a considerable part of the service, should be celebrated in the vulgar tongue ; and, by this innovation, he excited anew the hopes of the reformers, who had been somewhat discouraged by the severe law of the six articles. One petition of the new litany was a prayer to save us *from the tyranny of the bishop of Rome, and from all his detestable enormities*. Cranmer employed his credit to draw Henry into farther innovations ; and he took advantage of Gardiner's absence, who was sent on an embassy to the emperor ; but Gardiner having written to the king, that if he carried his opposition against the catholic religion to greater extremities, Charles threatened to break off all commerce with him, the success of Cranmer's projects was for some time retarded. Cranmer lost this year the most sincere and powerful friend that he possessed at court, Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk : the queen-dowager of France, consort to Suffolk, had died some years

before. This nobleman is one instance that Henry was not altogether incapable of a cordial and steady friendship; and Suffolk seems to have been worthy of the favour which, from his earliest youth, he had enjoyed with his master. The king was sitting in council when informed of Suffolk's death; and he took the opportunity both to express his own sorrow for the loss, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared, that during the whole course of their friendship, his brother-in-law had never made one attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any person. "Is there any of you, my lords, who can say as much?" When the king subjoined these words, he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

Cranmer himself, when bereaved of this support, was the more exposed to those cabals of the courtiers, which the opposition in party and religion, joined to the usual motives of interest, rendered so frequent among Henry's ministers and counsellors. The catholics took hold of the king by his passion for orthodoxy; and they represented to him, that if his laudable zeal for enforcing the truth met with no better success, it was altogether owing to the primate, whose example and encouragement were, in reality, the secret supports of heresy. Henry, seeing the point at which they aimed, feigned a compliance, and desired the council to make inquiry into Cranmer's conduct; promising that, if he were found guilty, he should be committed to prison, and brought to condign punishment. Every body now considered the primate as lost; and his old friends, from interested views, as well as the opposite party from animosity, began to show him marks of neglect and disregard. He was obliged to stand several hours among the lacqueys at the door of the council-chamber before he could be admitted; and when he was at last called in, he was told, that they had determined to send him to the Tower. Cranmer said, that he appealed to the king himself; and finding his appeal disregarded, he produced a ring, which Henry had given him as a pledge of favour and protection. The council were confounded; and when they came before the king, he reproved them in the severest terms, and told them that he was well acquainted with Cranmer's merit, as well as with their malignity and envy: but he was determined to crush all their cabals, and to teach them, by the severest discipline, since gentle methods were ineffectual, a more dutiful concurrence in promoting his service. Norfolk, who was Cranmer's capital enemy, apologised for their conduct, and said, that their only intention was to set the primate's innocence in a full light, by bringing him to an open trial; and Henry obliged them all to embrace him as a sign of their cordial reconciliation. The mild temper of Cranmer rendered this agreement more sincere on his part, than is usual in such forced compliances. •

But though Henry's favour for Cranmer rendered fruitless all accusations against him, his pride and peevishness, irritated by his declining state of health, impelled him to punish with fresh severity all others who presumed to entertain a different opinion from himself, particularly in the capital point of the real presence. Anne Ascue, a young woman of merit as well as beauty, who had great connections with the chief ladies at court, and with the queen herself, was accused of dogmatizing on that delicate article; and Henry, instead of shewing indulgence to the weakness of her sex and age, was but the more provoked that a woman should dare to oppose his theological sentiments. She was prevailed on by Bonner's menaces to make a seeming recantation: but she qualified it with some reserves, which did not satisfy that zealous prelate. She was thrown into prison, and she there employed herself in composing prayers and discourses, by which she fortified her resolution to endure the utmost extremity rather than relinquish her religious principles. She even wrote to the king, and told him, that as to the Lord's supper, she believed

as much as Christ himself had said of it, and as much of his divine doctrine as the catholic church had required. But while she could not be brought to acknowledge an assent to the king's explanations, this declaration availed her nothing, and was rather regarded as a fresh insult. The chancellor Wriothesely, who had succeeded Audley, and who was much attached to the catholic party, was sent to examine her with regard to her patrons at court, and the great ladies who were in correspondence with her; but she maintained a laudable fidelity to her friends, and would confess nothing. She was put to the torture in the most barbarous manner, and continued still resolute in preserving secrecy. Some authors add an extraordinary circumstance: That the chancellor, who stood by, ordered the lieutenant of the Tower to stretch the rack still farther; but that officer refused compliance. The chancellor menaced him, but met with a new refusal. Upon which that magistrate, who was otherwise a person of merit, but intoxicated with religious zeal, put his own hand to the rack, and drew it so violently that he almost tore her body asunder. Her constancy still surpassed the barbarity of her persecutors, and they found all their efforts to be baffled. She was then condemned to be burned alive; and being so dislocated by the rack that she could not stand, she was carried to the stake in a chair. Together with her were conducted Nicholas Belenian a priest, John Lassels of the king's household, and John Adams a taylor, who had been condemned for the same crime to the same punishment. They were all tied to the stake; and in that dreadful situation the chancellor sent to inform them that their pardon was ready drawn and signed, and should instantly be given them, if they would merit it by a recantation. They only regarded this offer as a new ornament to their crown of martyrdom; and they saw with tranquillity the executioner kindle the flames which consumed them. Wriothesely did not consider that this public and noted situation interested their honour the more to maintain a steady perseverance.

Though the secrecy and fidelity of Ann Ascue saved the queen from this peril, that princess soon after fell into a new danger, from which she narrowly escaped. An ulcer had broken out in the king's leg, which, added to his extreme corpulency, and his bad habit of body, began both to threaten his life, and to render him even more than usually peevish and passionate. The queen attended him with the most tender and dutiful care, and endeavoured by every soothing art and compliance, to allay those gusts of humour to which he was become so subject. His favourite topic of conversation was theology, and Catherine, whose good sense enabled her to discourse on any subject, was frequently engaged in the argument; and being secretly inclined to the principles of the reformers, she unwarily betrayed too much of her mind on these occasions. Henry, highly provoked that she should presume to differ from him complained of her obstinacy to Gardiner, who gladly laid hold of the opportunity to inflame the quarrel. He praised the king's anxious concern for preserving the orthodoxy of his subjects; and represented, that the more elevated the person was who was chastised, and the more near to his person, the greater terror would the example strike into every one, and the more glorious would the sacrifice appear to posterity. The chancellor, being consulted, was engaged by religious zeal to second these topics; and Henry hurried on by his own impetuous temper, and encouraged by his counsellors, went so far as to order articles of impeachment to be drawn up against his consort. Wriothesely executed his commands, and soon after brought the paper to him to be signed; for as it was high-treason to throw slander upon the queen, he might otherwise have been questioned for his temerity. By some means this important paper fell into the hands of one of the queen's friends, who immediately carried the intelligence to her. She was sensible of the extreme danger to which she was exposed; but did

not despair of being able, by her prudence and address, still to elude the efforts of her enemies. She paid her usual visit to the king, and found him in a more serene disposition than she had reason to expect. He entered on the subject which was so familiar to him, and he seemed to challenge her to an argument in divinity. She gently declined the conversation, and remarked that such profound speculations were ill suited to the natural imbecility of her sex. *Women*, she said, by their first creation, were made subject to men: the male was created after the image of God, the female after the image of the male: it belonged to the husband to choose principles for his wife; the wife's duty was, in all cases, to adopt implicitly the sentiments of her husband. And as to herself, it was doubly her duty, being blest with a husband who was qualified by his judgment and learning not only to choose principles for his own family, but for the most wise and knowing of every nation. "Not so! by St. Mary," replied the king; "you are now become a doctor, Kate; and better fitted to give than receive instruction." She meekly replied, that she was sensible how little she was entitled to these praises; that though she usually declined not any conversation, however sublime, when proposed by his majesty, she well knew, that her conceptions could serve to no other purpose than to give him a little momentary amusement; that she found the conversation apt to languish, when not revived by some opposition, and she had ventured sometimes to open a contrariety of sentiments, in order to give him the pleasure of refuting her; and that she also purposed, by this innocent artifice, to engage him into topics whence she had observed by frequent experience that she reaped profit and instruction. "And is it so, sweetheart?" replied the king, "then are we perfect friends again." He embraced her with great affection, and sent her away with assurances of his protection and kindness. Her enemies, who knew nothing of this sudden change, prepared next day to convey her to the Tower, pursuant to the king's warrant. Henry and Catherine were conversing amicably in the garden when the chancellor appeared with forty of the pursuivants. The king spoke to him at some distance from her, and seemed to expostulate with him in the severest manner. She even overheard the appellations of *knave*, *fool*, and *beast*, which he liberally bestowed upon that magistrate: and then ordered him to depart his presence. She afterwards interposed to mitigate his anger: he said to her, "Poor soul! you know not how ill entitled this man is to your good offices." Thenceforth the queen having narrowly escaped so great a danger, was careful not to offend Henry's humour by any contradiction; and Gardiner, whose malice had endeavoured to widen the breach, could never afterwards regain his favour and good opinion.

But Henry's tyrannical disposition, soured by ill health, burst out soon after to the destruction of a man who possessed a much superior rank to that of Gardiner. The duke of Norfolk and his father, during this whole reign, and even a part of the foregoing, had been regarded as the greatest subjects in the kingdom, and had rendered considerable service to the crown. The duke himself had in his youth acquired reputation by naval enterprises: he had much contributed to the victory gained over the Scots at Flouden: he had suppressed a dangerous rebellion in the North: and he had always done his part with honour in all the expeditions against France. Fortune seemed to conspire with his own industry, in raising him to the greatest elevation. From the favours heaped on him by the crown he had acquired an immense estate: The king had successively been married to two of his nieces; and the king's natural son, the duke of Richmond, had married his daughter. Besides his descent from the ancient family of the Moubrays, by which he was allied to the throne, he had espoused a daughter of the duke of Buckingham, who was descended by a female from Edward III.; And as he was believed still to adhere secretly to the ancient religion, he was regarded, both abroad and at home, as the

head of the catholic party. But all these circumstances, in proportion as they exalted the duke, provoked the jealousy of Henry ; and he foresaw danger, during his son's minority, both to the public tranquillity and to the new ecclesiastical system, from the attempts of so potent a subject. But nothing tended more to expose Norfolk to the king's displeasure, than the prejudices which Henry had entertained against the earl of Surrey, son of that nobleman.

Surrey was a young man of the most promising hopes, and had distinguished himself by every accomplishment which became a scholar, a courtier, and a soldier. He excelled in all the military exercises which were then in request : he encouraged the fine arts by his patronage and example : he had made some successful attempts in poetry ; and being smitten with the romantic gallantry of the age, he celebrated the praises of his mistress, by his pen and his lance, in every masque and tournament. His spirit and ambition were equal to his talents and his quality ; and he did not always regulate his conduct by the caution and reserve which his situation required. He had been left governor of Boulogne when that town was taken by Henry ; but though his personal bravery was unquestioned, he had been unfortunate in some rencounters with the French. The king somewhat displeased with his conduct, had sent over Hertford to command in his place ; and Surrey was so imprudent as to drop some menacing expressions against the ministers, on account of this affront which was put upon him. And as he had refused to marry Hertford's daughter, and even waved every other proposal of marriage, Henry imagined that he had entertained views of espousing the lady Mary ; and he was instantly determined to repress, by the most severe expedients, so dangerous an ambition.

Actuated by all these motives, and perhaps influenced by that old disgust with which the ill conduct of Catherine Howard had inspired him against her whole family, he gave private orders to arrest Norfolk and Surrey ; and they were on the same day confined in the Tower. Surrey being a commoner, his trial was the more expeditious ; and as to proofs, neither parliaments nor juries seem ever to have given the least attention to them in any cause of the crown during this whole reign. He was accused of entertaining in his family some Italians who were *suspected* to be spies ; a servant of his had paid a visit to cardinal Pole in Italy, whence he was *suspected* of holding a correspondence with that obnoxious prelate ; he had quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor on his scutcheon, which made him be *suspected* of aspiring to the crown, though both he and his ancestors had openly, during the course of many years, maintained that practice, and the heralds had even justified it by their authority. These were the crimes for which a jury, notwithstanding his eloquent and spirited defence, condemned the earl of Surrey for high treason ; and their sentence was soon after executed upon him.

The innocence of the duke of Norfolk was still, if possible, more apparent than that of his son, and his services to the crown had been greater. His dutchess, with whom he lived on bad terms, had been so base as to carry intelligence to his enemies of all she knew against him : Elizabeth Holland, a mistress of his, had been equally subservient to the designs of the court. Yet with all these advantages his accusers discovered no greater crime than his once saying that the king was sickly, and could not hold out long ; and the kingdom was likely to fall into disorders, through the diversity of religious opinions. He wrote a pathetic letter to the king, pleading his past services, and protesting his innocence. Soon after, he embraced a more proper expedient for appeasing Henry, by making a submission and confession, such as his enemies required : but nothing could mollify the unrelenting temper of the king. He assembled a parliament, as the surest and most expeditious instrument of his tyranny ; and the house of peers, without examining the prisoner, without trial or evidence, passed a bill of attainder against him, and sent

it down to the commons. Crommer, though engaged for many years in an opposite party to Norfolk, and though he had received many and great injuries from him, would have no hand in so unjust a prosecution; and he retired to his seat at Choydon. The king was now approaching fast towards his end; and fearing that Norfolk should escape him, he sent a message to the commons, by which he desired them to hasten the bill, on pretence that Norfolk enjoyed the dignity of earl marshal, and it was necessary to appoint another, who might officiate at the ensuing ceremony of installing his son prince of Wales. The obsequious commons obeyed his directions, though flumpled on so frivolous a pretence; and the king, having joined the royal assent to the bill by common sioners, issued orders for the execution of Norfolk on the morning of the twenty-ninth of January. But news being carried to the Tower, that the king himself had expired that night, the lieutenant deferred obeying the warrant; and it was not thought advisable by the council to begin a new reign by the death of the greatest nobleman in the kingdom, who had been condemned by a sentence so unjust and tyrannical.

The king's health had long been in a declining state; but for several days all those near him plainly saw his end approaching. He was become so fioward, that no one durst inform him of his condition; and as some persons during this reign had suffered as traitors for foretelling the king's death, every one was afraid lest in the transports of his fury he might, on this point, punish capitally the author of such friendly intelligence. At last Sir Anthony Deeny ventured to disclose to him the fatal secret, and exhorted him to prepare for the fate which was awaiting him. He expressed his resignation; and desired that Crommer might be sent for. But before the prelate arrived he was speechless, though he still seemed to retain his senses. Crommer desired him to give some sign of his dying in the faith of Christ; he squeezed the prelate's hand, and immediately expired, after a reign of thirty-seven years and nine months; and in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

It is difficult to give a just summary of this prince's qualities. He was so different from himself in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by lord Herbert, his history is his best character and description. The absolute uncontrolled authority which he maintained at home, and the regard which he acquired among foreign nations, are circumstances which entitle him in some degree to the appellation of a *great* prince; while his tyranny and barbarity exclude him from the character of a *good* one. He possessed, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exercising dominion over men, courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though these qualities, by not always, under the guidance of a regular and solid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts and an extensive capacity; and every one dreaded a contest with a man who was known never to yield or to forgive, and who, in every controversy was determined either to ruin him self or his antagonist. A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature: violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice. But neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was he at intervals altogether destitute of virtue: he was sincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable at least of a temporary friendship and attachment. In this respect he was unfortunate, that the incidents of his reign served to display his faults in their full light: the treatment which he met with from the court of Rome provoked him to violence; the danger of a revolt from his superstitious subjects, seemed to require the most extreme severity. But it must at the same time be acknowledged, that his situation tended to throw an additional lustre on what was great and magnanimous in his character. The emulation between the emperor and the French king rendered his alliance, notwithstanding his impolitic conduct, of great importance in

Europe : the extensive powers of his prerogative, and the submissive, not to say slavish disposition of his parliaments, made it the more easy for him to assume and maintain that entire dominion, by which his reign is so much distinguished in the English history.

It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their hatred : he seems even in some degree to have possessed to the last their love and affection. His exterior qualities were advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude : his magnificence and personal bravery rendered him illustrious in vulgar eyes : and it may be said with truth, that the English in that age were so thoroughly subdued that like eastern slaves they were inclined to admire those acts of violence and tyranny which were exercised over themselves, and at their own expence.

104.—CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

From 'Styve's Memorials.'

As we have given some character of the king, so here shall follow another of the people : of whom take this account, as it seems they were about the latter end of the king's reign. Both the gentry and the clergy grew extreme covetous. As for the lay-sort, they fell to raising their old rents, turned their arable into pasture for grazing sheep, and enclosed commons, to the great oppression of the poor. This may be best understood by reading what one writes who lived in those days. "How do the rich men, and especially such as be sheep-mongers, oppress the king's liege people, by devouring their common pastures with their sheep. So that the poor people are not able to keep a cow for the comfort of them and of their poor families, but are like to starve and perish for hunger, if there be not provisions made shortly. What sheep ground scapeth these caterpillars of the common weal. How swarm they with abundance of flocks of sheep ; and yet when was wool ever so dear, or mutton of so great price ? If these sheepmongers go forth as they begin, the people shall both miserably die for cold, and wretchedly perish for hunger. For these greedy wolves, and cumberous cormorants, will either sell their wool and their sheep at their own price, or else they will sell none. O ! what a diversity is this in the sale of wools ? A stone of wool sometime to be sold at eight groats, and now for eight shillings ; and so likewise of the sheep. God have mercy on us." And a little after : "Rich men were never so much estranged from all pity and compassion towards the poor people, as they be at this present time. They devour the people as it were a morsel of bread. If any piece of ground delight their eye, they must needs have it, other by hook or by crook. If the poor man will not satisfy their covetous desires, he is sure to be molested, troubled and disquieted in such sort, that whether he will or not, (though both he, the careful wife, and miserable children with the whole family, perish for hunger), he shall forego it, or else it were as good for him to live among the furies of hell, as to dwell by those rich earles and covetous churles."

There was another evil these rich men were guilty of ; namely, of depopulating towns, by letting houses and cottages fall down to the ground, or pulling them down. They got many houses and tenements into their hands, yea, whole townships sometimes ; and then they would suffer them to go to utter decay and ruin : by which means whole towns became desolate, and like to a wilderness, no man dwelling there, except it were a shepherd and his dog. Insomuch, that the before-mentioned author said, "That he himself knew many towns and villages sore decayed : so

that, whereas in times past, there were in some towns an hundred households, now there remained not thirty ; in some fifty, there were not then ten ; yea, which was more to be lamented, some towns so wholly decayed, that there was neither stick nor stone standing, as they use to say. Where many men had good livings, and maintained hospitality : able at all times to help the king in his wars, and to sustain other charges ; able also to help their poor neighbors, and vertuously to bring up their children in godly letters and good sciences, now sheep and calves devour altogether, no man inhabiting the foresaid places. So that, he addeth, those beasts which were bred of God for the nourishment of man, do now devour man. And since gentlemen began to be sheep-masters, and feeders of cattle, the poor had neither victual nor cloth at any reasonable price. For those forestallers of the market had gotten all things so into their hands, that the poor even must either buy it at their price, or else miserably starve for hunger, and die for cold. They abhorred the names of monks, friars, canons, nuns, &c. : but their goods they greedily griped. And yet, where the cloisters kept hospitality, let out their farms at a reasonable price, nourished schools, brought up youth in good letters, they did none of all these things. They lightly esteemed, and in a manner contemned the priests, parsons, vicars, prebendaries, &c. Yet their possessions they gladly embraced, and niggardly retained. So that now they were become in effect, saith he, though not in name, very monks, friars, canons, priests, parsons, vicars, prebendaries, and at the last, what not ? And yet how vainly those goods be spent, who seeth not ?”

As for the spiritual men, they affected mightily courtly living, and taking their pleasure ; little residence upon their benefices, and less hospitality. “ God commandeth, saith the same author, thythes to be paid ; but for what cause ? That the ministers should spend them in the court, or at the university, or in keeping of hawks or dogs, or in maintaining a sort of idle, valiant lubbers, and do nothing but consume the good fruits of the earth ? Nay, verily, but that there should be meat in his house. For the parsonage, or vicarage, is God’s house.” The vast number of priests made them contemptible : for there were mass-priest, *dirige*-priests, chantry-priests, sacrificing-priests, as the author of the *Defence of Priests Marriage* reckons them up, and tells us, that *Pighius* in his Book of *Controversies*, complaining of the contempt of priests, attributes the same to the great swarm and multitude of them, over many. The great neglect of their parishes added also to their disrepute : for they made them only serve as means to accumulate wealth to themselves, without any conscience to discharge their duties there. For they for the most part followed divers trades and occupations secular : some were surveyors of lands, some receivers, some stewards, some clerks of the kitchen, many gardeners, and orchard-makers. And commonly this was the trade, the better benefice, and the cure the more, the seldomer was the parson or vicar resident at home. If they wanted now and then sermons to be preached in their churches, they got friars to do it for them. Or as the author above mentioned expressed it, “ If any of them thought for manners sake to have some sermons in their cures, they had friars at their hand ready to supply such parts at their pleasure.”

165.—BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

James V. was nephew to Henry VIII. of England, being a son of Margaret, sister of that monarch. Thus connexion, and perhaps the policy of Henry, who was aware that it was better for both countries that they should remain at peace together, prevented for several years the renewal of the destructive wars between the two divisions of the island. The good understanding would probably have been still more complete, had it not been for the great and general change in religious matters, called in history the Reformation. I must give you some idea of the nature of this alteration, otherwise you cannot understand the consequences to which it led.

After the death of our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, the doctrine which he preached was planted in Rome, the principal city of the great Roman empire, by the Apostle Peter, as it is said, whom the Catholics, therefore, term the first bishop of Rome. In process of time, the bishops of Rome, who succeeded, as they said, the apostle in his office, claimed an authority over all others in Christendom. Good and well-meaning persons, in their reverence for the religion which they had adopted, admitted these pretensions without much scrutiny. As the Christian religion was more widely received, the emperors and kings who embraced it, thought to distinguish their piety by heaping benefits on the Church, and on the bishops of Rome in particular, who at length obtained great lands and demesnes as temporal princes; while, in their character of clergymen, they assumed the title of Popes, and the full and exclusive authority over all other clergymen in the Christian world. As the people of those times were extremely ignorant, any little knowledge which remained was to be found among the clergy, who had some leisure to study; while the laity, that is, all men who were not clergymen, learned little, excepting to till, fight, and feast. The Popes of Rome, having established themselves as heads of the Church, went on, by degrees, introducing into the simple and beautiful system delivered to us in the gospel, other doctrines, many of them inconsistent with, or contradictory of, pure Christianity, and all of them tending to extend the power of the priests over the minds and consciences of other men. It was not difficult for the popes to make these alterations. For as they asserted that they were the visible successors of Saint Peter, they pretended that they were as infallible as the apostle himself, and that all that they published in their ordinances, which they called Bulls, must be believed by all christian men, as much as if the same had been enjoined in the holy Scripture itself. We shall notice two or three of these innovations.

Some good men, in an early age of Christianity, had withdrawn from the world to worship God in desert and desolate places. They wrought for their bread, gave alms to the poor, spent their leisure in the exercise of devotion, and were justly respected. But by degrees, as well-meaning persons bestowed great sums to support associations of such holy men, bequeathed lands to the monasteries or convents in which they lived, and made them wealthy, the monks, as they were called, departed from the simplicity of their order, and neglected the virtues which they undertook to practise. Besides, by the extravagant endowments of these convents, great sums of money and large estates were employed in maintaining a useless set of men, who, under pretence of performing devotional exercises, withdrew themselves from the business of the world, and from all domestic duties. Hence, though there continued to be amongst the monks many good, pious, and learned men, idleness and luxury invaded many of the institutions, and corrupted both their doctrines and their morals.

The worship also of saints, for which Scripture gives us no warrant whatever, was

introduced in those ignorant times. It is natural we should respect the memory of any remarkably good man, and that we should value anything which has belonged to him. The error lay in carrying this natural veneration to extremity, in worshipping the relics of a saintly character, such as locks of hair, bones, articles of clothing, and other trumpery, and in believing that such things are capable of curing sickness, or of working other miracles shocking to common sense. Yet the Roman Church opened the way to this absurdity, and imputed to these relics, which were often a mere imposture, the power, which God alone possesses, of altering those laws of nature which his wisdom has appointed. The popes also encouraged and enjoined the worship of saints, that is, the souls of holy men deceased, as a sort of subordinate deities, whose intercession may avail us before the throne of God, although the gospel has expressly declared that our Lord Jesus Christ is our only mediator. And in virtue of this opinion not only were the Virgin Mary, the apostles, and almost every other person mentioned in the gospels, erected by the Roman Catholics into the office of intercessors with the Deity, but numerous others, some of them mere names, who never existed as men, were canonized, as it was called, that is, declared by the pope to be saints, and had altars and churches dedicated to them. Pictures also and statues, representing these alleged holy persons, were exhibited in churches, and received the worship, which ought not, according to the second commandment, to be rendered to any idol or graven image.

Other doctrines there were, about fasting on particular days, and abstaining from particular kinds of food, all of which were gradually introduced into the Roman Catholic faith, though contrary to the gospel.

But the most important innovation, and that by which the priests made most money, was the belief, that the Church, or, in other words, the priest, had the power of pardoning such sins as were confessed to him, upon the culprit's discharging such penance as the priest imposed on him. Every person was, therefore, obliged to confess himself to a priest, if he hoped to have his sins pardoned; and the priest enjoined certain kinds of penance, more or less severe, according to the circumstances of the offence. But, in general, these penances might be excused, providing a corresponding sum of money were paid to the Church, which possessed thus a perpetual and most lucrative source of income, which was yet more increased by the belief in Purgatory.

We have no right, from Scripture, to believe in the existence of any intermediate state betwixt that of happiness, which we call heaven, to which good men have access immediately after death, or that called hell, being the place of eternal punishment, to which the wicked are consigned with the devil and his angels. But the Catholic priests imagined the intervention of an intermediate state, called purgatory. They supposed that many, or indeed that most people, were not of such piety as to deserve immediate admission into a state of eternal happiness, until they should have sustained a certain portion of punishment; but yet were not so wicked as to deserve instant and eternal condemnation. For the benefit of these, they invented the intermediate situation of purgatory, a place of punishment, to which almost every one, not doomed to hell itself, was consigned for a greater or less period, in proportion to his sins, before admission into a state of happiness. But here lay the stress of the doctrine. The power was in the Church to obtain pardon, by prayer, for the souls who were in purgatory, and to have the gates of that place of torture opened for their departure sooner than would otherwise have taken place. Men, therefore, whose consciences told them that they deserved a long abode in this place of punishment, left liberal sums to the Church to have prayers said for the behoof of their souls. Children, in like manner, procured masses, (that is, a

particular sort of devotional worship practised by Catholics) to be said for the souls of their deceased parents. Widows did the same for their departed husbands—husbands for their wives. All these masses and prayers could only be obtained by money, and all this money went to the priests.

But the pope and his clergy carried the matter still farther; and not only sold, as they pretended, the forgiveness of heaven, to those who had committed sins, but also granted them (always for money) a liberty to break through the laws of God and the Church. These licences were called indulgences, because those who purchased them were indulged in the privilege of committing irregularities and vice, without being supposed answerable to the divine wrath.

To support this extraordinary fabric of superstition, the pope assumed the most extensive powers, even to the length of depriving kings of their thrones, by his sentence of excommunication, which declared their subjects free from their oath of allegiance, and at liberty to rise up against their sovereign and put him to death. At other times the pope took it upon him to give the kingdoms of the excommunicated prince to some ambitious neighbour. The rule of the Church of Rome was as severe over inferior persons as over princes. If a layman read the Bible, he was accounted guilty of a great offence; for the priests well knew that a perusal of the Sacred Scriptures would open men's eyes to their extravagant pretensions. If an individual presumed to disbelieve any of the doctrines which the Church of Rome taught, or to entertain any which were inconsistent with these doctrines, he was tried as a heretic, and subjected to the horrible punishment of being burnt alive; and this penalty was inflicted without mercy for the slightest expressions approaching to what the papists called heresy.

This extraordinary and tyrannical power over men's consciences was usurped during those ages of European history which are called dark, because men were at that period without the light of learning and information. But the discovery of the art of printing began, in the fifteenth century, to open men's minds. The Bible, which had been locked up in the hands of the clergy, then became common, and was generally read; and wise and good men, in Germany and Switzerland, made it their study to expose the errors and corruptions of the See of Rome. The doctrine of saint-worship was shown to be idolatrous, that of pardons and indulgences, a foul encouragement to vice; that of purgatory, a cunning means of extorting money; and the pretensions of the pope to infallibility, a blasphemous assumption of the attributes proper to God alone. These new opinions were termed the doctrines of the Reformers, and those who embraced them became gradually more and more numerous. The Roman Catholic priests attempted to defend the tenets of their Church by argument; but as that was found difficult, they endeavoured, in most countries of Europe, to enforce them by violence. But the reformers found protection in various parts of Germany. Their numbers seemed to increase rather than diminish, and to promise a great revolution in the Christian world.

Henry VIII., the king of England, was possessed of some learning, and had a great disposition to show it in this controversy. Being, in the earlier part of his reign, sincerely attached to the Church of Rome, he wrote a book in defence of its doctrines, against Martin Luther, one of the principal reformers. The pope was so much gratified by this display of zeal, that he conferred on the king the appellation of Defender of the Faith; a title which Henry's successors continue to retain, although in a very different sense from that in which it was granted.

Now Henry, you must know, was married to a very good princess, named Catherine, who was a daughter of the King of Spain, and sister to the emperor of Germany. She had been, in her youth, contracted to Henry's elder brother Arthur.

but that prince dying, and Henry becoming heir of the throne, his union with Catherine had taken place. They had lived long together, and Catherine had borne a daughter, Mary, who was the natural heir apparent of the English crown. But at length Henry VIII. fell deeply in love with a beautiful young woman, named Anne Boleyn, a maid of honour in the queen's retinue, and he became extremely desirous to get rid of Queen Catherine, and marry this young lady. For this purpose he applied to the pope, in order to obtain a divorce from the good queen, under pretence of her having been contracted to his elder brother before he was married to her. This, he alleged, seemed to him like marrying his brother's wife, and therefore he desired that the pope would dissolve a marriage, which, as he alleged, gave much pain to his conscience. The truth was, that his conscience would have given him very little disturbance, had he not wanted to marry another, a younger and more beautiful woman.

The pope would have, probably, been willing enough to gratify Henry's desire, at least his predecessors had granted greater favours to men of less consequence; but then Catherine was the sister of Charles V., who was at once emperor of Germany, and king of Spain, and one of the wisest, as well as the most powerful, princes in Christendom. The pope, who depended much on Charles's assistance for checking the Reformation, dared not give him the great offence, which would have been occasioned by encouraging his sister's divorce. His Holiness, therefore, evaded giving a precise answer to the king of England from day to day, week to week, and year to year. But this led to a danger which the pope had not foreseen.

Henry VIII., a hot, fiery, and impatient prince as ever lived, finding that the pope was trifling with him, resolved to shake off his authority entirely. For this purpose he denied the authority of the pope in England, and declared, that he himself was the only head of the English church, and that the bishop of Rome had nothing to do with him, or his dominions. Many of the bishops and clergymen of the English Church adopted the Reformed doctrines, and all disowned the supreme rule, hitherto ascribed to the pope.

But the greatest blow to the papal authority was the dissolution of the monasteries, or religious houses, as they were called. The king seized on the convents, and the lands granted for their endowment, and, distributing the wealth of the convents among the great men of his court, broke up for ever those great establishments, and placed an insurmountable obstacle in the way of the Catholic religion being restored, after the interest of so many persons had been concerned in its being excluded.

The motive of Henry VIII.'s conduct was by no means praiseworthy, but it produced the most important and salutary consequences; as England was for ever afterwards, except during the short reign of his eldest daughter, freed from all dependance upon the pope, and from the superstitious doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion.

Now here, returning to Scottish history, you must understand that one of Henry's principal wishes was to prevail upon his nephew, the young king of Scotland, to make the same alteration of religion in his country, which had been introduced into England. Henry, if we can believe the Scottish historians, made James the most splendid offers, to induce him to follow this course. He proposed to give him the hand of his daughter Mary in marriage, and to create him duke of York; and, with a view to the establishment of a lasting peace between the countries, he earnestly desired a personal meeting with his nephew in the north of England.

There is reason to believe that James was, at one period, somewhat inclined to the Reformed doctrines; at least, he encouraged a Scottish poet, called Sir David

Lindsay of the Mount, and also the celebrated scholar, George Buchanan, in composing some severe satires against the corruptions of the Roman Catholic religion; but the king was, notwithstanding, by no means disposed altogether to fall off from the Church of Rome. He dreaded the power of England, and the rough, violent, and boisterous manners of Henry, who disgusted his nephew by the imprudent violence with which he pressed him to imitate his steps. But, in particular, James found the necessity of adhering to the Roman Catholic faith, from the skill, intelligence, and learning of the clergy, which rendered them far more fit to hold offices of state, and to assist him in administering the public business, than the Scottish nobility, who were at once profoundly ignorant, and fierce, arrogant, and ambitious in the highest degree.

The archbishop Beaton, and his nephew David Beaton, who was afterwards made a cardinal, rose high in James's favour; and, no doubt, the influence which they possessed over the king's mind was exerted to prevent his following the example of his uncle Henry in religious affairs.

The same influence might also induce him to seek an alliance with France, rather than with England; for it was natural that the catholic clergy, with whom James advised, should discountenance, by every means in their power, any approaches to an intimate alliance with Henry, the mortal enemy of the Papal See. James V. accordingly visited France, and obtained the hand of Magdalen, the daughter of Francis I., with a large portion. Much joy was expressed at the landing of this princess at Leith, and she was received with as great splendour and demonstration of welcome, as the poverty of the country would permit. But the young queen was in a bad state of health, and died within forty days of her marriage.

After the death of this princess, the king, still inclining to the French alliance, married Mary of Guise, daughter of the Duke of Guise, thus connecting himself with a family, proud, ambitious, and attached, in the most bigoted degree, to the catholic cause. This connexion served, no doubt, to increase James's disinclination to any changes in the established church.

But whatever were the sentiments of the sovereign, those of the subjects were gradually tending more and more towards a reformation of religion. Scotland at this time possessed several men of learning who had studied abroad, and had there learned and embraced the doctrines of the great reformer Calvin. They brought with them, on their return, copies of the Holy Scripture, and could give a full account of the controversy between the protestants, as they are now called, and the Roman Catholic church. Many among the Scots, both of higher and lower rank, became converts to the new faith.

The Popish ministers and counsellors of the king ventured to have recourse to violence, in order to counteract these results. Several persons were seized upon, tried before the spiritual courts of the bishop of St. Andrews, and condemned to the flames. The modesty and decency with which these men behaved on their trials, and the patience with which they underwent the tortures of a cruel death, protesting at the same time their belief in the doctrines for which they had been condemned to the stake, made the strongest impression on the beholders, and increased the confidence of those who had embraced the tenets of the reformers. Stricter and more cruel laws were made against heresy. Even the disputing the power of the pope was punished with death; yet the reformation seemed to gain ground in proportion to every effort to check it.

The favours which the king extended to the Catholic clergy, led the Scottish nobility to look upon them with jealousy, and increased their inclination towards the Protestant doctrines. The wealth of the abbeys and convents, also, tempted

many of the nobles and gentry, who hoped to have a share of the church lands, in case of these institutions being dissolved, as in England. And although there were, doubtless, good men as well as bad among the monks, yet the indolent, and even debauched lives of many of the order, rendered them, generally, odious and contemptible to the common people.

106.—EDWARD VI., AND THE ANNALS OF HIS REIGN.

From the 'Penny Cyclopædia.'

Edward VI., the only son of Henry VIII. who survived him, was born at Hampton Court 12th October, 1537. His mother, queen Jane Seymour, died on the twelfth day after giving him birth. The child had three stepmothers in succession after this; but he was probably not much an object of attention with any of them. Sir John Hayward, who has written the history of his life and reign with great fulness, says that he 'was brought up among nurses until he arrived to the age of six years.' He was then committed to the care of Dr. (afterwards Sir Anthony) Cooke, and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Cheke, the former of whom appears to have undertaken his instruction in philosophy and divinity, the latter in Greek and Latin. The prince made great proficiency under these able masters. Henry VIII. died at his palace at Westminster early in the morning of Friday the 20th of January, 1547; but it is remarkable that no announcement of his decease appears to have been made till Monday the 31st, although the parliament met and transacted business on the intervening Saturday. Edward, who was at Hatfield when the event happened, was brought thence in the first instance to the residence of his sister Elizabeth at Enfield, and from that place, on the 31st, to the Tower at London, where he was proclaimed the same day. The council now opened the will of the late king (executed on the 30th of December preceding), by which it was found that he had (according to the powers granted him by the acts 28 Hen. VIII. ch. 7, and 35 Hen. VIII. ch. 1) appointed sixteen persons under the name of executors, to exercise the powers of the government during the minority of his son. One of these, the king's maternal uncle, Edward Seymour, earl of Hertford, was immediately elected by the rest their president, and either received from them in this character, or assumed of his own authority, the titles of governor of his majesty, lord protector of all his realms, and lieutenant-general of all his armies. He was also created duke of Somerset, and soon after took to himself the office of lord high treasurer, and was further honoured by being made earl marshal for life. About the same time his brother, Sir Thomas Seymour, was created Baron Seymour of Sudley, and appointed lord high admiral. The elevation of Somerset had been opposed by the lord chancellor Wriothesley (now earl of Southampton); but the protector in a few weeks got rid of his further interference by taking advantage of an informality into which the earl had fallen in the execution of his office of chancellor, and frightening him into a resignation both of the seals and of his seat in the executive council.

The period of the administration of the protector Somerset forms the first of the two parts into which the reign of Edward VI. divides itself. The character of the protector has been the subject of much controversy; but opinions have differed rather as to the general estimate that is to be formed of him, or the balance of his merits and defects, than as to the particular qualities, good and bad, by which he was distinguished. It may be said to be admitted on all hands that he was a brave and able soldier, but certainly with no pretensions in that capacity to a humanity beyond his age; that as a statesman he was averse to measures of severity, and

fond of popular applause, but unstable, easily influenced by appeals either to his vanity or his fears, and without any fertility of resources, or political genius of a high order. It must be admitted also that he was both ambitious and rapacious in no ordinary degree. Add to all this, that with one of the two great parties that divided the country he had the merit, with the other the demerit, of being a patron of the new opinions in religion—and it becomes easy to understand the opposite feelings with which he was regarded in his own time, and the contradictory representations that have been given of him by party writers since.

One of the first acts of his administration was an expedition into Scotland, undertaken with the object of compelling the government of that country to fulfil the treaty entered into with Henry VIII. in 1543 for the marriage of the young queen Mary to Edward. The Scottish forces were signally defeated by the English protector at the battle of Pinkie, fought 10th September, 1547; but the state of politics, as bearing upon his personal interests in England, compelled Somerset to hasten back to the south without securing any of the advantages of his victory. He returned to Scotland in the summer of the following year; but he wholly failed in attaining any of the objects of the war. The young queen was conveyed to France; and the ascendancy of the French or Catholic party in the Scottish government was confirmed, and continued unbroken during all the rest of the reign of Edward.

Meanwhile great changes were effected in the domestic state of England. The renunciation of the supremacy of the pope, the dissolution of the religious houses, and the qualified allowance of the reading of the Scriptures in English, were the principal alterations in religion that had been made up to the death of the late king. Only a few months before the close of the reign of Henry, protestants as well as catholics had been burned in Smithfield. Under Somerset and the new king measures were immediately taken to establish protestantism as the religion of the state. Even before the meeting of parliament, the practice of reading the service in English was adopted in the royal chapel, and a visitation, appointed by the council, removed the images from the churches throughout the kingdom. Bishops Gardiner of Winchester and Bonner of London, who resisted these measures, were committed to the Fleet. The parliament met in November, when bills were passed allowing the cup to the laity, giving the nomination of bishops to the king, and enacting that all processes in the ecclesiastical courts should run in the king's name. The statute of the Six Articles, commonly called the Bloody Statute, passed in 1539, was repealed, along with various other acts of the preceding reign for the regulation of religion. By the parliament of 1548 the use of the Book of Common Prayer was established, and all laws prohibiting spiritual persons to marry were declared void. At the same time an act was passed (2 and 3 Ed. VI. c. 19) abolishing the old laws against eating flesh on certain days, but still enforcing the observance of the former practice by new penalties, 'the king's majesty,' says the preamble, 'considering that due and godly abstinence is a mean to virtue, and to subdue men's bodies to their soul and spirit, and considering also specially that fishers, and men using the trade of living by fishing in the sea, may thereby the rather be set on work, and that by eating of fish much flesh shall be saved and increased.'

But Somerset's path was now crossed by a new opponent, in the person of his own brother, Lord Seymour. That nobleman, equally ambitious with the protector, but of a much more violent and unscrupulous temper, is supposed to have, very soon after the king's accession, formed the design of disputing the supreme power with his brother. It is said to have been a notice of his intrigues that suddenly recalled Somerset from Scotland after the battle of Pinkie. The crime of Seymour

does not appear to have gone farther than caballing against his brother ; but Somerset contrived to represent it as amounting to high treason. On this charge he was consigned to the Tower : a bill attainting him was brought into the House of Lords, and read a first time on the 25th of February, 1549 ; it was passed unanimously on the 27th. The accused was not heard in his own defence, nor were any witnesses examined against him ; the House proceeded simply on the assurance of his brother, and of other members of the council, that he was guilty. The bill was afterwards passed, with little hesitation, by the House of Commons ; it received the royal assent on the 14th of March ; and on the 20th Lord Seymour was beheaded on Tower-hill, with his last breath solemnly protesting his innocence.

During the summer of this year the kingdom was disturbed by formidable insurrections of the populace in Somerset, Lincoln, Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Devon, Cornwall, and especially in Norfolk, where a tanner of the name of Kett opposed the government at the head of a body of 20,000 followers. The dearth of provisions, the lowness of wages, the enclosure of common fields, and in some places the abolition of the old religion, with its monasteries where the poor used to be fed, and its numerous ceremonies and holidays that used to gladden labour with so much relaxation and amusement, were the principal topics of the popular clamour. It is worth noticing that the agency of the press was on this occasion employed, probably for the first time, as an instrument of government. Holograph records that ' while these wicked commotions and tumults, through the rage of the indiscreet commons, were thus raised in sundry parts of the realm, sundry wholesome and godly exhortations were published, to advertise them of their duty and to lay before them their heinous offences.' Among them was a tract by Sir John Cheke, entitled ' The Hurt of Sedition, how grievous it is to a Commonwealth,' which is a very able and vigorous piece of writing. It was found necessary however to call another force into operation : the insurgents were not put down without much fighting and bloodshed ; and many of the rebels were executed after the suppression of the commotions. The institution of lords lieutenants of counties arose out of these disturbances.

A few months after these events brought Somerset's domination to a close. His new enemy, John Dudley, formerly Viscount Lisle, and now Earl of Warwick, the son of that Dudley whose name is infamous in history for his oppressions in the reign of the seventh Henry, had probably been watching his opportunity, and carefully maturing his designs against the protector, for a long time. It is supposed to have been through his dark and interested counsel that Somerset was chiefly impelled to take the course which he did against his brother ; Warwick's object was to destroy both, and he probably counted that by the admiral's death, and the part which the protector was made to take in it he both removed one formidable rival, and struck a fatal blow at the character and reputation of another. He himself meanwhile had been industriously accumulating popularity and power. He had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Pinkey, and in other passages of the Scotch war ; and it had been chiefly by him that the late insurrection in Norfolk had been so effectually quelled. The energy which he showed on this occasion was contrasted by the enemies of the protector with what they represented as the feebleness of the latter, who had, they contended, encouraged the insurrection by the hesitation and reluctance which he manifested, on the first threatenings of it, to take the necessary measures for putting it down. The protector had at this time incurred considerable odium by his lavish expenditure (out of the spoils, as it was said, of the church) on his new palace of Somerset House, and certain violations, both of public and of private rights of which he was accused of having been guilty.

in procuring the space and the materials for that magnificent structure. A cry was also raised against him on account of a proposition he had made in the council for a peace with France on the condition of resigning Boulogne for a sum of money. In the beginning of October he learned that measures were about to be immediately taken against him. In fact Warwick and his associates in the council had collected their armed retainers, and were now ready to employ force if other means should fail. They had retired from Hampton Court, where the king resided, and fixed themselves in London, where they had contrived to obtain possession of the Tower. Somerset, on the first notice of their proceedings, carried off the king to Windsor Castle, and shut himself up there as if with the intention of holding out; but he soon found himself nearly deserted by all; and after a few days the king himself was obliged to sanction the vote for his deposition passed by the majority of the council. On the 14th he was brought to London in custody, and sent to the Tower. From this moment Warwick, though without his title of protector, enjoyed his power. Somerset, reduced to insignificance by this usage, but especially by an abject submission which he made in the first moments of danger, was some time after this released from confinement, and was even allowed again to take his seat at the council-table; but he either engaged in designs to regain his lost place, or Warwick, now duke of Northumberland, and possessed almost of undivided power in the state, felt that he should not be quite secure so long as his old rival lived. An apparent reconciliation had been effected between the two, and ratified by the marriage of Warwick's eldest son to Somerset's daughter; but this connexion was no shelter to the overthrown protector: on the 1st of December, 1551, he was brought to trial before the high steward and a committee of the House of Lords, on charges both of high treason and of felony; he was convicted of the latter crime, and was executed on Tower-Hill, the 22nd January, 1552. He met his death with great manliness, and the popular sympathy was deeply excited in his favour, both by the feeling that, with some faults, he had fallen the victim of a much worse man than himself, and by the apprehension that in his destruction the great stay which had hitherto supported the Reformation in England was thrown down.

Warwick however (although at his death, a few years after this, he declared that he had always been a Catholic) did not feel himself strong enough to take any measures openly in favour of the ancient faith, opposed as he knew he would be in that course by the great mass of the nation. It is probable that he cared little which religion prevailed, so that he remained at the head of affairs. The government accordingly continued to be conducted in all respects nearly as it had heretofore been. In March 1550, a peace had been concluded with France, one of the articles stipulating for the surrender of Boulogne, the support of which very proposition had been made the principal charge against Somerset a few months before. In the following July another treaty between the two countries was signed at Amersfoort, by which it was agreed that the king of England should receive in marriage Elizabeth, the daughter of the king of France. Meanwhile at home the matter of religion continued to be treated by the new government much as it had been by the old. No Roman Catholics were put to death during this reign, though many were fined, imprisoned, and otherwise not capitally punished; but on the 2nd of May, 1550, an unfortunate fanatic, Joan Becher, commonly called Joan of Kent, was burnt for certain opinions considered to be neither Catholic nor Protestant, in conformity with a warrant extorted by Cranmer from the king about a year before; and on the 2nd of May, 1551, an eminent surgeon, named Von Panis, of Dutch extraction, but resident in London, paid the same penalty for his adherence to a similar heresy. Bishop Bonner was deprived of his see in September, 1549; Gardiner, in January,

1551; and Day of Chichester, and Heath of Worcester, in October of the same year. The forty-two articles of belief, afterwards reduced to thirty-three, were promulgated in the early part of this year.

In April, 1552, Edward was attacked by small-pox; and, although he recovered from that disease, the debility in which it left him produced other complaints, which ere long began to assume an alarming appearance. By the beginning of the following year he was very ill. Northumberland now lost no time in arranging his plans for bringing the crown into his own family. In May his son Lord Guildford Dudley married the Lady Jane Grey, the eldest daughter of the duchess of Suffolk, who was herself the eldest daughter, by her second marriage with Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, of Mary Tudor, the ex-queen of France, and the daughter of Henry VII., upon whose descendants Henry VIII. had by his will settled the crown on failure of the lines of his son Edward and of his daughters Mary and Elizabeth. This settlement, it is to be remembered, had been made by Henry under the express authority of an act of parliament, which empowered him to dispose of the kingdom to whomsoever he chose, on failure of his three children. Northumberland now applied himself to induce Edward to make a new settlement excluding Mary and Elizabeth, who had both been declared illegitimate by parliament, and to nominate Lady Jane Grey (in whose favour her mother the duchess of Suffolk, still alive, agreed to renounce her claim) as his immediate successor.

The interest of the Protestant religion, which it was argued would be more secure with a sovereign on the throne whose attachment to the principles of the Reformation was undoubted, and upon whose birth there was no stain, than if the succession were left to be disputed between the king's two sisters, one of whom was a bigoted Catholic, and the legitimacy of either of whom almost implied the illegitimacy of the other, is believed to have been the chief consideration that was urged upon the dying prince. Edward at all events was brought over to his minister's views. On the 11th of June, Montague, the chief justice of the Common Pleas, and two of his brethren, were sent for to Greenwich, and desired to draw up a settlement of the crown upon the Lady Jane. After some hesitation they agreed, on the 14th, to comply with the king's commands, on his assurance that a parliament should be immediately called to ratify what was done. When the settlement was drawn up, an engagement to maintain it was subscribed by fifteen lords of the council and nine of the judges. Edward sunk rapidly after this, and lived only till the evening of the 6th of July, when he expired at Greenwich. His death, however, was concealed for two days, and it was not till the 9th that Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed.

Edward VI. is stated by the famous Jerome Cardan, who was brought to see him in his last illness, to have spoken both French and Latin with perfect readiness and propriety, and to have been also master of Greek, Italian, and Spanish. In his conversation with Cardan, which the latter has preserved, he showed an intelligence and dexterity which appear to have rather puzzled the philosopher. Walpole has set him down among his royal authors on the strength of his 'Diary,' printed by Burnet in his History of the Reformation, and the original of which is still preserved among the Cottonian manuscripts; a lost comedy which is attributed to him; some Latin epistles and orations, of which specimens are given by Strype; a translation into French of several passages of scripture, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; a tract in French against popery, entitled, 'L'Encontre des abus du monde;' and a few other productions of a similar kind which have not been printed.

The act of the 1st Edward VI. gave to the king all the colleges, free-chapels, chauntries, hospitals, &c., which were not in the possession of his father by the

act passed in the 37th year of Henry's reign. This act was much abused; for though one professed object of it was the encouragement of learning, many places of learning were actually suppressed under it. The king, however, afterwards founded a considerable number of grammar-schools, which still exist and are popularly known as King Edward's Schools.

167.—SONNETS.

WORDSWORTH.

EDWARD VI.

"Sweet is the holiness of youth"—so felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer when he framed the lay
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
 Hadst thou, loved Baird ' whose spirit often dwelt
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy
 For universal Christendom had thrilled
 Thy heart ' What hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning star)
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar !

REVIVAL OF POPERY

Melts into silent shades the youth, discrowned
 By unrelenting Death O People keen
 For change, to whom the new looks always green '
 They cast, they cast with joy upon the ground
 Their Gods of wood and stone, and, at the sound
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen queen '
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound
 Of the Most High Again do they invoke
 The Creature, to the Creature glory give ;
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke
 Like those the Heathen served ; and mass is sung ;
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
 Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

168.—THE REIGN OF MARY.

[PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA.]

Mary I. Queen of England, was the daughter of Henry VIII., by his first wife Catharine of Aragon, and was born at Greenwich, on the 18th (Burnet says 19th) of February, 1516. She was the only one of several children borne by her mother that lived; and on this account, according to Burnet, and because her father was then "out of hopes of more children," he in 1518 "declared his daughter princess of Wales, and sent her to Ludlow to hold her court there, and projected divers matches for her." It was first settled that she should be married to the dauphin by a treaty with the king of France, dated 9th November, 1518, which however was soon after broken. Then it was arranged, 22nd June, 1522, that her hand should be given to the emperor Charles V. On Charles declining to fulfil this bargain, some overtures of a Scottish marriage followed in September, 1524. Finally, in April, 1527, it was agreed that the princess should be given in marriage either to the French king Francis, or to his second son, the duke of Orleans; but before it was determined whether she should be married to the father or the son, the affair of her mother's divorce, implying her own illegitimacy, came to be agitated, and stopped all match-making for some years.

Mary was brought up from her infancy in a strong attachment to the ancient religion, under the care of her mother, and Margaret, countess of Salisbury, the effect of whose instructions was not impaired by the subsequent lessons of the learned Ludovicus Vives, who, though somewhat inclined to the reformed opinions, was appointed by Henry to be her Latin tutor. After her mother's divorce, Mary was deprived of her title of princess of Wales, which was transferred to the princess Elizabeth soon after she came into the world; and during all the time that Anne Boleyn lived, Mary, who clung to her mother's cause and her own, remained in a state of estrangement from her father. In the mean time, according to Lord Herbert, negotiations for disposing of her in marriage were twice entered into by her near relation the emperor, without her father's consent having been asked; in 1533 he offered her to James V. of Scotland, and in 1535 to her old suitor the dauphin. But immediately after the execution of Queen Anne in 1536, a reconciliation took place between Henry and his eldest daughter, who, with great reluctance, was now prevailed upon to make a formal acknowledgement both of Henry's ecclesiastical supremacy—utterly refusing "the bishop of Rome's pretended authority, power, and jurisdiction within this realm heretofore usurped"—and of the nullity of the marriage of her father and mother, which she declared was "by God's law and man's law incestuous and unlawful." (See the "Confession of me, the Lady Mary," as printed by Burnet, "Hist. Ref.," from the original, "all written with her own hand.") By the new act of succession, however, passed this year, she was again, as well as her sister Elizabeth, declared illegitimate, and for ever excluded from claiming the inheritance of the crown as the king's lawful heir by lineal descent. While she was thus circumstanced, "excluded," as Lord Herbert expresses it, "by act of parliament from all claim to the succession except such as the king shall give her" by the powers reserved to him of nominating his own successor after failure of the issue of Queen Jane, or of any other queen whom he might afterwards marry, she was in 1538 offered to Don Louis, prince of Portugal, and the next year to William, son of the duke of Cleves. Meanwhile continuing to yield an outward conformity to all her father's capricious movements in the matter of religion, she so far succeeded in regaining his favour, that in the new act of succession, passed in 1544, the inheritance to the crown was expressly secured to her.

next after her brother Edward and his heirs, and any laws the king might have by his then wife Catherine Parr.

Mary's compliance with the innovations in religion in her father's time had been ~~caused~~ merely by fear or self-interest; and when, after the accession of her brother, his ministers proceeded to place the whole doctrine, as well as discipline, of the national church upon a new foundation, she openly refused to go along with them; nor could all their persuasions and threats, aided by those of her brother himself, move her from her ground. Full details of the various attempts that were made to prevail upon her may be found in Burnet's "History," and in King Edward's "Journal." Mention is made in the latter, under date of April 1549, of a demand for the hand of the Lady Mary by the Duke of Brunswick, who was informed by the council that "there was talk for her marriage with the infant of Portugal, which being determined, he should have answer." About the same time it is noted that "whereas the emperor's ambassador desired leave, by letters patents, that my Lady Mary might have mass, it was denied him." On the 18th of March of the following year, the king writes: "The Lady Mary, my sister, came to me at Westminster, where, after salutations, she was called, with my council, into a chamber; where was declared how long I had suffered her mass, in hope of her reconciliation, and how now being no hope, which I perceived by her letters, except I saw some short amendment, I could not bear it. She answered, that her soul was God's, and her faith she would not change, nor dissemble her opinion with contrary doings. It was said, I constrained not her faith, but wished her not as a king to rule, but as a subject to obey; and that her example might breed too much inconvenience." In fact throughout this reign the princess Mary was the centre of the intrigues of the Catholic party, and the hope of her succession their main strength and support. In the summer of this same year a project was entered into by her friends at home and abroad for removing her from England, where her faith at least, if not her person, was probably supposed to be in some danger. On the 29th of August, her brother writes: "Certain pinnaces were prepared to see that there should be no conveyance over sea of the Lady Mary secretly done. Also appointed that the lord chancellor, lord chamberlain, the vice-chamberlain, and the secretary Petre should see by all means they could whether she used the mass; and if she did, that the laws should be executed on her chaplains."

Mary's firm adherence to the Roman faith finally induced Edward, under the interested advice of his minister Northumberland, to attempt at the close of his life to exclude her from the succession, and to make over the crown by will to the Lady Jane Grey, an act which was certainly without any shadow of legal force. Although Lady Jane however was actually proclaimed, scarcely any resistance was made to the accession of Mary, the commencement of whose reign accordingly is dated from the 6th of July, 1553, the day of her brother's death.

Mary was scarcely seated on the throne, when she proceeded to re-establish the ancient religion. In the course of the month of August, Bonner, Gardiner, and three other bishops, who had been deposed for nonconformity in the late reign, were restored to their sees, and the mass began again to be celebrated in many churches. In the following month archbishop Cranmer and bishop Latimer were committed to the Tower; and in November the parliament passed an act repealing all the laws, being in number, relating to religion, that had been passed in the late reign, and restoring the church in the same position in which it had stood at the death of Henry VIII. These measures, and the other indications given by the queen, of a determination to be completely reconciled with Rome, were followed by the restoration, generally known as that of the "Ancient Constitution," of Cardinal Beaufort, which took place in the end of January, 1554, and was the last great event

any but her own expression being signalled by the straggles of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey and her husband the Lord Guildford Dudley, of her father and uncle of Suffolk and finally, of that himself.

On the 6th of July, Mary was married in the cathedral church of Winchester to the prince of Spain, afterwards Philip II., the son of the emperor Charles V., and the reunion of the kingdoms was speedily completed by a parliament which assembled in the beginning of November, and which passed acts repealing the statutes of Cardinal Pole, who immediately after arrived in England with the dignity of papal legate, restoring the authority of the pope, repealing all laws made against the see of Rome since the 30th of Henry VIII., reviving the ancient statutes against heresy, and in short re-establishing the whole national system of religious policy as it had existed previous to the first innovations made by Henry VIII. By one of the acts of this session of parliament also Philip was authorised to take the title of king of England during the queen's life. All these acts appear to have been passed with scarcely any debate or opposition in either house, except occasionally upon mere points of detail and form.

The remainder of the history of the reign of Mary is occupied chiefly with the sanguinary persecutions of the adherents to the reformed doctrines. The Protestant writers reckon that about two hundred and eighty victims perished at the stake, from the 4th of February, 1555, on which day John Rogers was burnt at Smithfield, to the 10th of November, 1558, when the last *auto-da-fé* of the reign took place by the execution in the same manner of three men and two women at Colchester. Dr. Lingard admits that after expunging from the Protestant lists "the names of all who were condemned as felons or traitors, or who died peaceably in their beds, or who survived the publication of their martyrdom, or who would for their heterodoxy have been sent to the stake by the reformed prelates themselves, had they been in possession of the power," and making every other reasonable allowance, it will still be found "that in the space of four years almost two hundred persons perished in the flames for religious opinion." Among the most distinguished sufferers were Hooper bishop of Gloucester, Ferrar of St. David's, Latimer of Worcester, Ridley of London, and Cranmer archbishop of Canterbury. Gardiner, bishop of Winchester and lord chancellor, was Mary's chief minister till his death in November, 1555, after which the direction of affairs fell mostly into the hands of Cardinal Pole, who after Cranmer's deposition was made archbishop of Canterbury; but the notorious Bonner, Ridley's successor in the see of London, has the credit of having been the principal instigator of these atrocities, which, it may be remarked, so far from contributing to put down the reformed doctrines, appear to have had a greater effect in disgusting the nation with the restored church than all other causes together.

At the same time that the new opinions in religion were thus attempted to be extinguished by committing the bodies of those who believed in them to the flames, the queen gave a further proof of the sincerity of her own faith by restoring to the church the tithes and first-fruits, with all the rectorics, glebe-lands, and tithes that had been granted to the crown in the times of her father and brother. She also re-established several of the old religious houses, and endowed them as liberally as her means enabled her.

After both of the country and of his wife, Philip left England, in the beginning of September, 1558, and continued absent for about a year and a half. The treaty by which this marriage attached the English court to Spain and the Empire remained the same as ever; and when, after a short cessation of hostilities, war recommenced in the spring of 1557 between Spain and France, Mary was again drawn into the quarrel against the latter power. The principal cause of the war was the claim of the French king to the throne of the Netherlands, which Philip II. claimed for himself, as the son of the late Charles V.

English continental possession, the town and territory of Calais, which surrendered to the duke of Guise, in January, 1558, after a siege of a few days. This event, which was regarded as a national disgrace worse than any mere loss, excited the bitterest feelings of dissatisfaction with the policy of the court; and Mary herself is said never to have recovered from the blow. Some ineffectual efforts were made to retaliate upon France by force of arms; but at last negotiations for a peace between the three belligerent powers were opened at Cambray, in the midst of which queen Mary died, worn out with bodily and mental suffering, on the 17th of November, 1558, in the forty-third year of her age and the sixth of her reign. She is affirmed to have said on her deathbed, that if her breast should be opened after her decease, Calais would be found to be written on her heart. Mary left no issue, and was succeeded on the throne by her half-sister Elizabeth.

169.—THE DEATH OF LADY JANE GREY.

HUME.

[Lady Jane Grey, born in 1537, was of the blood royal of England, being the great-granddaughter of Henry VII., whose daughter Mary married first Louis XII. of France, secondly Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by whom she had a daughter, Frances Brandon, married to Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset. Of this marriage Lady Jane Grey was the eldest daughter: there was no male issue. She was distinguished from childhood by her talents; and her acquirements were certainly, for her age, very unusual. Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, she spoke, and wrote with correctness and fluency; and she understood Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic. Great beauty, sweetness of temper, piety, and skill in the usual female accomplishments, combined to render her the delight of all, except her parents, whose severity would in modern times be termed brutal, yet did not alienate her willing obedience. Filial obedience proved her ruin. Her father, then created Duke of Suffolk, presuming on his own power and favour, and the declining health of Edward VI., undertook in concert with the powerful Duke of Northumberland to transfer the crown into their own line. With this view a marriage was concluded between Lady Jane Grey and Northumberland's fourth son Lord Guilford Dudley, in May 1553; and Edward VI. was persuaded by his interested advisers to set aside the rights of his sisters Mary and Elizabeth, and his cousin Mary of Scotland; and, in consideration of her eminent virtues and royal descent, to settle the crown upon Lady Jane Grey, or Dudley. The king died July 6th: and it was not until the 10th that this unfortunate lady even knew of the plot in which she was involved. She was very reluctant to accept the crown; but was at last overpersuaded by the importunities of her parents, and the entreaties of her husband, whom she tenderly loved. The two dukes had no party among the people; and ten days placed Mary in undisputed possession of the throne. Lady Jane and her husband were confined in the Tower, apparently without intention of taking their lives in the first instance. But Wyatt's insurrection determined their fate.]

The violent and sudden change of religion inspired the Protestants with great discontent; and even affected indifferent spectators with concern, by the hardships to which so many individuals were on that account exposed. But the Spanish match was a point of more general concern, and diffused universal apprehensions for the liberty and independence of the nation. To obviate all clamour, the articles of marriage were drawn as favourable as possible for the interest and security, and even grandeur of England. It was agreed that though Philip should have the title of king, the administration should be entirely in the queen; that no foreigner should be capable of enjoying any office in the kingdom; that no innovation should be made in the English laws, customs, and privileges; that Philip should not carry the queen abroad without her consent, nor any of her children without the consent of the nobility; that sixty thousand pounds a year should be settled as her jointure; that the male issue of this marriage should inherit, together with England, both Burgundy and the Low Countries; and that if Don Carlos, Philip's son by his

former marriage, should die and his line be extinct, the queen's issue, whether male or female, should inherit Spain, Sicily, Milan, and all the other dominions of Philip. Such was the treaty of marriage signed by Count Egmont, and three other ambassadors sent over to England, by the emperor.

These articles, when published, gave no satisfaction to the nation : It was universally said that the emperor, in order to get possession of England, would verily agree to any terms ; and the greater advantage there appeared in the conditions which he granted, the more certainly might it be concluded that he had no serious intention of observing them : That the usual fraud and ambition of that monarch might assure the nation of such a conduct ; and his son Philip while he inherited these vices from his father, added to them tyranny, sullenness, pride, and barbarity, more dangerous vices of his own : That England would become a province, and a province to a kingdom, which usually exercised the most violent authority over all her dependent dominions : That the Netherlands, Milan, Sicily, Naples, groaned under the burthen of Spanish tyranny, and throughout all the new conquests in America there had been displayed scenes of unrelenting cruelty, hitherto unknown in the history of mankind : That the inquisition was a tribunal invented by that tyrannical nation ; and would infallibly, with all their other laws and institutions, be introduced into England : And that the divided sentiments of the people with regard to religion would subject multitudes to this iniquitous tribunal, and would reduce the whole nation to the most abject servitude.

These complaints being diffused every where, prepared the people for a rebellion ; and had any foreign power given them encouragement, or any great man appeared to head them, the consequences might have proved fatal to the queen's authority. But the king of France, though engaged in hostilities with the emperor, refused to concur in any proposal for an insurrection, lest he should afford Mary a pretence for declaring war against him. And the more prudent part of the nobility thought that as the evils of the Spanish alliance were only dreaded at a distance, matters were not yet fully prepared for a general revolt. Some persons, however, more turbulent than the rest, believed that it would be safer to prevent than to redress grievances ; and they formed a conspiracy to rise in arms, and declare against the queen's marriage with Philip. Sir Thomas Wyatt proposed to raise Kent, Sir Peter Carew, Devonshire ; and they engaged the Duke of Suffolk, by the hopes of recovering the crown for the Lady Jane, to attempt raising the midland counties. Carew's impatience or apprehensions engaged him to break the concert, and to rise in arms before the day appointed : He was soon suppressed by the Earl of Bedford, and constrained to fly into France. On this intelligence Suffolk, dreading an arrest, suddenly left the town, with his brothers Lord Thomas and Lord Leonard Gray ; and endeavoured to raise the people in the counties of Warwick and Leicester, where his interest lay ; but he was so closely pursued by the Earl of Huntingdon, at the head of 300 horse, that he was obliged to disperse his followers, and being discovered in his concealment, he was carried prisoner to London. Wyatt was at first more successful in his attempt ; and having published a declaration at Maidstone in Kent, against the queen's evil counsellors, and against the Spanish match, without any mention of religion, the people began to flock to his standard. The Duke of Norfolk, with Sir Henry Jernegan, was sent against him, at the head of the guards and some other troops, reinforced with 500 Londoners commanded by Bret : And he came within sight of the rebels at Rochester, where they had fixed their headquarters. Sir George Harper here pretended to desert from them ; but having secretly gained Bret, these two malcontents so wrought on the Londoners, that the whole body deserted to Wyatt, and declared that they would not contribute to

enslave their native country. Norfolk, dreading the contagion of the example, immediately retreated with his troops, and took shelter in the city.

After this proof of the dispositions of the people, especially of the Londoners, who were mostly protestants, Wyat was encouraged to proceed : he led his forces to Southwark, where he required of the queen that she should put the Tower into his hands, should deliver four counsellors as hostages, and, in order to ensure the liberty of the nation, should immediately marry an Englishman. Finding that the bridge was secured against him, and that the city was overawed, he marched up to Kingston, where he passed the river with 4000 men ; and returning towards London, hoped to encourage his partisans, who had engaged to declare for him. He had imprudently wasted so much time at Southwark, and in his march from Kingston, that the critical season, on which all popular commotions depend, was entirely lost. Though he entered Westminster without resistance, his followers, finding that no person of note joined him, insensibly fell off, and he was at last seized near Temple bar by sir Maurice Berkeley. Four hundred persons are said to have suffered for this rebellion. Four hundred more were conducted before the queen with ropes about their necks : and falling on their knees received a pardon and were dismissed. Wyat was condemned and executed. As it had been reported that, on his examination, he had accused the lady Elizabeth and the earl of Devonshire as accomplices, he took care on the scaffold, before the whole people, fully to acquit them of having any share in his rebellion.

The Lady Elizabeth had been, during some time, treated with great harshness by her sister ; and many studied instances of discouragement and disrespect had been practised against her. She was ordered to take place at court after the countess of Lenox and the duchess of Suffolk, as if she were not legitimate. Her friends were discountenanced on every occasion ; and while her virtues, which were now become eminent, drew to her the attendance of all the young nobility, and rendered her the favourite of the nation, the malevolence of the queen still discovered itself every day by fresh symptoms, and obliged the princess to retire into the country. Mary seized the opportunity of this rebellion ; and hoping to involve her sister in some appearance of guilt, sent for her under a strong guard, committed her to the Tower, and ordered her to be strictly examined by the council. But the public declaration made by Wyat rendered it impracticable to employ against her any false evidence which might have offered ; and the princess made so good a defence, that the queen found herself under a necessity of releasing her. In order to send her out of the kingdom, a marriage was offered her with the duke of Savoy ; and when she declined the proposal, she was committed to custody under a strong guard at Wodestoke. The earl of Devonshire, though equally innocent, was confined in Fotheringay castle.

But this rebellion proved still more fatal to the lady Jane Grey, as well as to her husband. The duke of Suffolk's guilt was imputed to her ; and though the rebels and malcontents seemed chiefly to rest their hopes on the lady Elizabeth and the earl of Devonshire, the queen, incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was given the lady Jane to prepare for death ; a doom which she had long expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered nowise unwelcome to her. The queen's zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send divines, who harassed her with perpetual disputation ; and even a reprieve for three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded during that time to pay, by a timely contrition, some regard to her eternal welfare. The lady Jane had presence of mind, in

those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by all the topics then in use, but also to write a letter to her sister in the Greek language ; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance. On the day of her execution, her husband, lord Guilford desired permission to see her ; but she refused her consent, and informed him by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them. Their separation, she said, would be only for a moment ; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where their affections would be for ever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the lady Jane and lord Guilford together on the same scaffold at Tower-hill ; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution ; and having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart ; and found herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table-book, on which she had just written three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body ; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but divine mercy would be favourable to his soul ; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence were worthy of excuse ; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would shew her favour. On the scaffold she made a speech to the bye-standers, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame wholly on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said that her offence was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy. That she had less erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey. That she willingly received death as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state ; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience into which too much filial piety had betrayed her. That she had justly deserved this punishment for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others ; and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend anywise to the destruction of the commonwealth. After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women ; and with a steady serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.

170.--THE PROTESTANT MARTYRS.

-- enemies of the state being thus suppressed, the theatre was now opened for the pretended enemies of religion. The queen, being freed from apprehensions of an insurrection, began by assembling a parliament, which upon this, as upon

most occasions, seemed only met to give countenance to her various severities. The nobles, whose only religion was that of the prince who governed, were easily gained over; and the house of commons had long been passive under all the variations of regal caprice. But a new enemy had started up against the reformers, in the person of the king, who, though he took all possible care to conceal his aversion, yet secretly influenced the queen, and influenced all her proceedings. Philip had for some time been in England, and had used every endeavour to increase that share of power which had been allowed to him by parliament, but without effect. The queen, indeed, who loved him with a foolish fondness, that sat but ill on a person of her years and disagreeable person, endeavoured to please him by every concession she could make or procure, and finding herself incapable of satisfying his ambition, she was not remiss in concurring with his zeal; so that heretics began to be persecuted with inquisitorial severity. The old sanguinary laws were now revived; oaths were given that the bishops and priests who had married should be ejected; that the mass should be restored; that the pope's authority should be established; and that the church and its privileges, all but their goods and estates, should be put upon the same foundation on which they were before the commencement of the reformation. As the gentry and nobles had already divided the church lands among them, it was thought inconvenient, and indeed impossible, to make a restoration of these.

At the head of those who drove such measures forward, but not in an equal degree, were Gardiner bishop of Winchester, and Cardinal Pole, who had lately arrived in England from the continent. Pole, who was nearly allied by birth to the royal family, had always conscientiously adhered to the Catholic religion, and had incurred Henry's displeasure, not only by refusing his assent to his measures, but by writing against him. It was for this adherence that he was cherished by the pope, and now sent over to England as legate from the holy see. Gardiner was a man of a very different character: his chief aim was to please the reigning prince, and he had already shewn many instances of his prudent conformity. He now perceived that the king and queen were for rigorous measures; and he knew that it would be the best means of paying his court to them, even to outgo them in severity. Pole, who had never varied in his principles, declared in favour of toleration; Gardiner, who had often changed, was for punishing those changes in others with the utmost rigour. However, he was too prudent to appear at the head of a persecution in person; he therefore consigned that odious office to Bonner, bishop of London, a cruel, brutal, and ignorant man.

This bloody scene began in 1555 by the martyrdom of Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, and Rogers, prebendary of St. Paul's. They were examined by commissioners appointed by the queen, with the chancellor at the head of them. It was expected that by their recantation they would bring those opinions into disrepute which they had so long maintained: but the persecutors were deceived, they both continued steadfast in their belief; and they were accordingly condemned to be burned, Rogers in Smithfield, and Hooper in his own diocese at Gloucester. Rogers, beside the care of his own preservation, lay under very powerful temptations to deny his principles, and save his life; for he had a wife whom he tenderly loved, and ten children; but nothing could move his resolution. Such was his serenity after condemnation, that the jailors, we are told, waked him from a sound sleep on the approach of the hour appointed for his execution. He desired to see his wife before he died; but Gardiner told him, that being a priest he could have no wife. When the faggots were placed around him, he seemed no way daunted at the preparation, but cried out, "I resign my life with joy, in testimony of the doctrine of Jesus!" When Hooper was tied to the stake, a stool was set before

him with the queen's pardon upon it, in case he should recant ; but he ordered it to be removed, and prepared cheerfully to suffer his sentence, which was executed in its full severity. The fire, either from malice or neglect, had not been sufficiently kindled ; so that his legs and thighs were first burned, and one of his hands dropped off, while with the other he continued to beat his breast. He was three quarters of an hour in torture, which he bore with inflexible constancy.

Sanders and Taylor, two other clergymen, whose zeal had been distinguished in carrying on the reformation, were the next that suffered. Taylor was put into a pitch barrel ; and before the fire was kindled, a faggot from an unknown hand was thrown at his head, which made it stream with blood. Still, however, he continued undaunted, singing the thirty-first psalm in English ; which one of the spectators observing, struck him a blow on the side of the head, and commanded him to pray in Latin. Taylor continued a few minutes silent, and with his eyes steadfastly fixed upwards, when one of the guards, either through impatience or compassion, struck him down with his halberd, and thus happily put an end to his torments.

The death of these only served to increase the savage appetite of the popish bishops and monks for fresh slaughter. Bonner, bloated at once with rage and luxury, let loose his vengeance without restraint, and seemed to take a pleasure in the pains of the unhappy sufferers ; while the queen, by her letters, exhorted him to pursue the pious work without pity or interruption. Soon after, in obedience to her commands, Ridley, bishop of London, and the venerable Latimer, bishop of Worcester, were condemned together. Ridley had been one of the ablest champions for the reformation ; his piety, learning, and solidity of judgment, were admired by his friends, and dreaded by his enemies. The night before his execution, he invited the mayor of Oxford and his wife to see him ; and when he beheld them melted into tears, he himself appeared quite unmoved, inwardly supported and comforted in that hour of agony. When he was brought to the stake to be burnt, he found his old friend Latimer there before him. Of all the prelates of that age, Latimer was the most remarkable for his unaffected piety, and the simplicity of his manners. He had never learned to flatter in courts ; and his open rebuke was dreaded by all the great, who at that time too much deserved it. His sermons, which remain to this day, show that he was possessed both of learning and wit, and there is an air of sincerity running through them not to be found elsewhere. When Ridley began to comfort his ancient friend, Latimer, on his part, was as ready to return the kind office. "Be of good cheer, brother," cried he, "we shall this day kindle such a torch in England, as, I trust in God, shall never be extinguished." A furious bigot ascended to preach to them and the people ; Ridley gave a most serious attention to his discourse. No way distracted by the preparations about him, he heard him to the last, and then told him that he was ready to answer all that he had preached upon, if a short indulgence should be permitted : but this was refused him. At length fire was set to the pile : Latimer was soon out of pain ; but Ridley continued to suffer much longer, his legs being consumed before the fire reached his vitals.

One Thomas Hanks, when conducted to the stake, had agreed with his friends, that if he found the torture supportable he would make them a signal for that purpose in the midst of the flames. His zeal for the cause in which he suffered was so strong, that when the spectators thought him near expiring, by stretching out his arms he gave his friends the signal that the pain was not too great to be borne. This example, with many others of the like constancy, encouraged multitudes not only to suffer, but even to aspire after martyrdom.

But women seemed persecuted with as much severity, even as men. A woman in Guernsey, condemned for heresy, was delivered of a child in the midst of the

flames. Some of the spectators humanely ran to snatch the infant from danger ; but the magistrate, who was a papist, ordered it to be flung in again, and there it was consumed with the mother.

Cranmer's death followed soon after, and struck the whole nation with horror. This prelate, whom we have seen acting so very conspicuous a part in the reformation during the two preceding reigns, had been long detained a prisoner, in consequence of his imputed guilt in obstructing the queen's succession to the crown. But it was now resolved to bring him to punishment ; and, to give it all its malignity, the queen ordered that he should be punished for heresy rather than for treason. He was accordingly cited by the pope to stand his trial at Rome ; and though he was kept a prisoner at Oxford, yet, upon his not appearing, he was condemned as contumacious. But his enemies were not satisfied with his tortures, without adding to them the poignancy of self-accusation. Persons were therefore employed to tempt him by flattery and insinuation, by giving him hopes of once more being received into favour, to sign his recantation, in which he acknowledged the doctrines of the papal supremacy and the real presence. His love of life prevailed. In an unguarded moment he was induced to sign this paper ; and now his enemies, as we are told of the devil, after having rendered him completely wretched, resolved to destroy him. But it was determined, before they led him out to execution, that they should try to induce him to make a recantation in the church before the people. The unfortunate prelate, either having a secret intimation of their designs, or having recovered the native vigour of his mind, entered the church prepared to surprise the whole audience with a contrary declaration. When he had been placed in a conspicuous part of the church, a sermon was preached by Cole, provost of Eton, in which he magnified Cranmer's conversion as the immediate work of heaven itself. He assured the archbishop, that nothing could have been so pleasing to God, the queen, or the people ; he comforted him, by intimating that, if he should suffer, numberless dirges and masses should be said for his soul ; and that his own confession of faith would still more secure his soul from the pains of purgatory. During the whole rhapsody Cranmer expressed the utmost agony, anxiety, and internal agitation ; he lifted up his eyes to heaven, he shed a torrent of tears, and groaned with unutterable anguish. He uttered a prayer, filled with the most pathetic expressions of horror and remorse. He then said he was well apprised of his duty to his sovereign ; but that a superior duty, the duty which he owed his Maker, obliged him to declare that he had signed a paper contrary to his conscience ; that he took this opportunity of atoning for his error by a sincere and open recantation. He was willing, he said, to seal with his blood that doctrine, which he firmly believed to be communicated from heaven : and that, as his hand had erred by betraying his heart, it should undergo the first punishment. The assembly, consisting chiefly of papists, who hoped to triumph in the last words of such a convert, were equally confounded and incensed at this declaration. They called aloud to him to leave off dissembling ; and led him forward, amidst the insults and reproaches of his audience, to the stake at which Latimer and Ridley had suffered. He resolved to triumph over their insults by his constancy and fortitude : and the fire beginning to be kindled round him, he stretched forth his right hand, and held it in the flames till it was consumed, while he frequently cried out in the midst of his sufferings, "That unworthy hand !" at the same time exhibiting no appearance of pain or disorder. When the fire attacked his body, he seemed to be quite insensible of his tortures ; his mind was occupied wholly upon the hopes of a future reward. After his body was destroyed, his heart was found entire : an emblem of the constancy with which he suffered.

171.—THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.

Elizabeth, Queen of England, the daughter of Henry VIII. by his second wife, Anne Boleyn, was born at Greenwich, 7th September, 1533. She was not three years old therefore when her mother was brought to the block, in May, 1536. Very soon after her birth it was declared, by the Act 25 Henry VIII., c. 22, that if Queen Anne should decease without issue male, to be begotten of the body of the king, then the crown, on the death of the king, should go "to the Lady Elizabeth, now princess, and to the heirs of her body lawfully begotten." By this act, therefore, Henry's female issue by his present queen was placed in the order of succession before the male issue he might have by any future wife. By the 28 Henry VIII., c. 7, however, passed after his marriage with Jane Seymour, his two former marriages were declared to be unlawful and void, and both Elizabeth and her elder sister Mary were bastardized. But finally, by the 35 Henry VIII., c. 1, passed soon after his marriage with his last wife, Catharine Parr, it was declared that if Prince Edward should die without heirs, then the crown should remain first to the Lady Mary, and, failing her, to the Lady Elizabeth. This was the last legal settlement of the crown, by which her position was affected, made previous to Elizabeth's accession; unless, indeed, she might be considered to be excluded by implication by the act 1 Mary, st. 2, c. 1, which legitimized her sister Mary, declared the validity of Henry's first marriage, and pronounced his divorce from Catherine of Aragon to be void.

In 1535 a negotiation was entered into for the marriage of Elizabeth to the Duke of Angoulême, the third son of Francis I. of France; but it was broken off before any agreement was come to. In 1546 also Henry proposed to the Emperor Charles V., with the view of breaking off a match then contemplated between the emperor's son, the Prince of Spain, afterwards Philip II., with a daughter of the French king, that Philip should marry the Princess Elizabeth; but neither alliance took place. Elizabeth's next suitor, though he does not seem to have formally declared his pretensions, was the protector Somerset's unfortunate brother, the Lord Seymour of Sudley. He is said to have made some advances to her even before his marriage with Queen Catharine Parr, although Elizabeth was then only in her fourteenth year. Catharine, who died a few months after her marriage (poisoned, as many supposed, by her husband), appears to have been made somewhat uncomfortable while she lived by the freedoms the princess continued to allow Sudley to take with her, which went beyond ordinary flirtation; the scandal of the day indeed was, that "the Lady Elizabeth did bear some affection to the admiral." After his wife's death he was accused of having renewed his designs upon her hand; and it was part of the charge on which he was attainted that he had plotted to seize the king's person, and to force the princess to marry him; but his execution in the course of a few months stopped this and all his other ambitious schemes.

In 1550, in the reign of Edward VI., it was proposed that Elizabeth should be married to the eldest son of Christian III. of Denmark; but the negotiation seems to have been stopped by her refusal to consent to the match. She was a favourite with her brother, who used to call her his "sweet sister Temperance;" but he was nevertheless prevailed upon by the artful and interested representations of Dudley, to pass over her, as well as Mary, in the settlement of the crown which he made by will, a short time before his death.

Candlish gives the following account of the situation and employments of Elizabeth at this period of her life, in the introduction to his history of her reign. She

was both, he says, "in great grace and favour with King Edward, her brother, as likewise in singular esteem with the nobility and people; for she was of admirable beauty, and well deserving a crown, of a modest gravity, excellent wit, royal soul, happy memory, and indefatigably given to the study of learning; inasmuch, as before she was seventeen years of age she understood well the Latin, French and Italian tongues, and had an indifferent knowledge of the Greek. Neither did she neglect music, so far as it became a princess, being able to sing sweetly, and play handsomely on the lute. With Roger Ascham, who was her tutor, she read over Melancthon's *Common-Places*, all Tully, a great part of the histories of Titus Livius, certain select orations of Isocrates (whereof two she turned into Latin), Sophocles's Tragedies, and the New Testament in Greek, by which means she both framed her tongue to a pure and elegant way of speaking," &c. (*English Translations in Kennet's Collection.*)

It appears from what Ascham himself tells us in his "Schoolmaster," that Elizabeth continued her Greek studies after she ascended the throne: "After dinner," (at Windsor Castle, 10th December, 1563), he says, "I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty: we read there together in the Greek tongue, as I well remember, that noble oration of Demosthenes against Æschines for his false dealing in his embassy to King Philip of Macedonia.

On the death of Edward, Camden says that an attempt was made by Dudley to induce Elizabeth to resign her title to the crown for a sum of money, and certain lands to be settled on her: her reply was, "that her elder sister, the Lady Mary, was first to be agreed withal; for as long as the said Lady Mary lived she, for her part, could challenge no right at all." Burnett says that both she and Mary, having been allured by messengers from Dudley, who no doubt wished to get them into his hands, were on their way to town, when the news of Edward's approaching end induced them to turn back. When Mary came to London after being proclaimed queen, the Lady Elizabeth went to meet her with 500 horse, according to Camden, others say with 2000. Fox, the martyrologist, relates that "Queen Mary, when she was first queen, before she was crowned, would go no whither, but would have her by the hand, and send for her to dinner and supper." At Mary's coronation, in October, 1553, according to Holinshed, as the queen rode through the city towards Westminster, the chariot in which she sat was followed by another "having a covering of cloth of silver, all white, and six horses trapped with the like, wherein sate the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Anne of Cleve." Another account says that Elizabeth carried the crown on this occasion.

From this time Elizabeth, who had been brought up in their religion, became the hope of the Protestant party. Her position however was one of great difficulty. At first she refused to attend her sister to mass, endeavouring to soothe Mary by appealing to her compassion: after some time however she yielded an outward compliance. The Act passed by the parliament, which, although it did not mention her by name, bastardized her by implication, by annulling her father's divorce from his first wife, could not fail to give her deep offence. Availing herself of an order of Mary, assigning her a rank below what her birth entitled her to, as an excuse for wishing to retire from court, she obtained leave to go to her house at Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire, in the beginning of December. About the same time Mary is supposed to have been irritated against her sister by the preference shown for Elizabeth by her kinsman Edward Courtenay, whom, after releasing from the Tower, the queen had restored to his father's title of earl of Devon, and is said to have had some thoughts of marrying. It appears to have been part of the design of the rash and unfortunate attempt of Wyatt, in the beginning of the following year, to bring about a marriage between Elizabeth and Courtenay, who was one of those suggested in the

revolt. This affair involved Elizabeth in the greatest danger. On the 8th of February, the day after the suppression of the insurrection, certain members of the council were sent with a party of 250 (other accounts say 600) horse to Ashridge, with orders to bring her to London "quick or dead." They arrived during the night, and although they found her sick in bed, they immediately forced their way into her chamber, and informed her that she must "prepare against the morning, at nine of the clock, to go with them, declaring that they had brought with them the queen's litter for her." She was so ill however that it was not till the fourth night that she reached Highgate. Here, says Fox, "she being very sick, tarried that night and the next day; during which time of her abode there came many pursuivants and messengers from the court, but for what purpose I cannot tell." When she entered London great multitudes of people came flocking about her litter, which she ordered to be opened to show herself. The city was at this time covered with gibbets; fifteen had been erected in different places, on which fifty-two persons were hanged; and it appears to have been the general belief that Elizabeth would suffer, as Lady Jane Grey had done a few days before. From the time of her arrival in town she was kept in close confinement in Whitehall. It appears that her case was twice debated in council; and although no evidence had been obtained by all the exertions of the crown lawyers which went farther than to make it probable that Wyatt and Courtenay had solicited her to give her assent to their projects of revolt, her immediate destruction was strongly advised by some of the members. Elizabeth long afterwards used to declare that she fully expected death, and that she knew her sister thirsted for her blood. It was at last determined however that for the present she should only be committed to the Tower, although she seems herself still to have been left in doubt as to her fate. She was conveyed to her prison by water on the morning of the 11th of March, being Palm Sunday, orders being issued that, in the mean time, "every one should keep the church and carry their palms." In attempting to shoot the bridge the boat was nearly swamped. She at first refused to land at the stairs leading to the Traitor's Gate; but one of the lords with her told her she should have no choice; "and because it did then rain," continues Fox, "he offered to her his cloak, which she (putting it back with her hand with a good dash) refused. So she coming out, having one foot upon the stair, said, "Here landeth as true a subject as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends but thee alone." She remained in close custody for about a month, after which she was allowed to walk in a small garden within the walls of the fortress. On the 19th of May she was removed, in charge of Sir Henry Bedingfield, to Woodstock. Here she was guarded with great strictness and severity by her new jailor. Camden says that at this time she received private letters both from Henry II. of France, inviting her to that country, and from Christian III. of Denmark (who had lately embraced the Protestant religion), soliciting her hand for his son Frederick. When these things came to the ears of her enemies, her life was again threatened. "The Lady Elizabeth," adds the historian, "now guiding herself as a ship in blustering weather, both heard divine service after the Romish manner, and was frequently confessed; and at the pressing instances and menaces of Cardinal Pole, professed herself, for fear of death, a Roman Catholic. Yet did not Queen Mary believe her." She remained at Woodstock till April, 1555, when she was, on the interposition, as it was made to appear, of King Philip, allowed to take up her residence at the royal palace of Hatfield, under the superintendence of a Catholic gentleman, Sir Thomas Pope, by whom she was treated with respect and kindness. Philip was anxious to have the credit of advising mild measures in regard to the princess, and perhaps he was really more disposed to treat her with indulgence than his wife. According to Camden, some

of the Roman Catholic party wished to remove her to a distance from England, and to marry her to Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy; but Philip opposed this scheme, designing her for his eldest son Charles (the unfortunate Don Carlos). Elizabeth also was herself averse to a marriage with the Savoyard.

She continued to reside at Hatfield till the death of Mary, which took place on the 17th November, 1558. The news was communicated the same day, but not till after the lapse of some hours, to the House of Lords, which was sitting at the time. "They were seized at first," says Camden (or rather his translator), "with a mighty grief and surpris, but soon wore off those impressions, and, with an handsome mixture of joy and sorrow, upon the loss of a deceased and the prospect of a succeeding princess, they betook themselves to public business, and, with one consent, agreed that the Lady Elizabeth should be declared the true and lawful heir of the kingdom according to the act of succession made 35 Henry VIII." It is probable that Elizabeth's outward compliance in the matter of religion had considerable effect in producing this unanimity, for the majority of the lords were Catholics, and certainly both the bishops and many of the lay peers would have been strongly inclined to oppose her accession if they had expected that she would venture to disturb the established order of things. The members of the lower house were now called up, and informed of what had been done by Archbishop Heath, the chancellor. He concluded by saying that, since no doubt could or ought to be made of the Lady Elizabeth's right of succession, the House of Peers only wanted their consent to proclaim her queen. A vote to that effect immediately passed by acclamation; and, as soon as the houses rose, the proclamation took place. Elizabeth came to London on Wednesday, the 23rd: she was met by all the bishops in a body at Highgate, and escorted by an immense multitude of people of all ranks to the metropolis, where she took up her lodgings at the residence of Lord North, in the Charter House. On the afternoon of Monday the 28th she made a progress through the city in a chariot to the royal palace of the Tower: here she continued till Monday the 5th of December, on the morning of which day she removed by water to Somerset House.

One of Elizabeth's earliest acts of royalty, by which, as Camden remarks, she gave proof of a prudence above her years, was what we should now call the appointment of her ministers. She retained of her privy council thirteen Catholics, who had been of that of her sister, including Heath, archbishop of York and lord chancellor; William Paulett, marquis of Winchester, the lord high treasurer; Edward, Lord Clinton, the lord high admiral; and William, Lord Howard of Effingham, the lord chamberlain. But with these she associated seven others of her own religion, the most eminent of whom was the celebrated William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, whom she appointed to the office of secretary of state, which he had already held under Edward VI. Soon after, Nicholas Bacon (the father of the great chancellor) was added to the number of the privy councillors, and made at first lord privy seal, and next year lord keeper of the great seal, on the resignation of Archbishop Heath. Cecil became lord high treasurer on the death of the marquis of Winchester in 1572, and continued to be Elizabeth's principal adviser till his death in 1598, when he was succeeded by Thomas Seckville, Lord Buckhurst (afterwards made earl of Dorset by James I.). Of the other persons who served as ministers during Elizabeth's long reign, by far the most worthy of note were Sir Francis Walsingham (who was principal secretary of state from 1573 till his death in 1590, and was all the time they were in office together the confidential friend and chief assistant of Cecil the premier, under whose patronage he had entered public life), and Burleigh's son, Robert Cecil (afterwards earl of Salisbury), who succeeded Walsingham as secretary of state, and held that office till the end of the reign. Among

the other persons of ability that were employed in the course of the reign, in different capacities, may be mentioned Sir Nicholas Throckmorton; "a man," says Camden, "of a large experience, piercing judgment, and singular prudence, who discharged several embassies with a great deal of diligence and much to his praise, yet could he not be master of much wealth, nor rise higher than to those small dignities (though glorious in title) of chief cupbearer of England and chamberlain of the Exchequer; and this because he acted in favour of Leicester against Cecil, whose greatness he envied;" Sir Thomas Smith, the learned friend of Cheke, who had been one of the secretaries of state along with him under Edward VI., and held the same office again under Elizabeth for some years before his death, in 1577; and Sir Christopher Hatton, who was lord chancellor from 1587 till his death in 1591, and whom Camden, after having related his singular rise from being one of the band of gentleman pensioners, to which he was appointed by the queen, who was taken with his handsome shape and elegant dancing at a court masque, characterizes as, "a great patron of learning and good sense, and one that managed that weighty part of lord chancellor with that equity and clearness of principle as to be able to satisfy his conscience and the world too."

The affair to which Elizabeth first applied her attention on coming to the throne, and that in connexion with which all the transactions of her reign must be viewed, was the settlement of the national religion. The opinions of Cecil strongly concurred with her own in favour of the reformed doctrines, to which also undoubtedly the great mass of the people was attached. For a short time however she kept her intentions a secret from the majority of the council, taking her measures in concert only with Cecil and the few others who might be said to form her cabinet. She began by giving permission, by proclamation, to read part of the church service in English, but at the same time strictly prohibited the addition of any comments, and all preaching on controversial points. This however was enough to show the Catholic party what was coming; accordingly, at her coronation, on the 15th January, 1559, the bishops in general refused to assist, and it was with difficulty that one of them, Oglethorp of Carlisle, was prevailed upon to set the crown on her head. The principal alterations were reserved to be made by the parliament, which met on the 25th of this month. Of the acts which were passed, one restored to the crown the jurisdiction established in the reign of Henry VIII. over the estate ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolished all foreign powers repugnant to the same; and another restored the use of King Edward's book of common prayer, with certain alterations, that had been suggested by a royal commission over which Parker (afterwards archbishop of Canterbury) presided. In accordance with this last statute public worship began to be performed in English throughout the kingdom on Whitsunday, which fell on the 8th of May. By a third act the first fruits and tenths of benefices were restored to the crown; and by a fourth, her majesty was authorized, upon the avoidance of any archbishopric or bishopric, to take certain of the revenues into her own hands; and conveyances of the temporalities by the holder for a longer term than twenty-one years or three lives were made void. The effect of these laws was generally to restore the church to the state in which it was in the reign of Edward VI., the royal supremacy sufficing for each further necessary alterations as were not expressly provided for by statute. A strong opposition was made to the bills in the House of Lords by the bishops; and fourteen of them, being the whole number, with the exception of Anthony, bishop of Llandaff, who, Camden says, "was the scourge of his diocese," were now deprived for refusing to take the oath of supremacy. About 100 prebendaries, deans, archdeacons, and heads of colleges, were also ejected. The number of the inferior clergy however, that held out was very small, amounting to no more than 80 rectors and other parochial ministers, out of between nine and ten thousand. On this subject it is

only necessary farther to state that the frame of ecclesiastical polity now set up, being in all essential particulars the same that still subsists, was zealously and steadily maintained by Elizabeth and her ministers to the end of her reign. The church of England has good reason to look upon her and Cecil as the true planters and reapers of its authority. They had soon to defend it against the Puritans on the one hand, as well as against the Catholics on the other; and they yielded to the former as little as to the latter. The Puritans had been growing in the country ever since the dawn of the Reformation; but they first made their appearance in any considerable force in the parliament which met in 1570. At first their attempts were met on the part of the crown by evasive measures and slight checks; but, in 1587, on four members of the House of Commons presenting to the house a bill for establishing a new Directory of public worship, Elizabeth at once gave orders that they should be seized and sent to the Tower, where they were kept some time. The High Commission Court also, which was established by a clause in one of the acts for the settlement of religion passed in the first year of her reign, was, occasionally at least, prompted or permitted to exercise its authority in the punishment of what was called heresy, and in enforcing uniformity of worship with great strictness. The determination upon which the queen acted in these matters, as she expressed it in a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, was, "that no man should be suffered to decline either to the left or to the right hand, from the drawn line limited by authority, and by her laws and injunctions." Besides the deprivation of their livings, which many of the clergy underwent for their refusal to comply with certain particulars of the established ritual, many other persons suffered imprisonment for violations of the statute of uniformity. It was against the Catholics, however, that the most severe measures were taken. By an act passed in 1585 (the 27 Eliz. c. 2) every Jesuit or other popish priest was commanded to depart from the realm within forty days, on pain of death as a traitor, and every person receiving or relieving any such priest was declared guilty of felony. Many priests were afterwards executed under this Act.

It was the struggle with popery that moved and directed nearly the whole policy of the reign, foreign as well as domestic. When Elizabeth came to the throne, she found the country at peace with Spain, the head of which kingdom had been her predecessor's husband, but at war with France, the great continental opponent of Spain and the Empire. Philip, with the view of preserving his English alliance, almost immediately after her accession, offered himself to Elizabeth in marriage; but, after deliberating on the proposal, she determined upon declining it, swayed by various considerations, and especially, as it would appear, by the feeling that by consenting to marry her sister's husband on a dispensation from the pope, she would in a manner be affirming the lawfulness of her father's marriage with Catharine of Aragon, the widow of his brother Arthur, and condemning his subsequent marriage with her own mother, the sole validity of which rested on the alleged illegality of that previous connexion. A general peace, however, comprehending all the three powers, and also Scotland, was established in April, 1559, by the treaty of Cateau Cambresis. By this treaty it was agreed that Calais, which had been taken by France in the time of Queen Mary, and formed the only difficult subject of negotiation, should be restored to England in eight years, if no hostile act should be committed by Elizabeth within that period. Scarcely, however, had this compact been signed, when the war was suddenly rekindled, in consequence of the assumption by the new French king, Francis II., of the arms and royal titles of England, in right, as was pretended, of his wife, the young Mary, queen of Scots. Elizabeth instantly resented this act of hostility by sending a body of 6000 troops to Scotland, to act there with the Duke of Chateleraul and the lords of the

congregation, as the leaders of the Protestant party called themselves, against the government of the queen and her mother, the Regent, Mary of Guise. The town of Leith soon yielded to this force; and the French king was speedily compelled both to renounce his wife's pretensions to the English throne and to withdraw his own troops from Scotland, by the treaty of Edinburgh, executed 7th July, 1560. The treaty however never was ratified either by Francis or his queen; and in consequence the relations between the three countries continued in an unsatisfactory state. Charles IX. succeeded his brother on the throne of France before the end of this year; and in a few months afterwards Mary, of Scotland returned to her own country. Meanwhile, although the two countries continued at peace, Elizabeth's proceedings in regard to the church had wholly alienated Philip of Spain. The whole course of events and the position which she occupied had already in fact caused the English queen to be looked upon as the head of the Protestant interest throughout Europe as much as she was at home. When the dispute therefore between the Catholics and the Huguenots or reformed party in France came to a contest of arms, in 1562, the latter immediately applied for assistance to Elizabeth, who concluded a treaty with them, and sent them succour both in men and money. The war that followed produced no events of importance in so far as England was concerned, and was terminated by a treaty signed at Troyes, 11th April 1564. A long period followed, during which England preserved in appearance the ordinary relations of peace both with France and Spain, though interferences repeatedly took place on each side that all but amounted to actual hostilities. The Protestants alike in Scotland, in France, and in the Netherlands (then subject to the dominion of Philip), regarded Elizabeth as firmly bound to their cause by her own interests; and she on her part kept a watchful eye on the religious and political contentions of all these countries, with a view to the maintenance and support of the Protestant party, by every species of countenance and aid short of actually making war in their behalf. With the Protestant government in Scotland, which had deposed and imprisoned the queen, she was in open and intimate alliance; in favour of the French Huguenots she at one time negotiated or threatened, at another even went the length, scarcely with any concealment, of affording them pecuniary assistance; and when the people of the Netherlands at length rose in revolt against the oppressive government of Philip, although she refused the sovereignty of their country, which they offered to her, she lent them money, and in various other ways openly expressed her sympathy and good will. On the other hand, Philip, although he refrained from any declaration of war, and the usual intercourse both commercial and political long went on between the two countries without interruption, was incessant in his endeavours to undermine the throne of the English queen and the order of things at the head of which she stood, by instigating plots and commotions against her authority within her own dominions. He attempted to turn to account in this way the Catholic interest, which was still so powerful both in England and in Ireland—the intrigues of the Scottish queen and her partisans materially contributing to the same end. The history of Mary Stewart and of the affairs of Scotland during her reign and that of her son must be reserved for a separate article. But it is necessary to observe here, that Mary was not merely the head of the Catholic party in Scotland, but as the descendant of the eldest daughter of Henry VII., had pretensions to the English crown which were of a very formidable kind. Although she was kept in confinement by the English government after her flight from the hands of her own subjects in 1568, the imprisonment of her person did not extinguish the hopes or put an end to the efforts of her adherents. Repeated rebellions in Ireland, in some instances openly aided by supplies from Spain—the attempt made by the duke of Alva in 1569, through the agency of Vitelli, to

concert with the Catholic party the scheme of an invasion of England—the rising of the Catholics of the northern counties under the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland the same year—the plot of the duke of Norfolk with Rudolf in 1571, for which that unfortunate nobleman lost his head—the plots of Throgmorton and Creighton in 1584, and of Babington in 1586—to omit several minor attempts of the same kind—all testified the restless zeal with which the various enemies of the established order of things pursued their common end. Meanwhile, however, events were tending to a crisis which was to put an end to the outward show of friendship that had been so long kept up between parties that were not only fiercely hostile in their hearts, but had even been constantly working for each other's overthrow behind the thin screen of their professions and courtesies. The queen of Scots was put to death in 1587, by an act of which it is easier to defend the state policy than either the justice or the legality. By this time also, although no actual declaration of war had yet proceeded either from England or Spain, the cause of the people of the Netherlands had been openly espoused by Elizabeth, whose general, the earl of Leicester, was now at the head of the troops of the United Provinces, as the revolted states called themselves. An English fleet at the same time attacked and ravaged the Spanish settlements in the West Indies. At last, in the summer of 1588, the great Spanish fleet, arrogantly styled the Invincible Armada, sailed for the invasion of England, and was in the greater part dashed to pieces on the coasts which it came to assail. From this time hostilities proceeded with more or less activity between the two countries during the remainder of the reign of Elizabeth. Meanwhile Henry III., and, after his assassination in 1589, the young king of Navarre, assuming the title of Henry IV., at the head of the Huguenots, had been maintaining a desperate contest in France with the duke of Guise and the League. For some years Elizabeth and Philip remained only spectators of the struggle; but at length they were both drawn to take a principal part in it. The French war, however, in so far as Elizabeth was concerned, must be considered as only another appendage to the war with Spain; it was Philip chiefly, and not the League, that she opposed in France; just as in the Netherlands, and formerly in Scotland, it was not the cause of liberty against despotism, or of revolted subjects against their legitimate sovereign, that she supported, or even the cause of Protestantism against Catholicism, but her own cause against Philip, her own right to the English throne against his, or that of the competitor with whom he took part. Since the death of Mary of Scotland, Philip professed to consider himself as the rightful king of England, partly on the ground of his descent from John of Gaunt, partly in consequence of Mary having by her will bequeathed her pretensions to him should her son persist in remaining a heretic. Henry IV. having previously embraced Catholicism, made peace with Philip by the treaty of Vervins, concluded in May, 1598; and the death of Philip followed in September of the same year. But the war between England and Spain was nevertheless still kept up. In 1601 Philip III. sent a force to Ireland, which landed in that country and took the town of Kinsale; and the following year Elizabeth retaliated by fitting out a naval expedition against her adversary, which captured some rich prizes, and otherwise annoyed the Spaniard. Her forces continued to act in conjunction with those of the Seven United Provinces both by sea and land.

Elizabeth died on the 24th of March, 1603, in the 70th year of her age and the forty-fifth of her reign.

179.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

• PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.

Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, was born on the 7th December, 1542. She was the third child of King James V. of Scotland, by his wife Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, who had previously borne her husband two sons, both of whom died in infancy. A report prevailed that Mary too was not likely to live, but being unswaddled by her nurse at the desire of her anxious mother, in presence of the English ambassador, the latter wrote to his court that she was as goodly a child as he had seen of her age. At the time of her birth her father lay sick in the palace of Falkland; and in the course of a few days after, he expired, at the early age of thirty, his death being hastened by distress of mind, occasioned by the defeats which his nobles had sustained at Fala and Solway Moss. James was naturally a person of considerable energy and vigour both of mind and body, but previous to his death he fell into a state of listlessness and despondency, and after his decease it was found that he had made no provision for the care of the infant princess, or for the administration of the government. The ambitious Beaton seized this opportunity, and producing a testament which he pretended was that of the late king, immediately assumed the office and title of regent. The fraud was soon discovered; but by the haste and imprudence of the regent Arran and Henry VIII. of England, who wished a marriage agreed to between his son and the young queen, Beaton regained his influence in the country; and on the 9th of September, 1543, Mary was crowned by the archbishop, who was also immediately afterwards appointed lord high chancellor of the kingdom. He had even the address to win over the regent Arran to his views, both political and religious; and thus the French or Roman Catholic party obtained the ascendancy. The first two years of Mary's life was spent at Linlithgow, in the royal palace of which she was born; she was then removed to Stirling castle; and when the disputes of parties in the country rendered this a somewhat dangerous residence, she was carried to Inchmahome, a sequestered island in the Lake of Monteith, where she remained about two years. In the meantime a treaty of marriage had been concluded between her and the dauphin Francis; and in terms of the treaty it was resolved she should be sent into France to be educated at the French court, until the nuptials could be solemnized. Accordingly in the fifth year of her age she was taken to Dumbarton, where she was put on board the French fleet; and setting sail towards the end of July, 1548, she was, after a tempestuous voyage, landed on the 14th of August at Brest, whence she proceeded by easy stages to the palace at St. Germain-en-Laye. At every town in her progress she was received with all the honours due to her royal rank, and as a mark of respect and joy the prisons were thrown open and the prisoners set free.

Soon after her arrival at her destination, Mary was placed with the French king's own daughters in one of the first convents of the kingdom, where she made such rapid progress in the acquisition of the literature and accomplishments of the age, that when visiting her in the end of the year 1550, her mother, Mary of Guise, with her Scottish attendants, burst into tears of joy. She did not however remain long in this situation. Perceiving the bent of her mind to the society and occupations of a nunnery, which did not accord with the ambitious projects entertained by her uncles of Lorraine, they soon brought her to the court, which, as Robertson observes, was one of the politest but most corrupt in Europe. Here Mary became the envy of her sex, surpassing the most accomplished in the elegance and fluency of her language, the grace and liveliness of her movements, and the charm of her whole

manner and behaviour. The youthful Francis, to whom she was betrothed, and was soon to be united in wedlock, was about her own age, and they had been playmates from early years: there appears also to have grown up a mutual affection between them; but the dauphin had little of her vivacity, and was altogether considerably her inferior both in mental endowments and personal appearance. The marriage, which took place on the 24th of April, 1558, was celebrated with great pomp; and when the dauphin, taking a ring from his finger, presented it to the cardinal Bourbon, archbishop of Rouen, who, pronouncing the benediction, placed it on the finger of the lovely and youthful bride, the vaulted roof of the cathedral rung with the shouts and congratulations of the assembled multitude.

The solemnities being over, the married pair retired to one of their princely retreats for the summer; but that season was hardly gone when, a vacancy having occurred on the throne of England by the death of Queen Mary, claims were put forth on behalf of the queen of Scots through her grandmother, who was eldest daughter of King Henry VII. of England; and notwithstanding Elizabeth had ascended the throne, and was, like her sister Mary (both daughters of Henry VIII.), queen both *de facto* and by the declaration of the parliament of England, yet this claim for the Scottish princess was made and continued to be urged with great pertinacity by her ambitious uncles the princes of Lorraine. On every occasion on which the dauphin and dauphiness appeared in public, they were ostentatiously greeted as the king and queen of England; the English arms were engraved upon their plate, embroidered on their banners, and painted on their furniture; and Mary's own favourite device at the time was, the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto *Aliamque moratur*, meaning that of England. Henri II. died in July, 1559, and in September of the same year Francis was solemnly crowned at Rheims. Mary was now at the height of her splendour; it was doomed however to be only of short continuance. In June, 1560, her mother died; and in December of the same year, her husband, who had been wasting away for some months, expired. By this latter event, Catherine de' Medici rose again into power in the French court, and Mary, who did not relish being second where she had been the first, immediately determined on quitting France and returning to her native country. The queen of England however interposed; and because Mary would not abandon all claim to the English throne, refused to grant her a free passage, being moved to this piece of discourtesy not less perhaps by envy than by jealousy. Mary notwithstanding resolved to go, and at length, after repeated delays, still lingering on the soil where fortune had smiled upon her, she reached Calais. Here she bade adieu to her attendants, and sailed for Scotland; but as long as the French coast remained in view, she continued involuntarily to exclaim, 'Farewell, France' Farewell, beloved country.' She landed at Leith on the 19th August, 1561, in the 19th year of her age, and after an absence from Scotland of nearly 13 years. She was now, in the language of Robertson, "a stranger to her subjects, without experience, without allies, and almost without a friend."

A great change had taken place in Scotland since Mary was last in the country. The Roman Catholic religion was then supreme; and under the direction of Cardinal Beaton the Romish clergy displayed a fierceness of intolerance which seemed to aim at nothing short of the utter extirpation of every seed of dissent and reform. The same causes however which gave strength to the ecclesiastics gave strength also, though more slowly, to the great body of the people; and at length, after the repeated losses of Flodden and Fala, and Solway Moss and Pinkie, which, by the fall of nearly the whole lay nobility and leading men of the kingdom, brought all classes within the influence of public events,—the energies, physical and mental, of the entire nation were drawn out, and under the guidance of the reformer

Knox expended themselves with the fury of awakened indignation upon the whole fabric of the ancient religion. The work of destruction was just completed, and the Presbyterian government established on the ruins of the Roman Catholic, when Mary returned to her native land. She knew little of all this, and had been taught in France to shrink at the avowal of Protestant opinions: her habits and sentiments were therefore utterly at variance with those of her subjects; and, nurtured in the lap of ease, she was wholly unprepared for the shock which was inevitably to result from her being thrown among them.

Accordingly the very first Sunday after her arrival she commanded a solemn mass to be celebrated in the chapel of the palace; and as might have been expected an uproar ensued, the servants of the chapel were insulted and abused, and had not some of the lay nobility of the Protestant party interposed, the riot might have become general. The next Sunday Knox had a thundering sermon against idolatry, and in his discourse he took occasion to say that a single mass was, in his estimation, more to be feared than ten thousand armed men. Upon this, Mary sent for the reformer, desiring to have an interview with him. The interview took place, as well as one or two subsequent ones from a like cause; but the only result was to exhibit the parties more plainly at variance with each other. In one of these fruitless conferences the young queen was bathed in tears before his stern rebukes. Her youth however, her beauty and accomplishments, and her affability, interested many in her favour; and as she had from the first continued the government in the hands of the Protestants, the general peace of the country remained unbroken.

A remarkable proof of the popular favour which she had won, appeared in the circumstances attending her marriage with Darnley. Various proposals had been made to her from different quarters; but at length she gave up all thoughts of a foreign alliance, and her affections became fixed on her cousin Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, the youthful heir of the noble house of Lennox, to whom she was united on Sunday, 29th July, 1565, the ceremony of marriage being performed in the chapel of Holyrood House, according to the rites of the Romish church. Whether the queen had any right to choose a husband without consent of Parliament, was in that age, as Robertson observes, a matter of some dispute; but that she had no right to confer upon him, by her private authority, the title and dignity of king, or by a simple proclamation invest him with the character of a sovereign, was beyond all doubt: yet so entirely did she possess the favourable regard of the nation, that notwithstanding the clamours of the malecontents, her conduct in this respect produced no symptom of general dissatisfaction. The queen's marriage was particularly obnoxious to Queen Elizabeth, whose jealous eye had never been withdrawn from her rival. Knox also did not look favourably on it. Nevertheless the current of popular opinion ran decidedly in Mary's favour, and it was even remarked that the prosperous situation of her affairs began to work some change in favour of her religion.

This popularity however was the result of adventitious circumstances only. There existed no real sympathy of opinion between Mary and the great body of her people; and whatever led to the manifestation of her religious sentiments dissolved in the same degree the fascination which her other qualities had created. It is in this way we may account for the assistance given to Darnley in the assassination of Rizzio—an attendant on Mary, who seems to have come in place of Chatelard. The latter was a French poet who sailed in Mary's retinue when she came over from the Continent; and having gained the queen's attention by his poetical effusions, he proceeded, in the indulgence of a foolish attachment for her, to a boldness and audacity of behaviour which demanded at last the interposition of the law, and he was condemned and executed. Rizzio, a Piedmontese by birth, came to Edinburgh

in the train of the ambassador from Savoy, a year or so before Chatelard's execution. He was skilled in music, had a polished and ready wit, and, like Chatelard, wrote with ease in French and Italian. His first employment at court was in his character of a musician; but Mary soon advanced him to be her French secretary; and in this situation he was conceived to possess an influence over the queen which was equally hateful to Darnley and the Reformers, though on very different grounds. Both therefore concurred in his destruction, and he was assassinated accordingly. Darnley afterwards disclaimed all concern in the conspiracy; but it was plain the queen did not believe and could not forgive him; and having but few qualities to secure her regard, her growing contempt of him terminated in disgust. In the meantime the well-known Earl of Bothwell was rapidly advancing in the queen's favour, and at length no business was concluded, no grace bestowed, without his assent and participation. Meanwhile also Mary bore a son to Darnley; and after great preparations for the event, the baptism of the young prince was performed according to the rites of the Romish church. Darnley himself was soon after seized with the smallpox, or some dangerous distemper, the nature and cause of which are not very clear. He was at Glasgow when he was taken ill, having retired thither to his father somewhat hastily and unexpectedly; Mary was not with him, nor did she visit him for a fortnight. After a short stay they returned to Edinburgh together, when Darnley was lodged, not in the palace of Holyrood, as heretofore, but in the house of Kirk of Field, a mansion standing by itself in an open and solitary part of the town. Ten days after, the house was blown up by gunpowder, and Darnley and his servants buried in the ruins. Whether Mary knew of the intended murder is not certain, and different views of the circumstances have been taken by different historians. The author of the horrid deed was Bothwell, and the public voice was unanimous in his reprobation. Bothwell was brought before the privy-council for the crime; but in consequence of the shortness of the notice, Lennox, his accuser, did not appear. The trial nevertheless proceeded, or rather the verdict and sentence; for without a single witness being examined, Bothwell was acquitted. He was upon this not only continued in all his influence and employments, but he actually attained the great end which he had in view by the perpetration of the foul act. This was no other than to marry the queen herself, which he did in three months after; having in the interval, met the queen, and carried her off a prisoner to his castle of Dunbar, and also raised a process of divorce against the lady Bothwell, his wife, on the ground of consanguinity, and got a decree in the cause just nine days before the marriage. Before the marriage, also, Mary created Bothwell Duke of Orkney; and the marriage itself was solemnised at Holyrood House by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, according to the forms both of the Romish and Protestant religions.

Public indignation could no longer be restrained. The nobles rose against Bothwell and Mary, who fled before an armed and indignant people from fortress to fortress. At length, after they had collected some followers, a pitched battle near Cumber Hill was about to ensue, when Mary abandoned Bothwell, and threw herself on the mercy of her subjects. They conducted her first to Edinburgh, and thence to the castle of Lochleven, where, as she still persisted to regard Bothwell as her husband, it was determined she should at once abdicate in favour of the prince, her son James. Instruments of abdication to that effect were accordingly prepared, and she was at last constrained to affix her signature to them; upon which the prince was solemnly crowned at Stirling, 29th July, 1567, when little more than a year old. Mary continued a prisoner at Lochleven; but by the aid of friends, in less than twelve months, she effected her escape, and collected a considerable army. The battle of Langside ensued, where she was completely routed; upon this she fled.

towards Galloway, and thence passed into England, hoping to secure the favour of Elizabeth. In this however she was mistaken. Elizabeth refused her an audience, but declared her readiness to act as umpire between her and her subjects. Mary would not yield to this, or consent to be regarded in any other light than as queen of Scotland. The consequence was, that being now in the hands of her great rival, Elizabeth contrived to detain her a captive in her dominions till the end of the year 1566,—a period of about nineteen years,—when she was accused of being accessory to Babington's conspiracy against the queen of England.

178.—BABINGTON'S CONSPIRACY, AND EXECUTION, OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

GOLDSMITH.

John Ballard, a popish priest, who had been bred in the English seminary at Rheims, resolved to compass the death of a queen whom he considered as the enemy of his religion ; and, with that gloomy resolution, he came over to England in the disguise of a soldier, with the assumed name of captain Fortescue. He bent his endeavours to bring about at once the project of an assassination, an insurrection, and an invasion. The first person he addressed himself to was Anthony Babington, of Dethick, in the county of Derby, a young gentleman of good family, and possessed of a very plentiful fortune. This person had been long remarkable for his zeal in the catholic cause, and his attachment to the captive queen. He, therefore, came readily into the plot, and procured the concurrence and assistance of some other associates in this dangerous undertaking ; Barnwell, a person of a noble family in Ireland ; Charnock, a gentleman of Lancashire ; Abington, whose father had been cofferer to the household ; and, chief of all, John Savage, a man of desperate fortune, who had served in the Low Countries, and came into England under a vow to destroy the queen. He indeed did not seem to desire any associate in the bold enterprise, and refused for some time to permit any to share with him in what he esteemed his greatest glory. He challenged the whole to himself ; and it was with some difficulty that he was induced to depart from his preposterous ambition. The next step was to apprise Mary of the conspiracy formed in her favour ; and this they effected by conveying their letters to her (by means of a brewer that supplied the family with ale), through a chink in the wall of her apartment. In these, Babington informed her of a design laid for a foreign invasion, the plan of an insurrection at home, the scheme for her deliverance, and the conspiracy for assassinating the usurper, by six noble gentlemen, as he termed them, all of them his private friends, who, from the zeal which they bore to the catholic cause and her majesty's service, would undertake the tragical execution. To these Mary replied, that she approved highly of the design ; that the gentlemen might expect all the rewards which it should ever be in her power to confer ; and that the death of Elizabeth was a necessary circumstance, previous to any further attempts either for her deliverance or the intended insurrection.

Such was the scheme laid by the conspirators ; and nothing seemed so certain as its secrecy and its success. But they were all miserably deceived ; the active and sagacious ministers of Elizabeth were privy to it in every stage of its growth, and only retarded their discovery till the meditated guilt was ripe for punishment and conviction. Ballard was actually attended by one Maude, a catholic priest, who was a spy in pay with Walsingham, secretary of state. One Polly, another of his spies, had found means to insinuate himself among the conspirators, and to give an exact account of their proceedings. Soon after, one Giffard, a priest, came

over, and, discovering the whole conspiracy to the bottom, made a tender of his service to Walsingham. It was he that procured the letters to be conveyed through the wall to the queen, and received her answers; but he had always taken care to shew them to the secretary of state, who had them deciphered, and took copies of them all.

The plot being thus ripe for execution, and the evidence against the conspirators incontestable, Walsingham resolved to suspend their punishment no longer. A warrant was accordingly issued out for the apprehending of Ballard; and this giving the alarm to Babington and the rest of the conspirators, they covered themselves with various disguises, and endeavoured to keep themselves concealed. But they were soon discovered, thrown into prison, and brought to trial. In their examination they contradicted each other, and the leaders were obliged to make a full confession of the truth. Fourteen were condemned and executed, some of whom died confessing their crime.

The execution of these wretched men only prepared the way for one of still greater importance, in which a captive queen was to submit to the unjust decisions of those who had no right but that of power, to condemn her. Though all England was acquainted with the detection of Babington's conspiracy, every avenue to the unfortunate Mary was so strictly guarded, that she remained in utter ignorance of the whole matter. But her astonishment was equal to her anguish, when Sir Thomas Gorges, by Elizabeth's order, came to inform her of the fate of her unhappy confederates. She was at that time mounted on horseback, going to hunt; and was not permitted to return to her former place of abode, but conducted from one gentleman's house to another, till she was lodged in Fotheringay castle, in Northamptonshire, where the last scene of her miserable tragedy was to be performed.

The council of England was divided in opinion about the measures to be taken against the queen of Scots. Some members proposed that, as her health was very infirm, her life might be shortened by close confinement; and the earl of Leicester advised that she should be despatched by poison; but the majority insisted on her being put to death by legal process. Accordingly a commission was issued for forty-one peers, with five judges, or the major part of them, to try and pass sentence upon Mary daughter and heir of James the Fifth, king of Scotland, commonly called queen of Scots, and dowager of France.

Thirty-six of these commissioners, arriving at the castle of Fotheringay, presented her with a letter from Elizabeth, commanding her to submit to a trial for her late conspiracy. Mary perused the letter with great composure, and, as she had long foreseen the danger that hung over her, received the intelligence without emotion or astonishment. She said, however, that she wondered the queen of England should command her as a subject, who was an independent sovereign, and a queen like herself. She would never, she said, stoop to any condescension which would lessen her dignity, or prejudice the claims of her posterity. The laws of England, she observed, were unknown to her; she was destitute of counsel; nor could she conceive who were to be her peers, as she had but one equal in the kingdom. She added, that, instead of enjoying the protection of the laws of England, which she had hoped to obtain, she had been confined in prison ever since her arrival in the kingdom, so that she derived neither benefit nor security from them. When the commissioners pressed her to submit to the queen's pleasure, otherwise they would proceed against her as contumacious, she declared that she would rather suffer a thousand deaths than own herself a subject to any prince on earth: that, however, she was ready to vindicate herself in a full and free parliament; as, for ought she knew, this meeting of commissioners was devised against her life on purpose to take it away with a pretext of justice. She exhorted them to conduct their own con-

sciences, and to remember that the theatre of the world was much more extensive than that of the kingdom of England. At length the vice-chamberlain Hatton vanquished her objections, by representing that she injured her reputation by avoiding a trial, in which her innocence might be proved to the satisfaction of all mankind. This observation made such an impression upon her, that she agreed to plead, if they would admit and allow her protest, of disallowing all subjection. This, however they refused, but they satisfied her, by entering it upon record ; and thus they proceeded to a trial.

The principal charge against her was urged by sergeant Gaudy, who accused her of knowing, approving, and consenting to, Babington's conspiracy. This charge was supported by Babington's confession, by the copies which were taken of their correspondence, in which her approbation of the queen's murder was expressly declared ; by the evidence of her own secretaries, Nan a Frenchman, and Curll a Scotchman, who swore that she received the letters of that conspirator, and that they had answered them by her orders. These allegations were corroborated by the testimony of Ballard and Savage, to whom Babington had shown some letters, declaring them to have come from the captive queen. To these charges Mary made a sensible and resolute defence ; she said Babington's confession was extorted by his fears of the torture, which was really the case : she alleged that the letters were forgeries, and she defied her secretaries to persist in their evidence, if brought into her presence. She owned, indeed, that she had used her best endeavours to recover her liberty, which was only pursuing the dictates of nature ; but as for harbouring a thought against the life of the queen, she treated the idea with horror. In a letter which was read during the trial, mention was made of the earl of Arundel and his brothers. On hearing their names, she shed a flood of tears, exclaiming, "Alas ! what hath the noble house of Howard endured for my sake ! " She took occasion also to observe, that this letter might have been a base contrivance of Walsingham, who had frequently practised both against her life and that of her son. Walsingham, thus accused, rose up, and protested that his heart was free from malice ; that he had never done anything unbecoming an honest man in his private capacity, nor sought unworthy of the place he occupied in the state. Mary declared herself satisfied of his innocence, and begged he would give as little credit to the malicious accusations of her enemies, as she now gave to the reports which she had heard to his prejudice.

Whatever might have been the queen's offences, it is certain that her treatment was very severe. She desired to be put in possession of such notes as she had taken preparative to her trial ; but this was refused her. She demanded a copy of her protest ; but her request was not complied with : she even required an advocate to plead her cause against so many learned lawyers as had undertaken to urge her accusations ; but all her demands were rejected ; and, after an adjournment of some days, sentence of death was pronounced against her in the Star-chamber in Westminster all the commissioners except two being present. At the same time a declaration was published by the commissioners, implying, that the sentence against her did in no wise derogate from the title and honour of James, king of Scotland, son to the attainted queen.

Though the condemnation of a sovereign princess at a tribunal to which she owed no subjection, was an injustice that must strike the most inattentive, yet the parliament of England did not fail to approve the sentence, and to go still farther, in presenting an address to the queen, desiring that it might speedily be put into execution. But Elizabeth still felt or pretended to feel, a horror for such precipitate severity. She entreated the two houses to find some expedient to save her from the necessity of taking a step so repugnant to her inclination. But at the same

time she seemed to dread another conspiracy to assassinate her within a month; which probably was only an artifice of her ministers to increase her apprehensions, and, consequently, her desire of being rid of a rival that had given her so much disturbance. The parliament, however, reiterated their solicitations, arguments, and entreaties; and even remonstrated, that mercy to the queen of Scots was cruelty to them, her subjects, and her children. Elizabeth affected to continue inflexible, but at the same time permitted Mary's sentence to be made public; and lord Buckhurst, and Beale, clerk to the council, were sent to the unhappy queen to apprise her of the sentence, and of the popular clamour for its speedy execution.

Upon receiving this dreadful information, Mary seemed no way moved; but insisted, that since her death was demanded by the protestants, she died a martyr to the catholic religion. She said, that as the English often embred their hands in the blood of their own sovereigns, it was not to be wondered at that they exercised their cruelty towards her. She wrote her last letter to Elizabeth, not demanding her life, which she now seemed willing to part with, but desiring that, after her enemies should be satisfied with her innocent blood, her body might be consigned to her servants, and conveyed to France, there to repose in a catholic country, with the sacred remains of her mother.

In the mean time, accounts of this extraordinary sentence were spread into all parts of Europe; and the king of France was among the foremost who attempted to avert the threatened blow. He sent over Believere as an extraordinary ambassador, with a professed intention of interceding for the life of Mary. But James of Scotland, her son, was, as in duty obliged, still more pressing in her behalf. He despatched Keith, a gentleman of his bed-chamber, with a letter to Elizabeth, conjuring her to spare the life of his parent, and mixing threats of vengeance in case of a refusal. Elizabeth treated his remonstrances with the utmost indignation; and when the Scottish ambassador begged that the execution might be put off for a week, the queen answered with great emotion, "No, not for an hour." Thus Elizabeth, when solicited by foreign princes to pardon the queen of Scots, seemed always disposed to proceed to extremities against her; but when her ministers urged her to strike the blow, her scruples and her reluctance seemed to return.

Whether the queen was really sincere in her reluctance to execute Mary, is a question which, though usually given against her, I will not take upon me to determine. Certainly there were great arts used by her courtiers to determine her to the side of severity, as they had everything to fear from the resentment of Mary, in case of her succeeding to the throne. Accordingly, the kingdom was now filled with rumours of plots, treasons, and insurrections; and the queen was continually kept in alarm by fictitious dangers. She therefore appeared to be in great terror and perplexity; she was observed to sit much alone, and to mutter to herself half-sentences, importing the difficulty and distress to which she was reduced. In this situation she one day called her secretary, Davidson, whom she ordered to draw out secretly the warrant for Mary's execution, informing him, that she intended to keep it by her in case any attempt should be made for the delivery of that princess. She signed the warrant, and then commanded it to be carried to the chancellor to have the seal affixed to it. Next morning, however, she sent two gentlemen successively, to desire that Davidson would not go to the chancellor, until she should see him; but the secretary telling her that the warrant had been already sealed, she seemed displeased at his precipitation. Davidson, who probably wished to see the sentence executed, laid the affair before the council, who unanimously resolved, that the warrant should be immediately put in execution, and promised to justify Davidson to the queen. Accordingly, the fatal instrument was delivered to Beale, who summoned the noblemen to whom it was directed, namely, the earls of Shrewsbury

bury, Derby, Kent, and Cumberland; and these together set out for Fotheringhay castle, accompanied by two executioners, to despatch their bloody commission.

Mary heard of the arrival of her executioners, who ordered her to prepare for death by eight o'clock the next morning. Without any alarm, she heard the death-warrant read with her usual composure, though she could not help expressing her surprise, that the queen of England should consent to her execution. She even abjured her being privy to any conspiracy against Elizabeth, by laying her hand upon a New Testament, which happened to lie on the table. She desired that her confessor might be permitted to attend her; which, however, these zealots refused. After the earls had retired, she ate sparingly at supper, while she comforted her attendants (who continued weeping and lamenting the fate of their mistress) with a cheerful countenance, telling them they ought not to mourn, but to rejoice, at the prospect of her speedy deliverance from a world of misery. Towards the end of supper, she called in all her servants, and drank to them; they pledged her in order on their knees, and craved her pardon for any past neglect of duty. She craved mutual forgiveness; and a plentiful effusion of tears attended this last solemn separation.

After this she reviewed her will, and perused the inventory of her effects. These she bequeathed to different individuals, and divided her money among her domestics, recommending them in letters to the king of France and the duke of Guise. Then going to bed at her usual hour, she passed part of the night in uninterrupted repose, and, rising, spent the remainder in prayer and acts of devotion. Towards morning, she dressed herself in a rich habit of silk and velvet, the only one which she had reserved for this solemn occasion. Thomas Andrews, the under-sheriff of the county, then entering the room, informed her that the hour was come, and that he must attend her to the place of execution. She replied, that she was ready; and, bidding her servants farewell, she proceeded, supported by two of her guards, and followed the sheriff with a serene composed aspect, with a long veil of linen on her head, and in her hand a crucifix of ivory. In passing through a hall adjoining to her chamber, Sir Andrew Melvil, master of her household, fell upon his knees, and, shedding a flood of tears, lamented his misfortune in being doomed to carry the news of her unhappy fate to Scotland. "Lament not," said she, "but rather rejoice. Mary Stuart will soon be freed from all her cares. Tell my friends that I die constant in my religion, and firm in my affection and fidelity to Scotland and France. God forgive them that have long desired my end, and have thirsted for my blood as the hart panteth for the water brook! Thou, O God, who art truth itself, and perfectly understandest the inmost thoughts of my heart, knowest how greatly I have desired that the realms of Scotland and England might be united. Commend me to my son, and assure him I have done nothing prejudicial to the state or the crown of Scotland. Admonish him to persevere in amity and friendship with the queen of England; and, for thy own part, do him faithful service. And so, good Melvil, farewell; once again farewell, good Melvil, and grant the assistance of thy prayers to thy queen and thy mistress." In this place she was received by the four noblemen, who with great difficulty were prevailed upon to allow Melvil, with her physician, apothecary, and two female attendants, to be present at her execution. She then passed (the noblemen and the sheriff going before, and Melvil bearing up her train) into another hall, where was a scaffold erected, and covered with black. As soon as she was seated, Beale began to read the warrant for her execution. Then Fletcher, dean of Peterborough, standing without the rails, repeated a long exhortation, which she desired him to forbear, as she was firmly resolved to die in the catholic religion. The room was crowded with spectators, who beheld her with pity and distress, while her beauty, though dimmed by age and affliction, gleamed

through her sufferings, and was still remarkable in this fatal moment. The earl of Kent, observing that in her devotions she made frequent use of the crucifix, could not forbear reproving her, exhorting her to have Christ in her heart, not in her hand. She replied, with presence of mind, that it was difficult to hold such an object in her hand, without feeling her heart touched for the sufferings of him whom it represented. She now began, with the aid of her two women, to undress for the block; and the executioner also lent his hand to assist them. She smiled, and said that she was not accustomed to undress herself before so large a company, or to be attended by such servants. Her women bursting into tears and loud exclamations of sorrow, she turned about to them, put her finger upon her lips, as a sign of imposing silence upon them; and having given them her blessing, desired their prayers in return. The two executioners kneeling, and asking her pardon, she said she forgave them, and all the authors of her death, as freely as she hoped forgiveness of her Maker; and once more made a solemn protestation of her innocence. Her eyes were then covered with a linen handkerchief; she laid herself down without any fear or trepidation, and when she had recited a psalm, and repeated a pious ejaculation, her head was severed from her body at two strokes. The executioner instantly held it up to the spectators, streaming with blood, and agitated with the convulsions of death. The dean of Peterborough alone exclaimed, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" The earl of Kent replied Amen, while the rest of the spectators wept and sighed at this affecting spectacle; for flattery and zeal alike gave place to stronger and better emotions. Thus died Mary, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity—a princess unmatched in beauty, and unequalled in misfortunes. In contemplating the contentions of mankind, we find almost ever both sides culpable: Mary, who was stained with crimes that deserved punishment, was put to death by a princess who had no right to inflict punishment on her equal.

174.—THE SPANISH ARMADA.

FROM "THE PLAIN ENGLISHMAN."

The spirit of bigotry and tyranny, by which Philip II. of Spain, formerly wedded to Mary, Queen of England, was actuated, with the fraudulent maxims which governed his counsels, excited the most violent agitation among his own people, engaged him in acts of the greatest cruelty, and threw all Europe into alarm. He had long harboured a secret and violent desire of revenge against Queen Elizabeth, to execute which he formed the plan of an invasion of England, by fitting out his invincible armada.

Many circumstances contributed to his hatred of Elizabeth. The rejection of his hand on the death of her sister; her support of the Protestant cause; the great and decisive part that she embraced to prevent his oppression of the Netherlands; and her successes in Spanish America; these circumstances excited the jealousy of Philip, and induced him to believe that, by her subjection, he should acquire the renown of re-uniting the whole Christian world in the Catholic communion.

At this period Spain was rich and populous. Philip had lately annexed the kingdom of Portugal to his dominions.

All the princes of Italy, even the pope and the court of Rome, were reduced to a kind of subjection under him, and seemed to possess their sovereignty on terms somewhat precarious. The Austrian branch in Germany, with their dependant principalities, was closely connected with him, and was ready to supply him with troops for every enterprise.

Three years had been spent by Philip in secretly making great preparations for this enterprise. The project, indeed, was formed after the Queen of Scots had been persuaded to make over to him her right to England, as being the only plan to restore there the Catholic religion. Besides this vague right, conveyed by will, he thought he might justly claim the crown of England as being the next Catholic prince descended, by the female line, from the Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III. Pope Sixtus IV., not less ambitious than Philip, excited him to the invasion of England. He again excommunicated the queen. All the ports of Spain resounded with preparations for this alarming expedition; and the Spaniards seemed to threaten the English with a total annihilation.

The fleet, which, on account of its prodigious strength, was called, "the Invincible Armada," was completed in 1588.

The English fleet at this time consisted only of twenty-eight sail, most of which were very small vessels; but the alacrity of Elizabeth's subjects sufficiently atoned for the weakness of her navy. The maritime towns, the nobility and gentry, testified the greatest zeal on this occasion. The city of London fitted out thirty ships, though fifteen only had been required. The gentry and nobility hired and armed forty-three ships, at their own expense. Lord Howard, of Effingham, a man of great courage and capacity, was Lord Admiral, and took upon him the command of the navy. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the most renowned seamen in Europe, served under him. The main fleet was stationed at Plymouth, while a smaller fleet, consisting of forty vessels, under the command of Lord Seymour, lay off Dunkirk, in order to intercept the forces commanded by the Duke of Parma.

Twenty thousand land forces were cantoned along the southern coasts of England; another body of disciplined troops encamped at Tilbury, near the mouth of the Thames, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, whom the queen, on this occasion, created general in chief of all her forces; and the Lord Hunsdon commanded a third army, consisting of thirty thousand men, for the defence of her majesty's person, and to march to that part of the coast on which the enemy might make their chief landing.

The chief hopes of Elizabeth were placed in the affections of her people. Party distinctions were forgotten, and every man exerted himself in the defence of his country.

The magnanimity of Elizabeth was remarkable on this trying occasion. She appeared on horseback in the camp of Tilbury, harangued her army, and expressed an entire confidence in their loyalty and courage. The following was her truly noble speech on this occasion:—

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safe-guard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you, at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust.

"I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too; and I think it foul scorn, that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.

"I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you."

"In the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead; than whom never prince commanded a more noble and worthy subject; not doubting, by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."

The armada was some time prevented from sailing, by the death of the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, a nobleman of great family, but wholly unacquainted with maritime affairs, was appointed admiral in his room. This interval was employed by Elizabeth in making new preparations for rendering the design abortive.

At length the invincible fleet sailed from Lisbon on the 29th of May; but being overtaken with a dreadful tempest, it was obliged to put into the Groyne, having received considerable damage.

After a delay of two months, the armada sailed once more to prosecute the intended enterprise. The fleet consisted of 130 ships, of which near 100 were galleons, and of a greater burden than had ever before appeared on the coast of England.

The armada advanced towards Plymouth. It was disposed in the form of a half-moon, and stretched to the distance of seven leagues from the extremity of one division to the other. But this appearance dismayed not the English; they knew their huge vessels were so ill-constructed, and so difficult to be managed, that they would not be able to support themselves against the repeated attacks of ships at a distance.

Two of the largest ships in the Spanish fleet were soon after taken by Sir Francis Drake; and, while the enemy advanced slowly up the channel, the English followed their rear, and harrassed them with perpetual skirmishes. The Spaniards now began to abate in their confidence of success; the design of attacking the English navy in Plymouth was laid aside, and they directed their course towards Calais.

The armada, after many losses, came to an anchor before Calais, in the expectation of being joined by the Prince of Parma; but before that general could embark his troops, all hope of success vanished, by a stratagem of the English admiral. He filled eight of his smaller ships with combustible materials, and, setting them on fire, sent them, one after another, into the midst of the enemy's fleet. Terrified at this appearance, the Spaniards cut their cables, and betook themselves to flight, in a very precipitous and disorderly manner. In the midst of this confusion, the English fell upon them with such fury, that twelve of their largest ships were taken, and several others were thoroughly damaged.

The ambitious Spaniards were now convinced that their scheme was entirely frustrated, and would willingly have abandoned the enterprise, and returned immediately to their ports, could they have done it with safety; but this was impossible; the wind was contrary, and the only chance of escaping was that of making a tour of the whole island, and reaching at last the Spanish harbours by the ocean; but a violent storm soon overtook them, and completed the destruction of the Invincible Armada; not half the vessels returned to the ports of Spain.

Of the armada there were taken and destroyed in the Channel 15 ships, and 4,721 men; and, on the coast of Ireland 17 ships, and 5,394 men: in all 32 ships, and 10,115 men.

175—THE FALL OF ESSEX.

C. KNIGHT, "SHAKSPEARE BIOGRAPHY."

The spring of 1599 saw Shakspeare's friends and patrons, Essex and Southampton, in honour and triumph. "The 29th March, 1599, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Robert Earl of Essex, Viceregent of Ireland, &c., took horse in Seeding Lane, and from thence, being accompanied with divers noblemen and many others, himself very plainly attired, rode through Grace Street, Cornhill, Cheapside, and other high streets, in all which places, and in the fields, the people^a pressed exceedingly to behold him, especially in the highways, for more than four miles space, crying, and saying, God bless your lordship, God preserve your honour, &c.; and some followed him until the evening, only to behold him. When he and his company came forth of London, the sky was very calm and clear, but before he could get past Iseldon, [Islington] there arose a great black cloud in the north-east, and suddenly came lightning and thunder, with a great shower of hail and rain, the which some held as an ominous prodigy."* It was, perhaps, with some reference to such forebodings, that in the chorus to the fifth act of "Henry V.",—which of course must have been performed between the departure of Essex in March, and his return in September—Shakspeare thus anticipates the triumph of Essex:—

"But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious emperors
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him!"

But the "ominous prodigy" was sadly realized. About the close of the year 1599, the Blackfriars Theatre was remarkable for the constant presence of two men of high rank, who were there seeking amusement and instruction as some solace for the bitter mortifications of disappointed ambition. "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the court; the one doth but very seldom; they pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day."[†] Essex had arrived from Ireland on the 28th of September, 1599—not

"Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,"—

not surrounded with swarms of citizens who

"Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in,"—

but a fugitive from his army; one who in his desire for peace had treated with rebels, and had brought down upon him the censures of the court; one who knew that his sovereign was surrounded with his personal enemies, and who in his reckless anger once thought to turn his army homeward to compel justice at their hands; one who at last rushed alone into the queen's presence, "full of dirt and mire," and found that he was in the toils of his foes. From that Michaelmas till

* Stow's "Annals."

† Letter of Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, in the Sydney Papers.

the 26th of August, 1600, Essex was in the custody of the lord keeper; in free custody as it was termed, but to all intents a prisoner. It was at this period that Southampton and Rutland passed "away the time in London merely in going to plays every day," Southampton in 1598 had married Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of Lord Essex. The marriage was without the consent of the queen; and therefore Southampton was under the ban of the court, having been peremptorily dismissed by Elizabeth from the office to which Essex had appointed him in the expedition to Ireland. Rutland was also connected with Essex by family ties, having married the daughter of Lady Essex, by her first husband, the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney. The season when these noblemen sought recreation at the theatre was one therefore of calamity to themselves, and to the friend who was at the head of their party in the state. We cannot with extreme precision fix the date of any novelty from the pen of Shakspeare when Southampton and Rutland were amongst his daily auditors; but there is every reason to believe that "As You Like It" belongs as nearly as possible to this exact period. It is pleasant to speculate on the tranquillizing effect that might have been produced upon the minds of the banished courtiers, by the exquisite philosophy of this most delicious play. It is pleasant to imagine Southampton visiting Essex in the splendid prison of the lord keeper's house, and there repeating to him from time to time those lessons of wisdom that were to be found in the woods of Arden. The two noblemen who had once revelled in all the powers and privileges of court favouritism had now felt by how precarious a tenure is the happiness held of

"That poor man that hangs on princes' favours."

The great dramatic poet of their time had raised up scenes of surpassing loveliness, where happiness might be sought for even amidst the severest penalties of fortune:—

"Now, my co mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?"

It was for them to feel how deep a truth was there in this lesson:—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Happy are those that can feel such a truth

"That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

And yet the same poet had created a character that could interpret the feelings of those who had suffered undeserved indignity, and had learnt that the greatest crime in the world's eye was to be "unfortunate." There was one in that play who could moralize the spectacle of

"A poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,"

and who thus pierced through the hollowness of "this our life"—

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend:
"Tis right," quoth he, "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him.

And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jacques,
 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

We could almost slide into the belief that "As You Like It" had an especial reference to the circumstances in which Essex and Southampton were placed in the spring of 1600. There is nothing desponding in its tone, nothing essentially misanthropical in its philosophy. Jacques stands alone in his railing against mankind. The healing influences of nature fall sweetly and fruitfully upon the exiled duke and his co-mates. But, nevertheless, the ingratitude of the world is emphatically dwelt upon, even amidst the most soothing aspects of a pure and simple life "under the greenwood tree." The song of Amiens has perhaps a deeper meaning even than the railing of Jacques:—

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp;
 As fiend remember'd not."

There was one who had in him much of the poetical temperament—a gorgeous imagination for the externals of poetry—upon whose ear, if he ever sought common amusement in the days of his rising power, these words must have fallen like the warning voice that cried "woe." There was one who, when Essex in the days of his greatness had asked a high place for him and had been refused, received from the favourite a large private gift thus bestowed:—"I know that you are the least part of your own matter, but you fare ill because you have chosen me for your mean and dependence. You have spent your time and thoughts in my matters. I die, if I do not somewhat toward your fortune. You shall not deny to accept a piece of land, which I will bestow upon you." The answer of him who accepted a park from the hands of the generous man who had failed to procure him a place, was prophetic. The Duke of Guise, he said, was the greatest usurer in France, "because he had turned all his estates into obligations, having left himself nothing."
 * * * * I would not have you imitate this course, for you will find many bad debtors." It was this man who, in the darkest hour of Essex, when he was hunted to the death, said to the Lord Steward, "My lord, I have never yet seen in any case such favour shown to any prisoner."

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude."

Who can doubt that the ingratitude had begun long before the fatal catastrophe of the intrigues of Cecil and Raleigh? Francis Bacon, the ingrate, justifies himself by the "rules of duty" which opposed him to his benefactor at the bar, in his "public service." The same rules of duty were powerful enough to lead him to blacken his friend's character after his death, by garbling with his own hand the depositions against the victim of his faction, and publishing them as authentic records of the trial.* Essex, before the last struggles, had acquired experience of "bad debtors." The poet of "As You Like It" might have done something in teaching him to bear this and other afflictions bravely:—

* See Jardine's "Criminal Trials," vol. i. p. 387.

"Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in."

Essex was released from custody in the August of 1600; but an illegal sentence had been passed upon him by commissioners, that he should not execute the affairs of a privy counsellor, or of Earl Marshal, or of Master of the Ordnance. The queen signified to him that he was not to come to court without leave. He was a marked and a degraded man. The wily Cecil, who at this very period was carrying on a correspondence with James of Scotland, that might have cost him his head, was laying every snare for the ruin of Essex. He desired to do what he ultimately effected, to goad his fiery spirit into madness. Essex was surrounded with warm but imprudent friends. They relied upon his unbounded popularity, not only as a shield against arbitrary power, but as a weapon to beat down the strong arm of authority. During the six months which elapsed between the release of Essex and the fatal outbreak of 1601, Essex House saw many changing scenes, which marked the fitful temper and the wavering counsels of its unhappy owner. Within a month after he had been discharged from custody, the queen refused to renew a valuable patent to Essex, saying that "to manage an ungovernable beast, he must be stinted in his provender." On the other hand, rash words that had been held to fall from the lips of Essex were reported to the queen. "She was now grown an old woman, and was as crooked within as without." The door of reconciliation was almost closed for ever. Essex House had been strictly private during its master's detention at the Lord Keeper's. Its gates were now opened, not only to his numerous friends and adherents, but to men of all persuasions, who had injuries to redress or complaints to prefer. Essex had always professed a noble spirit of toleration, far in advance of his age; and he now received with a willing ear the complaints of all those who were persecuted by the government for religious opinions, whether Roman Catholics or Puritans. He was in communication with James of Scotland, urging him to some open assertion of his presumptive title to the crown of England. It was altogether a season of restless intrigue, of bitter mortifications, and rash hopes. Between the closing of the Globe Theatre and the opening of the Blackfriars, Shakspeare was in all likelihood tranquil amidst his family at Stratford. The winter comes, and then even the players are mixed up with the dangerous events of the time. Sir Gilly Merrick, one of the adherents of Essex, was accused, amongst other acts of treason, with "having procured the *out-dated* tragedy of the 'Deposition of Richard II.' to be publicly acted at his own charge, for the entertainment of the conspirators." In the "Declaration of the Treasons of the late Earl of Essex and his Complices," which Bacon acknowledges to have been written by him at the queen's command, there is the following statement:—"The afternoon before the rebellion, Merrick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing 'King Richard the Second;' when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and that they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was." In the "State Trials" this matter is somewhat differently mentioned: "The story of 'Henry IV.' being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merrick and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of 'Henry IV.' The players told them that was stale; they could get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir Gilly Merrick gives forty shillings to Philips the player to play this, besides

whatsoever he could get." Augustine Phillips was one of Shakspeare's company; and yet it is perfectly evident that it was not Shakspeare's "Richard II.," nor Shakspeare's "Henry IV.," that was acted on this occasion. In his "Henry IV." there is no "killing of the king upon a stage." His "Richard II.," which was published in 1597, was certainly not an out-dated play in 1601. A second edition* of it had appeared in 1598, and it was no doubt highly popular as an acting play. But if any object was to be gained by the conspirators in the stage representation of the "deposing King Richard II.," Shakspeare's play would not assist that object. The editions of 1597 and 1598 do not contain the deposition scene. That portion of this noble history which contains the scene of Richard's surrender of the crown was not printed till 1608; and the edition in which it appears bears in its title the following intimation of its novelty: "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second, with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the Deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges servantes, at the Globe, by William Shake-speare." In Shakspeare's Parliament scene our sympathies are wholly with King Richard. This, even if the scene were acted in 1601, would not have forwarded the views of Sir Gilly Merrick, if his purpose were really to hold up to the people an example of a monarch's dethronement. But, nevertheless, it may be doubted whether such a subject could be safely played at all by the Lord Chamberlain's players during this stormy period of the reign of Elizabeth. Her sensitiveness on this head was most remarkable. There is a very curious record existing of "that which passed from the Excellent Majestic of Queen Elizabeth, in her Privie Chamber at East Greenwich, 4th August, 1601, 43rd Reg. sui, towards William Lambarde,"* which recounts his presenting the queen his "Pandecta" of historical documents to be placed in the Tower, which the queen read over, making observations and receiving explanations. The following dialogue then takes place:—

"W. L. He likewise expounded these all according to their original diversities, which she took in gracious and full satisfaction; so her Majesty fell upon the reign of king Richard II., saying 'I am Richard II.; know ye not that?'"

"W. L. 'Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gentleman, the most adorned creature that ever your Majesty made.'

"Her Majesty. 'He that will forget God will also forget his benefactors; this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses.'"

The "wicked imagination" that Elizabeth was Richard the Second, is fixed upon Essex by the reply of Lambarde, and the rejoinder of the queen makes it clear that the "wicked imagination" was attempted through the performance of the tragedy of the Deposition of "Richard the Second." "This tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses." The queen is speaking six months after the outbreak of Essex; and it is not improbable that the outdated play—that performance which in the previous February the players "should have lost in playing," had been rendered popular through the partisans of Essex after his fall, and had been got up in open streets and houses with a dangerous avidity. But there is a circumstance which renders it tolerably evident that, although Sir Gilly Merrick might have given forty shillings to Phillips to perform that stale play, the company of Shakspeare were not the performers. In the office-book of the Treasurer of the Chamber, † there is an entry on the 31st of March, 1601, of a payment to John Heminge and Richard Cowley, servants to the Lord Chamberlain, for three plays showed before her High-

* This was first printed from the original in Nicholl's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth. Lambardo died in a fortnight after this interview.

† Cunningham's "Revels at Court."

ness, on St. Stephen's day at night (26th December, 1600), Twelfth day at night, (January 6th, 1601), and Shrove Tuesday at night, (Easter-day being on the 12th of April in 1601, Shrove Tuesday would be on the 3rd of March). Shakspeare's company were thus performing before the queen within a week of the period when Essex was beheaded. They would not have been so performing had they exhibited the offensive tragedy.

In her conversation with Lambarde, Elizabeth uttered a great truth, which might not be unmingled with a retrospect of the fate of Essex. Speaking of the days of her ancestors, she said, "In these days force and arms did prevail, but now the wit of the fox is every where on foot, so as hardly a faithful or virtuous man may be found." When Raleigh was called upon the trial of Essex, and "his oath given him," Essex exclaimed, "What booteth it to swear the fox?" The fox had even then accomplished his purpose. He had driven his victim onwards to that fatal movement of Sunday, the 8th of February, which, begun without reasonable plan or fixed purpose, ended in casual bloodshed and death by the law. We may readily believe that the anxiety of Shakspeare for his friends and benefactors would have led him to the scene of that wild commotion. He might have seen Essex and Southampton with Danvers, Blount, Catesby, Owen Salisbury, and a crowd of followers, riding into Fleet-street, shouting, "For the queen! for the queen!" He might have heard the people crying on every side, "God save your honour! God bless your honour!" An hour or two later he might have listened to the proclamation in Gracechurch-street and Cheryside, that the earl and all his company were traitors. By two o'clock of that fatal Sunday, Shakspeare might have seen his friends fighting their way back through the crowds of armed men who suddenly assailed them, and taking boat at Queenhithe, reach Essex House in safety. But it was surrounded with soldiers and artillery, shots were fired at the windows, the cries of women within mingled with the shouts of fury without. At last came the surrender, at ten o'clock at night. The axe with the edge turned towards the prisoners followed as a matter of course.

176—ESSEX AND BACON.

LANDOR.

Essex. I did believe, sir, I had helpt to raise
Many to wealth and station, some to fame,—
And one to friendship.

Bacon. You, my noble earl,
Have done it, and much more. We must lament
A power thus past (or rather thrwn) away.

Essex. Thou! thou lament it, Bacon?

Bacon. To my soul.

- Essex.* Why then, with energy beyond the pitch
- Of brawling law, cry vingeance? when my fortune
Was pierced with every bolt from every hand,
Soon as the golden links were snapt asunder,
 - Which they who rule the earth held round that bird
Who bore their lightnings and struck down their foes.

Bacon. My gracious lord! were always their commands
Well waited for?

Essex. • Nay, by my troth, my zeal
Outflew them.

Bacon. Your return was unadvised.

Essex. Unwelcome : that is worse.

Bacon. The worst of all

Was summoning to arms a loyal land,
Basking in peace and plenteousness.

Essex. How far

Extended this your basking ? court indeed
And inns of law were warm enough ; on those
The sun beats all the day, through all the year ;
Everything there so still and orderly,
That he who sneezes in them is caught up
And cudgel'd for his pains.

Bacon. Should he awake

Trumpets by sneezing, should he blow up banners,
'Twere well if only cudgels fell on him :

Our laws have sharper instruments, my lord

Essex. I know it ; and I knew it ere I rose.

Bacon. O ! had this never happened !

Essex. Then wouldst thou

Have lost some smiles, some parleyings, some tags
Of ermine, and,—what more thou valuest
(As any wise man would)—some little gold.

Bacon. Dross !

Essex. (*smiling*). Very true !—as men are dust and ashes.

Bacon. Such thoughts become all mortals ; most of all
Those who have fallen under high displeasure,
Who have their God and prince to reconcile,
And are about to change this brief vile life—
Nay, nay, my lord ! your life may rest unchanged
For years to come, if you, upon your knees,
Humbly ask pardon—

Essex. (*fiercely*). Pardon !

[*After hesitation.*]

I will ask it—

Bacon. Before the privy-council, and the court
Especially assembled.

Essex. (*indignantly*).

Not before

The best among them, were he quite alone.

No, by the soul of Essex ! were he Raleigh—

The only great man there.

Bacon.

Are we so scorned ?

Essex. Bacon ! I did not say the only wise one
So, do not break thy ring, or loose the stone.

Bacon. My lord ! my finger might have been uneasy
Without such notice from that once high peer
Erewhile the Earl of Essex—until treason
Level'd him lower than burges or than churl.

Essex. I will not say thou liest ; for thy tongue.

Lags far behind thy heart ; thy strongest wit
May stretch and strain, but never make them yoke-mates.

Bacon. This cork appliance, this hard breathing, served
While there was water under for support,
But cut a dismal figure in the mud.

Essex. To servile souls how respect seem the fallen !

Benchers and message-bearers stride o'er Essex !

Bacon. Unmastered pinnacle may row safely under

No high colossus, without pricking it.

But, sure, the valiant Earl is somewhat chafed—

Who could have thought it !—by a worm like me !

Essex. Begone ! I have fairly weighed thee.

Bacon. (*alone.*) He weigh me !

No man is stout enough to trim the balance,

Much less to throw the weight in—

He weigh me !

Flagging and brittle as a honeysuckle,

Sweet in the chamber, in the field blown down,

Ramping in vain to reach again its prop,

And crash by the first footfall.

Arrogance

Stares, but sees badly : snatches with quick gripe

What seems within the reach, and, being infirm

Of stand, is overbalanced.

Shall I bear

Foul words upon me ?

I have thrown them back

Manfully to the beard that wagged with them.

My courage is now safe beyond suspicion—

Myself can hardly doubt it after this.

Yet that audacious criminal dared spit

Reproaches ! seldom are they bearable,

But, springing up from reason, sting like asps—

Not that the man has reason—he has none :

For, what had I to do with it ? I spoke,

And when we are commanded, we must speak.

It was her Grace—and surely she knows best.

I may now wash my hands of him at last,

I have but done my duty : fall who may.

177.—THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TUDORS.

MACAULAY.

It has long been the fashion, a fashion introduced by Mr. Hume, to describe the English monarchy in the sixteenth century as an absolute monarchy. And such undoubtedly it appears to a superficial observer. Elizabeth, it is true, often spoke to her parliaments in language as haughty and imperious as that which the Great Turk would use to his divan. She punished with great severity members of the House of Commons who, in her opinion, carried the freedom of debate too far. She assumed the power of legislating by means of proclamations. She imprisoned her subjects without bringing them to a legal trial. Torture was often employed, in defiance of the laws of England, for the purpose of extorting confessions from those who were shut up in her dungeons. The authority of the Star Chamber and of the Ecclesiastical Commission was at its highest point. Severe restraints were imposed on political and religious discussion. The number of presses was at one time

limited. No man could print without a license; and every work had to undergo the scrutiny of the Primate, or the bishop of London. Persons whose writings were displeasing to the court were cruelly mutilated, like Stubbs, or put to death, like Penry. Nonconformity was severely punished. The queen prescribed the exact rule of religious faith and discipline; and whoever departed from that rule either to the right or to the left, was in danger of severe penalties.

Such was this government. Yet we know that it was loved by the great body of those who lived under it. We know that, during the fierce contests of the sixteenth century, both the hostile parties spoke of the time of Elizabeth as of a golden age. That great queen has now been lying two hundred and thirty years in Henry the Seventh's chapel. Yet her memory is still dear to the hearts of a free people.

The truth seems to be that the government of the Tudors was, with a few occasional deviations, a popular government, under the forms of despotism. At first sight, it may seem that the prerogatives of Elizabeth were not less ample than those of Louis the Fourteenth, and her parliaments were as obsequious as his parliaments, that her warrant had as much authority as his *lettre-de-cachet*. The extravagance with which her courtiers eulogized her personal and mental charms went beyond the adulation of Boileau and Molière. Louis would have blushed to receive from those who composed the gorgeous circles of Marli and Versailles such outward marks of servitude as the haughty Britoness exacted of all who approached her. But the authority of Louis rested on the support of his army. The authority of Elizabeth rested solely on the support of her people. Those who say that her power was absolute do not sufficiently consider in what her power consisted. Her power consisted in the willing obedience of her subjects, in their attachment to her person, and to her office, in their respect for the old line from which she sprang, in their sense of the general security which they enjoyed under her government. These were the means, and the only means, which she had at her command for carrying her decrees into execution, for resisting foreign enemies, and for crushing domestic treason. There was not a ward in the city, there was not a hundred in any shire in England, which could not have overpowered the handful of armed men who composed her household. If a hostile sovereign threatened invasion, if an ambitious noble raised the standard of revolt, she could have recourse only to the train-bands of her capital and the array of her counties, to the citizens and yeomen of England, commanded by the merchants and esquires of England.

Thus, when intelligence arrived of the vast preparations which Philip was making for the subjugation of the realm, the first person to whom the government thought of applying for assistance was the Lord Mayor of London. They sent to ask him what force the city would engage to furnish for the defence of the kingdom against the Spaniards. The Mayor and Common Council, in return, desired to know what force the queen's highness wished them to furnish. The answer was, fifteen ships, and five thousand men. The Londoners deliberated on the matter, and, two days after, "humbly intreated the council, in sign of their perfect love and loyalty to prince and country, to accept ten thousand men, and thirty ships amply furnished."

People who could give such signs as these of their loyalty were by no means to be misgoverned with impunity. The English in the sixteenth century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not, indeed, the outward show of freedom; but they had the reality. They had not as good a constitution as we have, but they had that without which the best constitution is as useless as the king's proclamation against vice and immorality, that which, without any constitution, keeps rulers in

awe ; force, and the spirit to use it. Parliaments, it is true, were rarely held, and were not very respectfully treated. The great charter was often violated. But the people had a security against gross and systematic misgovernment, far stronger than all the parchment that was ever marked with the sign manual, and than all the wax that was ever pressed by the great seal.

It is a common error in politics to confound means with ends. Constitutions, charters, petitions of right, declarations of right, representative assemblies, electoral colleges, are not good government ; nor do they, even when most elaborately constructed, necessarily produce good government. Laws exist in vain for those who have not the courage and the means to defend them. Electors meet in vain where want makes them the slaves of the landlord, or where superstition makes them the slaves of the priest. Representative assemblies sit in vain unless they have at their command, in the last resort, the physical power which is necessary to make their deliberations free, and their votes effectual.

The Irish are better represented in parliament than the Scotch, who indeed are not represented at all.* But are the Irish better governed than the Scotch ? Surely not. This circumstance has of late been used as an argument against reform. It proves nothing against reform. It proves only this, that laws have no magical, no supernatural virtue ; that laws do not act like Aladdin's lamp or Prince Ahmed's apples ; that priestcraft, that ignorance, that the rage of contending factions, may make good institutions useless ; that intelligence, sobriety, industry, moral freedom, firm union, may supply in a great measure the defects of the worst representative system. A people whose education and habits are such, that, in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water, a people of such temper and self-government that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the gravity of judicial proceedings, and of the solemnity of religious rites, a people whose national pride and mutual attachment have passed into a proverb, a people whose high and fierce spirit, so forcibly described in the haughty motto which encircles their thistle, preserved their independence during a struggle of centuries, from the encroachments of wealthier and more powerful neighbours, such a people cannot be long oppressed. Any government, however constituted, must respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. It is indeed most desirable that such a people should exercise a direct influence on the conduct of affairs, and should make their wishes known through constitutional organs. But some influence, direct or indirect, they will assuredly possess. Some organ, constitutional or unconstitutional, they will assuredly find. They will be better governed under a good constitution than under a bad constitution. But they will be better governed under the worst constitution than some other nations under the best. In any general classification of constitutions, the constitution of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst, perhaps as the worst, in Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill-governed. And the reason is simply that they will not bear to be ill-governed.

In some of the Oriental monarchies, in Afghanistan for example, though there exists nothing which an European publicist would call a constitution, the sovereign generally governs in conformity with certain rules established for the public benefit ; and the sanction of those rules is, that every Afghan approves them, and that every Afghan is a soldier.

The monarchy of England in the sixteenth century was a monarchy of this kind. It is called an absolute monarchy, because little respect was paid by the Tudors to

* It must be remembered that this was written before the passing of the Reform Act.

those institutions which we have been accustomed to consider as the sole checks on the power of the sovereign. A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under kings who levied benevolences, and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs. People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural checks were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the royal authority, the knowledge that, if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be found irresistible. If a large body of Englishmen became thoroughly discontented, instead of presenting requisitions, holding large meetings, passing resolutions, signing petitions, forming associations and unions, they rose up; they took their halberds and their bows; and, if the sovereign was not sufficiently popular to find among his subjects other halberds and other bows to oppose to the rebels, nothing remained for him but a repetition of the horrible scenes at Berkeley and Pomfret. He had no regular army which could, by its superior arms and its superior skill, overawe or vanquish the sturdy Commons of his realm, abounding in the native hardihood of Englishmen, and trained in the simple discipline of the militia.

It has been said that the Tudors were as absolute as the Cæsars. Never was parallel so unfortunate. The government of the Tudors was the direct opposite to the government of Augustus and his successors. The Cæsars ruled despotically, by means of a great standing army, under the decent forms of a republican constitution. They called themselves citizens. They mixed unceremoniously with other citizens. In theory they were only the elective magistrates of a free commonwealth. Instead of arrogating to themselves despotic power, they acknowledged allegiance to the senate. They were merely the lieutenants of that venerable body. They mixed in debate. They even appeared as advocates before the courts of law. Yet they could safely indulge in the wildest freaks of cruelty and rapacity, while their legions remained faithful. Our Tudors, on the other hand, under the titles and forms of monarchical supremacy, were essentially popular magistrates. They had no means of protecting themselves against the public hatred; and they were therefore compelled to court the public favour. To enjoy all the state and all the personal indulgences of absolute power, to be adored with Oriental prostrations, to dispose at will of the liberty and even of the life of ministers and courtiers, this the nation granted to the Tudors. But the condition on which they were suffered to be the tyrants of Whitehall was that they should be the mild and paternal sovereigns of England. They were under the same restraints with regard to their people under which a military despot is placed with regard to his army. They would have found it as dangerous to grind their subjects with cruel taxation, as Nero would have found it to leave his prætorians unpaid. Those who immediately surrounded the royal person, and engaged in the hazardous game of ambition, were exposed to the most fearful dangers. Buckingham, Cromwell, Surrey, Seymour of Sudeley, Somerset, Northumberland, Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, perished on the scaffold. But in general the country gentleman hunted and the merchant traded in peace. Even Henry, as cruel as Domitian, but far more politic, contrived, while reeking with the blood of the Lamia, to be a favourite with the cobblers.

The Tudors committed very tyrannical acts. But in their ordinary dealings with the people they were not, and could not safely be tyrants. Some excesses were easily pardoned. For the nation was proud of the high and fiery blood of its magnificent princes, and saw, in many proceedings which a lawyer would even then have condemned, the outbreak of the same noble spirit which so manfully hurled foul scorn at Parma and at Spain. But to this endurance there was a limit. If

the government ventured to adopt measures which the people really felt to be oppressive, it was soon compelled to change its course. When Henry the Eighth attempted to raise a forced loan of unusual amount by proceedings of unusual rigour, the opposition which he encountered was such as appalled even his stubborn and imperious spirit. The people, we are told, said that, if they were treated thus, "then were it worse than the taxes of France; and England should be bond, and not free." The county of Suffolk rose in arms. The king prudently yielded to an opposition which, if he had persisted, would, in all probability, have taken the form of a general rebellion. Towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, the people felt themselves aggrieved by the monopolies. The queen, proud and courageous as she was, shrank from a contest with the nation, and, with admirable sagacity, conceded all that her subjects had demanded, while it was yet in her power to concede with dignity and grace.

175.—CHRONOLOGY OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS,

FROM THE ACCESSION OF EDWARD I. TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH.

- A.D.
- 1272 Nov. 26. Edward I. proclaimed by the barons at the New Temple, and a regency appointed.
- 1273 Feb. Edward goes to Paris and does homage to Philip III. for the lands in France.
- 1274 Aug. 19. He is crowned with his queen at Westminster.
- Alexander III., king of Scots, does homage to Edward for his English possessions.
- 1277 Edward invades Wales.
- 1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, takes several places, Nov. 6. Edward is defeated; Llewellyn is slain.
- 1286 March 16. Alexander, king of Scotland, is killed.
- 1291 May 10. The Scotch barons appear at Norham, and Edward claims to be lord paramount of Scotland, when the several competitors for the crown of Scotland admit Edward's claim.
- 1292 Nov. 6 and 17. Edward adjudges the kingdom of Scotland to Baliol, who is crowned at Scone, and does homage to Edward for his kingdom at Newcastle.
- 1296 March. A Scottish army invade Cumberland.
- March 30. Edward takes Berwick and massacres the inhabitants.
- July. The coronation stone is removed from Scone to Westminster.
- 1297 Wallace heads a revolt and takes Scone.
- Aug. Edward lands at Sluys, gains some towns.
- Sept. 4. Wallace gains a victory; the castles of Edinburgh, Dunbar, Roxburgh, and Berwick surrender, he is made guardian of the kingdom.
- 1299 July 22. The battle of Falkirk; Edward ravages Scotland.
- 1290 Sept. Edward marries Margaret of France, the Prince of Wales is contracted to Isabella of France
- The pope claims Scotland
- 1301 Parliament denies the authority of the pope in temporal matters.
- Edward marches against Scotland.
- 1304 Wallace is captured and brought to London
- 1305 Aug. 23. Wallace is executed as a traitor.
- 1306 Feb. 10. Robert Bruce the younger slays Comyn.
- March 27. He is crowned king of Scotland at Scone.
- June 19. Battle of Methven, Bruce is defeated and flies to Ireland.
- 1307 May 10. Battle of Loudon Hill; Bruce defeats the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Gloucester.
- July 7. Edward dies at Burgh upon Sands.
- July 8. Edward II. is acknowledged king at Carlisle.
- July 27. Edward I. is buried at Westminster.
- Gaveston is made Earl of Cornwall.
- 1308 Jan. 25. Edward marries Isabella of France at Boulogne.
- Gaveston is expelled, but made governor of Ireland.
- 1309 Gaveston returns.
- The Templars of England are tried and condemned, and the order suppressed.
- 1311 August. Parliament recalls the grants made by Edward to Gaveston; he is banished; parliament to be holden once every year.
- Dec. Gaveston again returns.
- 1312 May 10. Gaveston surrenders at Scarborough, and is beheaded at Blacklow Hill.
- 1313 June 11. Edward marches into Scotland.
- June 23. Battle of Bannockburn; the English are driven out of Scotland.
- 1318 Bruce makes two invasions of England.
- 1319 Edward marches an army into Scotland; the Scotch invade England.
- 1321 Aug. The Despensers are banished by parliament.
- Oct. They return to England.

A.D.

- 1322 The Earl of Lancaster is defeated and taken prisoner at Boroughbridge. He is condemned and executed for treason.
- 1323 May 30. A suspension of arms for thirteen years agreed upon between England and Scotland.
- Roger Mortimer escapes from the Tower.
- 1325 Sept. 24. Queen Isabella and the Prince of Wales land at Orwell; she is joined by the barons.
- Sept. 26. The Prince of Wales declared by the barons guardian of the kingdom. Edward and the younger Despencer are captured, Despencer is executed at Hereford as a traitor.
- 1327 Jan. 8. Edward is deposed and the Prince of Wales proclaimed king.
- Sept. Edward II. is murdered at Berkeley Castle, and buried in the abbey at Gloucester.
- 1328 Jan. 24. Edward marries Philippa of Hainault, at York.
- Peace is concluded with the Scots, the independence of Scotland recognised.
- 1330 June. Edward the Black Prince is born at Woodstock.
- Nov. 26. Parliament is assembled, Mortimer is impeached of murder and other crimes; found guilty
- Nov. 29. He is hanged at the Elms, and Queen Isabella is committed to custody
- 1332 Sept. 24. Edward Bahol is crowned king of Scotland at Scone.
- 1333 July 13. Battle of Halidon Hill, Edward Bahol is reinstated as king, does homage, and surrenders Berwick and other places to Edward.
- 1338 Bahol is again expelled from Scotland
- 1339 Sept. Edward assumes the title of king of France, and quarters the French arm.
- 1340 June 24. Destroys the French fleet off Sluys.
- 1346 July. Edward lands at Cape La Hogue with an army of English, Welsh, and Irish; he takes several towns, forces the passage of Blanche Tague
- Aug. 26. Battle of Crecy gained by the Black Prince.
- Aug. 31. Edward begins the siege of Calais
- Sept. Day of Scotland invades England, takes several places
- Oct. 17. Battle of Nevils Cross, King David is taken prisoner, and sent to London
- 1347 Aug. 3. Calais is surrendered to Edward
- 1355 Edward opens the campaign in France, he ravages a great part of the country. The Scots retake Berwick Edward returns to England
- 1356 Sept. 19. Battle of Poitiers, King John and his son Philip are taken prisoners.
- 1357 April 24. The Black Prince, King John, and Prince Philip enter London.
- 1359 Edward goes to France with a great army, lays siege to Rheims
- 1360 May. The peace of Breigny concluded, Edward renounces his pretensions to the crown of France
- 1366 Richard of Bordeaux, son of the Black Prince, is born
- 1367 April 3. The Black Prince, the Duke of Lancaster, and Peter the Cruel, defeat Don Enrique, and Peter is reinstated on the throne
- Edward re-assumes his title of king of France
- 1369 Queen Philippa dies
- The Black Prince besieges Limoges and massacres the inhabitants, he returns to England
- 1371 David, king of Scotland, dies.
- Accession of Robert II.
- 1376 June 8. The Black Prince dies
- 1377 The Duke of Lancaster supports Wycliffe, and causes a riot in London; the Savoy Palace is plundered.
- June 21. King Edward dies.
- June 22. Accession of Richard II.
- 1378 Jack Straw raises an insurrection in Essex, Kent, Suffolk, and Norfolk.
- A tax-gatherer killed by Wat Tyler
- 1381 June 11. The rebels encamp at Blackheath.
- June 14. Wat Tyler is slain in Smithfield; the rebellion is repressed, and a general pardon is granted.

- A.D.
- 1382 Richard is married to Anne of Bohemia, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV.
- 1385 The French prepare to invade England; several of their ships are taken.
- 1389 May. Richard assumes the government.
- 1397 Bolingbroke is created Duke of Hereford; the Earl of Nottingham and John Holland are created Dukes of Norfolk and Exeter.
- 1398 Jan. Norfolk challenges Hereford.
Sept. 16. Norfolk is banished for life, and Hereford for ten years.
- 1399 July. Hereford lands at Ravenspur; Richard is captured and taken to Flint; is carried prisoner to Chester, and subsequently sent to the Tower.
Sept. 30. Parliament meets; Richard renounces the crown; an act of deposition is passed; Hereford is acknowledged king.
Oct. 13. Henry IV. is crowned in Westminster Abbey.
- 1400 King Richard is murdered at Pontefract Castle.
Henry collects an army; demands of the King of Scots to do him homage; he marches to Edinburgh, but is repulsed by the Duke of Rothsay.
Owen Glendower heads an insurrection in Wales.
- 1402 Sept. 14. Battle of Homildon Hill; Douglas is captured.
- 1403 Insurrection of the Percies of Northumberland.
July 21. Battle of Shrewsbury; Hotspur is killed.
The Prince of Wales defeats Glendower in some skirmishes.
- 1405 An insurrection again breaks out in the north; the Archbishop of York, the Earl of Nottingham, and others, captured at Shipton-on-the-Moor; are beheaded at Pontefract. The Prince of Wales subdues South Wales.
- 1408 The Earl of Northumberland and Lord Bardolph take several castles in Northumberland.
Feb. 28. They are defeated and slain at Branham Moor.
- 1413 March 20. Henry dies in the Jerusalem Chamber.
March 21. Accession of Henry V.
Sir John Oldcastle is accused of heresy.
- 1414 Jan. 7. The king takes some of the Lollards in St. Giles's Fields, who are hanged and burnt.
- 1415 April 16. Henry announces to a council at Westminster his determination to invade France.
The Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Mowbray are executed for treason.
Henry sails from Southampton.
Aug. 14. lands near Harfleur.
Aug. 17. Besieges Harfleur.
Sept. 22. It is surrendered to him; challenges the dauphin.
Oct. 6. Henry begins his march; passes through Normandy.
Oct. 25. The battle of Agincourt.
- 1416 Aug. 15. The Duke of Bedford sails from Rye; gains a victory over the French and Genoese fleets, and raises the siege of Harfleur.
- 1417 Aug. Henry lands at Tonque; conquers many places in Normandy; the French sue for peace.
The Scotch invade England; "the foul raid."
Sir John Oldcastle is captured; tried; hanged and burnt in St. Giles's Fields.
- 1418 July. Henry completes the conquest of Lower Normandy.
- 1419 Jan. 10. He enters Rouen; completes the conquest of Normandy.
Sept. 10. The Duke of Burgundy is assassinated at Montreuil.
- 1420 The treaty of Troyes is executed.
June 2. Henry is married to the Princess Catherine of France.
- 1421 Jan. Catherine is crowned queen of England at Westminster.
- 1422 June. Henry and Catherine keep their court at the palace of the Louvre.
Aug. 31. Henry dies at Vincennes.
The Duke of Gloucester is appointed protector, and the Duke of Bedford regent of France.
Oct. Charles VI. of France dies, and is succeeded by Charles VII.

A.D.

- 1422 The Duke of Bedford proclaims Henry VI. at Paris, and fealty is sworn to him as king of France.
- 1424 Feb. 21. James, king of Scotland, marries Lady Johanna Beaufort.
- 1425 Queen Catherine marries Owen Tudor.
- 1426 The Duke of Gloucester's marriage with Jacqueline of Holland is declared void, he marries Eleanor Cobham.
- Oct. 12 The siege of Orleans is commenced by the Earl of Salisbury.
- 1428 Feb. The battle of Herrings fought at Rouvrai.
- The Maid of Orleans is introduced to Charles at Chinon.
- She carries succours into Orleans.
- The English are defeated at the battle of Patay.
- July 16 Charles enters Rheims with the Maid of Orleans.
- 1430 May 26 The Maid relieves Compeigne, makes a sortie; she is captured by the troops of the Duke of Burgundy.
- 1431 The Maid sent to Rouen, she is tried for heresy, and ultimately burnt in the market-place.
- Nov Henry is crowned in Notre Dame in Paris.
- 1434 Sept 14 The Duke of Bedford dies at Rouen
- 1436 The Duke of York is appointed regent of France
- 1437 The Duke of York is recalled, the Earl of Warwick is appointed to command
- 1438 The Earl of Warwick dies; York is reappointed.
- The plague and famine ravage England and France
- 1441 The Duchess of Gloucester is accused of treason and sorcery, is condemned to perpetual imprisonment
- 1444 Truce agreed on for two years
- Anjou and Maine are agreed to be given up to the Duke of Anjou on the marriage of his daughter Margaret with King Henry
- 1447 Feb 11 The Duke of Gloucester is arrested for treason, and on the 28th is found dead in his bed
- April 11 Cardinal Beaufort dies at Walsley
- 1449 Rouen is taken by the Count of Dunois
- The Duke of York suppresses an insurrection in Ireland
- 1450 Jan The Duke of Suffolk is committed to the Tower, impeached, banished, and beheaded in a boat in the Channel
- 1451 Jack Cade raises an insurrection in Kent, encamps on Blackheath, defeats the royal troops at Sevenoaks, beheads the Lord Say in Cheapside, and is slain by Alexander Iden
- Aug The Duke of York returns to England
- Nov It is proposed in parliament that he shall be declared heir to the throne.
- 1452 March 10 He makes his submission, returns to Wigmore
- 1453 Queen Margaret is delivered of a son, created Prince of Wales.
- The Duke of Somerset is sent to the Tower
- 1454 Feb The Duke of York opens parliament as lieutenant for the king, he is elected protector
- The king resumes his authority, liberates the Duke of Somerset.
- May 22 The Duke of York takes St. Albans, and captures Henry; the Duke of Somerset and many other nobles are slain
- York is again declared protector
- 1456 Henry again resumes his authority.
- March 25. The Lancastrians and Yorkists are reconciled.
- 1459 Sept. The Yorkists gain a great victory at More-heath
- Sept. 14. York breaks up his camp and retreats to Ireland.
- 1460 June Warwick lands in Kent; enters London with the son of York.
- Battle of Northampton, Henry is taken prisoner.
- Oct 16. The Duke of York returns to London, he demands the crown
- Oct. 28. It is agreed in the upper house that Henry shall continue king, and on his death York shall succeed.
- Dec. 31. Battle of Wakefield; York is slain.

- A.D.
- 1461 The Earl of March succeeds his father as Duke of York.
 Feb. 1. Battle of Mortimer's Cross; Owen Tudor is taken, and with others is beheaded.
 Queen Margaret defeats the Earl of Warwick.
 Feb. 17. Battle of Barnet; second battle of St. Albans; King Henry is retaken by the queen.
 Feb. 25. The Duke of York enters London, and on March 4 is proclaimed king.
 March 23. Battle of Towton; Henry, Queen Margaret, and the Prince of Wales, fly to Scotland.
 June 29. Edward IV. is crowned at Westminster; his brothers George and Richard, are created dukes of Clarence and Gloucester.
 Nov. 4. Parliament assemble; Edward's title is declared valid.
- 1464 May 1. Edward marries the widow of Sir John Gray.
- 1467 The Earl of Warwick goes to Normandy to negotiate a marriage between the son of Louis XI. of France and the Princess Margaret.
- 1469 The Duke of Clarence marries Isabella, daughter of Warwick, at Calais.
 Warwick returns to England; Edward is confined in Middleham Castle.
- 1470 Mar. 12 The battle of Erpingham; Edward defeats the Lancastrians; Warwick and Clarence take refuge in Normandy.
 The Prince of Wales is married to Anne, the second daughter of Warwick.
 Sept. 13. Warwick lands on the coast of Devonshire; Edward takes ship and proceeds to the Hague.
 Oct. 6. Warwick enters London; releases King Henry from the Tower; Queen Elizabeth takes refuge in the Sanctuary at Westminster; is there delivered of a son.
- 1471 March 10. Edward lands at Ravenspur, and reaches London.
 April 30. Second battle of Barnet; Warwick is slain; King Henry again sent to the Tower.
 May 4. Battle of Tewkesbury; the queen and prince are taken prisoners; the prince is murdered.
 May 22. King Henry is found dead in the Tower.
- 1475 June 22. Edward lands at Calais with a great army.
 Aug. 22. He meets Louis on a bridge across the Somme, at Picquigny; a treaty is concluded.
- 1478 Jan. 14. Clarence is accused of witchcraft and other crimes, is found guilty, and dies, or is killed, in the Tower.
- 1483 April 8. King Edward dies; is buried at Windsor.
 Gloucester returns from Scotland; places Rivers, Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan under arrest, and on June 14 they are beheaded.
 April 23. Queen Elizabeth takes sanctuary with the Duke of York, and her daughters at Westminster.
 May 22. Gloucester is appointed protector.
 June 13. Lord Hastings is arrested, and beheaded.
 July 6. Gloucester is crowned king of England as Richard III.
 Edward V. and the Duke of York are murdered.
 Oct. 18. An insurrection in favour of Richmond breaks out, and the Duke of Buckingham is captured and beheaded.
- 1485 Aug. 7. Richmond lands at Milford Haven.
 Aug. 22. Battle of Bosworth Field; Richard is slain; and Henry VII. is crowned on the field of battle.
 Aug. 27. Henry enters London.
 Sept. 21. The sweating sickness breaks out in London.
- 1486 Jan. 18. Henry marries Elizabeth of York; union of the houses of York and Lancaster.
 Simnel, with the Earl of Lincoln and others, and an army of Germans and Irish, land at the Pile of Fowdray.
- 1487 June 16. Battle of Stoke; the rebels are defeated; Simnel and Simon are taken; the Earl of Lincoln is slain.
 Nov. 20. The queen is crowned at Westminster.

- A.D.
 1491 Perkin Warbeck lands at Cork, and declares himself the Duke of York, son of Edward IV.
 1495 July 3. Warbeck lands at Deal; the people rise against him; his adherents are sent to London; he escapes to Flanders.
 1496 Warbeck is married in Scotland to Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley.
 King James invades England with Warbeck and an army of Scots, Germans, and Flemings; they retire.
 1497 Sept. Warbeck lands at Whitsand Bay, Cornwall; assumes the title of Richard IV.; fails in his attempt, and surrenders.
 1499 Nov. 16. Warbeck is tried for treason, convicted, and executed at Tyburn.
 1501 Nov. 6. Prince Arthur is married to Catherine of Aragon.
 1502 Jan. 29. The Princess Margaret is married by proxy in London to James of Scotland. April. Arthur, prince of Wales, dies at Ludlow.
 1503 Henry, prince of Wales, is affianced to the widow of his brother Arthur.
 1509 April 21. Henry dies at Richmond; is buried in his chapel at Westminster. Accession of Henry VIII.
 June 3. He is married to Catherine of Aragon, at Greenwich.
 1513 June 30. Henry lands at Calais; marches to the siege of Terouenne; the Emperor Maximilian joins him; the battle of Spurs.
 Sept. 9. Battle of Flodden Field; James is slain.
 Oct. 21. Henry returns with his army to England.
 1515 Wolsey is created a cardinal, and made chancellor and legate.
 1520 May 31. Henry, the queen, and his retinue embark for Calais, to meet Francis I., and on June 7, the two kings meet at the Field of Cloth of Gold.
 1521 May 17. Buckingham is beheaded for treason on Tower Hill. Henry's defence of the seven sacraments is sent to Leo X., who confers on him the title of Defender of the Faith.
 1525 Henry attempts to levy money by benevolences for the conquest of France; it is refused; an insurrection is raised.
 1527 Henry's marriage with Catherine of Aragon questioned; and Henry writes a treatise upon the unlawfulness of his marriage with Catherine.
 1528 Wolsey and Cardinal Campeggio are authorised to determine the divorce. May. The sweating sickness breaks out in London.
 1529 June 21. The king and queen both appear before the cardinals; the queen withdraws, and, refusing again to appear, is pronounced contumacious. July 23. Campeggio adjourns the cause. Oct. Wolsey has two bills filed against him in the Court of King's Bench, for exercising the functions of pope's legate, and he is deprived of the great seal.
 1530 Nov. 4. He is arrested for high treason; is taken sick at Leicester; dies at Leicester Abbey, Nov. 29.
 The marriage of Henry is declared illegal by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.
 1531 Thomas Cromwell advises Henry to declare himself supreme head of the church.
 1533 Jan. 4 or 25. Henry is married to Anne Boleyn, at Whitehall. Cranmer is made Archbishop of Canterbury.
 May 28. Cranmer declares to the clergy the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn, and confirms the same.
 Sept. 7. Anne is delivered of a girl, the Princess Elizabeth.
 1534 Parliament prohibits every kind of payment or appeal to the pope; confirms Henry's title as supreme head of the church; vests in the king only the right of appointing to all bishoprics; of deciding in all ecclesiastical causes. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, are committed to the Tower.
 1535 June 14. Interrogatories are administered to Sir Thomas More. June 18. Other Catholics are executed for denying the supremacy. June 22. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, is beheaded for denying the supremacy. July 6. More is also executed for the same.
 1536 Jan. 8. Queen Catherine dies at Kimbolton.

- A.D.
- 1536 May 2. Anne Boleyn is arrested for treason and committed to the Tower, found guilty, and beheaded, May 19.
May 20. Henry marries Jane Seymour.
- 1537 The Bible is published in English.
Oct. 12. Queen Jane Seymour is delivered of a son.
Oct. 24. She dies; the prince is created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester; Edward Seymour is created Earl of Hereford.
Some of the larger monasteries are suppressed and the abbeyes are seized by the king.
- 1539 May 18. Six questions are proposed concerning the Eucharist and other matters for the consideration of parliament; they are adopted and called the Six Articles, or the Bloody Statute.
Dec. Ann of Cleves arrives at Dover; and on Jan. 5, 1540, she is married to Henry.
- 1540 The remaining monasteries and other religious houses are suppressed; their lands, divided amongst courtiers and favourites.
Cromwell is created Earl of Essex.
June 10. Cromwell is arrested for treason, and attainted as a traitor and heretic.
July 9. Henry is divorced from Ann of Cleves.
July 28. Cromwell is beheaded on Tower Hill.
July 31. Dr. Barnes and five others are burnt for heresy.
Aug. 8. Catherine Howard, whom Henry had married a few days after his divorce, is publicly acknowledged queen.
- 1541 Aug. Catherine Howard is accused to the king.
- 1542 Feb. 11. Catherine is attainted by parliament, with Lady Rochford, and they are both beheaded in the Tower.
- 1543 Feb. The English parliament restore the Princess Mary to her place in the succession.
July. Henry is married to Catherine Parr.
- 1544 May 4. An English army land at Leith, which they plunder; the Scotch evacuate Edinburgh; the Earl of Hertford attacks the castle; is defeated; burns the town and lays waste the country; he retreats from Leith, burns the shipping, and retreats to Berwick.
- 1545 Nov. Parliament grants Henry a subsidy and the disposal of all colleges, charities, and hospitals.
Sept. The Earl of Hertford again marches into Scotland, and burns and destroys the towns and villages.
- 1547 Jan. 13. The Earl of Surrey is arraigned for treason at Guildhall for using the royal arms of Edward the Confessor quartered with his own; is found guilty of an attempt upon the throne, and is beheaded.
Jan 28. Henry VIII. dies.
Jan. 31. King Edward VI. enters London and proceeds to the Tower.
Feb. 1. The Earl of Hertford is appointed sole governor, and made Duke of Somerset.
Somerset is appointed sole governor of the king, and protector of the kingdom.
June. Lord Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's brother, marries Queen Catherine Parr.
July. The protector marches with an army for the invasion of Scotland.
Sept. 10. Battle of Pinkie, at Salt Preston; the Scotch army are routed.
Sept. 17. Leith is set on fire.
Sept. 29. The English army recross the Tweed.
Nov. 4. Parliament passes an act for the punishing of vagabonds and the relief of poor and impotent persons.
Cranmer publishes a catechism in English.
- 1548 Dec. The English are driven out of Scotland; the Scotch ravage the English border.
- 1549 Feb. 19. The act allowing the marriage of the clergy, and another establishing the use of the reformed liturgy, are passed.
March 26. Lord Admiral Seymour is beheaded on Tower Hill.
Oct. 14. Articles of impeachment are exhibited against the protector, who is sent to the Tower.
- 1550 Warwick is made lord high admiral and great master of the household.

A.D.

- 1550 April 10. The Duke of Somerset is again sworn in of the privy council.
 May 2. Joan of Kent is burned in Smithfield for heresy.
- 1551 Aug. The chief officers of the household of the Princess Mary are committed to the Tower. The chancellor and other members of the council confer with her respecting the mass, which she refuses to relinquish.
 Oct. 11. Warwick is created Duke of Northumberland.
 Oct. 16. The Duke of Somerset is arrested for conspiracy and treason.
 An indictment is presented and found against him, by the Grand Jury, at Guildhall.
 Dec. 1. The Duke of Somerset is tried in Westminster Hall, is found guilty of felony, and, on Jan. 22, 1552, is beheaded on Tower Hill.
- 1552 Jan. 23. Parliament meets; acts are passed for the enforcing the use of the books of Common Prayer; for amending the law of treason; for the relief of the poor; for legalising the marriage of priests, and for other purposes.
- 1553 May. Lord Guilford Dudley is married to Lady Jane Grey.
 June 11. The king requires the crown lawyers to draw a bill, entailing the crown on Lady Jane Grey.
 July 6. Edward VI. dies at Greenwich.
 July 8. The Lord Mayor of London, and others of the citizens, swear allegiance to Lady Jane Grey.
 July 19. The council proceed to Baynard's Castle, and declare for Mary.
 July 21. Northumberland is arrested for treason, and conveyed to the Tower.
 July 30. The Lady Elizabeth rides through London to meet Mary.
 Aug. 3. Queen Mary enters London.
 Aug. 18. The Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Warwick, and the Marquis of Northampton are arraigned for treason in Westminster Hall; they are all condemned, and Northumberland is beheaded on the 22nd.
 Sept. 14. Cranmer is arrested and sent to the Tower.
 Oct. Gardiner assembles the convocation; the book of Common Prayer declared an abomination; they recommend the suppression of the reformed English Catechism.
 Nov. 13. Lady Jane Grey, her husband, and Lord Ambrose Dudley, with Cranmer, are tried and condemned for treason; Cranmer is respited, but detained for heresy.
- 1554 Jan. 11. The Chancellor Gardiner announces the queen's intended marriage with the Prince of Spain.
 Sir Thomas Wyatt raises a rebellion in Kent against the Spanish match.
 Feb. 12. Lady Jane Grey and her husband are beheaded.
 March 15. The Princess Elizabeth is arrested, and sent to the Tower.
 April 11. Sir Thomas Wyatt is beheaded.
 April 14. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, are questioned before the commissioners at Oxford.
 April 15. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton is tried and acquitted.
- 1555 Mary sends an embassy to the pope to confirm the reconciliation of England with the church.
 Feb. 9. Bishop Hooper is burned at Gloucester.
 Oct. 16. Ridley and Latimer are burned at Oxford.
- 1556 March 21. Cranmer is burned near Baliol College, Oxford.
- 1557 March. King Philip II. of Spain revisits England.
 June 7. Mary declares war against France.
 July 6. Philip departs from England.
- 1558 Jan. 1. The Duke of Guise commences the siege of Calais; it is assaulted and taken in a few days.
 April 24. Mary, Queen of Scots, is married to Francis, the eldest son of the King of France.
 Nov. 17. Queen Mary dies at St. James's.
 Queen Elizabeth's accession is acknowledged by both Houses of Parliament; she is proclaimed.
 Nov. 18. Sir William Cecil is appointed Secretary of State.
- 1559 Jan 12. The queen proceeds to the Tower before her coronation.
 Jan. 25. She meets the parliament; they restore the first-fruits and tenths to the

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- crown; they declare the queen supreme head of the church; the laws of Edward VI. relating to religion are restored; the book of Common Prayer re-established.
- 1559 Parliament exhort the queen to marry; she declares her intention to live and be a virgin queen.
- May 30. The oath of supremacy is tendered to Bonner; he refuses to take it; he is deprived, as are others who refuse. The Act of Supremacy and Uniformity are strictly enforced, and the Protestant religion established throughout England.
- July 10. Henry II. of France dies; is succeeded by Francis II., the husband of Mary, queen of Scots. They assume the titles of King and Queen of France, England, and Scotland.
- 1560 Feb. 27. Elizabeth concludes a treaty at Berwick with the Scottish reformers, for mutual defence, to last during the marriage of Mary with the French king.
- July 7. The treaty of Edinburgh, by which the government of Scotland was vested in a committee of noblemen.
- A separate peace is concluded between England and France, recognising Elizabeth's right to the crown of England.
- Aug. 1. The Scotch parliament declare that the authority of the Roman church is an usurpation; pass a declaration of faith, renouncing the tenets and dogmas of that church, and disowning the authority of the pope.
- Dec. 5. Francis II. of France dies, and is succeeded by Charles IX.
- 1561 Aug. 19. Queen Mary arrives at Leith; proceeds to Holyrood. John Knox has an interview with her.
- 1561 Oct. Elizabeth proposes Lord Robert Dudley as a husband for Queen Mary.
- 1561 Parliament meets; addresses the queen as to her marriage; the Duke of Wurtemberg proposes for her hand.
- Sept. The plague rages in London.
- Sept. 29. Lord Robert Dudley is created Earl of Leicester.
- 1565 July 28. Darnley is married to Mary, Queen of Scots, and proclaimed king.
- 1566 March 9. Rizzio is murdered by Ruthven and other conspirators.
- June 19. Mary is delivered of a son, who is named James, Elizabeth being his god-mother at the christening.
- 1567 Feb. 10. Darnley is murdered.
- April 12. Bothwell is arraigned for the murder of Darnley, and is acquitted.
- May 15. Bothwell is married to the queen.
- July 24. Mary resigns the crown to her son.
- July 29. Murray is appointed regent.
- 1568 May 2. Mary escapes from Lochleven Castle; an army is assembled for her defence. On the 14th takes place the battle of Langside; the queen's forces are defeated; she flies into England, is conducted to Carlisle, and detained as a prisoner. Ulster is vested in the English crown, and is colonised by English.
- July 16. Mary is removed to Bolton Castle.
- 1569 Feb. 3. Mary is placed in Tutbury Castle. Duke of Norfolk proposes to marry her.
- Oct. 2. Norfolk is arrested, and committed to the Tower.
- Nov. An insurrection breaks out in York, Durham, and Northumberland. The insurgents march to Durham, burn the Bible and Common Prayer-book, and celebrate mass in the cathedral.
- 1570 Jan. 22. The Regent Murray is shot at Linlithgow.
- 1571 April 2. Parliament meets; supplies are granted; it is declared to be high treason to claim a right to the succession of the crown during the queen's lifetime.
- 1572 Jan. 16. The Duke of Norfolk is tried for treason, convicted, and beheaded June 2. Parliament declares the Queen of Scots incapable of succeeding to the English crown. Queen Mary is removed to Sheffield Castle.
- Aug. 23. The massacre of St. Bartholomew.
- 1573 Aug. Elizabeth sends aid to the Huguenots, and attempts the relief of Rochelle.
- 1577 Elizabeth, after rejecting the sovereignty of Holland and Zealand, sends aid to the Netherlands.
- 1578 James, after the execution of the Regent Morton, assumes the government of Scotland.

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- 1580 Alexcon, now Duke of Anjou, arrives at Greenwich, as a suitor to Queen Elizabeth.
- 1581 Anjou returns to the Netherlands, the queen refusing to marry.
- 1584 The Throckmorton plot; Francis Throckmorton is executed at Tyburn.
- 1585 Elizabeth sends a large army into the Netherlands, under the command of Leicester; he is made governor-general of the Low Countries; he attacks Zutphen; is defeated. Sir Philip Sidney is killed.
- 1586 Babington's conspiracy to assassinate Elizabeth is discovered; he is taken with many of his adherents. Some of them are condemned and executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Jan. 20.
- Elizabeth issues a commission for the trial of Queen Mary; who is removed to Fotheringay Castle.
- Oct. 11. Thirty-six English commissioners arrive at the castle; they announce to Mary that she is to be tried for being accessory to Babington's conspiracy, and other treasons.
- Oct. 14. The trial commences; is adjourned to the 25th, at the Star Chamber at Westminster.
- Oct. 25. Mary is pronounced guilty of treason, and sentenced to death.
- Oct. 29. Parliament assembles.
- Nov. 12. Both houses address the queen, imploring her to order the execution of Mary.
- Dec. 6. The order for her execution is proclaimed.
- 1587 Feb. 1. Elizabeth signs the warrant for her execution.
- Feb. 7. The Earl of Shrewsbury, earl marshal, attended by the Earls of Kent, Cumberland, and Derby, arrive at Fotheringay Castle, and read the warrant to Mary.
- Feb. 8. Queen Mary is beheaded in the great hall of the castle.
- Feb. 14. Davison, the secretary, is committed to the Tower; he is fined 10,000*l*.
- Sir Robert Carey is sent to make excuses to King James for the execution of Mary.
- April 19. Sir Francis Drake sails into Cadiz roads, and destroys thirty ships.
- He takes or destroys 100 Spanish vessels; captures a large ship in the Tagus; performs other brilliant exploits.
- Nov. Elizabeth summons a great council of war; Sir Walter Raleigh advises that the expected invasion of the Spaniards be met at sea; a great camp is formed at Tilbury Fort; the queen reviews the troops at Tilbury Fort.
- 1588 May 29. The invincible armada, under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, sails from the Tagus; it is dispersed by a tempest off Cape Finisterre.
- July 20. It arrives in Channel. The battle commences, and is continued from the 20th to the 26th of July; the Duke of Medina Sidonia sails for Spain; many of his ships are wrecked at the Orkneys and the coast of Norway.
- Sept. 4. The Earl of Leicester dies.
- 1591 Essex goes to France with a small army to aid Henry IV.
- 1597 July. A large fleet is fitted out to attack the coast of Spain; Essex captures three Spanish ships; he returns, and is received by the queen with displeasure.
- 1598 June. The queen quarrels with Essex; he leaves the court.
- Aug. 4. Ford Burleigh dies.
- 1599 March. The Earl of Essex is appointed to command in Ireland; he leaves London with a large army; in September he returns to London, and appears at court without leave.
- 1601 Feb. 8. Essex, the Earls of Southampton and Rutland, and others attempt an insurrection in London; they are sent to the Tower.
- Feb. 10. Essex and Southampton are tried and condemned.
- Feb. 25. Essex is executed privately in the Tower.
- 1602 March 21. The queen is confined to her bed.
- March 22. She names James VI., of Scotland, as her successor.
- March 24. She dies.

